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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XLI.—No. 2116.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1897.

TEN CENTS A COPY
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR

JEFFERSON READING THE ROUGH DRAFT OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE TO FRANKLIN.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-EIGHT PAGES.)

NEW YORK CITY, JULY 3, 1897.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK, N. Y.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S DIAMOND JUBILEE.

BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT

In the next Number of the WEEKLY *will be published Drawings illustrating the principal events of Jubilee Week.*

THE JUBILEE AND THE COLONIES.

THE Diamond Jubilee of Queen VICTORIA was brilliant as a pageant and splendid as a historic event. As a pageant it has been described in the daily press by a host of professional and non-professional writers, and in its next issue the WEEKLY will present to its readers a number of drawings, made by some of the most capable British artists, of the principal happenings of the week which has just been devoted to celebrating the achievements of the British race, and to honoring most worthily and sincerely the womanly virtues of the British Queen. As a historic event it is well that there has been an occasion and an incentive for reflection upon the advance of humanity during these fruitful sixty years. For it is not the British Empire alone that has reason to be proud of the difference between now and the day when the young Queen ascended the throne of England. All civilized Europe and America are the better for the gains of science, for the spread of democracy, for the amelioration of life, that have made the poor as well as the rich happier in 1897 than they could have been in 1837. Much of the gain that has been made by the world is due to English-speaking men and women, and most of the political liberty that is now enjoyed in countries where a half-century ago civilization had not obtained a foothold is the result of the planting of English institutions and English justice in distant colonies. The pause for thought which this remarkable celebration has given us ought to be taken advantage of for the enlightenment of the pessimist and the socialist, who see no good in existing institutions, and only tyrannical oppression of the feeble in the liberty of the individual; for the lesson to be learned from the history of England during the past sixty years is not that

... the individual withers, and the world is more and more,

but that the world is more and more as the individual is left free, under justly administered equal laws, to attain the full reward of all his talents and opportunities. The British poet whose genius will be equal to the theme will some day sing, not the song of KIPLING celebrating, in verse that recalls the chinking of coin, the material profits of expanded British commerce, but the reign of law and justice and individual liberty in parts of the world that but for English adventurers would still be clothed in the darkness of barbarism, or that would have come under the rule of German or French absolutism.

The real condition of the British Empire, and the true situation of the mother-country, have been obscured in the enthusiasm that has prevailed in London, and that has been echoed on this side of the ocean. When the Queen rode from Buckingham Palace to St. Paul's Cathedral, the motive of the celebration was forgotten in the rushing memories of what has happened during her long reign, and of the domestic and political virtues with which she has purified and distinguished the throne of her immediate ancestors. But it is nevertheless the truth that it was not so much the "power of the empire," as the newspapers took pleasure in saying, that accompanied the Queen on that glorious progress, but the hope of English statesmen.

The Jubilee celebration was for the colonies, and for the stimulating of loyal affection for the mother-country among the peoples of her own blood, to whom she has given laws and government and protection. The time has come when English statesmen feel that the British Empire may some day depend upon the support of the colonies, and therefore the main purpose of the splendid and touching spectacle which the world witnessed and read about last week was the firmer knitting to the mother of her distant children. It was the day for the colonists to show themselves in the streets of the capital of the empire, and to manifest their affectionate gratitude for all that the mother has done for them. If there seemed to be, in the many honors that the Queen showered upon the colonial premiers, in the precedence that was given to colonial statesmen and to colonial militia, an undue seeking for colonial love and loyalty, it is not only to be remembered that the needs of the empire are great, but that on this Jubilee occasion the empire was the host, and, if it was asking anything, it was only a return for what had been freely given, and for what would willingly be given again.

The greater colonies which Englishmen have established are no longer colonies, but in every essential sense but one they are independent nations. Notwithstanding the Governor-General, the colony governs itself, just as, notwithstanding the Queen, the English people at home govern themselves. Through their years of growth they have had the protection of the home country. Her splendid navy and her army have been at their service, and they have gone on asserting themselves and taking lands from inferior races, in the confident belief that if they got into difficulties, England would never inquire into the justice of their cause, but would defend them against all assaults. It is doubtful if in all material respects the mother-country has been repaid for the great cost of her colonies. It is enough, perhaps, that she has seen the English race spread over the earth and flourish, and the English tongue become dominant in every quarter of the globe. However that may be, she has nourished her colonies until they have become great states, and none know better than the premiers of Canada and Australasia that their people and their lands are as truly independent of England as are the United States. It is because these colonies are great and self-governing nations, their growth having been fostered and hastened by reason of their relief from all cost of military establishments, which the mother-country has assumed, that it was well for England, and well for the English-speaking world, that an opportunity was given to them to manifest their loyalty. England deserves the loyalty of her colonies, and all the sacrifices on their part that her needs demand. From the demonstration of last week in London it may be assumed that England has her children behind her, and that they will do for her all that they have expected that she would do for them when the time came. That this is so is an added proof of the character and worth of what we are wont to call the Anglo-Saxon race.

SPAIN AND CUBA.

THE occasion of the recent demonstration of the Spanish Liberals is quite incomprehensible to inhabitants of more modern countries. The Duke of Tetuan, the Foreign Minister, in the course of a private conversation in the lobby of the Cortes, took occasion to slap the face of his interlocutor, a Liberal member. Thereupon the Liberals resolved that they would have nothing to do with the ministry. Practically this left the ministry quite free to have its own way, without parliamentary opposition. It is a singular result of the Spanish *pundonor*, and one by which the aggrieved party is exclusively injured. There are many ministerial leaders who would be glad to secure an unopposed progress for these measures at the cost of making a personal assault upon leaders of the opposition, but there is none but the Spanish opposition which would permit them to do so. A few years ago M. CONSTANS was exasperated into boxing the ears of a French Deputy, and this not in the lobby, but on the floor of the Chamber. It is true that since that incident, and because of it, or because of what preceded it, the assailant has lived in political seclusion. But, so far from silencing the minority, the only effect of the assault was to increase its vigilance and acrimony.

The Spanish view is so different that the Liberal programme, instead of being announced, as one would expect, in the national legislature, is promulgated by a private assemblage of ex-ministers of the Liberal party. However irregular the form of the manifesto issued as a result of this conference may be, the substance of it is reassuring, as showing that there is a party in Spain which does not approve of the policy of cruelty and perfidy which has prevailed in Cuba, and which has reduced the island to its present desolation. The Liberals say plainly that the measure of reform proposed by the ministry is not sufficient. They demand plainly that the truculent and ineffectual WEYLER be replaced by some one who will make war in a more civilized as well as a more effectual fashion. They demand also that in addition to and independently of the military commander, a Royal Commissioner shall be despatched to Cuba with power "to execute reforms of the widest autonomy compatible with the preservation of imperial sovereignty."

This is an inspiring programme. If it could be put into execution it would convert Cuba from a condition worse than that of Ireland to the status of Canada or Australia, and leave her people to the consequences of their own efforts. But there appear two fatal objections. One is that there is not the slightest reason to suppose that Spain would consent to abandon the greedy and domineering policy which has lost all her possessions but the two which she precariously holds by the sword. The other is that the Cubans will not trust Spain. Cuba fears the Spaniards bearing gifts, and she has reason. If the terms upon which the ten years' war was concluded had been faithfully observed by Spain, there would have been no second insurrection. The programme of Señor SAGASTA and his associates is not likely to serve any other purpose than to show that there is a party in Spain which favors treating Cuba with humanity, justice, and good faith. But that demonstration is very well worth making.

GOVERNMENT BY SPIES.

LAST December, when Baron MARSCHALL, the German Minister for Foreign Affairs, openly accused VON TAUSCH and the secret political police under him of being the originators of the intrigues that have distracted Germany since BISMARCK's dismissal, it seemed for a moment as though even the strict German autocracy would have to give way before the popular approval of the minister's action. The whole country sided with him in his attempt to do away with the mischievous state department of which TAUSCH was the head. But Prussian tradition is all in favor of the hushing up of political scandal, and Baron MARSCHALL's enemies did not find it hard to persuade the Emperor that his authority would suffer if too minute an inquiry were to be made into TAUSCH's doings. Nobody, therefore, was much surprised when the recent trial in Berlin ended in TAUSCH's acquittal and the grant of three months' leave of absence to the Foreign Minister. VON TAUSCH's official business was to ferret out the authorship of obnoxious newspaper articles, to spy on foreigners and other "suspects," to produce a goodly crop of convictions for *lèse majesté*, and generally to do, at any cost and by any means, all the dirty and degrading work which is inseparable from an extreme autocracy. Naturally enough, with the enormous amount of knowledge he gradually acquired, TAUSCH soon began to intrigue on his own account. He was not particular about his weapons. It was proved at his trial that he had lied, forged, and bribed impartially. He plotted against General BRONSART, the Minister for War, and procured his dismissal. He plotted against Dr. KÖLLER, the Minister of the Interior, and Dr. KÖLLER had to go. Latterly he set about embroiling the Foreign Minister with the Emperor. Many of his agents were journalists who could be relied upon to publish anything he told them. It was he who gave out the false reports about the Emperor's health which created such a commotion about a year ago. "I have surrounded the Emperor," he said to a witness, "with a net-work of spies." At whose instigation these intrigues were set on foot is unknown. That there is some one behind TAUSCH who has not yet been hunted out is the common belief of all Germany. Indeed, TAUSCH himself admitted as much. But the Court evidently knew the Emperor's wishes, and carefully restricted the evidence to unimportant matters. The mysterious person in the background was never more than hinted at; and every effort to raise the trial into one of political importance was checked at once. TAUSCH's official career is at an end, because he slandered the Emperor. But the method he represents is still in force, and it seems as though for many years to come a suborned, slavish press and a system of universal espionage are destined to be Germany's most important contributions to the science of government.

AN ASSAULT ON BRONX PARK.

A FEW days ago a committee, consisting of experts, and of which Professor CHARLES S. SARGENT was chairman, made an adverse report to the Park Commissioners of New York as to certain plans for proposed buildings in Bronx Park for the use of the Botanical Society. The buildings were necessary, and no question was raised as to the architectural merits of the designs. It was proposed, however, to place the museum and the director's residence, and even a power-house, in the most picturesque parts of the park. Every one who knows Bronx Park must have been astonished that such intelligent and public-spirited men as the directors of the Botanical Garden should have dreamed of placing buildings amid native beauties whose preservation is obviously the first duty of the landscape-gardener, and will be still more as-

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tonished by their persistent opposition to the report, and by the decision of the Park Commissioners against their own appointed experts—Mr. STILES, the only commissioner whose opinion on this subject is entitled to respect, voting to sustain the report.

Their action is of general interest, because it is a symptom of a certain national indifference to the exclusive rights of beauty. It is true that we are growing in grace in this respect. As a people, we are not only becoming more sensitive to assaults made upon the beauties of our landscapes, but we are alive to the value of preserving for the public pleasure and instruction places of exceptional attraction and interest. We have not yet, however, entirely lost the habit of regarding beauty as subservient to usefulness. It is probably true that the city of Philadelphia would not now permit a railroad to put its black blemish on the loveliness of Fairmount Park, and Chicago has distinctly shown that it regrets the destruction of the beauty of its Lake Front by steel rails and puffing locomotives. In New York the people have compelled the owners of trotting horses to build their speedway elsewhere than in Central Park, although they have not possessed sufficient forethought to insist that the charming banks of the Harlem shall be preserved for general enjoyment instead of being used as a trotting-course.

It is clear that the national conscience is growing more sensitive, and the national consciousness more enlightened as to the relations of mere beauty to civic life, when the conflict is between it and utilitarianism in its grosser forms. But beauty has its rights too, even as against such an admirable institution as a botanical garden. The city of New York and the country need botanical gardens, but they need even more such sylvan retreats in the neighborhood of crowded brick houses and paved streets as the spot in which the directors of the Botanical Garden wished to plant their museum and dwelling-house. By all means botanical gardens should be encouraged. The people will enjoy their object-lessons as to what Nature can do when she is sedulously encouraged and cultivated; but more important still is the preservation of what Nature has actually accomplished in the formation of charming landscapes; and perhaps more important than all is the inculcation of a popular reverent regard for beauty, which will revolt against its destruction or damage even for the purpose of supplanting it with other forms of beauty.

THE USE AND ABUSE OF WEALTH.

In the trial of the American Tobacco Company, better known as the "Tobacco Trust," there has been given some evidence as to the improper methods employed by the "trust" for the purpose of monopolizing the market. Whether the evidence is sufficient, under the technical rules that govern in criminal trials, to sustain a conviction, it is impossible to say; but it is known to be the general custom of large corporations, or of combinations of corporations, to take advantage of their power to oppress competitors and to drive them out of business. If the competitors are weak, they are compelled to yield. In other words, a "trust" sufficiently extensive and sufficiently rich can force competitors to go out or keep out of the business in which the "trust" is interested. When this power is exercised it is clearly persecution, and persecution that compels men to refrain from carrying on whatever business they may prefer is cruel and odious. Moreover, as it prevents the citizen from the free employment of his faculties, and may even so limit his activities as to decrease materially his earning capacity—for a man prospers in proportion as he is at liberty to direct his energies in the channels of his choice—this kind of persecution is contrary to the spirit of our institutions.

Whether or no it is contrary to existing law remains to be seen. But if it is not, the law should be made to apply. These "trusts," or combinations of capital, are the creatures of the law. It is intolerable that they should be more powerful than their creator, and that they should be permitted to do what the State would not dream of undertaking. There should be no one in this country possessing the power to say to another, "Your business shall be ruined unless you trade with me alone." If there exist such a power, its exercise should be made criminal, if it be not criminal already.

The WEEKLY believes, as it has more than once declared, that great combinations of capital are beneficial to the public, and that, properly directed, they cheapen the necessaries of life, and therefore make life itself easier for those to whom its burdens are hardest. They are often also the fruitful mothers of inventions that mark the rapid material progress of our time. But, like all other human contrivances, they are far from being perfect, and in two respects at least they are to be counted among the evil influences of the time. They are corrupting in politics, and they are too often ready to use their strength tyrannically for the purpose of destroying the business of competitors—although, so far as competition is concerned, one would suppose that the enormous capital of the "trusts" gave them already a sufficient advantage.

In this day of discontent and revolt it ought to occur to holders of wealth that the rights of property can be best maintained if those who own it diligently avoid causes of offence.

THE RIGHT TO NOMINATE.

It appears that the difficulties the Citizens' Union has to overcome in order to meet the views of Mr. THOMAS C. PLATT as to what kind of a municipal government Greater New York should have for the coming four years, and how the candidates should be brought out, are fairly insurmountable. Some time ago, when there was a rumor that the committee of the Citizens' Union intended to make nominations for the municipal offices about the middle of June, Mr. PLATT violently denounced the temerity of such a purpose, and all his organs vociferously admonished the Citizens' Union that it was its solemn duty to "go slow." The Citizens' Union actually did "go slow," although probably more in obedience to its own good judgment than in obedience to Mr. PLATT's behest. It did not make any nominations about the middle of June. It only resolved to address to the citizens of Greater New York the respectful inquiry whether the nomination of Mr. SETH LOW as a candidate for the Mayoralty would be agreeable to them, the intention being that if affirmative answers to this inquiry were received in sufficient number to indicate a widespread popular desire for it, the nomination of Mr. SETH LOW should then be formally made, in compliance with the popular will. This proceeding, which in a community enjoying democratic institutions is manifestly not improper, being in evident accord with the principles of popular government, seems to have exasperated Mr. PLATT still more; for he caused it to be violently denounced by his agent, Mr. LEMUEL QUIGG, as an attempt to "overreach and humiliate" him by encroaching upon what he considers his personal prerogative—namely, the right to nominate the candidates for the municipal offices to be supported against Tammany Hall.

The right to nominate a candidate for office belongs to every citizen as clearly and as essentially as does the right to determine which candidate he will vote for at the election. It is recognized by the law. Every citizen may, if he chooses, nominate his own candidates at every election, and write their names upon the official ballot. Certain specified numbers of citizens may by way of petition demand the printing upon the official ballots of the names of candidates nominated by themselves. In doing so they encroach upon nobody else's rights. They simply exercise their own. In truth, they use this method for the very purpose, not of encroaching upon the right of others, but of resisting attempted encroachments upon their own rights. It is a notorious fact that combinations of politicians inside of our political parties, commonly called "the machines," have managed by way of organized co-operation to get and to keep control of the nominating caucuses or conventions, and thus to dictate the nominations according to their liking. In some instances, notably in the Republican party in New York, that control has passed into the hands of one man. In this way nominations are brought about which very frequently are not in accord with the sentiments of the majority of the party, and in the making of which that majority had really no voice. That "the machine," or the boss ruling it, will ordinarily nominate no candidates who cannot be counted upon, if elected, to serve their selfish ends, and that thus the general interest is very often shamelessly sacrificed is a matter too notorious to need elaborate proof. It may be said without exaggeration that this perversion of the nominating machinery of our political parties is one of the most dangerous evils of our political life. It tends to exclude men of high public spirit and of genuine self respect from places of power and responsibility, and to drive them away from active participation in public affairs altogether. It impairs the value of the elective franchise by frequently limiting the choice of citizens between the candidates of the different parties to a choice between evils. Thus it most seriously imperils the working of our free institutions which are based upon universal suffrage.

A reform of the nominating process, which will bring the nomination of candidates effectually under the control of public opinion, is one of the most important, and, it seems, one of the most difficult, problems before us. Various methods have been suggested, which, although not lacking ingenuity, fail to accomplish the essential object, namely, to place the nominating machinery securely beyond the grasp of a well drilled and disciplined organization of unscrupulous politicians. The method adopted by the Citizens' Union, which consists in asking every citizen for his opinion as to whether he wishes a certain other citizen to be nominated as a candidate, appears to be the simplest, the most straightforward, and the most democratic plan. That it is the most perfect method for general introduction nobody will pretend. However, it admirably fits the situation of things in Greater New York. A man has been found who, in the estimation of many of his fellow citizens, possesses in an exceptional measure those qualifications of character, ability, and experience which the Mayor of Greater New York should have. Those who think so request the voters of Greater New York, without distinction of party, to speak out if they are of the same mind. The formal presentation of the candidate will depend upon the response this request meets with. This proceeding is expected to result in the nomination of the best man for a very important office. Whether the same method would answer in a constituency less compact than that of Greater New York, or in a canvass not conducted on non-partisan lines, or with a candidate less conspicuously qualified for the place to be filled, may fairly be questioned. But as it answers our local conditions now, it may answer similar conditions again in the future; and its success in the present instance, although not solving the problem of a general reform of the nominating process, may at least serve to point out the direction in which the solution of that vital problem may be successfully sought. In this respect the present experiment in New York is of great importance to the whole country.

But now Mr. PLATT steps in with his peremptory veto. He does not deny that the candidate in view, Mr. SETH LOW, is the best man for the place. He does not suggest a man that would be a better, or even as good, a Mayor, or a stronger, or even as strong, a candidate. He simply proclaims through his agents that those who now speak of Mr. LOW as a candidate for the Mayoralty, and who try to obtain the opinion of their fellow citizens concerning that candidacy, are meddling with a business which is his and not theirs. And he urges a resolution to be passed in the Republican County Committee, declaring that "no candidacy can prove a unifying force among the friends of good government in this city which is formally presented prior to the meeting of the Republican city convention, or without regard to its action." What does this mean? Considering the indisputable fact that the Republican city convention will be merely a gathering of Mr. PLATT's tools, bound to register and execute his decrees as to candidates as well as to policies, it means that unless the citizens of New York recognize his power to say first who shall be the candidate of "the friends of good government" for the Mayoralty, there shall be no union of such friends in this city, no matter how excellent the candidate presented by those citizens may be. There is something intensely grotesque in this assumption of dictatorship over the citizens of New York, which even those most appreciate who are craven enough to submit to it. It is made almost ludicrous by the fact that Mr. PLATT is not even a citizen of Greater New York, but an alien among us, who votes in far-away Tioga County.

Mr. PLATT evidently misunderstands the situation. When he speaks of "good government," every intelligent person laughs. What he aims at when he speaks of an anti-Tammany campaign as a municipal government ruled by the Republican organization of which he is the dictator. What the Citizens' Union aims at is simply good, honest municipal government, without regard to political parties. Mr. PLATT, in fact, appeals to the citizens of New York to join him in an anti-Tammany movement for the benefit of his machine. The Citizens' Union appeals to the citizens of New York to join it not merely in an anti-Tammany movement, but in an anti-rascality, anti-corruption, anti-spoils movement—not for the benefit of any organization, but for the benefit of the city and of all the inhabitants thereof. When Mr. PLATT speaks of opposing a union of the friends of good government unless it be effected upon terms dictated by him, he simply shows that, whatever he may say, he at heart approves of the notorious declaration of Mr. LAUTERBACH—that he would rather see the municipal government in the hands of Tammany than in the hands of men who, as city officers, will aim only at the public good without recognizing any obligation to the PLATT machine. Of this the citizens of New York, and especially public spirited Republicans, should take due notice.

CARL SCHURZ

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"THE IDOL OF THE TAVERN HABITUÉS WAS YOUNG BRANWELL BRONTË."—DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL.

AT THE SIGN OF "THE BLACK BULL."

BY ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE.

On a bold brow of the Yorkshire moors stands the Black Bull Inn, the acme or tucking point of the hill side village of Haworth. The narrow, tortuous village street (lined on either side with walls and stone cottages of a uniform dingy gray) twists at all conceivable angles up the steep hill to the door of the inn, then widens and breaks into a dozen narrow lanes and byways, which wander erratically down the opposite slope.

The Black Bull itself is a square two-storied stone building, one of the oldest in the village, and stands within ten yards of the parish church.

Strange as this proximity may appear, it was by no mere accident, but dates back to the time when religious services for the dead were held in the church, after which the sorrowing friends adjourned to the inn, where the "arvil" (twin brother to the modern Irish wake) was held with all due solemnity and spirit.

The arvil was followed by foot races—probably a relic of the ancient funeral games, though to modern eyes it would seem impossible for any being except a mountain-goat to race on such precipitous roads.

The interior of the Black Bull reminds one of Dickens's country inns. The cozy parlor, the flagged hallway overhung with Yorkshire hams, the old-fashioned bedrooms and great four posted leather beds, the glass-enclosed bar with its presiding geniuses, all go to strengthen this resemblance.

Near the bar is the tap room, the nightly resort of village worthies. This is a low ceiled, unpapered apartment, with a row of gray wooden benches about the wall. One end is taken up by an open fireplace, in which hang a crane and blackened kettle. Near the ceiling is a frieze of dishes, warming pans, and beer mugs. A long table fills the centre of the room, and completes the furniture.

Here in the evening come the topers and boon companions of the hamlet, forming a more motley and picturesque gathering than could be found at an American bar.

Old men with the look of seedy English squires come to smoke blackened pipes to drink mysterious hot beverages, and to play the oracle. Countrymen from the surrounding moors—large, deep-chested fellows in high boots, canvas coats, and corduroys—sit here discussing prize-fights, murder trials and politics, while working men in grimy clothes, caps, and neckerchiefs act as a sort of Greek chorus to the conversation.

Pint mugs of heavy English ale, liquor glasses, etc., litter the table, each man's particular drink being set opposite him, thus forcing him to rise in order to reach it.

Many anecdotes of former life in the village are drawn from the older men by judicious "treating." Most of these stories centre on the celebrated Brontë family, throwing side lights on their lives—lights seldom found in any biography.

Old Mr Brontë, the Vicar, has, for instance, come down to us as something of an ascetic, even as a recluse; but here stories of a different nature are told. He is said by old parishioners to have enjoyed the things of this world, and to have explained from the pulpit that they need not be too closely connected with those of the world to come. Acting on his own maxim, he frequently formed one of the tavern group; and an incident is told of his betting at the church door one Sunday morning to watch a fight between his favorite spaniel and a village cur. My informant goes on to say that "Owd Brontë said 'an'd back 'is dawg for a sovereign!"

Whether or not this is apocryphal I cannot say, but simply repeat the story as it is told in the Black Bull assembly.

The Brontë sisters are well remembered, but are said to have been reserved, and to have mingled little with the villagers—Charlotte, author of *Jane Eyre*, being most popular among them.

But the idol of the tavern *habitués* was young Branwell Brontë, their ideal of all that was learned and famous. The large three cornered chair from which he ruled the tap room court is still shown to visitors, as is the window from which he was wont to make a hasty exit from the inn when one of his family came to inquire for him.

His name, outside the immediate neighborhood of Haworth, is almost unknown, yet in better circumstances he might have equalled, or even surpassed, his more famous sisters.

Brilliant, of mercurial temperament, full of aimless ambitions and misdirected genius, living in a family where each genius would be fostered, yet in circumstances that afforded no outlet to it, he was not altogether to blame for his mode of life. In an out-of-the-way country parsonage, with no railroad within four miles, with no associates of his own class, save for his quiet, unworldly sisters and for his father, who, outside of lesson hours, gave little thought to the lonely boy, what is more natural than that his social nature should have turned to the jolly companionship found at the Black Bull?

Here, then, he spent all his available time, drinking, and, by his ready wit and superior education, acting the demi-god to the village clowns.

When some stranger from London, arriving at the inn, lacked a companion to entertain him and to share his bottle, Branwell was sent for to fill the post—which he did, surrounded by a circle of admiring rustics, who listened open mouthed while their hero talked fluently on philosophy, religion, politics, or whatever topic might arise.

His chief ambition was to go to the metropolis and become a literary man. He pored over London maps until he knew every street and byway, telling travelling Londoners of short cuts and side streets they had never seen.

On reaching manhood he was at last enabled to see something of the world, in the capacity of tutor in a gentleman's family; not, however, before his early life at the Black Bull had set on him a never-to-be-erased stamp. This position as tutor he held for some time, and his family believed his hopes of success were to be realized, when suddenly he was dismissed, and came home in disgrace.

No other opening appeared, so he returned to his Black Bull associates, not now as an outlet for buoyant spirits, but, with the aid of opium, to drown sorrow. In this he so far succeeded as to ruin health and mind, giving up all active attempts to achieve fame as a *littérateur*.

He wrote, it is true, one or two poems and sketches, which he sent for criticism to Southey and Leigh Hunt, receiving from them letters of patronizing approval; but, beyond several contributions to the *Leeds Mercury*, his work never gained the public eye.

He also claimed part authorship of Emily Brontë's book *Wuthering Heights*, which claim may or may not be just. While it is generally believed that he had no share in writing this work, there can be no doubt that his own life supplied many incidents in it, and formed much of the character of Heathcliff.

The "fire scene" from *Jane Eyre*, too, is taken from an incident in Branwell's life.

A few of his literary efforts, worthy of the name, have come down to us, fragments typical of his own misspent life—that brilliant fragment of a never attained whole.

"Poor, gay, morally, wildly excitable, miserable Brontë!" writes Francis Grundy, one of his early friends. "No history records your many struggles after the good—your wit, brilliance, attractiveness, eagerness for excitement—all the qualities that made you such 'good company,' and dragged you down to an untimely grave."

The same writer describes his personal appearance—an account verified by Yorkshiremen who remember him.

"He was insignificantly small—one of his life's trials. He had a mass of red hair, which he once brushed high off his forehead—to help his height, I fancy—a great intellectual forehead, small hazelly eyes, deep sunk, and still further hidden by never-removed spectacles, prominent nose, but weak lower features. He had a downcast look, which never varied, save for a rapid momentary glance at long intervals. Small and thin of person, he was the reverse of attractive at first sight."

Yet, if report be true, this insignificant, odd featured boy held a spell over all who listened to him—a spell that more than counterbalanced any ill impression made by his personal appearance.

His reading was prodigious, and he could gain little knowledge of the world from those around him, yet, says another biographer:

"He would measure any subject at a minute's notice, with the ever ready fallacious plumb line of his brilliant vanity. He would talk for hours, he eloquent, convincing, almost noble; and afterwards accompany his audience to the nearest public house."

Similar accounts are given in rougher language, by the old men of the place, one or two of whom make a feeble attempt to draw some moral teachings therefrom, but who, for the most part, still keep their old time admiration for him. Nor is this admiration unnatural. The traditional diamond in a coal mine was no farther beneath its proper element, and cast no more undue lustre because of its surroundings, than this misplaced genius.

After losing the tutorship he dragged on a worthless existence, weakened by liquor and opium, until 1848, when he fell ill, and, as the account goes:

"He insisted on getting up. If he had succumbed to the horrors of life, he would defy the horrors of extinction—he would die, as he thought no one had died before, standing."

So he demanded to be dressed, and like some Celtic hero of old, when the death struggle began, rose to his feet and died erect, leaving a name that may stand among the foremost of the world's countless might-have-beens.

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JAMES T. KILBRETH.

THE LATE COLLECTOR OF THE PORT OF NEW YORK.

The death of Collector James T. Kilbreth, on June 23, at his summer home at Southampton, Long Island, deprives New York of one of her most faithful and popular officers. The Collector had been ill with an attack of pleurisy, from which he was recovering when he went to Southampton a week before his death. There pneumonia developed, and his condition immediately became critical.

He was born in 1841 in Cincinnati, and went from there in 1858 to Harvard College, where he was graduated in 1862, in the class of which Robert Lincoln was a member. After graduation he took the course in the Harvard Law School, and with that sound foundation of legal knowledge came to New York and began to practise his profession. He soon made himself a place in the community, and early distinguished himself by the vigor of his opposition to Tammany Hall. In the early days of his law practice he shared an office with Mr. O. P. C. Billings, a lawyer and a Republican member of the Board of Aldermen. In 1872, partly perhaps through the influence of Alderman Billings, but mainly because of his own character and fitness, he was appointed a police justice for the term of ten years. In 1882 he was reappointed by Mayor Edson; but in 1886, when his term expired again, Tammany being in power, he was not reappointed.

Judge Kilbreth, though always opposed to Tammany, was a Democrat; and in 1881, when the County Democracy was organized, he became its first vice-president. He continued to hold that place until the organization went to pieces in 1892. In that year he was a delegate to the State Democratic Convention in Syracuse, and interested himself in securing the support of New York State to Cleveland if he should be nominated at Chicago. When Mr. Cleveland became President the second time he appointed Judge Kilbreth Collector of the Port of New York, the office which he held at the time of his death. The appointment was popular with the Republicans and anti-Tammany Democrats, but distasteful of course to Tammany Hall, and a surprise to most politicians.

As Collector, Judge Kilbreth was efficient, just, and able, fully justifying the President's choice. His reputation as a public man, however, is chiefly based on his long and exceptionally noteworthy service as a police justice. From the first year he served, his ability and thorough equipment as a lawyer were recognized by his fellow-justices, who early chose him to preside in the Court of Special Sessions, relieving him of police-court assignments. In this court he made his reputation as a judicial officer whose rulings were just and well found in legality. Litigants rarely complained of being unjustly treated by him, and his rulings were seldom upset.

Judge Kilbreth was a member of the Democratic Club, the New York Bar Association, and the Century and Harvard clubs of New York. In 1872 he married Mrs. Oudin, the widow of Lucien Oudin, of New York, and a sister of General Felix Agnus, of Baltimore.

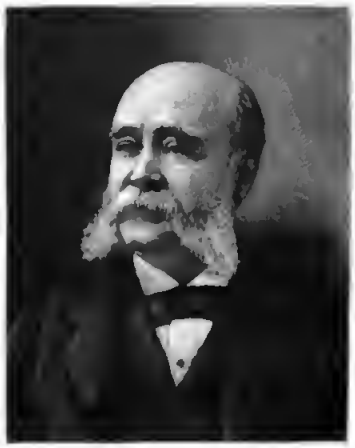
THE NEW MINISTER TO SPAIN.

General Stewart Lyndon Woodford, our new minister to Spain, has been more or less active in political and public affairs since 1860, when he was a delegate from New York to the political convention which nominated Lincoln for President. He was born in New York in 1835 of Puritan stock long resident in Connecticut. When fourteen years old he entered Columbia College, but left in 1852 to join the Sophomore class at Yale. The following year he returned to Columbia, where he was graduated in 1854 with high distinction. It will be noticed how narrowly he escaped being a classmate of Ambassador White and many other distinguished men in the Yale class of 1853.

In 1857 he was admitted to the bar in New York. In 1860 he was a delegate, as noted, to the convention that nominated Lincoln, and the following year he was appointed Assistant United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York, an office which he held about eighteen months, his special duty after the war began being the prosecution of cases of seizures under the blockade regulations. Resigning his office in 1862, he enlisted as a private in a New York volunteer regiment, and won rapid promotion, coming out of the war in 1865 as Colonel and Brevet Brigadier-General. After Charleston was evacuated he was appointed military commandant of the department which included that city and Savannah, and organized the provisional government in charge of which they were placed.

Returning in 1865 to the practice of law, he declined in that year a nomination to a judgeship, but the next year, being still only thirty-one years old, he was elected Lieutenant Governor of the State. In 1868 he declined a nomination for Congress, but in 1870 was Republican nominee for Governor against John T. Hoffman.

In 1872 he was a delegate to the convention which nominated Grant for his second term, and made the speech seconding the nomination. He was himself placed on the ticket as elector at-large for New York. The same year he was elected to Congress from the Third District. From 1877 until 1883 he served as United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York. At the Republican Convention of 1880 he nominated General Arthur for Vice-President. In 1882, being indignant at the means used to nominate Judge Folger for Governor, he refused to support him, and thus falling out with the ruling element in his party he ceased to hold public office, and devoted himself to his law business, in which, as a member of the firm of Arnoux, Ritch, & Woodford, he has been successful.



GENERAL STEWART LYNDON WOODFORD,
Minister to Spain.

Of late years he has been again in harmony with the Republicans of this State, and Senator Platt is understood to have desired and urged his selection by President McKinley for a place in the cabinet.

General Woodford is very widely known as an eloquent public speaker, and is the author of many public addresses, and has been the orator of a great many occasions. One of his most noted speeches was his eulogy on General George A. Thomas.

He was married in 1857 and has three daughters.

THE CONFEDERATE VETERANS' REUNION.

For the three days of it Nashville was ablaze with enthusiasm. All the week before it had been aflaunt with bunting, aglow with color. Naturally the red, white, and red was prominent, but everywhere intermingled with the red, white, and blue.

The old soldiers themselves would have insisted upon that had the will of their hosts inclined otherwise. The purpose of the Confederate veterans' organization is to perpetuate fraternity and patriotic pride in citizenship quite as much as to secure a proper historical presentation of their cause and the deeds done in its behalf.

Between twenty and twenty-five thousand of those who wore the gray gathered in the centennial city. Friends, kinsfolk, and spectators swelled the visiting throng to at least seventy-five thousand. The parade contained something like fifteen thousand men, mounted, on foot, and in carriages. It was led and marshalled by General W. H. Jackson, some time a Confederate cavalry-

MEETING OF THE EIGHTEENTH NATIONAL SAENGERFEST, AT PHILADELPHIA, JUNE [illegible] (SEE PAGE 667.)

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man, now the owner of Bella Mendo. It passed out Broad Street to West End Avenue, where it was reviewed by General Gordon, Governor Taylor, and some few thousand generals, colonels, and majors beside.

Before that came to pass though, there had been other interesting happenings. The United Confederate Veterans' organization is made up of smaller bodies, known variously as camps and bivouacs. The bivouac is in a way peculiar to Tennessee, and differs from the camp mainly in the greater strictness of its requirements. There are now above a thousand of these subordinate organizations. The united body is governed by delegates chosen in proportion to membership.

Some three thousand of these delegates met in Nashville town to see about electing a successor to General Gordon, who has been from its inception the United Veterans' commander, and who had refused absolutely to be re-elected. But business was a secondary matter with everybody. There were so many other things there was not time for it. The good people of Nashville had opened their arms and hearts and homes—the men in gray owned whatever they chose to claim. By way of providing for them materially there was a reception committee three hundred strong and a restaurant where fifteen hundred could sit and eat comfortably at once. Lodgings too were provided for all in need of them. Then the musical people gave a free concert at the Tabernacle, which has a seating capacity of seven thousand odd, and the younger element got up a dance at the Capitol, where gray coats and gray beards were decidedly at a premium.

The procession was marshalled by States, South Carolina leading, and the rest following in the order of secession. This threw North Carolina next to last, barely in front of her daughter Tennessee. Each State had a young woman sponsor and a maid of honor. At the Centennial Auditorium, on Thursday afternoon, a speaker chosen from each one of the old Confederate States filled an allotted five minutes, and was held rigidly to time by the chairman of the committee of arrangements.

Of course the ladies were not content with so meagre a showing as sponsors and maids of honor afforded. Tuesday morning at ten o'clock in the Capitol, the Daughters of the Confederacy met and made speeches to themselves. Mrs M B Pilcher presided and made an address of welcome.

There were special fireworks, the fall of Alamo among other things, and a Confederate jollification, and heaps of private functions. Best of all was the joy in the faces of the old soldiers. Men from the farthest extremes of the land met as brothers, and renewed the friendships of the trying bloody days. "It is the grandest reunion we shall ever have; next time a heap of us won't know anything about it," a man with an empty sleeve said as he stood in line.

FOREIGN NOTES.

FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW.

London, June 18, 1897.

WHILE Congress is struggling to give paternal protection, without much reference to those who have to pay for it, I hasten to put in a plea for that small, scattered, and helpless section of mankind that writes for publishers, and has hitherto looked to posterity for its reward. Latterly I went to South Africa and wrote some articles upon that country. When I had partially recovered from the coast fever, which at Delagoa Bay effectually protects native industry, I commenced to receive a large number of letters. These were mostly from strangers in different parts of the world who had read HARPER'S MAGAZINE, and consequently wished to go to the land of gold mines and ostrich feathers. My correspondents usually commenced with complimentary expressions highly gratifying to the author's vanity—but they were costly. The letters bore insufficient postage, and the author was charged with the treble cost on each epistolary invoice. At first this was cheerfully paid, but when the doctor's bill had been presented, and the cost of an African fever estimated, I began to think that as between the Delagoa shakes and the postman's whistle there was but scant margin for preference. To answer all those letters was impossible, and perhaps I have made hundreds of enemies by treating with apparent coldness communications prepared by a heart overflowing with gratitude and thirst for knowledge.

For instance, a mother confides in me and says: "My son is a little wild owing to no fault of his own. He was not successful in his examinations at college, though I am sure that with proper guidance he would distinguish himself. Would you kindly exert your influence to secure him a position in Johannesburg as manager of a mine or some such position of trust?"

How can I secure a position of trust to any one whom I do not know; and how can I explain to individual mothers that I cannot, with the best intention, assisted by a corps of speedy type-writers, give them satisfactory answers?

Then I receive a large number of under-paid letters from mercantile philanthropists, who say something like this: "Dear Sir,—My famous Fever-Fugo and Anti-Shake Specific has cured millions of malignant malaria, and with the help of God I propose to give the benefit of this truly missionary medicine to the suffering millions of Africa. What I want of you is a list of the Drug Stores in the places where they have the most malaria. Then please send me a list of the principal patent medicines used in South Africa, with the price. My stuff costs a dollar a bottle, but I can put it on the African market at ten cents. Please advise me as to the best means of advertising this in South Africa, and what commission you would like in case I offered you the Agency for that country. An early answer will oblige. Yours truly."

And here again I must suppress names, dates, and places, for my correspondent writes in good faith, and no doubt concludes that I am a selfish monopolist for not sharing with him the knowledge I presumably possess.

Why is it, I wonder, speaking of selfishness, that the American ambassador in London almost invariably draws upon himself the malevolent criticism of his own newspapers—particularly if he happens to make himself more than usually popular in England? John Hay, for instance, has just succeeded Mr Bayard, and many people have remarked to me that it was a refreshing change—that Mr Bayard had become corrupted by contact with the English aristocracy, that he had become un-American, that in John Hay we would have a true republican, who would show Englishmen a specimen of genuine Americanism, etc. John Hay, as the author of "Jim Bludsoe" and other literary things, is doubly welcome to England, first, because he is the visible representative of our republic, and secondly, he is an American man of letters. Since early childhood I have known him, and as an American feel proud that such men can be induced to accept public office on a salary that does not cover house rent, let alone the entertainment of his official colleagues. Motley and Lowell were both hailed with journalistic enthusiasm when they were first appointed to London; both turned out to be snobs, on the same authority, before their respective terms had expired. John Hay comes to London with an official and social experience behind him almost unique in the annals of American public life, and opens the American embassy under auspices most favorable to success. Yet I venture to think that history will repeat itself, and that before this Jubilee year has passed away the papers that now sing in his praise will denounce him as having had his head turned by the British aristocracy.

Now why is this? We rarely bother our heads about the doings of our ambassador in Vienna, in Berlin, or St Petersburg; in fact, we don't always remember who it is unless he gets his government into a scrape.

England is the only country whose language is intelligible to the men we usually send to represent us abroad, consequently the American ambassador is able to converse fluently with the distinguished people of this country, and is entertained more extensively than the minister of the United States to any other country. Our representative at Vienna or Berlin does not, probably, in the course of a whole year receive so many invitations to visit country houses as the American ambassador in London receives in the course of a single week. The social life of an American ambassador on the Continent, aside from half a dozen tiresome official functions, is limited to entertainments at which the principal rôle is played by American travellers, the inevitable American dentist, and such newspaper correspondents as happen to be handy. Paris is almost an exception, but hardly a serious one, when compared with London.

If there were not a single American in England, our ambassador here would still be rushed from morning to night if he accepted half the invitations extended to him by representative Englishmen. And if he attempted to return the civilities offered him by these people he would have his hands more than full. What, then, must his feeling be as a generous and well bred American to find that there are hundreds and thousands of his fellow countrymen who leave cards upon him and expect hospitality? Some of these people may be reasonable and may know the difficulties of John Hay's position. But the larger proportion, I am sure, particularly the large number of young ladies who have come to be presented at court, and incidentally to send home descriptive letters to the local newspaper, will be bitterly disappointed, and may reflect their outraged feelings in the columns of an indulgent press.

It is to an American the source of especial gratitude when on arriving at the capital of a strange country he finds the diplomatic agents of his government equal to their duties. Of course this does not refer to England, nor am I thinking merely of American tourists, who can usually manage well enough without ever going near their consul or minister. But the American agent of a mercantile house feels at once when his country is being well or ill represented, for he is frequently forced to submit papers which only his minister can draw up or endorse, and if this is done by incompetent men it is the American merchant who suffers.

To-day the German Emperor receives in particular audience the new ambassador Andrew D White, and if William II were not already an excellent English scholar he would discover, to his surprise, that the American representative speaks fluent and academic German. But as emperors are usually given the privilege of opening the conversation, and as the German Emperor speaks English with much satisfaction, it is possible that he may not discover how well Mr White speaks German until he reads of it in HARPER'S WEEKLY.

We have now in Berlin one who recalls the great times of 1870-1, when the historian George Bancroft, though a simple minister, eclipsed the ambassadors of the other great powers by the dignity of his personal appearance and the embonpoint of his scholarship. Well do I remember the venerable historian rising at a great banquet in Berlin and astonishing his audience by a speech that was partly in English and partly in German for the benefit of the many Germans present. Nor was the German part less fluent than that which was addressed to his fellow countrymen. Bancroft's house gathered together more that was interesting in Germany than probably any other at that time. The historians of Rome and Greece—Mommsen and Curtius—were his frequent guests, so were the great men of science, such as Helmholtz and Virchow. In those days the army and the government had not acquired the habit of calling people "unpatriotic" because they were "liberal," and men like von Bunsen were highly prized by even such extreme conservatives as Bismarck. In short, soldiers, diplomats, university professors, painters, men of light and leading in all branches of human activity, met under the roof of George Bancroft as they never have met since under the roof of any American embassy.

Mr White is well fitted to revive those times, but the times of to-day are less favorable. Political bitterness is as much the fashion now that officials who pose for ultra loyal dare not shake hands in public with a Virchow or a Mommsen who is known to have opposed a government measure. But what can he done, that our ambassador will do, is to leave behind him when he returns from his post the memory of a real American who served his country well because he spoke in a language that all Germans understood, and because he did at least something to spread about him feelings of humanity in a time when militarism is dragging Europe nearer and nearer to barbarism.

It must become yearly more and more difficult for us to secure as ambassadors such good men as Hay for London and White for Berlin,—and this not merely because a good ambassador must spend each year at least three times what he gets in the way of salary. A few days ago a friend showed me a newspaper, printed in New York State, in which was a wholly false and disgusting calumny against John B Jackson, first secretary of the Berlin embassy. The writer made frequent allusions to his own patriotism, and stated that he was on his way to Washington in order to enlighten our State Department in regard to the sort of man we required, etc. The whole article raised a wholesome laugh among those who know what is going on there, and especially who know that this particular writer was turned out of the American embassy for conduct unworthy of an American journalist. To me and to you the impudence of such utterance is ridiculous only, and we throw the paper away along with all thought of its writer. But when a German friend tells me that the writer has sent a copy to each embassy in Berlin and to all prominent officials at home and abroad, and that this has been done for the purpose of discrediting the American secretary in the eyes of Germans, then the matter changes aspect.

The American secretary is appointed by our Congress and President, and he represents the American flag and its interests abroad sometimes more even than a man of war. In Berlin our secretary, Jackson, is frequently left in sole charge of the embassy, and his duties are most complicated and heavy. He is up by sunrise every morning, and does a day's work almost as hard as that of the Kaiser. Not merely Germans, but Americans have a right to know if this man is a scoundrel and an impostor, as our newspaper "patriot" alleges. Germans call an editor to account if he defames a public servant, and should not our government do the same in the case of its agents who are far away and cannot adequately protect themselves? Nobody has asked me to say anything in this matter—nor was it necessary. It made my blood boil on hearing it. J B Jackson passed through Annapolis, served honorably in the navy, and left that service in order to enter diplomacy, where he began at the bottom and has, after some ten years of hard work, acquired a training surpassed by no secretary in our service. He and his wife live in the happiest home relations,—and more is the pity that I must ask HARPER'S WEEKLY to publish these gossiping items merely to refute scandalous and malicious statements born of jealousy or spite.

I have heard successive ministers and ambassadors speak of Jackson—to say nothing of German officials and business men. They one and all recognize this secretary's fitness for his post, and wonder rather that he is not promoted to a higher one. We surely have enough inefficient diplomatic representatives to criticise without going out of our way to poison the mind of our government against excellent and hard working men.

The great military Jubilee display is, I fear, an attempt on the part of certain English politicians to deceive the world as to the real military strength of the British Empire. Whenever England shall become involved in war with a great power, and this has not been the case since 1854, she will have to rely, not upon her scattered black, yellow, and brown auxiliaries, at the four corners of her colonial empire, but upon the army of regular English troops who are paid as professional soldiers. To-day this professional army is not what it pretends to be. It is not efficient in the German sense. Regiment for regiment, army corps for army corps, the English army cannot do what the German army does. In the first place, whenever English troops have been mobilized for an expedition such as that of Lord Wolseley up the Nile, or of Lord Roberts in some East Indian campaign, nearly half of the men, nominally soldiers, have been in hospital for a loathsome contagious disease. We have laws protecting cows and pigs against contagion, but whenever such laws are invoked in England for the protection of soldiers there is an outcry against them from clergymen and a lot of sentimental people who do much mischief under the guise of philanthropy.

The British army is forced to accept as recruits young men of imperfect physical development, where the German army gets the very best of the whole people. The British officer is not the equal of the German in the higher walks of his profession. This is due largely to favoritism of a political or courtly character. We see in many places high up officers commanding whose physical infirmities make it almost impossible for them to sit on horseback, and often whose energies in the military line are limited to inspecting dress parades. The old Duke of Cambridge, who with the greatest possible difficulty has recently been forced to retire from the highest command in the British army, was notoriously unfitted for any military post higher than that of an inspector of buttons and shoe lacings.

The English officer, man for man, is better stuff for leadership than the average German—though this seems to contradict what I have already said. The young Englishman who is brought up to every manner of reckless out door sport enters the army with natural capacity for leadership. He can ride, shoot, and, if necessary, use his fists better than any man in his company or regiment, and the private in the ranks respects his officer as an honorable sport loving gentleman, whether he be in or out of uniform. No army, not even our own, can produce a larger proportion of enterprising young officers ready to volunteer for any dangerous service anywhere, nor can any corps of officers produce men who have achieved greater distinction by leading small outfits successfully. But the German officer is superior in being one of a vast machine, all the parts of which, from the top to the bottom, work so smoothly that at any given moment the whole resources of the people are concentrated in one military effort. The army of England, on the contrary, is officered so unequally, is recruited so precariously, and the whole is administered with so little coherence, that the result of a great European war would be watched with grave apprehension by those who expect English troops to play a leading part. Physical pluck and chivalrous self-sacrifice are magnificent things in a soldier, and achieve wonders in our Indian wars on the frontier, as they do in the hundreds of little British expeditions against natives. But nowadays wars are decided not by skirmishes so much as by the use of huge military machinery in the hands of organizing experts like Moltke and his equally deserving war minister Von Roon.

POLYNEY BIGELOW

THIS BUSY WORLD

Several people who got very widespread reputations in odd ways have lately died. One was Captain Boycott, late of County Mayo, in Ireland, who lent his name quite involuntarily to the English language. He was a squire in a small way and a land-agent, who had used harsh measures to collect agricultural rents in bad seasons, and happened to be the first person on whom was tried the recommendation of Mr Parnell, who urged the Irish peasants to abstain from violence against landlords and land-agents, and instead to let them severely alone. Captain Boycott was let alone until he nearly starved, and "boycott" promptly took its place in the dictionary. He died, in London apparently, about June 21.

On the same day, in Germantown, Pennsylvania, died Christian K. Ross, known throughout this country as the father of Charley Ross, who was stolen from home on July 1, 1874, and was never heard of afterwards. It has happened to Philadelphia to furnish the two most famous mysteries of this generation. The fate of Charley Ross was one, and the other is the Keeley motor. After endless investigation at large cost, nothing definite has been ascertained about either. Mr. Ross lived to be seventy-four years old. For years he devoted the greater part of his time to the search for his son.

Father Kneipp, the inventor of the Kneipp water-cure, died at Woerishoven, Bavaria, on June 17. In his youth he was sickly, and the course of treatment to which he gave his name was first tested on himself. Its first principles seem to have been abstemiousness and abundant bathing, which are good things, and adapted to benefit a great many people. The system spread very widely. People of the first rank and fashion, royalties, and millionaires, tried it and profited by it in Europe, and even in New York within a year the newspapers have told of the Kneipp curists who walk barefoot in the grass in the early morning in Central Park. Whatever merit there may be in the system, there is little doubt that Father Kneipp himself had excellent curative properties. He was well tested—once he treated the Pope—and maintained an excellent reputation as a priest, a man, and a physician.

Some men seem to have the *vis medicatrix* as a gift of nature. One such person, and a very remarkable one, was Francis Schlatter, whose bones were found the other day in the foot-hills of the Sierra Madre on the Puertas Verdas River, in Chihuahua, Mexico. It is only about a year since he disappeared from Denver, where throngs of people crowded to see him, and brought all sorts of sick people to him to be healed of their diseases. Schlatter may have been of unsound mind, but at least he was a pure-minded fanatic. There was nothing vulgar about him, nor any taint of self-seeking or charlatanry in his proceedings. So far as we know him, he was an unearthly creature, who attained about as near to the sublime and kept as distinctly clear of the ridiculous as any saint of his period. There was constant expectation that he would turn out to be either a fraud or an absurdity, but he didn't, and there was great dramatic propriety even in his end.

The Bacchante, rejected of Boston, has reached the Metropolitan Museum, and has been viewed with satisfaction by General Di Cesnola, secretary and director of the museum. There is no doubt that it has found a permanent home, though it may not be placed on exhibition until fall. This is the present status of the statue in the museum. Mr. McKim has presented it in a letter to Mr Rhinelander, first vice-president and chairman of the executive committee. Mr Daniel Huntington, chairman of the sculpture committee, has recommended its acceptance, and acting on his recommendation, President Marquand, Secretary Di Cesnola, and Treasurer Hitchcock have accepted it for the board of trustees. It still remains that the board, when it meets in the autumn, should confirm the action of its officers, but that is only a formality, as for sixteen years the board has never failed to retain whatever gifts its officers have accepted during the summer.

Mr William Allen Butler's poem, read on June 12 at the fifty-fifth annual reunion of the "unexampled class of 1843," of the University of New York, is a model for such productions, and well able to bear comparison with the poems with which Dr. Holmes used to distinguish the annual dinners of the famous Harvard class of '29. We shall be fortunate if the annual crop of Commencement verse includes anything else as good.

The sympathy of the public is due to the trustees of Brown University in their embarrassment over certain opinions of their president. Everybody knows that President Andrews is a bimetallist who believes that silver should be coined as freely as gold. His views on the subject were freely quoted, and probably freely misquoted, during the late Presidential campaign, and all the silver orators from Bryan down pointed to him on all occasions as a learned man who had gone deep into the question of metal and money, and was convinced that the gold standard was oppressive and ill advised. Neither the trustees of Brown nor any one prominently connected with the institution agrees with President Andrews in this opinion. They have a high regard for him as a man and as a college president, but they know that the great publicity which has attached to his silver sentiments has been a damage to the university of which he is the head. They have not said so, but it is known that it is very hard to raise any money for Brown while free-silver views are so conspicuously held there, and the university is understood to have lost some very large gifts because of the "pernicious activity" of Dr. Andrews. The trustees don't want to depose their president, whom they admire and like, and whose ability they value, but neither do they want to see their university suffer because of what they consider his wrong-headed views. So they are in a quandary, and propose to consult with Dr. Andrews himself as to the situation. He will return very soon from Europe, and then, agreeable to action taken by the trustees at a recent meeting, a committee will wait upon him, state the case, and request him to "modify his activity in behalf of certain economic questions." Very possibly he will resign, but, even if he does, it seems doubtful whether the trustees could afford to accept his resignation. Trying as the situation is, it would seem wiser for Brown University and Dr Andrews to rub along together, in the hope that the time is close at hand when it will cease to be a matter of practical importance whether any one college president believes in the gold standard or not.

The active mind of Mr. Eugene V. Debs has devised "The Social Democracy of America," which, rising phœnixlike from the remnants of the American Railway Union, proposes to its members to conquer "capitalism" by making use of their political liberty and taking possession of public power. The proposition is that when the Social Democracy has got possession of the power it shall restore land, and all means of production, transportation, and distribution, to the people, and substitute a co-operative commonwealth for the present state of "industrial warfare and social disorder." The plan is to begin by concentrating the Social Democrats in some one State, until there are enough of them to dominate it, and then gradually to extend the organization into other States. The State of Washington has been suggested as a good one to begin with, but the ways and means of concentration are still remote and vague, and the State of Washington people are not as yet much concerned.

It is held by some members of the Phi Beta Kappa of Harvard that the society now takes in too few members, and should be recruited by a larger annual accession of scholars. The matter is under discussion in some of the Boston newspapers. It appears that for the last sixteen years the society has added to itself twenty-five members annually, choosing from each Harvard class the men who ranked highest in scholarship. In 1881, when this practice of electing a fixed number began, twenty-five men formed thirteen per cent. of the class. Now the classes are about twice as big as they were sixteen years ago, and the thirteen Phi Beta Kappa men constitute less than seven per cent. of their classes. It would appear to an outsider as if the propriety of electing more men was obvious, but last year the society voted against making any change. Members who are in seem willing that the distinction of membership should be enhanced by a policy of exclusiveness, but that policy involves the risk that the society may come to be so small, as compared with the size of the college, that it will cease to be representative and diminish in influence. In all college clubs and societies the danger of keeping too many men out should be as carefully considered as that of letting too many in. It is not so much the men who are kept out of such a society as the Phi Beta Kappa that make it strong as those who are taken in.

It is a blessed relief in a good many particulars to have the Jubilee over, the college boat races rowed, and the Commencements completed, and to be able to settle down again to the resuscitation of good times and the usual occupations of summer. We have exercised our minds as much over the Jubilee as we well could over any transatlantic show. Our desire that the Queen might survive the celebration has been sincere, and not unmixed with anxiety. She seems to have pulled through famously, and though contradictory newspaper reports have left us groping as to the state of her eyesight, it is possible that in time we may get satisfactory information even about that. There may be some Americans who regret that they did not see the British Empire's Greatest Show on Earth, but the great majority of us have been fully content to read about it, and have rejoiced not to be jostled in the greatest crowd that London ever saw.

A new law in Massachusetts makes the possession of the skin or feathers of any bird which is protected by the laws of that State punishable by the same penalty as is imposed for killing the birds. This seems to mean that the guileless maid who buys her feathers of a milliner runs as much risk of fine or imprisonment as the hard-hearted man with a gun who goes out and pots the bird. In a State where the schoolmaster is less comprehensively abroad than in Massachusetts this law might make trouble, but the presumption is that in the Bay State every school-girl is ornithologist enough to know which birds are protected citizens, and which are aliens and safe to wear. The ostensible purpose of the new law is to preserve the birds which eat the bugs which feed on the crops of Massachusetts, but the promoters of the law are not likely to grieve if it goes beyond that and discourages the wearing of feathers in hats altogether.

Professor Clement Smith, of Harvard, is to be the next director of the American School of Classical Studies at Rome, and Mr Richard Norton will serve with him as Professor of Archæology. The third year begins on the 15th of next October. The students study inscriptions and old Latin, the topography and monuments of ancient Rome, and every sort of ancient art that the vicinity affords.

Mr Richard Norton, who has been a professor at Bryn Mawr, is the son of Professor Charles Eliot Norton, of [illegible] is said to have inherited much of his father's [illegible] course, as well as his inclination towards [illegible] are beautiful. It is interesting to know [illegible] Norton is perfecting his knowledge of art [illegible], and qualifying himself to turn the practical American mind to the consideration of ideals and the things that make for culture.

One of the problems of the time, which has grown important as this country has developed in wealth and population, is how to live in several places at once. There are a great many people nowadays who have made fortunes in the West, who found the Western cities profitable and pleasant while they were comparatively poor and engrossed in business, but whose souls, now that they have made their several piles, hanker after the associations and amusements and opportunities of the big Eastern cities. Some of them want to live in New York, some in Washington. It is not that they like the Western cities less, but that they like the Eastern cities more and can get more out of them for their money. Washington and New York are centres—Washington, of politics, government, and to some extent of science, New York, of wealth, trade, fashion, art, literature, music, and lots of other interests. The yearning for the life of Washington or of New York is the mark of a centripetal tendency which is reasonable and easily understood. The same thing appears in all rich countries. The well-to-do English try to spend part of the year in London, the French, in Paris. They do it, and keep their country homes besides. Our Westerners have a more difficult problem. They are much farther away from their social and political centres than most of the French or the English, and the idiosyncrasies of the American climate complicate their home-comings. Consider the case of the rich people of the great Ohio cities. The Cleveland man who has struck Standard oil, or politics, or something, and has become solvent beyond the dreams of avarice, develops a lawful desire to live at the centre of things, and builds a house in New York or Washington, which is his headquarters from November to May. He still has a house in Cleveland, but when is he going to live in it? Not in summer, for his neighbors who stay at home in the winter come East to the sea-shore in the summer. He may find Cleveland attractive in the late spring and the early fall, but the chances are that his family will tell him that it doesn't pay to travel so far, and open and close a house for such short periods. The upshot of it must tend to be that the shutters stay up on the Cleveland man's house in Cleveland, and that he lives elsewhere, and merely goes home to vote or on errands of business. And why doesn't he give it up altogether? Because considerations of trade or sentiment or of politics forbid. It pays to be a representative man and hail from somewhere, and Ohio is a good State to hail from.

The final outcome in each case of the conflict between the influences that call the Western man Eastward and those that claim him at home is interesting to watch. A newspaper paragraph dated Cincinnati, June 4, recorded, the other day, that Mr Bellamy Storer, the new minister to Belgium, and his wife had bid a long good-by to their Cincinnati friends and started for Europe. It added:

> The Storers have decided for the future, when in this country, to make their home at Washington, where they have purchased a handsome residence. Mr. Storer will visit this city once a year to look after his interests. The mansion on Grandin Road, this city, has been dismantled.

Another paragraph from Cincinnati, of the same date and in the same newspaper (the *Sun*), reads:

> Mr John R. McLean, newspaper editor and proprietor of this city, financier of Washington, and free-silver candidate of the State of Ohio, arrived from the Capital this morning in his private car "Ohio." He took possession of the very large house at Pike and Fifth streets, which he has rented, fully furnished, for six months. Mr McLean did not bring his family, to the great disappointment of many friends. He brought a corps of servants and a private secretary. He also brought along a complete literary bureau for the campaign in the persons of two of his able editorial writers. This is the first time in ten years that Mr McLean has possessed a household here.

Mr McLean is suspected of a willingness to represent Ohio in the Senate. News of another gentleman of a similar turn of mind is added to the effect that "Mr Calvin S. Brice, of New York, Washington, and at odd bits of time Lima (Ohio), is side-tracked also in a private car somewhere in the State."

Evidently the situation of the ambitious Ohio man who lives in the East has its humorous side. Evidently too the private car simplifies it somewhat, but it is still complicated, and its developments are still worth watching. Some time Ohio may strike for resident representatives, and refuse to back an Ohio man's application for office unless he has permanent Buckeye roots, and agrees to live at home when his term expires.

Rumors that prevailed at one time that the White House under Major McKinley would be "dry" have proved to be unfounded. The President is said to be personally abstemious, but not a total abstainer. Wine is served at his entertainments.

New York will be a good deal better town after this summer's work in it is finished. The most important improvement that the summer will see will be the completion of all the work in Fifth Avenue, including the new asphalt pavement from Washington Square to Central Park. As soon as the Avenue is in order and the water begins to flow through the big new water-mains below its surface, the reservoir at Forty-second Street will begin to come down, and its site will be cleared for the library that is to supersede it.

The recent completion of an asphalt pavement on First Avenue as far up as Eighty-second Street, which gives continuous good going on that street as far south as the street extends, is expected to relieve Fifth Avenue of much heavy traffic—beer trucks, and the like—which have interfered with its usefulness as the great thoroughfare for carriages.

Work has begun again on the Cathedral of St. John, and it is hoped that it may continue until enough of the cathedral is finished for occupation. It will be remembered that in laying the foundation the cathedral builders struck a bed of soft stone unfit to build upon, which had to be dug out to a lamentable depth and at very unwelcome cost before the foundations at that point could be laid. The new work will all be aboveground and in sight, which will be a satisfaction to the public, and doubtless to the builders also.

A "constant reader" of this department of the Weekly protests against the recent occurrence in it of the "very inelegant expression 'on the street,'" and says, "You properly meet a lady, a man, a dog, '*in the street.*'" And yet it might be argued that a modern city street is as much a roof as a passage, and that it is pardonable to speak of being "on" a crust of flag-stones which have cellars, gas-pipes, water-pipes, steam-engines, and who knows what else under them. "*In* the street" be it, though, excepting possibly where Wall Street is concerned.

Other expressions this same critic finds fault with are, "That is all there is *to* it," and, "She wore blue flowers, as *did* her sister," the latter being especially execrated as of British derivation. What else ails it, if anything, is open to conjecture. It is pretty good ground for complaint against any set phrase that it is a set phrase. The ear tires of too familiar collocations of words, even when no special fault can be found with their arrangement.

E. S. Martin.

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THE REUNION OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AT THE TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL AND INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION, JUNE 22-24.
DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 655.]

1. The *Huck Finn* on Lake Watauga. 2. Powder-Wheels, Relics from a Confederate Powder-Mill. 3. Relics from Missionary Ridge in the Railway Terminal Building.

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"THE VINTAGE."

A STORY OF THE GREEK WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY E. F. BENSON,

AUTHOR OF "DODO," "LIMITATIONS," "THE JUDGMENT BOOKS," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

NAUPLIA, huddled together on the edge of its glittering bay, stood empty-streeted beneath the hot stress of the midsummer noon, and even from within the houses came no sound of life. Down the middle of the main street lay a yellow ribbon of scorching sunshine, and the narrow border of sharp cut shadow spoke of the South.

Two or three irregular lines of houses led up from the quay into the square, in which stood a couple of cafés and a few Greek shops, but two of the four sides were taken up with the quarters of the Turkish garrison. All along the north side ran the barracks of the common soldiers, two-storied buildings of brownstone, with small grated windows, which held the two companies of men who were stationed in the town itself, less fortunate in this burning weather than the main part of the garrison, which was quartered in the strier fortress of Palamedi behind, overlooking the town from the height of five hundred feet. Down the west side of the square came the quarters of the officers who were in command of the town garrison, and next to them the prison, full to overflowing of the native Greeks.

Two other narrow streets led out of the square eastward towards the base of the Palamedi, one of which, passing through the gate in the wall of Byzantine fortifications, and striking along between the mountains and the bay, soon became a country road. The spring had been dry, and already, though it was only June, the country was yellow and parched. Only the aloes and cactuses which formed the hedge on either side were still green, and even the cactus fruit, matured too early, was withered and worthless.

This road, like the square, was absolutely empty, and lay equally dust ridden and silent but for a few chaks in a line of white poplars which broke the monotony of the cactus hedges at one point, which clicked and whirred as if the sirocco was the most invigorating of winds, for the sirocco was beginning to blow up from the south, and raised small little whirlwinds of dust, which danced across the road and over the fields in hot, unresting eddies. The hills of Argolis to the north were already getting dim and veiled with the dusty wind and losing themselves in an agne of heat.

A mile further down the road stood a small wine shop, in front of which stood a rough wooden portico, open to the air on three sides, and roofed with boughs of oleander, plucked leaf and flower together. A couple of rough stools and a rickety table stood in the shade in order to incite passers by to rest and so to drink, and the owner himself was lying on a bench under the house wall, fast asleep. A surly looking dog of no particular breed guarded his slumbers in the intervals of his own, and snapped at the flies.

Directly opposite the wine shop, on the other side of the road, stood a whitewashed house, built in a rather more pretentious style than most Greek peasants' houses, and surrounded by a garden, to which a row of white poplars gave a certain look of coolness and privacy. A veranda ran around two sides of it, floored with wooden planks, and up the wooden pillars by which it was supported streamed long shoots of flowering roses. A low wooden settee, covered with coarse matting, stood in the shade of the veranda, and on it were sitting two men, one of whom was dressed in the black cassock of a priest, both silent.

Then suddenly out of the stillness came a human sound, and a small gray cat rushed round the corner of the veranda, pursued by a great long limbed boy, laughing to himself. He was dressed in a white linen tunic and tight-fitting linen trousers, he had no shoes, no stockings, and no hat. He almost fell over the setter before he saw any one was there, but then he stopped, still laughing.

"She was after the fish," he explained, "and I tried to catch her. She shall taste a slapping!"

One of the men looked up at the boy and smiled.

"You'll get a mischief if you run about in the sun at this time of the day," he said. "Come and sit here. But shake hands with the priest, Mitsos, and ask his blessing."

Mitsos knelt down, and the other man put his hand on the boy's rumpled black hair.

"God make you brave and good," he said, "and forgive all your sins."

"Now sit down, Mitsos, and don't run about so much. Who stepped in a puddle?"

The boy's face, which had grown grave as he received the priest's blessing, dimpled into smiles again.

"Why, my cat Pepecka," he said. "The greedy woman was going down to the cellar, where I put the fish, and I waited quietly and caught her by the tail. She spit at me like a she devil. Then she scratched me, therefore I let go. But soon I shall catch her again, and she will pay for it all."

He held out a big brown hand, down which Pepecka had scored three red lines.

"What a fierce woman!" said his father. "But you're too big to run after cats. You're eighteen now, Mitsos, and your uncle comes here this evening. He'll think you're a boy still."

The boy looked up from the examination of his hand. "Uncle Nicholas?" he asked.

"Yes. Go and wash your hand, and then lay the table. Put some eggs to boil, and get out some bread and cheese, and pick some cherries."

Mitsos got up. "Will the father eat with us?"

"Surely; and put your shoes on before you come to dinner."

Mitsos hesitated a moment. "And you will tell Uncle Nicholas I have been good, so that he'll take me out shooting?"

"Do you remember what Uncle Nicholas said to you when he was here last?"

The boy flushed. "Yes."

"What was it?"

"Not—not to ask questions, and to do at once all I was told to do." And, without waiting, he was off into the house.

The priest looked up at Mitsos's father as the boy disappeared. "He is full young yet," he said.

"So I think, and so I expect Nicholas will think. But he is a good lad, and he can keep a secret. He is strong, too, he walked from here to Corinth last week, and came back next day, and he is growing like the aloe flower."

The priest rose, and looked fiercely out over the garden. "May the God of Justice give the Turks what they have deserved!" he said. "May He send them bitterness to eat and blood to drink! May their children be fatherless, and their wives widows! They have no mercy; may they find none. The curse of a priest of God be upon them!"

Mitsos's father sat where he was, watching him. Eleven years ago Father Andrea had been obliged to make a journey to Athens to settle about some property of his wife's, who had just died, and, if possible, sell it. He had taken with him his only daughter, a girl of five or six years of age, pretty even then, and with promise of wonderful beauty to come. On his way there, just outside Athens, he had been attacked by a body of Turks, and after a desperate hopeless resistance had been left on the road more dead than alive, and his daughter had been carried off, to be taken, no doubt, and trained for some Turkish harem. He had lain there stunned for some time, for when he came to himself the day was already relenting to its close, and the shadow of the hills of Daphne had stretched itself across the plain to where he lay. Wounded and bleeding as he was, he had dragged himself to Athens, and staid there for weeks, until his hope of

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ever finding his daughter again had faded and died. Since that time one thought and one only possessed his brain, a thought which whispered to him all day and shouted to him in sleep—the lust for vengeance, not on one Turk alone, on those who had carried Theodora off, but vengeance on the whole of that race of devils. For ten years he had thought and schemed and worked, at first with nothing more than wild words and bloody thoughts, but of late in a soberer belief that his day would come, for organized schemes of throwing off the Turkish rule were on foot, and though they were still things only to be whispered, it was known that agents of the Club of Patriots were doing sane and silent work all over the country.

Father Andréa was a tall, finely made man, and, to judge from his appearance, the story that he would tell you how he and his family were of pure Greek descent might have been true. He came from the southwest district of Argolis, a rough, mountainous land, where the Turks had never penetrated. His father had died five years before; but when Andréa went to tell of the capture of his daughter, he had turned him out of the house and refused to see him again.

"A child is a gift which God has given to the father," said the old man. "It were better for him to lose himself than lose God's gift. And we, one of the few families who have not mixed with that devil's brood—we are fallen even as others. You have brought disgrace on me and on our dead, and I would sooner have seen you dead your self than hear you tell me this."

"They were six to one," said Andréa, "and they left me for dead. Would to God they had killed me!"

"Would to God they had killed you," said his father, "and her too!"

"The fault was not mine, will you not forgive me?"

"Yes, when the fault is wiped out by the death of Theodora!"

"Of Theodora? What has she done?"

"She will grow up in shame and mate with devils. Go."

Five years passed before they met again, but one day Andréa's father, left lonely in his house, moved by some vague desire which he hardly understood himself, saddled his mule and went to Nauplia. He was very old and very feeble, and perhaps he felt that death could not be far from him. And to Andréa's cry of welcome and wonder, "I have come to you, my son," said the old man. "We are better alone, and—and I am very old."

Day by day the old man used to sit looking up and down the road for Theodora. There was a bend in it some quarter of a mile further up, and sometimes, when the spring days were warm, he would hobble up to the corner, and sit waiting for her there, where he could command a longer stretch of country. But Theodora came not, and one evening, when he came back, he sank into a chair, without strength, and called Andréa to him.

"I am dying," he said, "and this is no time to waste idle words. When Theodora comes back, tell her I waited for her every day, and I should have liked to see her again. And if you find it hard, Andréa, to forgive her, forgive her for my sake, for she was very little, and the fault was not hers, it is not yours, either. But if, when the day comes, you spare your hand, and do not take vengeance on the Turks to the uttermost, then may my ghost tear you limb from limb and give you to the vultures and the jackals!" The old man rose from his chair. "Vengeance!" he cried. "Death to man, women, and child! Smite and spare not, for you are a priest of God, and they are of the devil! Smite! smite! vengeance!"

He sank back in his chair again, his head fell on to his shoulder, and his arms rattled against the wood-work, and with vengeance on his lips, and the desire of vengeance in his heart, he died.

From that day a double portion of his spirit seemed to have descended on Father Andréa. One hope and one desire ruled his life—to wipe out from Greece the whole race of Turks. To him innocent or guilty mattered not, they were of one accursed brood. But though the long long burned like fire within him he kept it in, choking it, as it were, with fresh fuel. He would not risk a premature experiment for the sake of an earlier but incomplete revenge. He was willing to wait till all was ready, till the net was so drawn round them that escape was impossible. And then, vengeance, in the name of God.

Mitsos meanwhile had induced a small charcoal fire to heat some water, and he went to fetch the eggs. He devoted some amount of anxious thought as to the number which he had better boil. His father usually ate two, the priest never ate more than one, and he himself invariably ate as many as he could possibly get. He looked at the basket of eggs thoughtfully. "It is a hungry day," he said to himself. "Perhaps father might eat three, and perhaps Father Andréa might eat two. Then I am allowed three. That makes eight."

Mitsos drew a sigh of satisfaction as he thus compounded with his conscience, and his eyes began to smile, his mouth followed suit, and showed a row of very white teeth.

"It is such a pity that I am always hungry," he said to himself, "but when Uncle Nicholas measures me he will see I have grown."

And putting the eight eggs into the pot, he ran off to pick the cherries.

For the last year both Mitsos and his father had worked the little land he owned like common laborers. Two years before, a Turkish Pasha, Abdul Achmet by name, in passing through the country, had been struck by the wonderful beauty of Nauplia, and had built a house on the shore of the bay. The land belonged to Constantine Mitsos's father, and the Turk had promised him a good price for it. At the same time he intimated that if he would not take a fair price for it he would get no price at all. The money, of course, was still owing, and on Constantine's old vineyard stood the house, now finished. Abdul Achmet, who was Governor of Tripoli, came here with his harem every year for the summer months, and on warm evenings the women were often seen in the garden looking over the sea wall which separated it from the bay—a wall some ten feet high—over which creepers sprawled and bloomed.

Abdul himself was a fat, middle-aged Turk, slow of movement and sparing of speech. In mind he was Gallio-like, and his neglect to pay Constantine the money he owed him was as much due to negligence as to the incredible instinct to avoid any payment at all. His harems were for the most part left to themselves, and allowed to wander about the garden as they pleased.

Constantine had applied several times for payment, but his application probably never reached Abdul. He was a Greek of the upper peasant class, like the race thrifty and industrious; but now, between the loss of his vineyard and the gradual increase of taxation, he found it difficult to do more than live sparingly. He and Mitsos worked all the spring with the laborers in the harvest field, and in the autumn, when they had finished making the wine from a half acre of vines still left them, as laborers in the neighboring vineyards.

Constantine felt the change in his position acutely. Instead of being a man with men under him, he was himself obliged to work for his bread; and what made it more bitter was that it was by gross injustice and by no fault of his own that he was thus reduced. Every year the taxation became more and more heavy, only six months before he had been obliged to sell his horse, for a new tax was levied on horses, and all that remained was an acre or two of ground, a pony, his house, and his boat. But of late he seemed to have taken up a patient, uncomplaining attitude, which puzzled the discontented Greeks whom he met at the cafés. While others grumbled and cursed the Turkish soldiery beneath their breath, Constantine would sit with a quiet smile on his lips, looking half amused, half indulgent. Only two nights before, a neighbor had said to him, point blank:

"You have suffered more than any of us. Why do you sit there smiling? Are things so prosperous with you?"

The question was evidently premeditated, for the two or three men sitting round stopped talking and waited for him to reply.

Constantine knocked the ashes out of his chibouk before replying.

"Things are not prosperous with me," he said, "but I am a man who can hold his tongue. This I may tell you however—Nicholas comes here in three days."

"And then?"

"Nicholas will advise you to hold your tongue too. He will certainly tell you that, and he may tell you something besides. I am going home. Good-night, friends."

And now when Father Andréa was cursing the Turks in the name of God, though Constantine crossed himself at that name, he watched him with the same smile. Then he said:

"Father Andréa, forgive me for reminding you, but Nicholas does not like too much talk. He says that talking never mended a matter. You know him. In these things he is not a man of many words, save where it serves some purpose."

The priest turned round.

"You are right and wrong," he said. "Nicholas is a man of few words, but I have made a vow that for every time the sun rises, and at every noonday and every sunset, I will curse the Turk in God's name."

Constantine smiled again.

"Well, here is Mitsos. Do not curse before the boy. Mitsos, is dinner ready?"

Mitsos wrinkled up his forehead till his eyebrows nearly disappeared under his curly hair.

"Yes, it is ready, but I can find one shoe only."

"Well, look for it."

"I have looked for it," said the boy, "but I can't find it. And I ache for emptiness."

He raised his eyes appealingly to his father, but Constantine was firm.

"You must find it first," he said. "Come, father, let us go in."

Father Andréa followed him, leaving Mitsos alone and disconsolate.

CHAPTER II.

An hour later Mitsos, having found his shoe and eaten his dinner, was curled up in the shady corner of the veranda, fast asleep. He had been out fishing most of the night before, and as the harvest was over, there was nothing to do except to water the vines when the sun was off the vineyard. He slept, as his father said, like a dog—that is to say, he curled himself up and fell into a light sleep, from which any noise would rouse him as soon as he shut his eyes.

He was an enormous boy of the Greek country type, with black curly hair coming down on to his shoulders, straight black eyebrows, long black eyelashes, and black eyes. His nose was short and square-tipped, his mouth the fine scornful mouth of his race.

His hands and face were of that inimitable color of which sun, wind, and rain alone know the secret—a particular soft, tawny brown, shading off a little round the eyes and under the hair. As he slept with his head thrown back, you could see the sharp line of his neck where the tanning ended and the white covered skin began. He had that wholesome out door look which in the birthright of men whose fathers and grandfathers have lived in the open air all their lives from sunrise to sunset, and who have followed the same course of life themselves. He had kicked off his shoes again, and his hands were clasped behind his head, and what would at once have characterized him to any one who knew anything of the Greek peasant race was that his hands and feet were both spotlessly clean.

He slept for a couple of hours, and was awakened by the sunlight creeping round the corner of the veranda and falling on his head. At first he rolled over again with his face to the wall, but in a few minutes, realizing that it was no good to temporize, he got up and stretched himself lazily and luxuriously, yawning the while. Then he went round to the stone fountain which stood at the back of the house, and plunged his head into the bright cool water to finish the process of awakening, and taking his spade, went off to the vineyard.

The stream which passed through the garden ran along the edge of a little raised aqueduct banked up with earth to keep it to its course. It passed between small vine yards on each side down as far as the shore of the bay, where it ran out, making for itself a small delta-shaped bank of soil. Each of the vines stood in a small depression in the ground, and Mitsos first cleared the water channels in the vineyard of all encumbrances, so that when he let the water in it might flow to them all. Having done this he went back to the stream and removed a log or so of the bank, which he placed in the bed of the stream itself, stamping it down to keep it firm, so that the whole of the water was diverted into the vineyard. Standing as he did, a few feet above the surface of the vines, he could see when the water had reached them all, and then letting his temporary dam be carried down stream, he quickly dug a couple of spadefuls of earth to fill up the hole he had made in the bank. Then jumping down into the vineyard again, he tied away round the roots of the vines so that the water might soak well in close to them, for there had been no rain for weeks, and they had to be thoroughly watered.

The sun was off the land, but it was still very hot, for the sirocco had increased in violence, and was sweeping over the fields like a hot breath from a furnace. Wherever there was any shelter for it, the rich dark green of the vine leaves was powdered over with the fine white dust driven up from the bare harvested fields. Mitsos stopped now and then to wipe the sweat off his forehead, but only raise his wicked hard and continuously, whistling or singing to himself.

His work was nearly done, when he saw his father coming towards him. Constantine stood for a moment on the edge of the bank looking at what the boy had been doing.

"Poor old Mitsos," he said, "you have had to work alone to-day. I was obliged to go into Nauplia. You have watered the vines very well. You have finished, have you not?"

"There are three more vines here," said Mitsos, "which I haven't dug yet. But it won't take long."

His father stepped down into the vineyard.

"You can go and sit down," he said. "I'll finish those."

Mitsos threw down his spade.

"Oh, how hot it is!" he said. "Uncle Nicholas will be roasted coming across the plain."

"He will want a bath," said Constantine. "Do you remember his making a bath last year out of those spare planks? I suppose it holds water still?"

"I wish it didn't hold as much," said Mitsos. "It holds six cans."

Constantine laughed.

"And Mitsos's back will ache?"

"I hope not, but it is no joke carrying six cans of water from the fountain."

Constantine worked on for half an hour or so.

"There, that is finished," he said at last. "You won't go fishing to-night, will you? The wind is too strong."

"It may go down at sunset," said Mitsos, "but there's enough fish for to-night and to-morrow night if this hot weather doesn't turn it. But I put it in the cellar in water, and I expect it will keep."

They walked back together; but as soon as they got on to the road they saw that three mules were standing opposite the house. Constantine quickened his pace.

"Nicholas must have come," he said. "I can't think how he has got here so soon. Come, Mitsos."

The veranda was full of boxes and rugs, and the two went through into the house. A man was sitting on a low chair by the window, cleaning his nails with immense care. As they came in he got up.

"Well, Constantine," he said, "how goes it? I have just come. And Mitsos? Mitsos, you have grown. I will give you a hundred piastres when you are as tall as your father. It's the devil's own day, Constantine, and I am full inside and out of this disgusting dust. May I have a bath at once? Mitsos, we made a bath together. The maidenses will help you to fill it." He laid his hand on Mitsos's shoulder. "You look as fine as a mountain hawk," he said. "Get me plenty of water, and give me two minutes to get clean, and you must come and talk to me while I dress."

Mitsos left the room, and Constantine turned to his brother in law.

"Well?" he asked.

"He is a fine boy," said Nicholas. "I must see if he can be trusted."

"I would trust him with every penny I possess," said his father, eagerly.

"In the face of fear?"

Constantine laughed.

"He does not know what fear is."

"That is a pity," said Nicholas, "for the bravest men have to learn that. No one can be brave until he is desperately afraid. However, we shall see."

Nicholas finished cleaning his nails, and put his knife into his pouch. He was dressed like Constantine, in Albanian costume, with a red embroidered jacket, a very ample fustanella, and white leggings tied with tasselled ends. He was tall and spare, and his face seemed the face of a man of forty who had lived very hard, or of a man of fifty who had lived very carefully. In reality he was nearly sixty. He was clean shaven and very pale in complexion, like a man who had never lived out that life, but you might have been led to distrust such a conclusion if you remarked the wonderful clearness and freshness of his skin. His eyes looked out deep from under a broad bar which crossed his forehead from temple to temple. They were large and dark gray in color, and gathered additional depth from his black eyebrows. His nose was extremely finely cut, tending to aquiline, with thin curved nostrils which seemed never still, and reminded one some times of the movement of the nostrils of some well bred dog searching out some faint trail of scent. His mouth was very thin lipped, almost womanly in its delicate lines. His hair, still thick, and growing low on his forehead, was just—but only just—touched with gray above the temples. His head was set very straight and upright on a rather long neck supported on two well-drilled shoulders. In height he could not have been less than six foot three, and his slightness of make made him appear almost gigantic.

"I have travelled from Tripoli to day," he said, "and there is much to tell you. At last the Club of Patriots have put the Morea entirely into my hands. I have leave to use the funds as I think fit, and it is I who shall say the word for the vintage of the Turk to begin. Is there any one here that you can trust, or are they all mules and jackasses?"

"Mostly mules," said Constantine.

"The mule is a useful animal," remarked Nicholas; "but one does not choose him for the initiative. He follows where he is led, but some one has to lead. By the way, is there not a priest here—Father Andréa I think. I should like to see him. As far as I remember, he talked too much."

"He curses the Turk in the name of God three times a day," said Constantine.

"An innocuous proceeding, so far as the Turk is concerned, but not to be encouraged. He must learn to bless

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them instead, or, best of all, to do nothing. Well, Mitsos, is the bath ready? You will excuse me, Constantine, but I am acutely uncomfortable when I am dirty. I am dirty now. Come to my room in ten minutes, Mitsos, and tell me about yourself."

"May I?" said Mitsos.

"Surely. By the way, Constantine, I have brought you some wine. Mitsos had better put it in the fountain; it must be tepid. Tepid wine saps a man's self respect; and if a man, or a boy either, doesn't respect himself, Mitsos, nobody will ever respect him."

Mitsos followed him out of the room with his eye, and then turned to his father. "My hands are so dirty from that vine-digging," he whispered, "do you think Uncle Nicholas saw?"

"He sees everything," said his father. "Go and wash before you go up to his room."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WILLIAM EUSTIS RUSSELL.

OBIIT 1896.

From a poem read at the dinner of the Harvard Class of 1877, in Boston, June 22, 1897.

Hand hit? Ah, yes! denial's vain—
  Far from our thoughts and wishes too
Stripped of our best, we meet again
  To share a cup that's tinged with rue.
Dear man, how proud he made us all!
  Our honest statesman, patriot, mate,
Whose very rivals lived to call
  His death a mischief to the State!

With shining eyes we watched his course
  Impetuous to an early goal;
A man of an inspiring force,
  Whose pockets could not hold his soul!
Who strove without surcease or fear,
  Nor from his task withdrew his hand,
Until the fame of his career
  Edged the far corners of the land.

His head was clear, his heart was good,
  His speech was plain without pretence;
Men trusted him as one who stood
  For honesty and common sense.
Ah! not unshared is our distress,
  Nor here alone is missed his face;
A million freemen, leaderless,
  Still wonder who shall take his place.

E. S. MARTIN.

CURRENCY REFORM THE NEXT ISSUE.

CONGRESS must soon determine what course it will pursue to solve the currency problem. It has been proposed by the Indianapolis Convention to appoint a commission of outside experts to make a report on the subject. As the President would be obliged to place amongst their number some bimetallists, perhaps an outspoken silverite or two, this measure would probably engender a feeling of uneasiness, even if a majority of the commission were in favor of the single gold standard. Their findings could not have much influence unless Congress were to agree in advance to abide by them, whatever they might be. Some fifteen years ago a commission appointed to revise the tariff recommended, after a long and careful consideration, that rates should be horizontally reduced: Congress immediately decided to raise them!

There is reason to believe that Mr. Gage, our Secretary of the Treasury, one of the best financiers of the country, has a plan, which the President will probably recommend to the favorable consideration of both Houses as soon as the tariff has been disposed of.

When the Republicans found themselves in a majority in the Fifty-fourth Congress, the Committee on Ways and Means immediately began to frame the Dingley bill. After tedious debates, it has not yet been disposed of, so that we can hardly expect other important measures to be taken up during the present session. But sound money men of all parties who voted the Republican ticket have a right to expect that as soon as the question is brought before them both Houses will instruct their committees to be as diligent in the preparation of a bill for currency reform as they were in getting ready for the tariff. The Committee on Banking and Currency, of the House, and the Finance Committee of the Senate, or special committees to be appointed, should make inquiries into the needs of the different sections of our country, study the systems successfully applied by foreign nations, and recommend in December next to Congress what they consider the best measures.

It has become painfully evident when questions of national importance are under consideration that, in consequence of our system of local representation, representatives of rural districts are apt to obey the mandates of their immediate constituents, even when they are at variance with the best interests of our community as a whole. Daniel Webster said, in a speech on the Louisville Canal, in answer to the opposition, "Whoever would do his duty, and his whole duty, in the councils of this government, must look upon the country in its whole length and breadth."

In England a Yorkshireman may become member of Parliament for the metropolis, and *vice versa*, in consequence of which each member considers himself a representative of his country rather than of his district. When measures involving special, technical knowledge become necessary a committee is appointed to take testimony of experts; on such testimony and upon personal investigations were the reports based which made the economic law of Great Britain an example for the world. What is useful there becomes necessary here, where the diversity of conditions of one section is seldom known and hardly ever appreciated by representatives of other sections. Few Eastern men have any conception of the difficulty a Colorado miner encounters when he must raise money on the most promising claim to make it productive, or a fruit grower, when he must pay for irrigation, without which his land in California would remain barren.

On the other hand, men from the far West misjudge the caution and denounce the methods of Eastern money-lenders, ignorant of the first principles of banking, they have yet to learn how their wants can best be met.

Let Congress, before it adjourns, make liberal appropriations for its committees to take testimony, on the spot, of the farmers in the West, the manufacturers and planters of the South, the bankers and merchants in our money centres, and experts everywhere.

Inquiries should not be confined to this country; men-of-war like the *Minneapolis* could find no better employment than by a mission of peace in taking the committees where they may learn how London became what New York should be—a clearing-house for the exchanges of the world. Governors of the banks of England and France would vie with each other to give lessons in finance to our Senators from Utah and Montana. The most useful knowledge could be obtained in Scotland, where notes redeemable in gold and secured by assets of the Bank of Issue have circulated more than a century, and where, since the establishment of this system, no serious panic has ever occurred. When legislators from silver States learn how to provide their constituents with money which does not depreciate, they will cease to clamor for the coinage of silver dollars which must depreciate.

Statesmen who can successfully solve this problem will render this country a service of unmeasurable value, and become famous in the annals of our history.

LOUIS WINDMÜLLER.

THE SOLDIER OF 1794.

IN a quaintly printed old book, issued from the press of Anthony Haswell "in Vermont" in the year 1794, Baron von Steuben gave to the world his ideas on the "order and discipline of the troops of the United States." The doughty old warrior had been Major General and Inspector-General of the American army, and he was prepared, if any one was, to give the best thought of the times on the manner in which an amateur or a professional army should be conducted.

The civilian soldier, as well as the man who makes war his business, and shoots Indians or anarchists with the same promptness and precision when occasion demands, may be interested in some of the odd things the book discloses. The sound of war is in every line. The volume was prepared when the scent of smoke was still in the nostrils of a victorious people, and all through the work the spirit of conflict is in full vigor. From first page to last there are queer forms of speech, and while many of the regulations do not differ much from those of the present day, there are some which are decidedly odd. Here is the position of the soldier of 1794:

"He is to stand straight and firm upon his legs, with his head turned so far to the right as to bring his eye over the waistcoat button; the heels two inches apart; the toes turned out; the belly drawn in a little, but without constraint; the breast a little projected; the shoulders square to the front and kept back, and the hands hanging down the sides, with the palms close to the thighs."

The common step, as it was called, was twenty-four inches in length, about seventy-five to the minute; the "quickstep," about the same length, and 120 to the minute.

Some of the commands are interesting in this day of breech-loading and magazine rifles.

The first command in the manual exercise, as it was designated, was to "poise firelock," followed by cock firelock, take aim, and fire. For the last-named order the soldier was instructed to "pull the trigger briskly," and immediately after come to the priming position, which was by placing the left heel even with the right toe, pointing to the right, the lock opposite the right breast, the muzzle directly to the front and as high as the hat, the left hand just forward of the "feather spring," holding the piece firm and steady, at the same time seizing the cock with the forefinger and thumb of the right hand, the back of the hand turned up.

Command VI was, "Handle cartridge!"—in detail this:

"Bring your right hand short round to your pouch, slapping it hard, seize the cartridge and bring it with a quick motion to your mouth, bite the top off down to the powder, covering it instantly with your thumb, and bring the hand as low as the chin, with the elbow down."

"Shut pan!" was an order of importance—the closing of the receptacle for the powder which had been shaken into it as priming—and this is the way it ran:

1. Shut your pan briskly, bringing down the elbow to the butt of the firelock, holding the cartridge fast in your hand.

2. Turn the piece nimbly round before you, to the loading position, with the lock to the front and the muzzle at the height of the chin, keeping the right hand up under the muzzle; both feet being kept fast in this motion.

The provisions for the sanitary side of camp life were very complete and sensible. The utmost care was to be taken of refuse, the remains of food were to be immediately buried, the carcasses of animals killed for food were to be taken at least a half a mile from camp and buried, and every attention to details of cleanliness was incumbent upon everybody. One of the provisions as to this branch of the service was as follows:

"The soldiers should not be permitted to eat in their tents, except in bad weather; and an officer of the company must often visit the messes, see that the provision is good and well cooked, that the men of one tent mess together, and that the provision is not sold or disposed of for liquor."

Inspection was evidently one of the baron's strong points, for he provided, among many other regulations, this:

"The oftener the soldiers are under the inspection of their officers the better; for which reason every morning at troop beating they must inspect into the dress of their men, see that their clothes are whole and put on properly, their hands and faces washed clean, their hair combed, their accoutrements properly fixed, and every article about them fixed in the greatest order. Those who are guilty of repeated neglects in these particulars are to be confined and punished. That the men may always appear clean on parade, and as a means of preserving their health, the non-commissioned officers are to see that they wash their hands and faces clean every day, and oftener when necessary. And if any river is nigh and the season favorable, the men should bathe themselves as frequently as possible, the commanding officer of each battalion sending them by small detachments successively under the care of a non-commissioned officer; but on no account must the men be permitted to bathe when just come off a march, at least until after they have reposed long enough to get cool."

Exhaustive instructions, and as specific as exhaustive, were given to officers on guard, among them:

"The officer of the guard must examine every relief before it is sent off; see that their arms are loaded and in order, and that the men are acquainted with their duty, and if, by any accident, a man should get the least disguised with liquor, he must on no account be suffered to go on sentry."

Stoppage of pay for selling, losing, or damaging accoutrements was among the rigors of the times of peace and war. The stoppages included the following:

"For a firelock, fifteen dollars; a bayonet, two dollars; a ramrod, one dollar; a cartridge-box, one dollar; a bayonet-belt, one dollar; a scabbard, two thirds of a dollar; a cartridge, one sixth of a dollar; a flint, one-twentieth of a dollar; a gun-worm, one fourth of a dollar; a screw driver, one-twelfth of a dollar."

"There is nothing which gains an officer the love of his soldiers more than his care of them under the distress of sickness," says the baron, in his twenty-third chapter, on the treatment of the sick. He shows his practical appreciation of such a condition as sickness by some sensible regulations as to the care and treatment of the hospital patients. Under the head of instructions to officers, he gives the captains of the present day some suggestions that are well worth digesting.

"A captain," he says, "cannot be too careful of the company the state has committed to his charge. He must pay the greatest attention to the health of his men, their discipline, their arms, their ammunition, accoutrements, clothes, and necessaries. His first object should be to gain the love of his men by treating them with every possible kindness and humanity, inquiring into their complaints, and, where well founded, seeing them redressed. He should know every man of his company by name and character. He should often visit those who are sick, speak tenderly to them, see that the public provision, whether of medicine or diet, is duly administered, and procure them besides such comforts and conveniences as are in his power. The attachment which arises from this kind of attention to sick and wounded is almost inconceivable; it will, moreover, be the means of preserving the lives of many valuable men."

However much the regular army regulations may differ from the regulations of this primitive book, they could not, in their inculcations, be more loyal to the soldier or the government.

It is not stating it too strongly to say that few Americans appreciate the important part Steuben played in the war of the rebellion in putting the army on a military footing. He had long been used to the ways of war. He was a member of a noble German family, with five centuries of nobility behind him. His grandfather was a noted theologian of his day, his uncle an eminent mathematician, his father a leading military engineer for a half-century. Steuben himself had been on the staff of Frederick the Great in the Seven Years' War, and after it ended retired to what he expected would be private life. He took to travelling somewhat, and in 1777, while in Paris, met Benjamin Franklin, from whom he learned many things he had hitherto not known of the conflict in America, and became deeply interested in the cause of the colonists.

When Steuben reached this country he found the army in a badly demoralized condition—or, to put it fairer, in an inchoate condition, for which no one was to blame. He set about the work of training the citizen soldiery, and he did it with a thoroughness which was only equalled in success by the remarkable rapidity with which the Americans picked up the practical work of the drill. In 1859 a history of Steuben's remarkable life, written by Kapp, appeared, and from it a few paragraphs will be found of interest in this connection.

"Seldom," the writer says, "was a work [the tactics above referred to] composed in such a manner. Every chapter was first roughly written in German, then translated into bad French, then put in good French by Fleury, translated again into bad English by Duponceau (Steuben's secretary), afterward written in good English by Captain Walker; and when all was completed Steuben did not understand a word of it himself, from his ignorance of the English language. His confidence in his assistants, however, which was well merited, caused him to proceed successfully amid all these troubles."

In the same volume a member of the Continental army writes:

> I have seen the baron and his assistants seven long hours inspecting a brigade of three small regiments! Every man not present must be accounted for; if in camp, sick or well, they were produced or visited; every musket handled and searched, cartridge-boxes opened, even the flints and cartridges counted; knapsacks unslung, and every article of clothing spread on the soldier's blanket and tested by his little book whether what he had received from the United States in the year before was there; if not, to be accounted for. Hospital stores, laboratories, every place and every thing was open to inspection, and what officer's mind was at ease if losses or expenditures could not, in the day of searching, be fully and fairly accounted for? The inspections were every month, and wonderful was the effect, not only with regard to economy, but in creating a spirit of emulation between different corps.

Another writer of the day, Surgeon Thacher, described entertainingly Steuben's inspection thus:

> The troops were paraded in a single line with shoulder arms, every officer in his particular station. The baron first reviewed the line in this position, passing in front with scrutinizing eye; after which he took into his hands the muskets and accoutrements of every soldier, examining them with particular accuracy and precision, applauding or condemning according to the condition in which he found them. He required that the muskets should have the brightest polish—not a spot of rust or defect in any part could escape his vigilance. He inquired also into the conduct of the officers to the men, censuring every fault and applauding every meritorious action. Next he required of me, as surgeon, a list of the sick, with a particular statement of their accommodations and mode of treatment, and even visiting some of the sick in their cabins.

Fiske, in his *American Revolution*, speaking of Steuben

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READING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE TO THE AMERICAN TROOP

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OPS ON THE COMMON, NEW YORK, JULY 9, 1776.—Drawn by Rufus Fairchild Zogbaum.

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at Valley Forge, throws a strong side light on the character of Steuben, which adds interest. He says:

> Disregarding the English prejudice, which looked upon the drilling of soldiers as work fit only for sergeants, he took musket in hand and showed what was to be done. Alert and untiring, he worked from morning to night in showing the men how to advance or change front without falling into disorder—how to perform, in short, all the rapid and accurate movements for which the Prussian army had become so famous. It was a revelation to the American troops. Generals, colonels, and captains were fired by the contagion of his example and his tremendous enthusiasm, and for several months the camp was converted into a training-school, in which masters and pupils worked with incessant and furious energy. Steuben was struck with the quickness with which the common soldiers learned their lessons. He had a tremendously choleric temper, which was part of his overflowing vigor; and sometimes when drilling an awkward squad he would exhaust his stock of French and German oaths, and shout for his aide to come and curse the blockheads in English. "Viens, mon ami Walker," he would say—"viens, mon bon ami. Sacré-bleu! Gott vertamn de gaucherie of dese badauts! Je ne puis plus; I can curse dem no more!" Yet in an incredibly short time, as he afterward wrote, these fellows had acquired a military air, had learned how to carry their arms, and knew how to form into column, deploy, and execute manœuvres with precision.

W. S. Harwood.

AN IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT.

A Story of one Fourth of July.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

The summer sun had blazed down all day on the low wooden roof of the old shed lately used as an ice-cream saloon, and now hastily altered to accommodate a post of the Salvation Army. Placards at the wide doorway proclaimed that All were Welcome, and besought the stranger to Come in and be Saved. The tall tenements that lined the side streets east and west had emptied their hundreds of inhabitants out into the avenue that evening, and the sidewalks were thronged with men and women languid from the heat of the day, and longing for the lazy breeze that sometimes creeps into the city with nightfall. But few of them cared to enter the stifling hall where the song service was about to begin, and that night especially there were many counter-attractions out-doors. Already were the rockets beginning to burst far above the square where the fireworks were to be displayed; and now and again a boy (who had more than boyish self-control) produced a reserve pack of fire-crackers and dropped them into a barrel, and capered away with delight as the owner of the barrel was called to his door by the rattle of their explosion.

A pale and thin young woman, in the uniform of the Salvation Army, stood wearily in the entrance, proffering the *War Cry* to all those who came near. She looked as though she had been pretty when she was a girl. Now she was obviously worn and weak, like one recovering from a long illness. High up over her head appeared a shower of colored stars shot forth from a bomb, and then she remembered how she had seen the fireworks on the last Fourth of July, only a year before, lying on her bed, which Jim had pulled to the window before he went down to conduct the meeting. She had lain there peacefully with her two-weeks-old baby in her arms, and it had seemed to her as though the glowing wheels that revolved in the air, and the curving lines of fire that rose and fell again, were but a prefiguration of a golden future where all would be splendor and glory. How that vision had faded into blackness in the months that followed!—when the baby sickened because they had not proper food for him, and when Jim broke down also, and she had had to get up, feeble as she was, and nurse them both until they died, one after another. When she let herself think of those days of despair she had always to make a resolute effort if she did not wish to give way and go into a fit of sobbing that left her exhausted for the next twenty-four hours.

She mastered her rising emotion and turned for relief to the duty of the moment. For five minutes no one had bought a paper from her, and the time had come to go into the hall to take part in the service of song.

She pushed inside the swinging-door and found that perhaps a score of visitors had gathered, and that already half a dozen members of the Salvation Army had taken their seats at the edge of the low platform at the end of the shallow hall. Captain Quigley was standing there, with his shiny black hair carefully curled and his pointed beard carefully combed. He was waiting ready to begin, with his accordion in his hands.

She wondered why it was that she was always sorry to have Captain Quigley lead the service. She would not deny that he led well, giving a swing to the tunes he played that carried all the people off their feet; he sang sweetly and he spoke feelingly. But she did not altogether like his manner, which was almost patronizing; and then he had a way of bringing her suddenly into his remarks and of calling her forward needlessly. Even after her two years' service she shrank from personalities and from self-exhibition. Yet there was no doubt that he meant to be kind to her, and she knew that he had allowed her special privileges more than once. With motherly kindness Adjutant Willetts had asked her only a week before if she really liked Captain Quigley, telling her that if she did not like him she ought to be careful not to encourage him, and since that talk with the adjutant her distaste for the captain had been intensified.

It was as though Captain Quigley had been waiting for her to appear, for he began to speak as soon as he saw her. In a high nasal voice, and with an occasional elided aspirate, he welcomed those present, and told them he was glad that they had come. He asked them all to take part in singing the grand old hymn, "There is a fountain filled with blood." He set the tune with his accordion, and lined out the first stanza and led in the singing. Only three or four of the chance visitors joined in the song, the burden of which was borne by the members of the Salvation Army.

Then the captain told his hearers that there was a new *War Cry* published that very morning, full of interesting things, and containing the words of the songs they would all sing later, as he wanted everybody in the hall to buy one, that they could all follow the music.

The thin young woman with the saddened face began to move down the aisles, offering her papers right and left.

"That's the way, Sister Miller," called out the captain, as though to encourage her, but she winced as she heard her name thus thrown to the public. "I want you all to buy Sister Miller's papers, so that she can come up here and join us in the singing. You don't know what a sweet voice Sister Miller has—but we know."

He continued to talk thus familiarly as she made the circuit of the seats. When she had taken her place on the platform by the side of Adjutant Willetts, who smiled at her with maternal affection in her eye, then suddenly the captain changed his tone. "Now we will ask the Lord to bless us—to bless us all, to bless this meeting. I don't know why any of you have come here to-night, but I do know this: If you have come here for God's blessing, you will get it. If you have come here for something else, I don't know whether you will get it; but if you have come here for that, you will surely get it. God always gives His blessing to all who ask for it. Brother Higginson, will you lead us in prayer?"

The men and women on the platform fell on their knees, and the most of those scattered about the hall bowed their heads reverently, while Brother Higginson prayed that the blessing of God might descend upon them that night. Sister Miller had heard Brother Higginson lead in prayer many times, and she knew almost to a word what he was likely to say, for the range of his appeal was limited; but she always thrilled a little at the simple fervor of the man. It annoyed her, as usual, to have the captain punctuate the appeal of Brother Higginson with an occasional "Amen! Amen!" or "Hallelujah!"

After the prayer there was another gospel song, and then the captain laid aside his accordion and took up a Bible. He read a passage from the Old Testament describing the advance of the Children of Israel into the desert, guided by a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night. He held the book in his hand while he expounded his text. The Children of Israel had their loins girded to fight the good fight, he said. That is what every people has to do; the Israelites had to do it, the English had to do it, the Americans had to do it. They all knew what the Fourth of July stood for, and how well Americans fought then, more than a hundred years ago, and so saying he seized the flag which had been leaning against the wall behind him, by the side of the blood-red banner of the Salvation Army.

As he was waving the Stars and Stripes, Sister Miller felt her dislike accentuated, for she knew that the captain was an Englishman who had been here but a few years, and it seemed to her mean of him to be taking sides against his native land. She wondered if he was really ignorant enough to think that one of the great battles of the Revolution had been fought on the Fourth of July.

Then her mind went back to her girlhood, and she recalled the last celebration of the Fourth that had taken place in the old school-house at home the summer before she graduated. She remembered how old Judge Standish read the Declaration of Independence with a magnificent air of proprietorship, as though he had just dashed it off. Other incidents of that day came floating back to her memory as she sat there in the thick air of the little hall, and she ceased to hear Captain Quigley calling urgently on all those present to be Soldiers of God. In her ears there echoed, instead, the pleading words of young Dexter Standish, telling her that he was going to the Naval Academy, and that he wanted her to wait for him till he should come back. She had given her promise, and why had she not kept her word? Why had she been foolishly jealous when she heard that he was the best dancer in his class at Annapolis, and that all the Baltimore girls were wild to dance with him. She had long ago discovered that her reason for breaking off the engagement was wholly inadequate, and, in her folly, she had not foreseen that Dexter could not leave the Academy and come to her and explain. If only he had presented himself and told her he loved her she would have forgiven him, even if he had really deserved punishment. But he was a cadet, and he would not have a leave of absence for another year. Before that year was out she had married James Miller, a theological student, who soon threw up all his studies in his religious zeal to join the Salvation Army, as though craving martyrdom. Jim had loved her, and she had thought she loved him. It was with a swift pang of reproach that she found herself asking whether it was not better for Jim that he had died before he found out that his wife did not love him as he loved her.

With the ingenuity that came of long experience, Captain Quigley had ended his address with a quotation from "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and Sister Miller was roused from her reverie to take part in the chorus. When they had sung three stanzas the captain stopped abruptly and turned to the gray-haired woman who sat beside Sister Miller, and called on Adjutant Willetts to say a few words of loving greeting to the souls waiting to be saved.

To Sister Miller it was a constant delight to be with the adjutant, to be comforted by her motherly smile, and to be sustained by her cheerful faith. There was a Quaker simplicity about Sister Willetts and a Quaker strength of character that the wan and worn Sister Miller had found she could always rely upon. And another characteristic of the elder woman's endeared her also to the younger; her religious fervor was as fresh as it was sincere, and she gave her testimony night after night with the same force and the same feeling that she had given it the first time. Too many of the others had reduced what they had to say to a mere formula, modified but little, and delivered at last in almost mechanical fashion. But Sister Willetts stood forward on the platform and bore witness to her possession of the peace of God which passeth all understanding; and she did this most modestly, with neither shyness nor timidity, merely as though she were doing her duty gladly in declaring what God had done for her.

When the adjutant had made an end of speaking, and had taken her seat by the side of the pale young woman, who smiled back at her again, Captain Quigley grasped his accordion once more.

"Now you shall have a solo," he said. "Sister Miller will sing that splendid old hymn, 'Rock of Ages.' Come, Sister Miller."

Her voice had no great power, but it sufficed for that little hall. She did not like to stand forward conspicuously, but the singing itself she always enjoyed. Sometimes she was almost able to forget herself as she poured out her soul in song.

On that Fourth of July evening she had not more than begun when she became conscious that somebody was staring at her with an intensity quite different from the ordinary gaze of curiosity to which she was accustomed. She obeyed the impulse, and looked down into the eyes of Dexter Standish, fixed upon her as though he had come to claim possession of her at once.

So unexpected was this vision, and so enfeebled was her self-control, that her voice faltered, and she almost broke off in the middle of a line. But she stiffened herself, and though she felt the blood dyeing her face, she sang on sturdily. Her first thought was to run away—to run away at once and hide herself, somewhere, anywhere, if only she were out of his sight. He had not seen her for six years and more, and in those weary years she had lost her youth and her looks. She knew that she was no longer the pretty girl he had loved, and she shrank from his scrutiny of her faded features and of her shrunken figure.

She could not run away and she could not hide; she had to stand there and let him gaze at her and discover how old she looked and how worn. She met his eyes again—he never took them from her—and it seemed to her that they were full of pity. She resented this. What right had he to compassionate her? She drew her thin frame up and sang the louder in mere bravado. Yet she was glad when she came to the end, and was able to sink back into the seat by the side of Sister Willetts.

The captain spoke up at once, and said that the time had come to take up a collection. Let every man give a little, in proportion to his means, no more and no less. Would Sister Willetts and Sister Miller go about among the people to collect the offerings?

As she picked up her tambourine she turned impulsively to the elder woman.

"Let me go to those near the platform, please," she begged. "Won't you take the outside rows?"

The adjutant looked down on her a little surprised, but agreed at once.

The younger woman went only a few steps down the aisles, keeping as far away from him as possible. Whenever she glanced towards him she found his eyes fixed upon her, following her everywhere; and now it was not pity she thought she saw in his look, but love—the same love she had seen in those eyes the last time they two had stood face to face.

When the tambourines had been extended towards everybody in the hall, the two women went back to the platform, and the adjutant counted up the money—coppers and nickels, most of it, and not two dollars in all.

The captain kept on steadfastly. He gave out another hymn. When that had been sung, he turned to a portly man who had come in late and who was sitting on the platform behind Brother Higginson.

"Brother Jackman," he asked, with unction, "how is your soul to-night? Can't you tell us about it?"

While the portly man, standing uneasily with his hands on the chair before him, was briskly setting forth the circumstances of his assured salvation, Sister Miller was silent on the platform.

She could not help seeing Dexter Standish, who was straight in front of her. She noted how erect he was, and how resolutely his shoulders were squared. She saw that he was older, too; and she observed that his face had a masterful look, wanting there the last time she had seen him.

He had always been a fine-looking fellow, and the training at Annapolis had done him good. He was no mere youth now, but a man, bronzed and bearded, and bearing himself like one who knew what he wanted and meant to get it. She realized that the woman he chose to guard from the world would be well shielded. A weary woman might find rest under the shelter of his stalwart protection. Involuntarily she contrasted the man she had promised to marry with the man she had married—the manly strength of the one with the gentle weakness of the other. Then she blushed again, for this seemed to her disloyalty to the dead. Jim had been very good to her always, he was the father of her child; he never did any wrong. But the thought returned again—perhaps if he had had more force of character, the child need not have died as it did.

Brother Jackman was rattling along glibly, but Sister Miller did not heed him. She did not hear him even. She did not hear anything distinctly during the rest of the service. She rose to her feet with the rest of them, and she sat down again automatically, and she knelt like one in a trance. When the meeting was over and the people began to disperse, she saw that he did not move. He stood there silently, waiting for her to come to him, ready to tear her away. Without a word Sister Miller knew what it was her old lover wanted; he wanted to pick up their love-story where it had been broken off four years before.

When the hall was nearly empty he started towards her. She turned to the gray-haired woman by her side.

"Tell me what to do," she cried. "He is coming to take me away with him."

Sister Willetts saw the young man advancing slowly, as those last to go made a path for him.

"Is he in love with you, too?" she asked.

"Yes," the younger woman answered.

"And do you love him?"

"Yes—at least, I think so. Oh, yes!"

"And is he a good man?" was the last question.

"Yes, indeed," came the prompt reply, "the best man I ever knew!"

The sturdy figure was drawing nearer, and the elder woman rose.

"If you love him better than you love your work with us, go to him, in God's name," she said. "We seek no unwilling workers here. If you cannot give yourself to the service joyfully, putting all else behind you, go in peace—and may the blessing of God be with you!"

She bent forward and kissed the younger woman, and left her as Dexter Standish came and stood before her.

"Margaret," he said, firmly, "I have come for you."

Without a word she stepped down from the platform and went with him.

When they came to the door a hansom happened to pass, and he called it.

"Where are you taking me?" she asked, glad to be under the shelter of his devotion, and ready to relinquish all right to decide upon her future for herself.

"To my mother," he answered, as he lifted her into the vehicle. "She's at a hotel here. She'll be glad to see you."

"Will she?" the girl asked, doubtfully.

"Yes," was the authoritative answer; "she knows that I have always loved you."

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THE HISTORY OF STARVATION IN CUBA.

THE nearest approach to starvation in Cuba has occurred in the province of Pinar del Rio, and the period was inaugurated a long time ago—long before Captain-General Weyler published his decree of concentration, of which we have heard so much. With an idea of dispelling some of the many illusions concerning the Cuban imbroglio, which have already begun to work the Cuban cause much harm, as well as from a desire to see fair play, I am induced to take up this question of starvation.

After the general in chief, Gomez, had astonished every one with his series of marches and countermarches, invading Matanzas and Havana provinces, Maceo, with the best fighting element of the insurgent forces, marched into the westernmost province of Pinar del Rio. Gomez remained behind to put an effective stop to sugar-making by burning the cane and destroying machinery and buildings. Maceo's invasion was to be one of subjugation, but the Spaniard's faith in the people of Pinar del Rio had left that province without troops, and Maceo's march became a procession of triumph to the extremity of the island. He was received everywhere with such friendly demonstrations that no attempt was made to carry out the policy of destruction which the insurgent leaders had conceived as a necessity for the success of the revolution. His entry into the cities was attended with the ringing of church bells, and the people en *masse* avowed their allegiance to the revolutionary government. Prefectos were named and the establishment of a new order of things was proclaimed. But there seems to have been a lack of foresight somewhere, for Maceo left Pinar del Rio with the Spanish columns behind him, and then for a time he disappeared. No sooner had this happened than the peaceable non-combatant people of this province opened their arms to the Spanish soldiers, and declared Maceo and his followers to be but a band of indolent blacks and discontented whites, whose only object was self gain.

Shortly afterwards, General Weyler published an official bulletin declaring the provinces of Havana and Pinar del Rio freed from insurgents. Immediately Maceo returned, sacked and burned the port of Batabano, to the south of Havana, and began his second invasion of Pinar del Rio. This time his march was one of fire and sword. It is said that one of his chiefs, Brigadier General Bermudez, hanged twenty pacificos to one tree, and within six weeks Maceo himself boasted of having entered or destroyed nearly every town, city, or village in the province.

I visited this region of destruction and devastation at the time, pursuing my investigations there for one month, and paid the penalty by two weeks' imprisonment in Morro Castle. The Spaniards then held but four or five places in the whole province, and these were defended by trenches and barricades of railroad iron. The rest of the once populous and flourishing cities, towns, and villages were so many heaps of ecombro. The Spanish authorities were struggling hard to maintain the railroad, which was almost constantly being torn up and the trains fired upon between Artemisa and the city of Pinar del Rio. They eventually got a train through to the demolished city of Pelacios, which they took possession of by building a fort in the centre of its ruins. The entire country was in the hands of the insurgents, the various bands riding over it at will, putting in force their war measure of concentration. As I wrote at the time, the rebel cry was: "The country must remain clean! To the trenches or to the mountains! You must be for Cuba or for Spain!"

Weyler heeded not the cry of the pacificos, but put his trust in the Trocha, leaving the rebels almost undisturbed in their policy of driving all non-sympathizers to the Spanish lines. By the middle of May the larger portion of the country was depopulated. Santa Cruz de los Pinos, a handsome village of lime and stone, was entirely destroyed and left with only one inhabitant, an infirm old man living under a tree. He in turn was taken prisoner by the Spaniards, and his ultimate fate I never learned. Of the six thousand inhabitants belonging to this jurisdiction alone, only those few were left who had courage to declare in favor of free Cuba, and these lived near the mountains, where the insurgents had their headquarters. The rainy season had already commenced when Gonzalez Munoz, with four thousand Spanish infantrymen, set out from Artemisa to look for the insurgents, but they had done their work, and what was left in the country was theirs.

As I have said, it was a war measure to drive all the people who did not choose to side with the insurrection in the Spanish towns there to become a charge of the Spanish authorities, and although it was the policy of the insurgents throughout the island, nowhere did it work such immediate misery as in Pinar del Rio, for the simple reason that in the other provinces the country people secretly declared themselves for the insurrection.

When I first arrived in Artemisa the country people were flocking into town, and my own room in the only hotel there was filled with them. They told me that their houses had been burned, their belongings taken possession of by the rebels, and themselves driven away. Daily news came in of this one or that one being strung up to a tree, and no one dared leave the city without an armed force to protect him.

At San Cristobal I was unable to procure decent lodgings, and was only saved from having to swing my hammock over the crowded forms of humanity in a Chinaman's restaurant by the kindness of the apothecary, who took me to his house. The concentration of pacificos in this town was so great that I found them living under trees in the plaza and building thatched shelters in the streets. Families had taken possession of the railroad station, and there was scarcely a house which had not opened its doors to shelter some one. One man, if I remember correctly, told me that he had taken in eight families. Some were living in corridors, some under cow skins and tables.

To obtain palm leaves and sticks with which to construct shelters within the Spanish lines it was necessary for the pacificos to go out attended by the local guerilla; and I remember watching the funeral of a little child. The coffin was carried by a boy sitting astride a horse; and although the cemetery was only a short distance from the trenches, the procession left and returned attended by an armed escort. The horrors of this period have never been written, and in all probability they never will be known, with all their shocking details, except as they may be vaguely handed down by oral tradition to those who may come in after years.

In a railway journey to Palacios I found these people piling up their household effects alongside the railroad tracks whenever the Spaniards had built one of their little square forts to protect a bridge or a station, and on my return the train was so crowded with these pacificos that there was not room for them all, and entire families were left sitting under the trees.

In view of the threatened misery, while I was at San Cristobal a commission was sent to Havana to solicit from General Weyler some government aid for the destitute people who had been thus driven in from their country homes, but Weyler turned a deaf ear to their supplications. At that time his only answer was, "Nothing; the people must bow their heads!"

Although the insurgents have recently declared their policy to be a sort of wasting game, their real policy has been one of starvation ever since the invasion. Gomez came with his escort from Camaguey, and while Maceo did all the real fighting that was done, he zigzagged about the country, warring upon the peaceful non-combatants, and by his methods, quite as barbarous as those of Weyler, struck terror into the souls of those who had not already, owing to their hatred for Spain, declared their willingness to cast their lot with the insurgent cause.

Even those who had already helped the insurgents often fell into bad grace with the whimsical old man, especially the wealthy farmers, and if they were caught trying to save any of their effects they were strung up to the nearest *guasima*. I knew a wealthy farmer in Sancti-Spiritus upon whom Gomez stumbled on his way west; and although the man's father had been imprisoned, sentenced to death, and finally exiled for aiding the last insurrection, and he himself had contributed largely to the support of the present one, Gomez, without investigation, cursed him roundly, and then, learning who the man was, opened his mouth in surprise and allowed him to depart.

While Antonio Maceo was in Pinar del Rio energetically enforcing the insurgent war measure of concentration, the commander-in-chief was roaming about the central provinces, doing nothing in particular, except hanging Cubans. I do not mean to say that many of these did not deserve hanging, but I do know that some were executed by Gomez's orders who were guilty of no other offence than that of exciting the chief's displeasure.

I was in Villa Clara when Gomez was encamped in the vicinity, and it was a puzzle to me to know exactly what his purpose was or what he was doing. One night a band of insurgents came into the city, made their way to the central plaza, and there challenged the Spanish soldiers to come out and fight them in the open, "al machete." They had absolute possession of the town, and could have held it or destroyed it if they had wanted to; but after losing their reckless young leader and setting fire to a Chinaman's store, they rode away. The week or two following this event it was momentarily expected that Gomez would attack the city; even the insurgents expected it; and the Spanish authorities worked night and day building barricades and even fortifying the roof of the handsome new theatre. But, after circling around the city for two or three weeks, the commander-in-chief rode away without molesting it, making other camping grounds. This is what Gomez calls his waiting policy.

One of Gomez's habits was to issue many orders which he had not the power to enforce. The Cubans are an obedient people, and the followers of the insurrection, in their efforts to carry out these orders, committed many acts of barbarity and injustice which would not have been tolerated by any other race of people than the Cubans. Maceo was supreme in Pinar del Rio, and though laboring under the disadvantage of having a people to contend with who were not wholly in sympathy with the rebel cause, he effectively enforced his policy of concentration. On the other hand, the pacificos in the central provinces almost to a man favored the cause of their countrymen; and yet, not realizing the necessity of the blockade which Gomez attempted to establish by a simple decree prohibiting all traffic with the cities and towns in possession of the Spaniards, they carried on their trade in spite of the fact that occasionally one of their number was hanged to a *guasima*.

Then, again, Gomez prohibited the running of railroad trains, although he was powerless to stop them. Down somewhere in Havana province he captured the English constructing engineer of the Western Railroad, and made him his bitter enemy by telling him that if he attempted to run another train he would hang him the same as any Cuban. The consequence was the Englishman—Englishman like—worked all the harder to keep his line open, and Gomez displayed so little power to prevent the trains running that the risks were reduced to a minimum, and in spite of an occasional attack on a train and the explosion of a bomb, the hanging of an engineer or fireman, the trains continued to run. So his policy of starving out the Spaniards, a legitimate war measure if properly enforced, was but a miserable failure when confined to the hanging of a few countrymen who sought to secure clothing for their families by selling their milk and pigs in the towns held by their enemies.

Now we come to the operations of the Spanish troops under Weyler, which were confined to the chasing of the various rebel bands about the country when they were not in too large a force to make a stand, and the massacring of these very pacificos or non combatants of which we have heard so much. The insurgents who have made so bold a strike for the liberty of their island home are entitled to our sympathy. Not so the Spaniards under Weyler. But what shall we say of these peaceful, liberty-loving non combatants, who have seen their homes destroyed, their fathers and brothers butchered in cold blood, and have now concentrated under the Spanish flag to suffer want and starvation—have they ever taken up a cudgel to protect their homes and lives?

The Poles went forth to battle against the forces of Russia, in defence of their country, armed with scythes and pike-staffs, and they were annihilated. If the Cubans had followed their example, to day their island would be free and independent of the feeble force and miserable displayed by their European foe.

As for the concentration policy, of which we have heard so much of late, it was not originally conceived by Captain General Weyler at all, but was first put in force, with all its attending evils and sufferings, by Antonio Maceo in Pinar del Rio. The concentration was effected in the other provinces principally by the Spanish troops, who, discovering that the peasant class was, as a whole, in league with the insurgents, began their method of extermination by wholesale, cold blooded butchery. It was the tales of these atrocities that aroused our press and people a year ago, and when Weyler took the field at the end of the last rainy season whole sections of the country were depopulated, so that one who is acquainted with the circumstances may wonder now from whence have suddenly come all the *concentrados* which the so-called "Weyler policy" has forced into the towns or stations allotted to them.

The fact is that Weyler's much-talked of decree of October 21, 1896, is not one of concentration at all; for the few people loyal to Spain, and the far greater number of those too cowardly to help the insurgents, had already concentrated, and his proclamation was directed to the "inhabitants of the country districts"—"outside the lines of fortifications"—who were known to be, although non-combatants, aiding the insurgents, and even holding office under their government. Weyler, by his proclamation, gave them eight days in which to surrender, and then went forth himself to put into execution the same policy of starvation that had been inaugurated by the rebels some nine months previously. Having been among these people at the time, and with them chased around in the bushes by Weyler's soldiers, I know of what I write, and for one whole week none of us camped upon a hill overlooking one of Weyler's stations of concentration, and we depended upon that station to obtain our only food supplies, and when we did not go down to forage fairly under the guns of the sentries in the Spanish fort the *concentrados* brought us meat and vegetables, and I even procured from the town soap, sardines, and sugar candy. None of these non combatants with whom I was thus bushwacking—for I can call it nothing else—thought of surrendering to the Spanish, still we all knew what to expect if caught by the Spanish soldiers.

Since leaving Cuba I have received a letter from this very town, in which I am told that Weyler's soldiers have succeeded in capturing a young girl who does not know even her own name or age, and that the destitution in that particular locality is something terrible. The writer of the letter is a poor man himself, and while I was with him in Cuba I gave him five dollars. The first thing he did with his five dollars was to pay seventy-five cents for a bottle of ginger pop.

Every one remaining in the country at that time knew that he was a rebel, and he knew what to expect. Some of them when sorely pressed, sent their wives and children to town, a few came in themselves, and many, especially down in Pinar del Rio, were captured. What was the actual fate of these last in every case I do not know. I do know that the suffering in Pinar del Rio was something terrible, and the Spaniards themselves reported such scenes as "a cart load of children being sold at auction," "children being found abandoned by the road-side," etc.; but it was not Weyler who put into force the policy of concentration, although he decreed it in the eastern provinces upon his arrival in Cuba, a fact which has been lost sight of.

Having been a prisoner myself among the Spaniards, I can speak authoritatively upon that subject. The Spanish soldier's tendency is to kill his prisoner. War with him is the profession of killing, and he does not comprehend the idea of acquiring by legitimate conquest. He meets his enemy to kill him, but he is of such a guileless nature that, after taking a prisoner, if he does not kill him within the first few hours after capture he is apt to discover, as it were, the fact that his prisoner is a human being like himself, and the next thing he does is to divide his breakfast or dinner with him.

I have never seen any of the *concentrados* in Cuba actually starving, their land is too rich for that, and the Spanish authorities not only give them permission to go outside the lines to forage in the insurgent country, but furnish them with armed escorts when it is thought they can procure enough cattle to warrant the trouble, one-half of which they are allowed for their own disposition.

There is one thing sure, and that is, these non-combatants who have sought safety by seeking the protection of the Spanish lines of fortification receive no sympathy from the insurgents in the field, the majority of them being considered as renegades or *peninsulados*, and I know from personal experience that the zones allotted to them for cultivation not only ought to be enough to supply them with subsistence, but in many cases do supply the insurgents in the field as well, and instead of finding them in leaky huts praying for assistance, I have found them, even in Pinar del Rio, concentrated in a club room, passing their time at the gaming table, while in the east they amused themselves at their national sport of cock-fighting.

THOMAS ROBINSON DAWLEY, JR.

VICTORIA.

QUEEN of that ancient realm which Arthur's Knights
Redeemed from out the clutch of heathen hordes,
Queen of a land whose sea girt vales and heights
Have long been held secure by loyal swords;
And not alone by these, but by strong hearts,
And hands that clasp in matchless fealty—
How to the check the red blood pulsing starts,
Victoria, Lady, at the name of thee!

Mother and Queen! Our land beyond the wave
Repeats the greetings that thy people speak,
So much to us thy own loved Albion gave,
So much from thine we evermore must seek.
Thy poets ours, and ours thy record long
Of glory and renown, since kindred blood,
Thicker than water, binds us, thrills in song,
And bids us shout, Victoria the Good!

Sweet were the roses of that far off June
When on thy girlish brow the coronet
Plantagenet and Tudor wore, to tune
Of jubilant bells and throbbing cheers, was set.
Through sixty years have roses bloomed and died,
And thou hast borne thy well share and pain,
So, through all time, whatever may betide,
Unchanged and lofty, shall thy name endure

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

A CONCENTRADO'S HOUSE AND FAMILY.
A Recent View taken near the Sancti Spiritus Railway.

A CONCENTRADO'S HOUSE.
Showing how they were living inside the Spanish Lines over a Year ago.

A CONCENTRADO'S DWELLING IN SAN CRISTOBAL.
Built while Antonio Maceo was holding the Country of Pinar del Rio.

A FAMILY OF CONCENTRADOS OF SANTA CLARA.
Father, Mother, Children, and Grandchildren.

A FAMILY RESIDENCE IN THE PLAZA OF SAN CRISTOBAL.
Photographed at the Time of the Enforcement of the Rebel Proclamation to concentrate all Cubans who would not Aid the Insurgent Government

THE CUBAN INSURRECTION—WHO BEGAN THE CONCENTRATION POLICY?
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THOMAS ROBINSON DAWLEY, JR., OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.—[SEE PAGE 663.]

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"IT WAS THEN SEEN THAT THE FIGHT HAD REALLY JUST BEGUN."—DRAWN BY CASSIUS T. CHAPMAN.

AN AMERICAN VIKING.

BY H. F. KEENAN.

WHILE the country is listening with satisfaction to the prowess of its new fleet, the story of America's first naval hero ought to be told and become a household tale. When the colonies were in the storm and stress of the ferocious war levied on them by the British, the navy of the young republic, though painfully overmatched by the enemy, combated with glorious resolution and persistence wherever a chance could be found. Our mariners, indeed, became the wonder of neutral nations, and in the end were recognized as harassingly formidable to the British. Among the first to signalize the indomitable spirit of the Colonial marine was John Paul Jones. The family name of the great admiral was Paul. For some reason, never satisfactorily stated, Jones was added when John Paul, the father, married Jean MacDuff. John Paul was born in the parish of Kirkbean, Scotland. He took to the sea from his youth. It was as a sailor that he first came to the colonies, where he found a brother settled at Fredericksburg, Virginia. It is significant to note that the most profitable and most general traffic of the British in those days was slave-trading. Paul Jones figures as officer on a score of vessels owned in Liverpool and dealing with slaves alone—in fact, it was by traffic in human flesh that the cities of Liverpool, Bristol, and Glasgow became the great ports of the island.

Until 1773 John Paul sailed on every sea, underwent vicissitudes of the most surprising sort, but in that year the death of his brother fixed him permanently as an American. He settled on the Fredericksburg estate, and there the outbreak of the Revolution found him poor and discouraged. He instantly offered his services to the Colonial authorities, and on the 22d of December, 1775, he was enrolled and commissioned as lieutenant in the Continental navy. Congress provided for a fleet of thirteen ships, and it fell to the lot of John Paul Jones to raise the first Continental flag to the peak, when the commander-in-chief boarded Jones's vessel. He was in his twenty-ninth year, but his fame as a seaman seems to have greatly impressed the grave naval board to whom the manning of the infant navy was intrusted. Nor were the most unreasonable expectations disappointed. Jones made his ship, the *Alfred*, the terror of English merchantmen, the despair of the British fleets. Prize after prize came sailing into the American ports. Within a year Jones more than paid the entire expense of the navy.

But prize-taking was not the whole tale. In almost daily dare-devil combats he displayed an intrepidity, a resource in manœuvring, that saved his slight vessel from many an ambuscade, many an overmastering convoy. Jealousy and neglect, however, fell upon the daring seaman. Toward the end of the war, feeling his deserving neglected and favoritism calling the awards of valor, he demanded place in the foreign squadron to be fitted out by France.

Thereafter, until the end of the war, his operations read more like the unbridled romance of the novelist than the sober facts of history. After torturing delay, disappointment, and chicanery, he obtained through the good offices of his friend Franklin, minister to France, command of a handful of vessels of wretched condition and inferior armament. The French government, intent on crippling the British at home as well as along the coasts of the colonies, organized this fleet for Jones, which was to be accompanied by five hundred men of the Irish Legion, to make a descent upon Ireland. Bickering, jealousy, delays of one sort or another, led to the abandonment of the military contingent. Jones sailed in the *Bon Homme Richard*, so named in compliment to Franklin's "Poor Richard" of the almanac. The *Richard* was anything but an instrument for the mighty deeds the young American burned to achieve.

This ship had been in commission fourteen years in the French East-Indian trade. She had been altered and fitted out as a man-of-war, carrying forty of the small guns considered formidable in those days. As subordinate of the shabby fleet, Jones was hampered by a villain named Landais, who had made himself an American, and forced his services on Franklin as commander of one of Jones's squadron, the *Alliance*, a new vessel. The *Alliance* was much better than the *Poor Richard* in sailing and fitting out. From the first this miscreant did everything jealousy, insubordination, even treason could devise to ruin the plans of his chief. On the 23d of September, 1779, after delays and cross-purposes which would have maddened a less heroic soul, Jones sailed up the Firth of Forth, determined to put the rich city of Leith to ransom. The terror of his fleet, his own name, held all the British coast in dismay. The ministry itself was in danger of dismissal for incapacity. Immense efforts were therefore made to get an overmastering force on the track of the "pirate," and very soon John Paul found himself in the toils of an overwhelmingly superior enemy.

He was off Scarborough Head, making for the French Channel, when he ran squarely into the Baltic fleet, convoyed by the *Serapis*, the newest and finest vessel in the British service, and the *Countess of Scarborough*, almost equally formidable. The *Serapis* was of the latest marine invention, carrying forty guns of longer range than the *Poor Richard's*. The *Scarborough* mounted twenty. Without waiting an instant, Jones gave the order to make for the two British cruisers. The fleet of merchant vessels fled to the protection of the Scarborough forts, while the men-of-war made sail to get between them and the American ships. In spite of peremptory signals, Jones's fleet made off, Landais paying no sort of heed to his commander's orders. It was early in the afternoon when the antagonists discovered each other. It was after seven o'clock at night when, the merchant fleet safely under shelter of Scarborough Head, the British stood ready for the fight. The sea was as smooth as an inland lake. A light breeze came from the land. The clear twilight of the Northern latitude rendered everything visible. Thousands of absorbed spectators lined the cliffs and promontories of what is now the most thronged watering-place on the English coast. When the full harvest moon climbed above the hills the antagonists had neared each other close enough to make their guns tell. The agonized throng on shore, subdued by the clamors that filled England about Jones, his disregard of death, his success in spite of odds however formidable, watched with bated breath the spectral figures on the water as the guns belched forth. Landais's ship, being the better sailer, came within range of the *Serapis* first. Jones and his crew hailed the incident with enthusiasm, quite willing to share the glory with the ignoble Frenchman. But, to everybody's surprise, when within broadside distance, the *Alliance* turned tail, leaving the *Poor Richard* to bear the shock alone. But the crisis had no terrors for John Paul. He plunged forward, put himself squarely in the path of the Briton, and got ready to open fire.

The captain of the *Serapis*, to admonish his crew of what the combat involved, nailed the ensign of St. George to the flag staff with his own hand. That meant that there could be no surrender, in naval parlance. The *Poor Richard* at 7 30 "rounded on to the weather, or larboard, quarter of the *Serapis*," ranging parallel with her and within pistol shot distance. The *Serapis* at the same time "triced up" her lower deck ports, revealing double ranges of guns ready to let fly. Lights blazed on the spar-decks; the ships looked like a scenic presentation of mimic war. Captain Pearson of the *Serapis*, as the *Poor Richard* neared the still silent guns, roared out,

"What ship is that?"

"I can't hear what you say," was the response of Jones.

"What ship is that? Answer at once, or I'll fire into you."

Jones's response was a broadside, hardly launched when the *Serapis* fumed in answering wrath.

From the first moment everything went against Jones. In the opening broadside two of the three eighteen-pounders—one of the most precious resources of close combat—exploded, causing dreadful havoc among the crew. For yards the deck was covered with the maimed and killed. Jones calmly ordered the ports on that side to be closed, and abandoned the use of that battery, thus reducing his fighting power appreciably at the moment he had need of every weapon on board. Then followed a series of manœuvres only comprehensible to a mariner, but consisting in an alternate crossing of the bow of each other by the antagonists and thus depriving the victim of wind for his sails. In this dangerous pastime the rotten sides of the *Poor Richard* were riddled by the *Serapis*, which as yet had sustained no damage whatever. Finally, after a long play for the advantage, ship attacked touching ship, Jones

succeeded in so placing his rotten hulk that the superior guns of the *Serapis* were useless. Then he massed his men for a rush on the enemy. They were met with resolution and forced back on the bloody deck of the mangled *Richard*. The English broke into mad cheers of exultant triumph. The "pirate" was at last undone. His ship was plainly untenable. The glory of the triumph filled the English commanders with such joy that he could not wait for the white flag or the trumpet of submission.

"Has your ship struck her colors?" he yelled, imperiously.

"I haven't begun to fight yet," Jones retorted, with his decks running gore, half his guns dismounted, his crew worn with the labor of maneuvering the *Richard's* unwieldy hulk.

But the answer was literally true, the Briton found to his stupefaction. Jones had not begun to fight as only he understood fighting. By dint of superhuman craftsmanship and the nameless genius that men are born to, Jones, as by miracle, swung his unwieldy ship from the position she held, seeking to get within boarding distance at a more favorable quarter of the *Serapis*. In all this thrilling detail the Englishman had every advantage—his guns were new and fireable, his ship moved to the lightest puff of wind; his masts and appurtenances were new and solid, and the American shots did comparatively no harm. The *Serapis* could be put just where her commander wanted her. Jones had fairly to work himself into the attitude he desired by aid of his enemy—that is, making use of her spars and rigging to bend his unwieldy craft about. But, incredible as it sounds, he did this, he got the helpless hulk to just the spot he knew the most effective work could be done. The ships lay side by side, length to length. Then Jones, with a picked phalanx, lashed the two vessels together—tied by the masts above, hooked by hawsers from mast to mast. An anchor on the *Serapis* by accident became hooked in the quarter of the *Richard*, and when Pearson, seeking to recover his advantage in maneuvering, strove to break loose, he found his ship helplessly in the embrace of the terrible American.

It was then seen that the fight had really just begun. It was half after eight. The combat had been going on just an hour. The country-side for miles had reached the Scarborough Cliffs; lights flashed for miles along the highland coast. Bells rang in all the villages along the downs, and such soldiery as could be gathered poured seaward. Meanwhile the most audacious deed in naval history was going on. Both ships were locked in a death-grip. The guns belched their flames as well as their missiles into each other's port-holes; the ramrods from each touched the sides of the other as the charges were rammed home. Three tiers of guns were thus plunging shot into the wooden walls at their very muzzles. While the guns and the balls tore through below, on deck squads of desperate men kept the boarders from reaching each other's deck. But in spite of deeds which far exceed the word bravery, the *Richard* was every moment becoming untenable. Her lower regions were riddled with eighteen-pound shot; she was leaking in forty gashes. An enormous fissure had been made in the upper deck by the explosion, at the beginning of the engagement, of the eighteen-pounder battery.

This was an almost insurmountable hinderance to the combat on deck, and would have been accepted by any other commander as justification—even compulsion—to surrender. But, to add to the horror of the situation, the miscreant Landais, in the best and fury of the action, placed the *Alliance* to leeward of the *Richard*—that is, with the *Richard* between the *Alliance* and the *Serapis*, and began a vehement broadside, asking his commander at every shot. For half an hour this unspeakable treachery was kept up, the *Alliance*, ranging along to the fore and stern of her consort, delivering crushing volleys, which killed and wounded almost as many of Jones's men as the British fire. Meanwhile not a gun of the *Serapis* was manned. Nineteen, all on the side next the *Richard*, were incessantly plying shot into her rotten sides. On the *Richard* there were but three nineteen pounders to main repfr—one of these shifted from the off side where there was no enemy. Jones himself shotted and fired these guns, dealing wholesale destruction upon the Briton. On the lower decks, however, the British were carrying everything before them, except in cowing the courage of Jones and his diminished crew. In the spars, and far above the bloody broadsides, another combat was waging, where the Americans had the best of the action from first to last. By hand grenades, pistols, and muskets the English officers were popped off as fast as they took their places. A dozen times the hand grenades, lessened from high up in the masts, set the *Serapis* on fire, giving a moment's surcease to the tragically worn faces on deck and between decks. But it was clear that the *Richard* could stand no more. In fact, for nearly a half hour the Briton must have won had he boldly boarded her from the lower decks, where Jones had not a man to repel him, all having been driven to the main deck.

By this time it was nearly ten o'clock. The British were preparing to board when a grenade flung from above struck an accumulation of powder. A tremendous explosion followed, twenty or more were killed. Jones was forming his desinated desperadoes for a supreme midnight on the *Serapis*, when, in wild terror, the carpenter and gunner, both badly wounded, rushed to Jones, declaring the ship sinking. This in hearing of the band preparing to storm the enemy's ship was not a cheering revelation. Without waiting for the commander's orders, the carpenter ran to the flag to haul it down, but finding the flag staff away, he began to howl for rescue, shouting:

"Quarter! For God's sake, quarter! Our ship is sinking!"

Jones, in fury, having emptied his pistol on the enemy, flung it at the coward. It struck him on the head, and he rolled down the hatchway, helpless to do more mischief for the moment.

The British captain heard the carpenter's cry, and shouted to Jones, "Do you ask quarter?"

"Never," retorted John Paul, grimly, and he did not.

Then the Briton ranged his boarders—the last desperate charge, counted upon for victory. John Paul stood at the rails as the confident British plunged at the *Richard's* decks with wild hurrahs. A writhing, distorted mass of half bared, smoke-blacked, and powder stained spectres wrestled and struck at one another for a brief space. The British broke, a group of Jones's over-eager men clutched after them even to the decks of the *Serapis*, and as Jones was not ready to attack *en masse*, they were all captured. The visible ravages wrought on the *Richard*—the gory decks, the depleted crew, the useless guns—everything in view, would seem appalling enough to try preternatural courage.

As if to try Paul Jones to the full, to subject his endurance to such a strain as never was put on a man before or since, another and a more formidable danger—if such there could be—was added to the American's hopeless plight. When the gunner and carpenter discovered the water pouring through the riddled hulk of the *Richard*, they informed the master-at-arms of the ship's danger. This extraordinary sailor instantly, in a spirit of humanity or treason—it was never made clear which—ran and liberated a hundred or more prisoners the *Richard* had captured during the cruise and the action. These men, unseen by Jones and unknown to the crew, passed readily from the lower decks of the *Richard* to the *Serapis*. The captain of that ship was informed that his enemy was about to sink, and that only a few moments more of endurance would give him the victory. So that in the final hour of combat Jones found himself on a sinking ship, gunless, one of his consorts sailing about him and delivering destructive shots into his crew, more than a hundred prisoners at large in the lower part of the vessel, and the *Serapis*, almost unhurt, locked to his sides, her crew outnumbering his exhausted forces. Certainly, if surrender is ever permissible to the brave, that was the hour when it could hardly have diminished his glory. But Paul Jones never dreamed of surrendering while his eyes could see or his arms could strike. To add to the almost grotesque hopelessness of the combat, his inferior officers were clamoring to give it up, the subalterns were filling the air with disheartening plaints. To this horror on horror's head ghastly piled, the stertorous cry of "fire" struck like a palsy upon the crew. Undaunted, with no sign of dismay, Jones met all these heralds of destruction. He ordered such prisoners as had not been released to the pumps, with pistols at their heads, and taking advantage of the panic—which meant destruction to the weak—he cowed his officers into obedience to his commands, as a means of saving their own lives. Himself at the three guns, he renewed their volleys with deadly precision, inspiring the seamen with such admiration that they gave no thought to the sinking ship or the timid counsels of the incontinent. With his own hands he plied shot after shot at the mainmast of the *Serapis*. In the calm moonlight the ravages of these three immortal guns could be seen, and when the monster sixth fell with a crash, Paul Jones knew his work was done. The Briton buoyed by hope, had fought on and on, not knowing what to make of a dare-devil that fought, on a ship actually foundering, as if he were on dry land. At half past ten valor won—the *Serapis* struck her colors. Paul Jones then ordered his lieutenant, Dale, to board the conquered ship and to take charge of her. With abominable treachery, three of the boarding party were butchered, and a midshipman maimed by a pike thrust into his thigh. When Jones's lieutenant reached Captain Pearson, the lieutenant of the British ship rushed up hastily from the lower deck, where the fight was still going on.

"Has the enemy struck, sir?" he asked his commander.

"No, sir; on the contrary," the Yankee lieutenant made answer, "the captain has struck to us."

The Briton, ignoring the answer, repeated the question.

"Have *you* struck, sir?"

"Yes, I have," doggedly replied Captain Pearson.

"Then I have nothing more to say, sir," returned the indignant lieutenant. He made as if to return below to his post, when the Yankee ordered him to accompany Captain Pearson on board the *Richard* and report to Commander Jones. The lieutenant begged to be permitted to go below to stop the guns, but the Yankee, fearful of some further trickery, compelled the two officers to appear before Jones. The Englishman had only insult and bitterness to proffer to his conqueror. "It is most painful to me," he blurted out, "to deliver my sword to a man fighting with a halter about his neck."

"Sir," cried Jones, heartily, ignoring the insult, "you have fought like a hero, and I make no doubt but your sovereign will reward you in a most ample manner."

But there was little time for courtesies and heartburnings. Both vessels were on fire. There were five feet of water in the body of the *Richard*. Daylight could be seen through the sides in scores of places. The *Serapis*, though not riddled in the way, was in desperate straits. Jones's three guns, fired by his own hand, had wrought almost fatal mischief. Her great mast went over with a deafening crash, destroying the rigging and upper deck. Fires were darting from a score of places. Both crews worked the rest of the night to save the ship. By labors almost as trying as the combat itself the unfortunate *Richard* was held above the waves until the wounded could be shipped. The prisoners were left to the last, and, taking advantage of their superiority in number, they seized the ship and made for shore. A second fight ensued to rescue his own ship. A few hours later the noble old vessel careened, plunged downward, and sank in the waves that were the scene of her *glory*. The crew of the *Richard* was, as near as can be ascertained, 275 men; of these 71 were American born, 57 English born, 21 Portuguese, the rest Irish, Swedes, and Norwegians. The *Serapis* had 320 men, all English, except a dozen East Indians.

Both contemporary historians and modern critics adrait that the battle was won purely and solely by Paul Jones. Three several times the *Richard* was given up by officers and crew, but Jones refused to listen to the surrender. Twenty minutes more of endurance on the part of the British would have ended in the *Richard's* going down—but Jones would have gone down with her. At any time during the last hour and a half of the battle the British, almost two to one in numbers, could have, had they been daring, boarded the *Richard* from the lower decks, or even from the main deck. But valor beclouds the judgment of the adversary not equally endowed. Jones's obstinate resistance made Pearson believe that the *Serapis's* guns had not wrought or were not doing the destruction they had done and were doing. He could not conceive of a sane commander risking the lives of two hundred men in a ship really in the condition the *Richard* was reported to him to be.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN COMMITTEE.

To make the proceedings of the South African Committee intelligible one has to go back to the summer of 1895, when the Outlanders at Johannesburg after several years of constitutional agitation, made up their minds to obtain a redress of their grievances by force of arms. These grievances, briefly, were that the majority of the population, who possessed more than half the land, nine-tenths of the wealth, and paid nineteen twentieths of the taxation, were without any share whatever in the administration of the country, that the English language was forbidden to be taught in the public schools, that the judicial system was corrupt, and subservient to the Rand, that the dynamite monopoly and the discriminations against Cape railways and products were grossly unjust, and that generally the whole course of Transvaal legislation was in favor the Germans at the expense of the British.

Mr. Rhodes, who supported the movement in secret with his purse and influence, saw that it was necessary to have a body of men on the border in readiness to assist the reformers in case President Kruger rejected their final petition. A glance at the map will show that Mafeking, in British Bechuanaland, would make an admirable basis of operations for a descent on Johannesburg. But in June, 1895, the Bechuanaland protectorate was under the control of the crown, and no mustering of troops could take place in its territory without the consent of the High Commissioner at Cape Town and the Colonial Secretary. Mr. Rhodes had for some years been pressing the British government to hand over the protectorate to the Chartered Company, and had succeeded in getting a promise from Lord Ripon, the Secretary for the Colonies in Mr. Gladstone's ministry of 1892. The promise, however, had not been fulfilled at the time of Mr. Chamberlain's accession to office in 1895. There were three excellent reasons why the transfer should be made. In the first place, it would make the Chartered Company and Cape Colony conterminous—another step towards the federation of South Africa, for which Mr. Rhodes has always worked. In the second place, the building of a railway from Mafeking to Bulawayo was of the utmost importance, and depended largely on the transfer of the protectorate. In the third place, a large number of Dutch colonists were anxious to occupy land in the protectorate, provided they could secure title under the company. Dr. Harris, who acted as Mr. Rhodes's confidential agent, laid these reasons fully before Mr. Chamberlain, and by November the transfer was accomplished, and the Bechuanaland police added to the forces of the Chartered Company.

Mr Rhodes at once massed about four hundred men at Mafeking, in order, as he said, to protect the railway. There was nothing in that to excite suspicion. Every public work of that sort has to be guarded against native attack. But his real reason for this concentration of troops was to have them in readiness to act at Johannesburg if required. It is very important to remember that Dr Jameson was only to cross the border at the summons of the reformers, and they were only to call him in to their assistance if the President refused to give way. The raid, as it actually took place, was against all their interests and advice. It took them by surprise, and it ruined their plans. Jameson started in spite of their strongest and incessant remonstrance. Indeed, before the committee he himself acknowledged that he was solely responsible for it.

Now there is obviously all the difference in the world between the Jameson raid and what may be called the Jameson plan. The actual raid was authorized neither by the reform committee at Johannesburg nor by Mr. Rhodes. It was purely a mistake on Dr Jameson's part, as he very readily admitted. The Jameson plan was far different. Its grand mistake lay in the fact that it was not openly undertaken by the imperial government. Mr Rhodes was using the forces of the Chartered Company for an object that ought to have been left to the care of the Colonial Secretary. Had Mr Rhodes recognized that even in a revolution honesty is the best policy, had he gone to Mr. Chamberlain and said, "There is bound to be an uprising at Johannesburg, and you ought to mass the imperial troops on the border to restore peace and order and protect British citizens," what harm would there have been in it? It was, indeed, a policy that had been pursued more than once by the British government. In 1894 a disturbance at Johannesburg seemed inevitable, and Lord Loch, then High Commissioner at the Cape, instantly moved the imperial troops to the border. It was a bold step, but justifiable and successful. If Mr. Chamberlain had only seen the necessity for similar action at the end of 1895, all would have been well. Imperial troops, acting under orders from the High Commissioner and not from an irresponsible trading company, would have gathered on the frontier, and made any fiasco like the Jameson raid impossible.

But Mr. Rhodes preferred to manage things for himself, without consulting either his fellow-directors or the imperial officials, and he has paid heavily for his masterfulness. He succeeded, however, in giving people the impression that the home authorities knew a good deal more about his preparations than they cared to acknowledge; and the main question which the committee had to decide was how far the Colonial Office was "in it." In other words, did Mr. Chamberlain, when he handed over the Bechuanaland protectorate and permitted the concentration of troops at Mafeking, know that these troops might be used in the event of an uprising at Johannesburg? On this point there is a direct conflict of evidence. Mr. Chamberlain says he never connected the two things in his mind, that he transferred the protectorate only after the fullest investigation, and in obedience to definite pledges given by his predecessors in office, and that he had no idea that the presence of Dr Jameson's force was for any other purpose than the protection of the railway. On the other hand, Dr. Harris, who represented Mr. Rhodes in the negotiations with the Colonial Office, says that in an interview with Mr. Chamberlain he "referred to the unrest at Johannesburg, and added a guarded allusion to the desirability of there being a police force near the border." In further evidence, Dr. Harris stated that his allusion was a "very guarded one."

It is therefore a question of one man's oath, or, rather, one man's memory, against another's, and, accepting Mr. Chamberlain's statement as personally decisive, the fact remains that Mr Rhodes and Dr Jameson got the idea that the Colonial Office knew of their intentions, and was

not opposed to them, and that Sir John Willoughby, who was technically in command of the Jameson force, thought himself justified in guaranteeing the safety of their commissions to the officers beneath him.

Mr. Chamberlain's position becomes further complicated by the journalistic activity of Miss Flora Shaw, the lady who "does the colonies," as Mr. Rhodes put it, for the *London Times*. Miss Shaw, in her evidence, said that it occurred to her "during her holiday musings" that the concentration of troops on the border might have something to do with the disturbances at Johannesburg. She asked Dr. Harris if this were so, and after some hesitation he revealed to her the Jameson plan, and provided her with the Chartered Company's cable code. And so, assuming Mr. Chamberlain's protestations of ignorance to be quite sincere, we have it that Miss Shaw, by her own intelligence and observation, discovered what was altogether hidden from Mr. Chamberlain and his able advisers. The Colonial Secretary may come out of the inquiry with his reputation for good faith and straightforwardness undamaged, but, after Miss Shaw's piquant revelations, his "dreadful smartness" will be at a considerable discount.

It is in Mr. Chamberlain's favor that ever since the raid took place he has courted the fullest investigation into the conduct of his office, and, indeed, the committee was thought to be appointed as much for the purpose of whitewashing him as of punishing Mr. Rhodes. In his evidence he gave clear and reasonable explanations of every step in his policy, and it is entirely the fault of the committee that the suspicions which gathered round his office eighteen months ago have been rather increased than diminished. How this has come about must be briefly set forth. Dr. Harris was of course in constant telegraphic communication with Mr. Rhodes during his negotiations with the Colonial Office. It was therefore of the first importance that his cablegrams should be produced. But Dr. Harris, like a wise man, destroyed his copies a few days after the raid. The committee at once made an order on the Eastern Telegraph Company for the delivery of their copies. The company obeyed, after a formal protest. It was then found that several cables were missing. It turned out that Mr. Hawksley, Mr. Rhodes's solicitor, was in possession of them. The committee demanded them; Mr. Hawksley, "with the greatest respect," declined to produce them without Mr. Rhodes's consent. He was ordered to cable to Mr. Rhodes. He did so, but Mr. Rhodes returned no answer. The committee threatened to report Mr. Hawksley to the House. Mr. Hawksley, still with the greatest respect, pleaded the privileges of solicitor and client as a reason for keeping the cables to himself. Mr. Chamberlain, to whom copies of the missing documents had been shown in June, 1895, said that he would welcome their production; that, as far as he could recollect them, they would clear him of all suspicion. Still Mr. Rhodes made no sign; and then suddenly the committee announced that it did not intend to pursue the matter any further!

What conclusion could be more lame and impotent, more unsatisfactory and bewildering? Mr. Hawksley was not to be reported to the House because he pleaded a solicitor's privilege. Mr. Rhodes was not to be required to produce the missing cables because he was in a colony and had significantly declared the cables to be "very confidential." Miss Shaw's telegrams admittedly referred to the Colonial Office, and have not yet been destroyed by the telegraph company. Yet no production of her messages was enforced, or even asked for.

The confidential communications between the Colonial Office and the High Commissioner at Cape Town were not put in. Lord Grey, who, together with Dr. Harris, conducted most of the negotiations with the Colonial Office, was not called as a witness. Mr. Beit and Mr. Maguire were said by Dr. Harris to have independent knowledge of his interviews with Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Fairfield, the head of the South African Department in the Colonial Office. They were not examined thereon. What was the reason for all this burking of critical evidence? Why did the committee tamely suffer its authority to be flouted? Why did it stop up its ears and hustle witnesses out of the chair whenever the words "Colonial Office" were uttered? After months of aimless blundering, it was at last in sight of a real issue. Why did they shrink from meeting it? Why did it not resolutely insist on the production of the missing cables? Mr. Chamberlain stated on oath that he had no objection whatever to their publication; that he was confident that their appearance would only vindicate his position. And what possible reason can Mr. Rhodes have for withholding them? It may be he disbelieves in Mr. Chamberlain's professions of eagerness to see them laid before the committee. It may be that he is suppressing them in order to screen himself or his agents; but this, after his frank admission of responsibility for the whole revolution, seems most unlikely. It may be, again, that the missing telegrams incriminate persons of higher rank than either Mr. Chamberlain or Mr. Rhodes, and that the committee thinks it wise for public reasons not to insist on their production. But that is the merest conjecture, and quite unsupported by any real evidence. Or, finally, it may be that the cablegrams contain nothing of any importance, and that Mr. Rhodes is simply withholding them to show his contempt for the committee and its inquiry by frightening it with a bugaboo. Anyway the committee has covered itself with ridicule and disgrace. Its nerveless incompetence has dealt a really serious blow at the methods of Parliamentary inquiry and at the good faith of the House of Commons; while, as regards the Colonial Office, it has left behind an atmosphere of mystery and suspicion which is probably a hundred times more damaging than any facts that a real investigation would have brought to light.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

THE SAENGERFEST AT PHILADELPHIA.

THREE years ago New York city had an object lesson as to the earnestness and dignity of the Saengerbund idea. The vigorous purport of the word "Saengerfest" will not readily be forgotten by thousands of auditors at that time making part of the vast audiences in the Madison Square Garden. Philadelphia has a reputation as a conservative city. Something like the dedication of a national monument or another movement of broad significance is needed to quicken it to a scene of general enthusiasm. But it is doubtful if it has ever more genuinely made an art incident a part of itself than last week, when occurred the Eighteenth National Saengerfest of the great Northeastern Saengerbund of America. The rally of nearly two hundred song clubs, small or great, metropolitan or provincial, massed together a monster choir of some six thousand trained male voices. The week was given up to the long list of concerts before the jury, with reference to the awards for excellence in part singing. Alternated with these were sundry wider programmes of more public interest, to which crowded all Philadelphia and its suburbs—German, American, and German-American. Not even New York's like occurrence in 1894 offered a more majestic spectacle or a nobler illustration of the sincerity of Germany's sons in dignifying and localizing their national art wherever they may be. The stately hall in which Philadelphia gave its musical hospitality to the army of brother societies who became its guest for the week was erected expressly for the occasion. It suggested but slightly a temporary structure, and those who had given generously toward it seemed to regard its cost of fifty thousand dollars as a quite trifling expression of zeal—more than repaid.

The proceedings of the week were similar in their conduct to those with which New York became fairly familiar at the time of the Madison Square Garden Saengerfest. The organization is the same, the rich and energetic Northeastern one, under the presidency of Major Carl Lentz, of Newark, New Jersey. The various societies are classified into three groups. Some are expected to interpret particular compositions (chosen by the Directors of the Bund) and so to be judged as to their vocal worth. Others possess the privilege of selecting their own numbers. The competition is often extremely close. Nicety of judgment is needed, and the awards are not only honors but of more tangible value. In the general and evening meetings of the Fest it has been the custom to include special compositions—orchestral numbers, soloists, and such features as obviously belong to a choral concert of the largest dimension.

There was a special appropriateness in Philadelphia's making much of the Saengerfest in her turn. It was in Philadelphia, in 1850, that was held the first gathering of the sort. Philadelphia's own "Maennerchor," still active in song, took part in that pioneer test. Furthermore, Philadelphia clubs have invariably been strong rivals in the various tests year by year. Its local societies bore off the highest honors in the Madison Square Garden during the Seventeenth Saengerfest, not a little to the dismay of New York, Brooklyn, Buffalo, Cincinnati, and other competitors. Last week, in obedience to the proverbial etiquette of a host, it could not permit itself to shine too overpoweringly. The first prize in the first class was won by the Brooklyn singers, with the highest number of points ever made in an American Saengerfest, 143¼ out of a possible 150. Of this club Mr. Arthur Claassen is leader. The graded prizes following next in the same class were won respectively by New York (141¼), Newark (139), Baltimore (125). In the second-class tests, the choirs of Hudson County (New Jersey) with 135 points, Trenton (119), and Camden (112) were successful. The first prize in the third class fell to Newark's "Arion" with a record of 139 points.

"In 1857," said one of the speakers of last week, "when we held our picnic at Lemon Hill here, we were stoned and hooted because we were singing societies and Germans." Things have changed, ideas have altered, since then. The debt which America and the exotic conditions of musical art here owe to this simple, widespread, zealous German custom of the social song club, the local singing society, is great. It has had an influence where we can estimate it, and beyond doubt a vast one where we cannot. It is part of the manly, æsthetic, simple impulse of the German temperament, at home or across the sea. The sentiment giving it birth is as old as the days of the Mastersingers of ancient Nürnberg. The Tournament of Song in the Wartburg in the twelfth century, after all, was but a kind of aristocratic Saengerfest, and Wagner did right to make his *Tannhäuser* out of it and to put his Tannhäuser into it. All over this land the song work, during summer nights and winter nights, by the great clubs or the small ones, has been like the rills in the woods, or the brooks slipping along green meadows. We may hear or heed them only now and then. But their final coalescence can make a river, deep and broad and clear, one of song, refreshing the land whithersoever it flows.

E. IRENÆUS STEVENSON.

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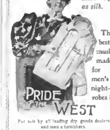

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AMATEUR SPORT

THE COLLEGE BASEBALL YEAR is not ending with the good play promised in mid season. Unless the remaining Harvard-Yale games (June 29 at New Haven, and, in case Yale wins, July 3 in New York, for the third and deciding one) show very great improvement, the quality of ball for the close of '97 will be distinctly inferior to any these universities have exhibited in a number of years. I do not remember when I have before seen such poor baseball in a Harvard-Yale or a final Yale Princeton game. And each one of these '97 nines has shown that it could, on occasion, play a very superior game. The first Harvard-Princeton game was not especially high class, particularly on Harvard's part; but the remaining two of that series were notable displays of scientific baseball, rendered remarkably difficult for accurate fielding by the heavy hitting of both sides. The same comment applies to the first Yale Princeton game at New Haven—perhaps the most exciting baseball yet seen on a college field—which was beautifully played from start to finish.

The second Yale Princeton game revealed an entirely different quality of performance. Princeton won by a large score, but the work of her team was far below that at New Haven; and Yale was without the services of her regular and—as subsequent events discovered—only dependable pitcher.

THE FINAL YALE PRINCETON GAME, in New York, was probably as extraordinary a combination of heavy hitting and ludicrous error making as two teams of the first class have ever made. Teams of any class could not have surpassed the error record. As an exhibition of desperate endeavor to bang the ball and to circle the bases, the two hours and fifty minutes of toil exploited many examples of labor, about which much might be said; as an exhibition of skillful baseball, there is not much occasion for comment.

And yet, of course, there were evidences of good baseball and some brilliant plays—Butler and Smith (Princeton) being largely responsible for the latter. Although their total of errors is the same, Princeton's general play in the field was much superior to Yale's, while as to the batting—Princeton apparently hit as often as she cared to. The game opened with Princeton at the bat, and Fearey and Goodwin in the points for Yale. Bradley was out on a drive to right. Easton was hit by a pitched ball and got first, and went to second on a wild pitch; Pincke threw Kelley's hit over the first base man's head. Goodwin overthrew second; Smith got first on four balls, and Yale had begun the style of play that in connection with Princeton's heavy batting gave the latter four runs in the first inning, and twenty-two before the nine innings had reached the end of their very wearisome way. In the third inning Princeton got seven more runs, and by the end of the fifth had made fourteen hits off Fearey's delivery, and been given first base nine times on balls and twice on being hit by pitched ball—all for a total of twenty runs.

YALE THEN took Fearey out of the box, replacing him with Hecker. The wonder is the change was not made earlier in the game. The Yale pitcher, in baseball parlance, "went up in the air" in the third inning, and as his flight resulted in seven runs for Princeton, one would imagine a second exploration of the circumambient air would have been provided against by substituting a man more pitcher and less aeronaut. But Fearey remained in the box until his second ascent, in the fifth inning, when Princeton gathered in six runs pending his return to earth.

Censure for the disasters commonly ascribed to Fearey's atmospheric explorations should in all fairness be shared by at least five of the team. Hazen, Camp, Letton, and Wallace were the only men that did not make an error; and the six errors, as the sum total of the nine's work, were all very costly. Fearey was miserably supported—so miserably as to have disconcerted a pitcher of much longer experience.

THE YALE FRESHMEN CREW, WHICH DEFEATED HARVARD AND CORNELL FOR TWO MILES IN 9 19½.

IT IS SOMEWHAT UNUSUAL for a Yale team to go to pieces—but that precisely describes the fate which overtook the '97 Yale nine in its final game with Princeton. It was rattled beyond peradventure, and the ball went through the fielders as though they had been some of John Kendrick Bangs's Shades from the House-Boat. It was a telling illustration of how truly the pitcher is the pivotal point of a nine. And the exhibition was a novel termination to the really excellent prospects Yale had attained after beginning the season with practically a green team and none of the material above the average. This is not to say that Yale had developed a better team than Princeton, or that the deciding game rightfully belonged to Captain Keator. But it is to say that Captain Keator built up a very strong team from a very humble and discouraging beginning, and that all the nine's previous good work against Brown and Princeton went for naught in the game June 19 because the regular pitcher, Greenway, was unable to take his place, and the man who did go into the box was very much his inferior. With Greenway in condition, Yale would have made a close, interesting game, and the '97 playing standard been saved from dropping below that of all preceding years. Is there not, too, room for wonderment in the fact that in Yale's upwards of 2500 students no pitcher should have been developed more nearly to fill Greenway's place? Yale was weakest of all the larger universities in this matter of battery material, and Princeton strongest.

If Greenway does not mend in health sufficiently to pitch the remaining game or games, Yale very likely will lose the Harvard series also, but if Greenway goes into the box at New Haven on the 29th, as the chances are good that he will, there will be a third and deciding game in New York, which Harvard, because so unsteady, would be more likely to lose than to win.

PRINCETON'S PLAY AGAINST YALE on the 19th was not the fast, errorless ball the nine has shown two or three times this year. Some of the men—Bradley, Easton, Smith, and Butler, for example—played good ball all the time, but the others spoiled their first-class work by committing inexcusable errors. As a matter of fact, a panicky feeling seemed to pervade both teams, which was rather unexpected of veterans, particularly when there was as little to create it. Princeton had no occasion after the third inning to worry over the eventual outcome of the game. Jayne pitched a fairly steady game, although hit pretty hard at different times, and Kafer supported him well; on the whole, the entire nine batted hard. Yale's other substitute, Hecker, kept the runs down astonishingly well after he went in, Princeton getting but two after the fifth inning. That is a praiseworthy record for Hecker, because the Princeton men are acknowledged the heaviest batters in college baseball. It seems also to argue that the Princeton men are heavy rather than very skilful batters.

The record, including June 26, of the strongest four:

	Won.	Lost.	
Princeton	20	2	Yale. Harvard.
Yale	17	7	1, Brown. 1, Lafayette. 1, Wesleyan. 2, Princeton. 1, Harvard. 1, Virginia
Brown	17	8	2, Yale. 2, Princeton. 1, Holy Cross. 2, Brown
Harvard	16	8	2, Princeton. 1, Dartmouth. 3, Holy Cross.

DESPITE YALE'S MISFORTUNES, and the comedy of errors that marked the final game of the Yale-Princeton series, there is no doubt of Princeton being entitled to the leadership of college baseball. The skill of her batting is less than its strength, I think, but she has more skill in that department than any other amateur team I have seen. Her out-field has been well-nigh perfect in its work; and the infield, although on occasion alternating brilliancy with unsteadiness, is better than Harvard's or Yale's, and on the season's work as good as Brown's, but no better. It is the strongest nine Princeton has had, certainly within my recollection, although its season from first to last does not show as many games of high-class play as other nines of the same university.

A lower standard of scientific play was the least disappointment the Yale-Princeton provided. There was a palpable relapsing of that mackerish spirit which exploits itself in attempts at rattling the opposing pitcher, and in cheering the errors of opponents.

Every year some trouble between Yale and Princeton ensues from the interference of the spectators at New Haven, who are permitted too close to the unfenced field. The result invariably has been, and always will be, ill feeling between the two, which in turn leads to undisguised attempts to rattle pitchers, blatant coaching, brazen bands, and "fast" balls when batted into the bleachers. Yale ought to enclose that field with a fence, or ground rules should be made before each game entirely and satisfactorily to provide for balls that are driven among the spectators.

Princeton's experience in this respect of interference from spectators has been long and at times sorely trying; but there is lies no excuse for her attempting to "get even" at Princeton, or for so offensively exhibiting her animus at the New York game.

Harvard may not have so long a record of successes on

Pincke, Pitcher. Bennett, Catcher.

Stevenson, Third Base. Captain Jones, Second Base. Houghton, First Base. Chandler, Short Stop.

Reed, Left Field. Beale, Centre Field. Burgess, Right Field. Lynch, Substitute.

THE HARVARD BASEBALL NINE.

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the diamond, but she treats like gentlemen the teams that visit her. And that is the best success of all. As between a gentlemanly athlete and an athletic "gent," there is a difference that the play ground cannot supply.

If gentlemanliness and sportsmanliness are considered at Yale and at Princeton a part of the athletic training and an influence to the winning, let us have some evidence of it at the baseball games.

CORNELL WON THE FOUR-MILE BOAT-RACE on Friday last at Poughkeepsie by crossing the finish-line a good three boat lengths ahead of Yale, who was about five boat lengths ahead of Harvard. Time—Cornell, 20 m. 34 s.; Yale, 20 m. 44 s.; Harvard, 21 m. Last year, on the same course but under faster conditions, Cornell defeated Harvard, Pennsylvania, and Columbia in 19 m. 21 s., Harvard being second by two lengths. In '96 Cornell's crew averaged 157 pounds, in '97 it averaged 159 to 160, and four of the '96 crew sat in the '97 boat. Last year Cornell averaged throughout the race the lowest number of strokes to the minute, this year she did the same. Last year Cornell beat what was considered the fastest crew Harvard had developed up to that time. This year Cornell has beaten Harvard—which was coached by Mr. R. C. Lehmann, one of the most, if not the most, famous university coaches of England, and who has coached Oxford and Leander eights for many years—and Yale, coached solely by Mr. R. J. Cook, whose identification with the successful Yale crews of the past is well established. The Yale crew was in pace well up to the average that has represented that university in ten years. Harvard's crew was the fastest she has yet developed. Cornell's crew was about as good as last year's.

And on both occasions Cornell won easily, with abundant reserve power apparent in the last mile.

THIS YEAR HARVARD USED the stroke employed by Oxford and Cambridge in their four mile rowing. Yale used a stroke evolved by Mr. Cook out of his American ideas and his experience at Henley last year. Cornell used the stroke evolved out of Courtney's American ideas and his experience at Henley two years ago. So, after all, we are indebted to the mother country for the present perfected state of our rowing.

The Harvard stroke was the straight English, with the extreme swing back and short slide. Mr. Cook modified the swing back and gave the men a trifle more reach, but he either ignored or could not get out of his men good slide work. Courtney was the cleverest of all. He realized the weakness in the very short American swing, and the strength in the American leg drive. He saw the advantage in combining the English swing with the American leg drive, rather than emphasizing the first, as the English do, or the second, as the Americans, himself included, had been doing. He was sufficiently expert in oarsmanship to know just where in the back swing the man ceased to be a smooth propelling force. Just at that point Courtney dropped English and continued on with the American powerful leg drive and smooth recover.

I have noted that Cornell men (not Courtney, for he knows of what he talks, while the others talk of what they know not) invariably resent with indignation the statement that their present stroke is the result of the Henley experience. An opportunity of scouting the idea is never lost. But the fact remains that the Cornell stroke of '96 and '97 does combine the English swing, modified to permit of its assimilation with the American leg drive and recover.

COURTNEY'S STROKE HAS ALWAYS INCLUDED powerful work with the legs and smooth recovery at the end of the stroke, but the swing, before last year, was very inadequate, and the stroke rapid and short. Lengthening the body swing, and consequently the stroke, has—in combination with his leg drive and recovery—seemed to give Courtney an ideal stroke, with pace, endurance, and power all considered. After the smooth, powerful rowing of Cornell last year, I wonder a little how the "rowing experts" could have so confidently declared the Cornell crew "not a factor" in this year's race with Harvard and Yale.

The smooth and powerful combination that Courtney had attained for Cornell was evidently what Cook was striving to reach, for the Yale crew showed none of the extreme back swing seen in the Harvard boat. Yale had the idea safe enough, but it was embryonic, for the work of the crew was rough and unfinished. Such rough work, in fact, has not been seen in a Yale boat for a number of years. The men were together, and they had plenty of power, and but for that quality they would have finished astern of Harvard. I am inclined to believe that had a man of less endurance and drive than Langford stroked the Yale crew it would not have made a showing nearly so good.

EVERY NON-PARTISAN SPORTSMAN would have rejoiced, I am sure, in a Harvard triumph last Friday. Not from prejudice against Yale and Cornell, or even because he wanted to see Mr. Lehmann's efforts and good spirit rewarded with victory for his pupils, but because Harvard has had more than her share of boating defeats in the last ten years, and the sportsman with no Yale or Cornell affiliations wished that in this, Harvard's first year of an established system, she might attain glory unalloyed.

But when one seriously faced the situation, a Harvard victory seemed possible of course, though an extraordinary success under the circumstances of a completely revolutionized rowing system, a coach new to the men and to the country, and only average material for him to work on. Had Harvard won this year, I repeat, it would have been a result not duplicated in any of the amateur boating world's history with which I am familiar.

THERE IS GLORY ATTACHING, however, to Harvard for at least one result of the boating season—i. e., unity. Harvard, until this year, for ten years has led a most absurdly vacillating boating life, a new system nearly every year, and a different coach, to be but half heartedly supported during the training season, and pitched overboard and condemned and ridiculed after the race was rowed and lost. Football, meantime, has been undergoing an experience somewhat similar, and those who stand as sponsors for Harvard's sport apparently even lacking the perception to realize it. But that is—not another story—only a digression on my part.

This year an Englishman, Mr. Lehmann, in a most praiseworthy and sportsmanly spirit, came to Cambridge from London at his own expense, and has remained the entire training season, teaching the crew the English stroke. He succeeded in doing what has never before been done at Harvard, he harmonized the disgruntled rowing shades of Harvard Boston, and created some rowing enthusiasm at Harvard University.

IF NOW, BECAUSE OF HAVING LOST A RACE, to win which would have been exceptional success, Harvard falls back into that old, disgruntled, fault finding, sixes and sevens state of mind, then may she count on never winning, and of deserving her fate. For it is perfectly well established that winning teams in any branch of sport cannot be turned out until a system has been established and maintained sufficiently long to give tangible results.

If, on the other hand, Harvard will now at last profit by the experience of other years, and pursue the system established this year, then may she be assured of her measure of successes in the coming years, and all Harvard and all American sportsmen will remember with deep gratitude the visit of Mr. Lehmann.

TO TURN OUT A WINNING CREW was not the sole motive which prompted Mr. Lehmann to accept Harvard's invitation, and certainly it is not in that light American sportsmen view his visit; Mr. Lehmann's assistance was solicited in the hope that he could implant sound principles of eight oared rowing, bring order out of the boating chaos which has ruled at Harvard these many years, and establish a system which should be a guide for future coaching.

This he has done. It remains now with Harvard to carry forward the work begun, and the re-election of D. M. Goodrich to the captaincy of the crew gives me confidence that she will.

Before taking leave of Mr. Lehmann let me assure him that American sportsmen are grateful for his work for Harvard, and, above all, for the influence his sportsmanly example has had upon our college boating. We have seen the last of those days of spying substitutes and secret practice, when every oarsman not of your college was looked upon as an athletic renegade, and whoso ventured afloat while the crews were out was considered a suspicious character. Mr. Lehmann's frank example and the good sense which, after all, is one of the fundamentals of average American character, have cured this childishness. And we are very thankful.

THE STORY OF THE RACE is quickly told, for the boats were strung out when half the course had been rowed, and only Yale's several attempts to cut down Cornell's lead saved the last mile from being an uninteresting procession.

All three caught the water together on the report of the referee's pistol, but Harvard's consummate skill in the racing start sent her quickly in the lead, as it had in the Freshman race, and kept shooting her shell ahead, as on the preceding Wednesday. Yale had the better of Cornell by about a quarter boat length. After her dozen or so racing strokes Harvard settled to thirty-four, Yale to thirty-five, and Cornell to thirty-three, Yale doing some splashing, but Harvard and Cornell rowing in perfect form. At the half-mile all the crews were rowing thirty-two, and Yale having steadied, though showing an occasional break in the waist of the boat, all were pulling in form, with the positions unchanged, except that both Cornell and Yale had crept nearer Harvard.

FROM THIS POINT to the two miles a splendid opportunity offered for studying the strokes and movement of the shells.

Harvard was rowing in the form her practice promised, getting good reach and the extreme back swing; there was no break in the boat, and it had good pace, although the men seemed a bit sluggish in their movements, there was no time lost on the catch, but I missed on Friday, and from my first look at Harvard I have missed, that vicious "bite" on the water which when at Putney I noted as a characteristic of the Oxford and Cambridge stroke.

Yale was getting a little longer reach than Harvard, but not swinging back so far, she got a harder catch, and the stroke appeared to have more power, but her work did not look so smooth, although the Harvard and Yale boats at this time ran equally well between strokes.

Cornell was working beautifully together; her reach was about as long as Harvard's, and the back swing about as far (so near as the eye could judge) as Yale's, the catch was the quickest of the three, the stroke pulled well through, and the recover so smooth that the boat glided on without a check. Above all, the ease with which Cornell rowed was apparent to even the unlearned spectator. There seemed to be no effort in the rowing, and yet there was every indication of power.

FROM THE THREE-QUARTER MILE, when Cornell took the lead, to the very end there was no interruption of the smooth work and no lessening of the power. Harvard spurted and Yale spurted, running their strokes on occasions up to thirty-four and thirty-five, but Cornell, after the first half-mile, never raised her stroke above thirty-three, and for three-quarters of the four miles held to thirty-two. At the mile about a quarter shell length separated the three crews, Cornell, Harvard, Yale; at the mile and a half they still lapped, though Cornell had pulled away from and Yale drawn up on Harvard. Yale now spurted, rapidly overhauling Harvard, though Cornell, without raising the stroke, held her own, and at the two miles led Yale by a quarter-length of open water, while Yale led Harvard by about as much. From here Cornell, showing beautiful leg work, began going away quickly from Yale, and at two and a half miles had increased the open water to one and a half lengths, while Harvard was a length behind Yale. Harvard spurted at this point, and drew up somewhat on Yale. Cornell was running away from Yale, and at three miles had increased her lead to three lengths. Harvard, with a desperate spurt, drew up to within half a length of Yale, and then fell back, apparently disconcerted.

From that point, and in fact from the two and a half mile mark, the Harvard stroke was much shortened, and the rushing of the slides checked the boat perceptibly.

Yale rowed the last mile in better form than the first, and made unavailing spurt after spurt to catch Cornell, Cornell, with the same ease that had given her the lead, eased on, pulling thirty-three strokes, and holding Yale, who was doing thirty-four and thirty-five. And so they crossed the finish-line, Cornell a little over three lengths ahead of Yale, and Yale about five ahead of Harvard. Cornell and Yale both finished in good condition, but Harvard's bow collapsed just as the line was reached, and stroke collapsed immediately after crossing, and most of the crew seemed done out. Harvard pulled a game race, for the men must have been in great distress that last half-mile. Thus ended the most interesting and most instructive eight-oared race this country has ever beheld.

MUCH HAS BEEN SAID and more written about this race, and very little of it is worthy of attention. There was always sufficient reason, indeed, for uncertainty of opinion as to the result, since the race was to provide the first real test between the straight English stroke, and the American stroke with improvements suggested by experience at Henley. But at no time was there sufficient reason for the supreme confidence which before the race adjudged either Harvard or Yale the winner and entirely ignored Cornell. Prejudice for "beef" in the boat and for the rowing fad of the year (the extreme English swing) blinded old college oarsmen to the subtle efficacy of that uninterrupted gliding between strokes of the Cornell boat, caused by the modified back swing, a magnificent leg drive, and a wonderfully smooth recovery.

MANY REASONS HAVE BEEN ADVANCED to explain Cornell's success. It was not because of strength, for she averaged eleven pounds lighter than Yale, and seven pounds lighter than Harvard. It was not because of age (as one turgid New York editorial set forth), because Cornell averaged twenty-one, Harvard twenty-one and one eighth, and Yale twenty years. It was not because of better condition, for Yale was in as good. It was simply because Cornell had a better stroke—a stroke which combined to the nicest degree the maximum of power and pace with the minimum of effort.

Those who talk glibly of Cornell's "short stroke" will do well to remember that Cornell averaged the least number of strokes to the minute in last Friday's race, and that at the same number of strokes her boat travelled faster and farther than either Harvard's or Yale's.

To men who know something of rowing that fact is significant. When the general and uninitiated reader learns that a gain of one inch to every stroke means a gain of about a boat's length in four miles, perhaps he too will appreciate the advantage of an art that propels the boat with no checks between strokes.

The result of this race proclaims, it seems to me, the superiority of American rigging, care of a slight bevel on the catch, and of the modified back swing over the extreme back swing used by Harvard and all English crews. I should be confident of Cornell's present crew defeating this year's Oxford eight, or any average English 'varsity eight. In my opinion the '97 Cornell crew could not be beaten except by eight stronger, better oarsmen pulling the same stroke they employed this year.

Referee Meikleham officiated most satisfactorily.

THE NEWSPAPER EXPLOITATION OF YALE'S opposition to future boat racing with Cornell is not only premature, but in exceedingly questionable taste. Cornell showed most commendable sportsmanship in admitting Yale to the Poughkeepsie race, and it ill becomes Yale now to give voice to her prejudices so soon after her signal defeat. Cornell asks nothing of Yale. She realizes, as do we all, that Harvard and Yale are natural, traditional rivals, that the great athletic interest for them centres in one another; and that all other baseball, football, and rowing contests are of secondary moment.

If dual racing can be arranged between Yale and Cornell or Harvard and Cornell, for a series covering several years, all American sportsmen, irrespective of college affiliations, will be delighted. A triangular race appears out of the question, for there is no satisfactory course besides Poughkeepsie yet come to light, and Poughkeepsie waters have been found so disturbing (because of continuous trafficking) to training crews that I doubt if it will be again considered.

Meantime we know which university has developed the fastest crew.

VERY LITTLE SPACE IS LEFT me to comment on the Pennsylvania-Columbia-Cornell Freshman and 'varsity boat races, and, in truth, I have but little to say, not having seen Columbia or Pennsylvania for ten days. But I have enough space to condemn the unprecedented disloyalty of Columbia's *alumni*, and to censure those graduates who, themselves lending no aid, either by encouraging word or helping hand towards the success of the crews, add insult to injury by speaking unkindly of those who are giving their time and best efforts for the aquatic honor of their common *alma mater*. It is shameful. Columbia's trial is a sore one. Last year the coach on whom she depended deserted her in the hour of need; this year the coach, of whom in my judgment she has good reason to be proud, is not even half heartedly supported.

Unless some accident befalls the men, there is no doubt that Cornell will win the 'varsity race, and as the crews were when I saw them last, it seems to me the Cornell Freshmen have the best chance in their race.

It is difficult to decide between Columbia and Univ. of Penn., not because their strokes are equally good, but because Columbia has had such hard luck in having men laid off within a few days of the race. There is no comparison between the strokes. Columbia's is much the better, and if the men would learn to keep time, and get the full benefit out of the stroke Mr. Cowles has been teaching them, there would be no question in my mind as to the result of either the Freshman or 'varsity race so far as Columbia and Univ. of Penn. are concerned.

Univ. of Penn is pulling the same stroke she had last year, with perhaps a little stronger catch. Practically, however, it is the same professional sculler's "dab" at the water that has long since been considered unavailing in four mile rowing. Last year both Univ. of Penn. crews hung on to third place by sheer strength and pluck. They may get second this year through the same qualities, but if Columbia's crews do get together they ought to beat Univ. of Penn. easily.

Comment on Harvard-Yale baseball and on Harvard-Yale-Cornell Freshman boat race crowded out and reserved for next week.

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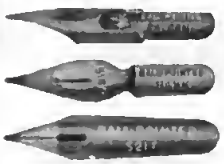

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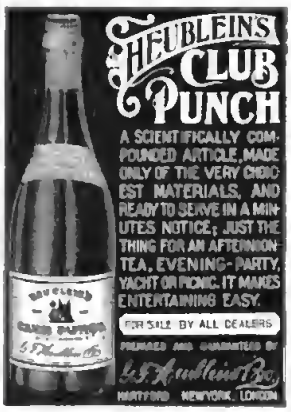

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ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller.

City of New York, Comptroller's office, Finance Department, June 8, 1897.

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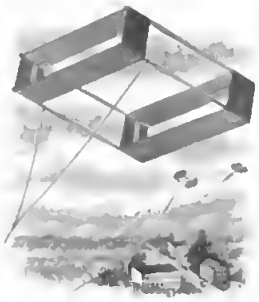

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QUEEN VICTORIA, JUNE 22, 1897.—[SEE PAGE 690.]

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JAPAN AND THE ANNEXATION TREATY.

THE more the circumstances attending the negotiation of the treaty for the annexation of Hawaii, and the more the deeds and words of those who have forced the administration into hasty action, are examined, the more suspicious appears the scheme. It is well known that the conclusion of the treaty was hastened by the outcry that Japan was preparing to take the islands, and that therefore it became the duty of the United States to agree to immediate annexation, for the protection of American interests in the islands and for the defeat of the sinister purpose of Japan. It has indeed come to this, that the alleged ambition and greed of Japan is the only excuse that is offered for the hurried and surprising act of the administration. We have it on excellent authority that Mr SHERMAN himself had assured the Japanese minister again and again that no treaty of annexation would be concluded in haste or secretly; that if such a treaty were eventually to be concluded, there would be a decent interval for consultation and for the proper adjustment of all interests involved. In view of what has taken place, the Japanese minister at Washington and his government seem to have the right to protest vigorously not only against the sudden determination of the two contracting governments, and against the failure of the treaty to protect the vested rights of the Japanese in Hawaii, but against the deception which Mr. SHERMAN has apparently practised. It will not do to answer that Mr. SHERMAN'S mind is in such a state that his acts are quite likely to conflict with his words, for Mr. SHERMAN has been deliberately made the government's representative in transactions with foreign powers, and we must be bound by what he says as well as by what he does.

If it turns out that Japan was actually not intriguing for the islands, or contemplating their seizure, no excuse whatever can be offered for the hasty negotiation of this treaty. The government has before it, as the world knows, a paper which has been called the protest of Japan. That paper has not been made public at the time of writing, but we have the highest assurance that it contains no threat, but is merely a plain statement of facts, which, when known, will necessarily confound the scheming annexationists, who have been crying out that the "Japanese are coming," for the purpose of rushing the United States into concluding the treaty which is now pending before the Senate. The so-called protest contains an assurance, that has been given more than once, that Japan has no designs whatever upon the integrity of the Hawaiian government. Mr. SHERMAN had received these assurances when he signed the treaty, and if our information is correct, the administration must have known that the fear of a Japanese invasion was a mendacious invention worked up in Hawaii, and repeated by the Hawaiian representatives at Washington, for the purpose of sustaining what all concerned in the transaction evidently believed would be surprising and probably unpopular in the United States.

The manner in which the feeling against Japan appears to have been worked up is interesting. The accusation is that Japan has been colonizing Hawaii for the purpose of overrunning the islands and making them an appanage. The truth is asserted to be, however, that Japan did not initiate what has come to be known as the work of "colonization." The initiation of the emigration of Japanese to Hawaii was the work of the Hawaiian government. The treaty of 1886, under which this movement began, was made at the solicitation of the Hawaiian government. The "coolie" system has always been against Japanese policy. The right to emigrate from Japan to Hawaii was, therefore, carefully guarded in the treaty. Afterwards, in order to permit the planters to obtain labor more freely, the treaty was modified; but emigration laws were enacted by Japan which, instead of promoting, prevented the flooding of the islands by Japanese. The law aimed to prevent the emigration of any subjects of the empire except those for whom labor could be obtained. If the emigration companies took over excessive numbers, they were subjected to heavy pecuniary loss. Under this arrangement, and guarded by these laws, emigration went on until last February, when suddenly the Hawaiian government refused to permit some Japanese to land, although, as the Japanese government claims, the emigrants came precisely as others before them had come. Claims for damages were made at once, but pending the negotiation, the cry was raised that the Japanese had hostile intentions against the islands, and the hasty conclusion of the treaty followed.

This is the case for Japan as we have it on the highest authority, and it is a case which is full of difficulties for the annexationists. So far as Japan is concerned, the treaty puts an end to the claims for damages made by her citizens who were refused a landing, and which was in the process of diplomatic settlement when the administration changed its mind. The continuing responsibilities to Japan which the present Hawaiian government has assumed will come to an end, and certain rights now enjoyed by Japanese in the islands will be terminated. Under these circumstances Japan has certainly the right to expect notice of the intended treaty, and a right to be consulted and heard in behalf of her people. She has the right, too, to complain of what she insists is the deception practised by Mr SHERMAN, who, she asserts, promised that hasty action should not be taken.

As to the annexationists, their outcry that Japan's intention to take the islands made haste necessary needs explanation, in view of the solemn assurances of the Japanese government that the accusation is false, that it has no such designs, and no designs whatever against the paramount influence of the United States in the islands.

These facts inevitably raise the question, Is this treaty of annexation an outcome of ingenious mendacity and a bargain based on the sugar schedule of the tariff bill? Is this the explanation of the change of purpose on the part of the administration?

A DANGEROUS MOVE.

SENATOR MORGAN insists that the Union Pacific property shall not be sacrificed "for the paltry sum of $26,000,000." Very few people will understand precisely what Mr. MORGAN is driving at. Fewer still will know the method by which he reaches the "sacrificial" sum of $26,000,000. It is probably the intention of the committee of which Mr. MORGAN is a member to prevent the consummation of the agreement which was made last January, in pursuance of which the government's relations with the Union Pacific and the Kansas Pacific were to be brought to an end, the roads were to be foreclosed, and the government was to receive for its liens at least $45,754,000.

As soon as this agreement was made public the advocates of the government ownership of railroads raised the point that the agreement was void on account of some alleged disregard of the mutual interests of the government and the holders of prior liens. The Senate committee of which Mr. MORGAN is a member, and of which Mr HARRIS of Kansas is chairman, reports now in favor of the payment of the paramount liens and charges out of the Treasury, and the suspension of further proceedings under the agreement until Congress shall take further action.

This is apparently the beginning of a movement in behalf of state ownership. It is a dangerous movement, notwithstanding the fact that Senator MORGAN appears as its champion, for, while his opposition might be regarded simply as MORGAN'S, the whole power of the socialistic forces is behind the scheme to force the government into the railroad business. It is because it is the ultimate purpose of the makers of this report to urge that the government shall own and operate the land-grant roads that they now urge the redemption by the government of prior liens. This would give the United States practical ownership, for it would, of course, be followed by a foreclosure which would doubtless demonstrate that the stockholders have no interest, and that the owner of all the liens must sacrifice the property or bid it in.

Is the country prepared to see the government enter into the railroad business? All who travel and send freight over railroads have a direct interest in this question. Do they think that the kind of management and administration which would result if Congress and government officers had control of the roads would make their journeys so safe and so agreeable as those which they enjoy under private management? Do they think that their merchandise would be so safe and so promptly delivered if it were in charge of government officials as it is now under the charge of trained railroad men? Will politicians be as capable as railroad men to maintain railroads, or as quick to adopt improvements? In cases of accident, would the government be ready to respond in damages? For it must be borne in mind that the payment of damages would depend upon the willingness of Congress to pass appropriation bills.

These are a few of the practical questions that suggest themselves when the question of state ownership is presented. The condition of most of the railroads in Europe over which the state has a full or partial control is not reassuring, nor are the excursions of our own government into business enterprises. The government is such a failure as a banker that its currency is not only a patch-work of feeble devices invented to meet political conditions, but it is subject to an assault at any moment which will reduce its value to the market value of the silver dollar. It carries on the post-office business not only at a loss, but with an almost total disregard of improvements and conveniences which are enjoyed by the people of the larger cities of Europe. There is no human organization so ill calculated to conduct a modern business enterprise as a democracy, and if the government be finally forced into the ownership and management of railroads, the burdens of the taxpayers will be increased, while the roads themselves will be badly managed, and will suffer from that lack of care and that indifference to details which are characteristic of political control. If Congress wants an illustration of the result of political mismanagement of what is essentially a great business enterprise, it should carefully study the history of the Erie Canal in New York State. It would find that it is the history not only of folly and incompetence, but of gross corruption, for business and politics never come together without moral loss to both. The mere thought of the increased opportunities that would be given by political control of railroads for corruption not only at Washington, but in every city and State, and at every little way-side station through which a state railroad would pass, is appalling, and the sooner the country is fully aware of the purpose of Mr MORGAN'S associates, and the more thoroughly that purpose is discussed and exposed, the better both for the material and moral well-being of the land and for the immediate future of the democratic form of government. We are not attending to our business in hand with brilliant success, and it behooves us to be very careful not to add to the tasks and the opportunities of our present race of politicians.

AS TO REVENUE.

SIX months ago the one cry was that with a revenue sufficient to meet its expenditures the national Treasury would be beyond danger, the public unrest would be stilled, and the advent of prosperity would be assured. To accomplish this end Congress was to act with force and brevity, and the special session had no other object in view. What has been the result?

A House measure was hastily passed, and was notoriously the highest measure of protection ever submitted to Congress. It purported to contain a scheme of duties that would produce a revenue of $273,501,000 a year from customs. It contained a clause intended to prevent imports in anticipation of the new tariff—a clause that led to a marked disturbance in trade by the supposed necessity of getting goods into the country and out of warehouse before the higher rates of duties could be applied. No one believed in the committee's estimate of revenue; no one regarded the retroactive clause as just or expedient. The DINGLEY bill was condemned because of its extreme protection, and of its inability to make good the deficit in the national income.

Then came the Senate measure, more moderate in rates, and accompanied by a full confession of the failure of protection to give the needed revenue. Protection was maintained, but revenue was sought for outside of the customs—in duties on beer, tea, and tobacco. Even with this outside resource, the framers of the bill could not count upon a surplus revenue, and so closely had they estimated that no revenue duty in their plan could be sacrificed without endangering the whole remedy to be secured. In the face of this solemn warning the measure in going through the Senate has been robbed of all its revenue features, and rates have been so recklessly raised along the lines that there is very little difference between the finished bill and the House measure. Extreme protection, in entire disregard of revenue needs, has controlled the changes. Too much praise cannot be given to Senator JAMES K. JONES for his sturdy fight against great odds. But his labors have ended with entering protests, and the few victories won are a mere drop in the bucket of greedy and grasping interests.

In the end Congress will be no nearer to a surplus revenue than before. This is a striking commentary on the increasing difficulties in securing necessary legislation. From 1865 to 1890 the country struggled with the question of a surplus income. It was a period of debt reduction, of tax repeal, and finally of extravagant appropriations.

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Since 1890 the scene has changed, and the approaching deficit from that year gave warning of a needed change in policy. Seven years ought to be sufficient for this, but the country is as far from having made the first steps in this change as it was in 1890. Where is the needed revenue to come from?

WEYLER'S CONCENTRATION ORDER.

IN the issue of the WEEKLY of May 29 last appeared an article by Mr. STEPHEN BONSAL, entitled "Starvation in Cuba." This article was, as will be remembered by our readers, a strong and impressive account of the sufferings of the people who have been "concentrated" in pursuance of General WEYLER's order of last autumn. The story was of starvation and disease, the consequences of a barbarous order barbarously executed.

Since Mr. BONSAL's article first appeared, more than a month ago, we have received much evidence of its accuracy and its fairness. One United States consul writes: "The effect of General WEYLER's barbarous and inhuman concentration bando [proclamation] is not overdrawn, but rather mildly given. The incidents graphically related as taking place in Matanzas .... are but a small fractional part of the atrocities committed by Spanish troops in the past, and still daily continued."

Other utterances are equally strong, and the impression that is left by them upon a fair mind must be that WEYLER and the Spanish government are not carrying on civilized warfare against the Cuban insurgents, but are trying to hold the island by means of brutalities and cruelties that for years, if not for generations, have been unheard of in warfare between civilized nations. Indeed, we do not recall any people of our time who have been guilty of such outrages as are charged against the Spaniards in their dealings with the Cubans, except the Turks and some African, Asiatic, and North American savages.

In view of the reports which we have read from American consuls, it is not surprising that among General WOODFORD's instructions is the direction that his first duty shall be "to secure relief for the pacifiers in Cuba—those persons who, not having taken up arms, have been compelled to concentrate in the cities and towns by order of Captain-General WEYLER. A demand," it is reported," will be made for the revocation of his order, which is regarded as so painfully inhuman as fully to warrant this demand by the United States."

OHIO POLITICS.

THE politics of the "October States" used to be recognized, while yet there were October States, as especially and literally demoralized. Evidently the quadrennial influx of foreign money in large quantities and the singular class of almoners raised up to distribute it were calculated to stimulate politics as a trade. It seems that the effect has outlasted the cause—at least in Ohio. Certainly it is necessary to assume that some special causes have been at work to produce the political results that we see in Ohio. A commonwealth that is socially and morally a fair average of the country, as it is geographically central to the populous parts of it, could not have arrived politically at the state of things indicated by the unopposed election of Mr. HANNA to the Senate without the operation of such causes.

Mr. HANNA is very likely more eligible to the sort of club which Senators have been trying to make of the Senate than some of his predecessors. But it would be quite absurd to pretend that he is of Senatorial quality, or that he has the kind of talents and the kind of experience that fit him to do useful public service as a Senator. No citizen of Ohio would have thought of him as a Senator if he had not thought very hard of himself in that capacity. The colleague whom he is about to join may not impress the public as a Senator of weight or dignity, but only as a very pushing politician. He might even be described as a reckless demagogue. But Mr. FORAKER has at least "served up to" the Senate by the only arts he knows, which are the arts of pushing politicians everywhere. Mr. HANNA, on the other hand, has taken a fancy to a seat in the Senate as he might have taken a fancy to a steam-yacht, and has proceeded to gratify it in much the same way. It is true that he qualified by making one appearance in politics and showing that he could "run a campaign." But the series of dickers by which he has succeeded in conciliating possible rivals, and securing his object at last unopposed, seems to cover with something that is not credit almost every conspicuous Republican in the State of Ohio. To characterize the whole arrangement it is needful only to point to the fact that one of its details was to "make a place" for ex-Senator SHERMAN as Secretary of State at a time when our foreign affairs are in a very delicate condition, and need the best attention of a statesman in the prime of his power who has given them especial study.

Not that the other party is in a condition at all more promising. The latest Democratic Senator from Ohio was Mr. CALVIN BRICE, and the leadership of the Democratic party is in dispute between him and Mr. JOHN R. MCLEAN. One does not turn with much hope from contemplating the result of the negotiations of the HANNAS and BRICKNELLS and FORAKERS to either horn of the Democratic dilemma. The political demoralization pervades both parties quite impartially. The conclusion of the disinterested spectator respecting the State of Ohio must be that which Hamlet drew from "the state of Denmark."

SOME QUESTIONS CONCERNING HAWAII.

THERE are various theories afloat as to what the "urgent political necessity" was that impelled the administration to submit to the Senate a treaty for the annexation of Hawaii. But there can hardly be two opinions about the fact that the incorporation in our political system of a territory 2000 miles distant from our shores, situated in tropical latitudes, and inhabited by a mixed population overwhelmingly Asiatic, will be a radical departure from the traditional policy of this republic, which until now has been generally believed to be natural, wise, and safe. The consummation of that departure still requires the confirmation of the treaty by the Senate. Before a matter of such incalculable importance to the American people is irrevocably decided for weal or woe, the people have a clear right to demand of the promoters of this scheme of annexation plain answers to certain pertinent questions. Among these questions should be the following:

The population of the Hawaiian Islands consists approximately of 37,000 full-blooded Hawaiians, 10,000 part Hawaiians, 15,000 Chinese, 24,000 Japanese, 9000 Portuguese, about 2000 Americans, 1500 Englishmen, 1200 Germans, and several thousand other Europeans of different origin. How many of this population are known to be in favor of annexing Hawaii to the United States? Is it not eminently probable that the feeling in favor of annexation is confined mainly to the Americans, who are about one-fiftieth part of the population, and to a comparatively small number of people under their immediate influence?

Considering that Hawaii originally belonged to the natives, and that until a few years ago they had a regularly organized government of their own, of which they were deprived by a sudden revolution carried out mainly by foreigners or people of foreign descent, should not, in justice, those natives have a voice as to the transfer of that country to a foreign sovereignty?

The report of the Secretary of State accompanying the treaty admits in terms that in 1893 the native government was overturned by an "abrupt" revolutionary movement; but it affirms that the provisional government then set up for the purpose of bringing about the annexation of Hawaii to the United States has been superseded by a government established under a constitution, with "an elective and parliamentary régime," which has been recognized by foreign nations, has maintained itself in power these four years, and must therefore be considered as competent to make a treaty transferring the sovereignty of the country. Admitting this to be true, is it or is it not also true that the constitution was made substantially by the same combination of persons that had usurped the government by an "abrupt" revolutionary act, and that the "elective and parliamentary régime" is based upon property and educational qualifications, restricting the right to vote and to sit in the legislature in such a way as practically to exclude the great mass of the population from participation in the government, and to make the government not a republic in our sense, but virtually an oligarchy, holding the majority of the people in subjection? Is it or is it not true that thus the present Hawaiian government is the direct offspring of the revolutionary usurpation, that it mainly consists of the same persons who led that revolutionary movement, and is therefore virtually identical with it? And as that revolutionary usurpation was notoriously accomplished with the lawless aid of officers and forces of this republic, is it or is it not true that if the United States accept from the hands of such a government the sovereignty of Hawaii, they virtually take advantage of a wrong committed by their own officers? Even if such acceptance were correct in point of form, would it be morally right? Would it not, in fact, be aggrandizement by wrongful aggression which we should be ashamed of, especially as we are apt to be very virtuous in denouncing such things when done by "land-grabbing" Great Britain? Will not this state of the case at least furnish an additional reason—a reason amounting to a moral obligation—for making the annexation dependent upon the fairly ascertained assent of the people of Hawaii?

These are questions of conscience: an answer to which a decent and self respecting people will demand. But even if we were capable of throwing all moral considerations aside and of brutally taking the ground that when we can get "a good thing" Hawaiians have no rights which Americans are bound to respect, still there are questions of interest upon which the American people are clearly entitled to some light before a step of such tremendous importance is taken.

Would the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands really be "a good thing"?

The President's message and the report of the Secretary of State, while giving us much on the diplomatic history of the case, have not a word to say as to whether and how this annexation will be of substantial benefit to the American people. The question is therefore in order, will there be such benefits, what will they *specifically* consist in, and to whom will they accrue? In answering these questions the advocates of the annexation scheme should not be permitted to get off with vague generalities about expanding our commerce and the like. They should be held to point out precisely what new channels of commerce and what new fields of production will be opened, and especially whether, if there be such new channels of commerce or fields of production, they could not be opened to equal advantage without burdening the United States with political responsibility for a group of islands two thousand miles away, with such a population laboring under such climatic influences.

We hear much in these days about the lowering of our standard of citizenship by undesirable immigration from Russia and from southern and southeastern Europe. How will it affect the standard of American citizenship if we embody in it a territory a large majority of the inhabitants of which are Asiatics, and the white population of which is largely Portuguese, coming from one of those corners of Europe immigration from which makes many of our people so nervous? Is it likely that the character of the population of Hawaii will very materially change for the better after annexation? Why has it not so changed since the overthrowing of the Hawaiian government in 1893, immigration being free? Have not the climatic conditions of Hawaii something to do with it? Can we ever expect people of the Germanic race to become there dominant not only in power but also in numbers? And is it not necessary that they should be dominant in numbers to form not only a government, but also a democratic commonwealth fitting into our constitutional system?

Secretary SHERMAN recognizes this trouble in saying that he wishes Hawaii to remain a Territory and never to become a State. A Territory that is never to become a State will not be an inchoate commonwealth prospectively self governing as to its local concerns, but a sort of satrapy to be permanently under the rule of the central power. How does that accord with our constitutional principles of popular government?

But is it not probable, Secretary SHERMAN's wishes to the contrary notwithstanding, that the Territory of Hawaii, in spite of the character of its population, would some time, owing to some party exigency, be precipitated as a State into the Union? Have not similar things been done before? And would not then the people of the State of Hawaii, such as they are, not only have to govern themselves locally, but also, through their Senators and Representatives in Congress and through their electoral vote, take part in governing the rest of us in this Union?

Is it not eminently probable, nay, is it not certain, that when we have once cut loose from our conservative traditional policy and are actually launched on the course of indiscriminate aggrandizement, other annexations of a similar character will come after that? Will not that involve the addition to our citizenship of more and more questionable populations, mostly tropical, which, however unfit to govern themselves, will be interested with power to participate in governing the United States? And what will be the effect upon the character and the future of the republic?

These are some of the questions—more are to follow—which the advocates of the Hawaii annexation scheme should be held to answer. Nobody will deny that these questions are pertinent, and that the American people are entitled to the fullest light on the points involved. CARL SCHURZ.

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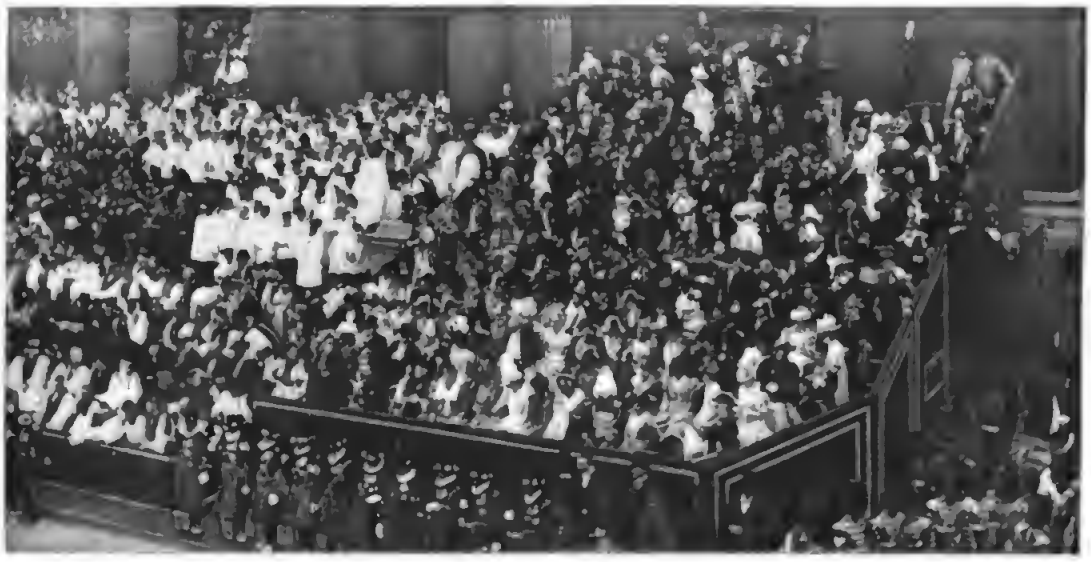

GUESTS AT SAINT PAUL'S.

THE BENEDICTION AT THE CONCLUSION OF THE SERVICE AT SAINT PAUL'S.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S DIAMOND JUBILEE.—[See Page 690]

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QUEEN VICTORIA'S DIAMOND JUBILEE—REVIEW OF THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN WAR-SHIPS AT PORTSMOUTH, JUNE 26

The Royal Yacht *Victoria and Albert* passing between the Lines.—[See Page 690.]

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THIS BUSY WORLD

THE census of 1890 credited New York with an Italian population of 39,951, which has certainly not been reduced in the last seven years. Mulberry Bend Park, the scene of Mr. Rogers's picture on another page, borders on a representative Italian quarter. In that region Italian signs, Italian shops, and Italian bankers abound; Italian mothers tend their children, usually busying themselves with something else at the same time; Italian laborers, for the moment unemployed, sit on the benches, or talk together, usually with some apparent excitement, in groups in the street. Where there are Italians in numbers there is bound to be animation, and the Mulberry Street side of the Mulberry Bend Park is one of the most animated centres of New York.

Most of the Italians in New York are very poor, and are ill-housed and coarsely fed, and have much apparently to lower their spirits. But they seem never to feel any worse than they can help. They are industrious and very frugal, and save money. Some of it they gamble away, and some is stolen from them by swindlers, but a good deal stays by them. Most of them were pinched by poverty at home before they came to New York, and knew worse things than they experience here. That seems to help their philosophy. At any rate, no part of the population of New York endures hardships with better grace or adapts itself more patiently and easily to its environment. If there is a chance to be happy, the Italian is prompt to improve it. If there is a chance to be miserable he neglects it as far as he can. His wife and his children are like him in these particulars. They borrow no trouble. When the sun shines they bask in it (provided it is not too hot); when it rains they get under cover; they have plenty of society, and like it, and for what they cannot have they work and wait.

It must have been twenty years ago that a novel-reading elderly gentleman, who was through with hard work, was heard to say that he hoped that Mrs. Oliphant would last his lifetime and keep him supplied with pleasant stories. She did. That was about the year of *The Curate in Charge*. There were thirty-eight books by Mrs. Oliphant already in existence then, and thirty-one of them were stories. Since that time at least as many more have been added to her list. She wrote not less than seventy novels, and interspersed with them biographies, histories, and books about literature and places, and wrote articles for reviews and edited foreign classics for English readers in her spare time. Her first book was *Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland of Sunnyside*, published in 1849. She had seventy-two books to her credit in 1888, and her complete works when they are collected will include something very close to a hundred titles. Let us hope they may include an autobiography. The record of a life of such diligence must be worth reading.

Considering how much Mrs. Oliphant wrote, it is astonishing how much she was able to put into her books. Her stories are nice stories of English life, which contain nothing unsuited to a young person, and which have given a great deal of innocent pleasure to a great number of readers. Even if they are not great, they are certainly good, both ethically and as literature. Queen Victoria is said to have liked them better than any other novels, and in America, as well as in England, there have been a lot of readers who have sympathized with her taste.

Besides all her stories, Mrs. Oliphant wrote biographies of Francis of Assisi, Dante, Sheridan, Edward Irving, Laurence Oliphant, Principal Tulloch, and others; a history of English literature, a book about Venice, another about Florence, and much else. One of her stories, *The Second Son*, was written in nominal complicity with Mr. T. B. Aldrich, and first appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

She was born in 1828, at Wallyford, Midlothian, and her Scotch origin and the Scotch setting of many of her stories are said to have helped to win for her the valuable approval of the Queen. Her home during most of her later life was at Windsor.

It has been edifying this last ten days to hear the Harvard men discuss the boat race, and try to determine what particular defect it was that kept Harvard practically out of it. In every meeting-place where two or three Harvard men could get together one has been sure to find an autopsy in progress, and doctors earnest in their hypotheses as to what killed the subject so surprisingly dead. Every sort of ailment has been considered. It has been held that the English stroke was not suited to the men, that a single season was not long enough to drill it into the men, that the men were too young, that they were "stale," that there was no "tiger" in them, and that there is not enough "tiger" in Harvard anyhow. There is hardly a possible moral, intellectual, or physical defect which could pervade a university which Harvard men have not considered as the possible explanation of their ill success. They take it hard. It mystifies them. It is not the being beaten in rowing that bothers them, but being so easily and monotonously beaten.

These searchings of the spirit are a wholesome exercise. Harvard's boating of late has cost her lots of trouble and has seemed to bring her little joy, but it has probably been worth all it cost. In the accomplishment of most of her undertakings Harvard, as compared with the younger universities, has great advantages of position. She has prestige and wealth; she has immediately about her the most cultivated community in the United States; she has the largest and richest and probably the most influential body of graduates at any university. In most particulars she is used to getting what she wants and getting it easily. She is not much used to struggle. She gets her share of most things without violent effort, and the same is true of a large proportion of the individuals of whom she is composed. But in boating Harvard has no advantage over even so new an institution as Cornell. She is at a disadvantage in some respects, for she has had compunctious scruples about professional coaches or even paid amateurs, with which Cornell has not been troubled, and she has also had an "athletic committee." When she meets Cornell on the water she gets right down on the level, face to face with the stern realities of life. Nothing helps her there—not prestige, nor money, nor manners, nor lineage, nor style—nothing but true lustiness and knowing how. If Yale cannot teach Harvard to beat Yale, perhaps Cornell can. Cornell keeps a pretty good school.

In spite of Harvard's reverses at Poughkeepsie, by far the most popular honorary degree conferred at the Harvard Commencement this year was the A.M. given to Mr. Lehmann, whom President Eliot, in conferring it, described as "a graduate of our mother university, a man of leisure, a man of letters, who has brought out to us from Cambridge and Oxford the best tradition of English manly sport."

Another Harvard A.M. in which there was popular interest was that given to Mr. St. Gaudens. He had taken one the week before at Princeton, and did not really need another, though he might gather as great a collection as Captain Mahan without exceeding his deserts. Since the Shaw monument has been finished and made public there have been no two opinions about Mr. St. Gaudens and his merits as a sculptor.

It is such an old story for Captain Mahan to be made an LL.D. that it can hardly excite him any more to be so honored, even by Yale. His collection of degrees must make an interesting show. He is becoming nearly as well known as a speaker as he is as a writer. He spoke, much to the edification of the diners, at the Yale alumni dinner about the possibilities of accomplishing something worth while even as late in life as after forty.

Yale conferred no honorary degree this year which stirred up so much enthusiasm as the A.M. which she gave to Mr. E. A. Abbey. Professor Fisher, in presenting Mr. Abbey, eulogized him as an American painter "whose genius as an illustrator, principally of Shakespeare and of English songs and tales, is inseparable from the power which enables him in imagination to reproduce life in past times." But this original power, he added, "would be inadequate were it not allied with cultivation of a high order and patient researches." Every reader of the WEEKLY and of HARPER'S MAGAZINE knows Mr. Abbey's pictures. The illustrations of which Professor Fisher spoke, most of which first appeared in the MAGAZINE, have since been published by the Harpers under the titles *Old Songs*, and *The Comedies of William Shakespeare*. Not every admirer of these fascinating pictures realizes how much study has gone into them, and how noted an authority Mr. Abbey has become in matters relating to mediæval times and to the eighteenth century, and especially as to the costumes and customs of those periods. Old English poetry, too, he has come to know with an intimacy practicable only to men whose hearts go out to it, and who are absolved in some measure from the need of keeping minute track of the current era and of the events recorded in its daily newspapers.

The report that Mr. E. L. Godkin has received the honorary degree of D.C.L. from Oxford seems to be well founded, though details about it are still wanting. Mr. Godkin has many admirers in this country who believe that the work he has done here, especially through the *Nation* and the *Evening Post*, has been of very great political and social value, and who will rejoice to see him honored abroad. As to his intellectual equipment and his powers as a writer, there is no question but that they fully warrant any distinction that Oxford may confer on him. It may be, however, that some curiosity may exist in this country as to the precise attitude of the English doctors toward him, and that some Americans will wonder whether Oxford honors him as a distinguished American publicist, or a notable and deserving English missionary.

It seems to be the open season for college presidents. As told last week in this department of the WEEKLY, the trustees of Brown University will have something to say to President Andrews as soon as he gets home. At Amherst, too, there seems to be something amiss. There was an institution at Amherst called the Senate which was composed of students carefully selected and which was expected to share the responsibility for the discipline of the college. But the Senate and President Gates did not work together for good, and the Senate seems to have lost its effectuality in consequence. It seems partly due to this incompatibility between the executive and representative branches of the Amherst government that there are two parties there, one of which is opposed to President Gates. The trustees had a meeting on June 29, at which it was expected that the situation would be freely discussed, and that action of exceptional importance might be taken. How far that expectation was realized as to discussion is better known to the trustees than to the public. The only action of especial interest that is of record is that the resignation of Professor Anson D. Morse as a member of the faculty was withdrawn. That bit of news President Gates announced "with great satisfaction" at the alumni meeting.

Commenting on the proposition to annex Hawaii to the United States, the *London Globe* questions our ability to protect the islands, and says, "Japan's sea power is so immeasurably superior to that of the United States that a Japanese naval demonstration would place President McKinley in a difficult and perilous position." Without going into the question of the present superiority of Japan as a sea power, it is interesting to find evidence of the engrossing quality of the attention which Japan is giving nowadays to naval concerns in a letter lately received from the Oriental Association of Japan, which notes that the first of Captain Mahan's books on the sea power has recently been translated into Japanese, and the second is being translated. The letter says: "The knowledge of naval affairs is at present the most important in this part of the world. The Japanese edition of the work has attracted the attention of our public. The naval and military colleges have adopted it as their text-book. The Imperial Household Department bought 300 volumes, in accordance with the royal purpose of subscribing for every middle, higher middle, and normal school in Japan. Several thousand volumes were sold in a day or two."

It will be remembered what lively attention was paid to Captain Mahan's works in Europe, but no European nation has touched this record of Japan. Captain Mahan himself seems to find in it a bearing on the Hawaiian annexation question, for he is quoted as saying, "If we do not at once annex Hawaii we must either resolve to give it up to Japan, or to fight her within ten years, for she will take it if we don't."

A delightful addition to the breathing-spots of New York is the new recreation pier just opened by the Dock Board at the foot of East Third Street. The long pier, which reaches well out into the river, has been topped with a covered deck enclosed with a strong railing and well provided with seats and every necessary for the accommodation of several thousand people. It makes a delightful resort for the neighboring East Siders. There can hardly be a better or brighter or more diverting place in all New York to spend a hot evening in, or to keep children in all day long.

Considering the inquisitiveness of modern humans, and how long they have ransacked the earth for traces of their remote predecessors, it seems surprising how much there is left to discover, and what treasures of very ancient history continue to come to light. Two very notable finds have recently been reported from North Africa. One of them, which does not go back of historical times, was lately made by Grenfell and Hunt, who are working for the Egyptian Exploration Fund. They report the recovery of papyri of great interest and importance from ancient rubbish mounds near Behnesch in Egypt. These old documents range from the Roman conquest to early Arab times, are written in Greek, with a sprinkling of Latin, Coptic, and Arabic, and are thought to include early Christian documents of special value, and perhaps valuable remnants of classical literature.

Another and slightly earlier Egyptian find is the discovery by Mr. Seton Karr of the great flint mines in Somaliland, from which the very beginners on the earth may have got their weapons and tools. Mr. Karr has been telling the Royal Institution about it, and makes a story which will be worth reading in detail. He suspected that there were paleolithic remains of immense antiquity in the Upper Nile Valley, and getting all the information he could, he set out to search for them. He discovered them last November, stretching for twenty miles across the desert, like ruined cities, among the cliff plateaus of Wady-Sheik, near the centre of Somaliland. One day, while tracking a lion, he made a great find of stone implements which had been buried for concealment, but had come to the surface. Professor Petrie, the Egyptologist, finds evidence in these and the other relics that men lived in Upper Egypt 200,000 years ago.

Another interesting discovery is that of the Chinese inscriptions at Hermosillo, in Mexico, which seem to prove the presence of Chinese on this continent 2000 years ago. This find is supplemented with curious timeliness by the report of F. W. Christian, of the Polynesian Society, who has discovered such traces of Chinese and Japanese in the islands of the Pacific as serve to indicate a civilization in existence 2000 years ago, and probably associated with the Central American civilization of that day. One probable result of these investigations and discoveries is that we shall finally get a credible theory of the origin of the Aztecs.

There is a chance of learning something else that is interesting from Professor Libbey's Princeton expedition which is about starting for New Mexico to look for the homes of cliff-dwellers on the unexplored table-lands near Albuquerque.

There is a great deal of good reading in Mrs. Sherwood's *Epistle to Posterity*, but nothing more entertaining than her recollections of American society in the forties and fifties. There seem to have been few people worth knowing in those days whom she did not meet, and few places worth seeing that she did not visit. She was born in New Hampshire, where her grandfather, James Wilson, was a magnate, and her father of the same name was a great popular favorite, a famous stump-speaker, a general, a Mason of note, an ardent politician, and in an uncommon degree all things to all men. In her father's company she saw most of the famous New Englanders of the forties, and all the great Americans of the day in Washington. Her memoirs include her impressions of a long string of famous people, beginning with Daniel Webster, and not ending at all. She visited Webster at Marshfield, and saw him later in Washington; she saw Dickens and his wife; she went with her father to Iowa, a long, interesting trip, in which river steamboats were the chief means of conveyance; she saw Nauvoo while the Mormons were still there; she made a steamboat trip through the Great Lakes when Mr. Van Buren was of the party, and "stopped at a little, mean, muddy town known as Chicago"; she visited at Watertown the sisters of Maria White, and came to know James Russell Lowell; she went to see Brook Farm, and remembered whom she met there; she knew Washington in the Mexican war days. She was married in the early fifties, a Saturnian era, when "almost everybody 'had about enough to live on,' and young ladies dressed well on a hundred dollars a year." She went to the West Indies on her wedding journey, and after that lived in New York, making visits from time to time to Boston, Washington, Europe, and wherever history was being made and afforded good talk in the processes of its construction.

The scope of Mrs. Sherwood's book is extraordinary. She seems to have sighted nearly every head that raised itself above the crowd in this country or in Europe for half a century, and all the people she saw she seems to have remembered. She carries along her comprehensive tale with unfailing animation, and with the ease of a habitual chronicler writing out of a full mind.

The report comes from Hartford that the estate left by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe is not as large as might be wished, and that the share which comes to Mrs. Stowe's two daughters is not sufficient for their maintenance in their mother's house in Hartford. The Rev. Charles E. Stowe, Mrs. Stowe's only son, lives at Simsbury, Connecticut, and is stated to have proposed that his sisters should come there. Hartford people who take a strong interest in the Stowes, hope that the family home in Hartford may be continued in the possession of its present occupants, and the suggestion has been made that the fund raised for the statue of Mrs. Stowe should be used instead for the purchase of the house for her daughters.

E. S. MARTIN

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"THE VINTAGE."*

A STORY OF THE GREEK WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY E. F. BENSON.

AUTHOR OF "DODO," "LIMITATIONS," "THE JUDGMENT BOOKS," ETC.

CHAPTER II.—(*Continued.*)

MITSOS adored Uncle Nicholas with undivided devotion. Uncle Nicholas was of a different and of a higher race of men than any he had ever seen—even different from and more wonderful than his father. He had been to foreign countries which you could only reach after sailing for weeks in big ships. He had been able to talk to some French sailors who had once been wrecked, within Mitsos's memory, on the coast near, and understand what they said, though no one in the place, not even the mayor, could do that. Then Uncle Nicholas used to go mysterious journeys, and turn up again when he was least expected, and he had a wonderful low soft voice, as unlike as possible to the harsh voices which Mitsos usually heard, and he had long white hands and pink nails. Also, he could shoot wild pigeons when they were flying, whereas the utmost that the mayor's son, who was considered the Nimrod of the neighborhood, could do was to shoot them if they were walking about. Even then he could only hit them if there were several of them together and he got very close. Also, Uncle Nicholas was omniscient, he knew the names of all the birds and plants, and once when Mitsos had the fever he had picked some common looking leaves from the hedge and boiled them in water and given him the water to drink. Next morning he had awoke quite well. Above all, Nicholas told the most wonderful stories about the places he had been in and the things he had done.

So Mitsos washed his hands and went up to Nicholas's room. The latter had had his bath, and was already half dressed. His dusty clothes lay on the floor, with the exception of the jerkel, which was on a chair, and he pointed to these as Mitsos came in.

"I shall be here four days at least," he said, "and I want these washed before I go away. The most important thing in the world is to be clean, Mitsos."

"Father Andréa—" began the boy.

"Well, what does Father Andréa say?"

"He says that to love God is the most important thing."

"Well, Father Andréa is right. But you must remember that I am right too. Sit down in the window, Mitsos, and talk to me. What have you been doing ever since I was here?"

"Looking after the vines," said Mitsos, "since the reaping was over. And I go fishing very often—almost every night."

"Then to-morrow we will go together. To-night I have much to say to your father."

"Will you really come with me?" asked the boy. "And will you tell me some more stories?"

"Yes. I have a new set of stories which you shall hear and give your opinion about. How old are you?"

"Eighteen—nineteen in November, and my moustache is coming."

Nicholas turned the boy's face round to the light.

"Yes an owner's eye night have detected something. Why do you want a moustache?"

"Because men have moustaches."

"And you want to be a man?" said Nicholas. "Well, I dare say you will be some day. But before we go down, I have one thing to say to you which you must remember always. If a Turk ever asks you if you know anything about me—where I am, or where I may be going—you must always say 'No.' Say you haven't seen me for more than a year. Do you understand? That must be your answer, and no other."

"I understand—simply that I have not seen you for a year, and know nothing about you."

"Yes. Whatever happens, do you think you can always answer that, and no more? I may as well tell you that if you answer more than that—if, when you are questioned—I do not say you will ever be questioned, but you may be—if you tell them where I am, or whether I am expected here, or anything of the kind you will perhaps be killing me as surely as if you shot me this moment with this gun. Do you promise?"

"Of course I promise," said the boy, frowning.

"Suppose they threaten to hill you if you don't tell them?"

"Why do you ask me?" he said. "I have promised."

Nicholas laid his hand on Mitsos's shoulder.

"And, by God, I believe you would keep it!" he said. "Now come down stairs."

Sirocco blew itself out during the night, and a light north wind had taken its place when the day dawned. The whole sky was flooded with that particular sparkling sunlight which can only be seen in the south. To the north the sharp mountainous outlines of the Argive hills were cut out against the tender blue of the sky, glowing pink in the sunrise, with all their glens and hollows brimmed with bluest shadow. To the west, a mile away, the waters of the bay gleamed with a transparent aqueous blue, as if two skies had been melted into one and poured out together. Beyond, the hills—over which wound the Turkish road to Tripoli visible in the clear air and lying along the contours of the mountains like a yellow ribbon—lay still in shadow. The lower slopes were covered with pines, above, the bare gray stones climbed up shoulder over shoulder to meet the sky. By degrees, as the sun rose higher, the light struck first the tops, and flowed carelessly down from peak to spur and spur to slope, till it reached the lower, rounder hills at the base, and then flashed across the bay and the plain of Argos. Then it caught first the tawny fortress walls of the citadel which kept guard over the town, then the town itself which clustered round its base, until suddenly from Constantine's house the rim of the sun was visible over the hills to the northeast, and the whole plain leaped from darkness into light.

There had been a heavy dew during the night, and the closely reaped corn fields were covered with gossamer webs hanging pearly and iridescent between the corn stalks. In the vineyards the upper surfaces of the broad fresh colored leaves were wet and shining, as if they had been painted anew. In that first moment of light and heat all the odors of flowering plants, and the wholesome smell of moist earth, which had been hanging as if asleep close to the ground all night, rose and dispersed themselves in the air. A breath of wind shook the web of sweet smell out of the mimosa trees that grew at the garden gate, and sent it spreading and shifting on to the veranda and in at the open windows. The border of wild thyme by the porch trembled like a row of fine steel springs as the wind passed over it, and gave out its offering of sweet savor to the morning. A sparrow lit on a sprig of rose, and flew off again, scattering dewdrops and petals. And smiling like a child, the world awoke.

During the morning Mitsos was chiefly employed making cups of coffee for a succession of men come from Nauplia to see Nicholas, and each had to be offered a cup of Turkish coffee. Nicholas sat in the veranda with his narghileh, which he smoked without intermission, and he appeared to be giving instructions to them. Among the first to come was Father Andréa, whom he treated with great respect. When he rose to go Nicholas accompanied him as far as the back gate, which led into a field path towards his house, and Mitsos, who was washing cups at the fountain, screened behind bushes, heard them go by talking.

As they parted he heard Nicholas say: "Above all, be silent. We shall want you to talk later. At present a word overheard might ruin everything, and you never know when you are not being overheard. Even now Mitsos, whom you never noticed, but whom I noticed, hears all I say to you. Mitsos, come here."

Mitsos came, cup in hand, flushed and angry.

"You are not fair to me, Uncle Nicholas," he said. "I was not listening. I could not help howling."

"No, little one, I do not blame you," said Nicholas. "I only wanted Father Andréa to see. That is but one instance, father, take care there are not more. And here is my offering to the Christ and to my patron saint for having brought me here in safety."

Nicholas kept his promise to Mitsos, and soon after sunset the two went off together to where the boat was lying. Mitsos carried a couple of big pewter ladles, a bag full of resin, a wicker creel for the fish, and two spears. Nicholas walked on a little ahead with the net wound round his shoulders. They intended first of all to do a little shore fishing, and then sail across to the other side of the bay, where they would use what the Greeks call the "sweep-net" in the shallow water where the bottom was sandy and shelving. This side of the bay, however, was rocky, went rapidly down into deep water, and here they were to spear the fish. Nicholas, however, got into the boat to arrange the net and dispose the lead in what he considered a more satisfactory manner, leaving Mitsos to do the spearing alone.

Mitsos took off his linen trousers, fastening his shirt round his waist with a leather belt. Then he slung the creel and the resin bag round his neck, and putting a little resin into the ladle, set light to it, took the spear in his right hand, and rolling up his sleeves to the shoulder, stepped into the water. He held the burning resin close to the surface, so that it cast into the sea a bright light, to which the fish which lay among the rocks would be attracted. The spear he held ready to bring down if he saw anything.

It was a scene which Rembrandt would have loved to paint. The moon was not up, but by the clear starlight you could see the outlines of the hills against the sky, and the water of the bay, waveless and still, lay vast and sombre across to the further side. The light from the resin flare vaguely showed the boat in which Nicholas was preparing the net; but all was in shadow except Mitsos's figure and a few feet of glittering water round him. The highest light was cast on his brown face as he bent forward, and on his bared arm, which stood out like a cameo against the darkness behind. As he moved, the water, which came about up to his knees, was stirred into ripples, the top of which looked as if on fire. The sea was slightly phosphorescent, and his trail was pale and luminous, like the Milky Way. Every now and then with a splendid motion he brought the spear down, and drew it up again, sometimes with a red mullet, sometimes with a small bream, flapping and struggling on the point. Now and then, but rarely, he missed, and looked up at Nicholas, smiling and showing his white teeth.

At the end of half an hour Nicholas was ready, and as a breeze had sprung up, ruffling the surface of the water and making it difficult to see the fish distinctly, they started to sail across the bay. Mitsos waded out to the boat with his trousers and shoes in his hand, and rubbed his hand down his legs to get the dripping water off before he dressed. The wind was light but steady, and Mitsos set the big red sail, and giving a vigorous shove as two with the oar, sent the boat round so that it caught the wind. In a moment it heeled over without stirring, and then a little whisper of water came from the forefoot as it began to move, and gathering speed, it glided on across the dark water.

Nicholas had taken the rudder, and Mitsos sat down beside him.

"Eight mullet and a dozen other fish," he said. "That's not bad for half an hour. We must go just under that point. Do you see it? There is a house with a light burning a little above it."

"I see. It will take nearly an hour with this wind. What shall I do to amuse you?"

"Will you tell me some of the new stories, uncle?"

"That's not a bad idea."

CHAPTER III.

NICHOLAS paused a moment.

"Mitsos," he said, "I am going to tell you about a part of my life which I have never told you before, for until now I have only told you boys' stories to amuse you. But now I am going to tell a story for a man. This all happened twenty years ago, when I was a brigand."

Mitsos stared.

"A brigand, Uncle Nicholas! You?"

"Brigand, outlaw, whatever you like to call it. A man with a price set on his head; a man without any home but the mountains. Yet one may do worse than live in the mountains, Mitsos. The first part of my story is like many other stories I have told you before; it is the second part, when I tell you why I was a brigand, that will be new to you—a story, as I have said, not for a boy, but for a man.

"I used to live then at Dimitzana, in Arcadia, and I became a brigand on the night that my wife died. But that belongs to the second part of my story. Well, there I was living in the mountains round Arcadia, sheltering, and hiding for the most part of the day in the woods, but keeping near some mountain path, so that if a Turk or two or three came by I could—how shall I say it?—do business with them. For a month or two I was quite alone, and then I was joined by other men from Dimitzana, who had become outlaws too. With them I conducted operations on rather a larger scale, we used to take Turks, and get ransoms for them. But never did we take or molest a Greek, or lay hands on any woman, Greek or Turk."

Nicholas paused a moment, and laughed gently to himself.

"Never in my life shall we forget when we took Mohammed Bey—a fat old man, Mitsos, and a devil. To see him tied on his mule, crying out to Allah and Mohammed to rescue him from the infidels, as if Mohammed hadn't something better to do than look after such swine! I told him that he would only spend a day or two with us in the mountains, until his friends ransomed him, adding that we would do our best to make him comfortable. But he wept tears of pure oil, Mitsos, and said that Mohammed would avenge him, which as yet the prophet has omitted to do. But there is one drawback to that sort of life, Mitsos—one cannot keep clean. Sometimes, if one is travelling or being pursued, one has to go a whole day as more without water to drink, much less to wash in. Once, I remember, we had been all day without water, and could not find any when we stopped for the night. But there was a heavy dew, and though it was a cold night, we all sat without our shirts for hours, laying them on the ground until they were wet with dew, and then wringing them out into our mouths. Ah! horrible, horrible!"

Nicholas spat over the side of the boat at the thought, and then went on.

"For the most part we lived in the Achaian mountains, but somehow or other, when summer began, we all with one accord moved southwards again. We never spoke to each other of where we were going, for we all knew. And one evening, just before sunset, we stood on the brow of a big wooded hill above Dimitzana and looked at our homes again. Homesickness and want of water—these were the two things which made me suffer; and I would sooner be without water than be homesick.

"All the next day we stopped there, sitting on that spur of wooded hill, looking at home as if our eyes would start out of our heads. Now and then one of us, and now another, would roll over, burying his face in his hands, and the rest of us would pretend not to notice. I don't know for certain what the others did when they buried their faces like that, for myself I can only say that I sobbed. And it hurts a man to sob, unless he is a Turk, for Turks sob if the coffee is not in their liking.

"That evening I could bear it no longer, and I said to the others, 'I must go down and see my house again.' They tried to stop me, for it is a foolish thing for an outlaw to go home when there is a price set on his head, but I would not listen to them.

"And I went down to the village and walked up the street, past the fountain, and past the church. I met many Greeks whom I knew, but I made signs to them that they should not recognize me. Luckily for me, the garrison of Turks had been changed, and though I passed several soldiers in the street, they stared at me, being a stranger, but did not know who I was.

"Then I went up past the big plane-tree and saw my house. The windows were all broken, and the door was down, as I had seen it last, and on the door-step my father was sitting. He was very old—eighty at least—and he was playing with a doll that had belonged to my daughter."

Nicholas paused a moment.

"Mitsos," he went on, "you do not know what it is to feel keen passionate joy and sorrow mixed together like that, indicrously.

"It is not right that a man should have to bear such a thing, for when I saw my father sitting there nursing the doll I could not have contained myself even if two companies of angels had been withstanding me, or twenty of devils, and I ran up to him and sat down by him, and kissed him, and said, 'Father, don't you know me?' But he did not say anything. He only looked at me in a puzzled sort of way and went on nursing his doll. The doll had a red dress on, I remember, and blue shoes. It is odd that one remembers these little things; and the stupid face of it, somehow, I remember better than the face of my father.

"I stopped in the village for an hour, perhaps more, and I swore an oath which I have never yet forgotten, and which I will never forget. In the church we have a shrine of the blessed Jesus, and another to his mother, and one to St. George, and to each of them I lit tapers, and prayed to them that they would help me to accomplish my oath. They have helped me, and they will help me. And you, Mitsos, can help me too."

The boy looked up.

"What was your oath, Uncle Nicholas?" he said, "and how can I help you?"

He laid his hand on Nicholas's knee and Nicholas felt it trembling. The story was going home.

"I will tell you," he said, "but first I must tell you how it was I became an outlaw. It was this way:

"You never knew my wife. She died before you were

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2120.

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MULBERRY BEND PARK—A FAVORITE SPOT WITH THE ITALIAN COLONY OF LOWER NEW YORK CITY.
DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE "THE BUSY WORLD," PAGE 692.]

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THE MOULD LOFT—STUDENTS RECEIVING INSTRUCTION IN SHIP-BUILDING.

AN OLD COUPLE'S ROOM

ONE OF THE STUDENTS' WORK ROOMS

THE WEBB HOME

AN INTERESTING GAME IN THE SMOKING-ROOM

A CLASS AT WORK IN THE DRAFTING-ROOM

THE WEBB ACADEMY AND HOME FOR SHIP-BUILDERS, FORDHAM HEIGHTS, NEW YORK.—[See Page 691.]

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born. She was the most beautiful and the best loved of women, and your cousin Helen, to whom the doll belonged, would have been as beautiful as her mother. A fortnight before I became an outlaw there came a new officer to command the garrison at Dimitzana. He was a pleasant seeming man, and to me, being the mayor of the village, he paid much attention. He would sit with us in the garden after dinner, and sometimes I asked him to take his dinner with us; sometimes he asked me to dine with him. But Catharine always disliked him, often she was barely civil to him. He had been in the place nearly a fortnight, when I had to go away for a night, or perhaps two, to Andritsaena, for the election of the mayor—for I came from Andritsaena, and had a vote in the matter. I left about mid-day; but I had not gone more than four hours from the town, when I met a man from Andritsaena who told me that the election would not take place, as two of the candidates had resigned. So I turned my horse round and went home.

"It was dark before I got to the village, and I noticed that there was no light in my house. But I supposed that Catharine was spending the evening with some friend, and I suspected nothing. But it got later and later and she did not come, so at last I went out and called at all the houses where she would be likely to be. She was not at any of them, and no one had seen her. So at last I determined to go to the officer's quarters and ask if he had seen her. There was a dim light burning in one of the windows, but the door was locked. It was when I found that the door was locked that I drew my pistol from my belt, and I waited a moment. In that moment I heard the sound of a woman sobbing and crying from inside the house, and the next minute I had burst the door open. The room inside was dark, but a staircase led up from it through the floor of the room above and I ran up it. Helen—she was only seven years old—ran across the room, perhaps hearing my step, crying, 'Father, father!' and as my head appeared the officer fired. He missed me, and shot Helen dead.

"Before he could fire again, I had fired at him. He never spoke or moved, and he fell with a rattling broken sound across the floor. Catharine was there, and she came slowly across the room to me.

"'Ah, you have come,' she said. 'You are too late.'

"I sat down on the bed, and my throat was as dry as a sirocco wind, and laid the double-barrelled pistol, still smoking, by me. Neither of us, I am sure, gave one thought to the man who was lying there—perhaps hardly to Helen, for dishonor is worse than death, and I sat like a thing broken."

"'You are too late,' she repeated; 'and for me this is the only way.'

"And before I could stop her, she had taken up the pistol and shot herself through the head.

"The shots had roused the soldiers, and two or three burst in up the stairs. With the officer's pistol, for I had no time to reload mine, I killed the first, and he went bumping down the stairs, knocking one man over. I opened the window and dropped. It was not more than ten feet from the ground, and I had a few feet to fall."

He paused for a moment and stood up, letting go of the rudder, and raising his hand.

"Blessed Jesus," he cried, "and blessed Mother of God, and holy George, help me to keep my vow!"

He stood there a moment in silence.

"And my vow—" he said to Mitsos.

"Your vow—your vow!" cried Mitsos. "Your vow is to root out the Turk! Christ Jesus, the devils! Oh, oh! But to-morrow I too will light tapers to the holy saints, and make the vow you made. And you must show me how to keep it."

"Amen to that," said Nicholas.

He sat down again and took the rudder, and for five minutes or so there was silence, broken only by the steady hiss of the water round the boat. From over the hills towards Tripoli there came every now and then flashes of summer lightning. The lamp in the house above the point to which they were steering had been put out, but they were now not more than a couple of hundred yards from the shore and the promontory itself was clearly visible. Towards the east the hills looked blacker than ever, for the moon was on the point of rising behind them, and the deep velvet blue of the sky had tinted to dove color.

Nicholas was the first to speak.

"And now I have told you, Mitsos," he said, "and for the present we will think about our fishing. Can we run the boat in behind the promontory?"

"Yes; there is four feet of water right up to the land. Just there the shore goes down rapidly. I will take in the sail."

"There is no need. As soon as we pass the corner it will be dead calm."

Nicholas put the helm round as soon as they rounded the little point, and in a moment the sail flapped like a wounded bird against the mast, and they ran up to the rocks. Mitsos jumped out and tied the boat up.

They lifted the net on shore, and made their way round the wooded headland to the little sandy bays where they were to fish. Here the shore was sandy and shelving, with occasional clumps of succulent sea-weed which grew up from the rocks below—a favorite feeding ground, as Mitsos knew, for mullet and sole. Nicholas had put on Constantine's long fishing boots, reaching up to his hips, before he left the boat—Mitsos, as before, merely taking off his shoes and trousers.

The net was about twenty-five yards long, and Mitsos, taking one end in his hand, stepped into the water at right angles to the shore. He waded out till the net was taut between them, and then Nicholas followed. As soon as the latter was some two yards from the shore they both moved towards the head of the little sandy cove which lay in front of them, getting gradually nearer together as they approached it, till, when they were within five or six yards of the land, they were walking together, the net trailing in great bag behind them. The resistance of the water and the dragging of the lead along the bottom made it hard to pull, and it was a quarter of an hour or so before they got on land. The moon had risen, and it was easy to see the silvery glitter of the fish as they lay in the dark meshes of the net. The flat, brown soles, however, required a more careful search, and towards the end, when the net was nearly empty, they had to wait till they heard the flapping of the fish, and guided their search by the sound.

They fished for an hour or two, not catching much, until Mitsos proposed they should try a little further down the coast, where shoals of a certain small fish, rather like whitebait, often lay. The water here was rather deeper, and before going in he took off his shirt, leaving it on the rocks. Nicholas, who had put himself completely under Mitsos's directions, waited in the shallower water near the shore till the boy had waded out into the deeper water, which came rather above his waist. Then, as before, they moved in converging lines towards the shore.

They had approached to within about twenty yards of the beach, and within about five yards of each other, when Mitsos stopped and pointed. The upper edge of the net, fitted at intervals with corks to keep it floating, was visible on the light surface of the water, trailing in an irregular oval. But inside this oval the water was strangely agitated and unquiet, and every now and then a little silvery speck would appear on it.

"Look!" he said to Nicholas; "the little fish are there. We must be as quick as we can. Sometimes, if the shoal begin jumping, they will all jump out."

And bending forward to get his whole weight into the dragging net, he pushed forward towards the land.

The moonlight fell full on his body, dripping and glistening from the waist downwards with the salt water, and throwing the straining muscles of his back into strong light and shadow as he pulled against the weight of the dragging net. Nicholas and he were close to each other, not more than ten yards from the shore, and Mitsos was pulling with all his might, not looking behind him at the net, but with head and back bent in water about a foot deep. Suddenly from the net there came a rustling, splashing sound like little pebbles being thrown into the sea, and he turned round just in time to see the whole shoal, which glistened like a silver sheet, rise and drop into the water outside.

"The little devils!" he said. "They are all gone."

"We may as well pull the net in and look," said Nicholas. "There may be a lot still in."

Mitsos shook his head.

"When they go like that it is all of them," he said.

Mitsos was quite right. There was a stray fish or two still in the net, but so few they were hardly worth picking out.

"That will do for to-night, won't it?" he said. "We have fished all the best places."

He lay down and rolled over in the warm dry sand once or twice, and then standing up, brushed the wet stuff off his body. Then spreading the net out on the rocks higher up on the beach, he went off to fetch his shirt. Nicholas employed himself in picking up a few stray fish and put them into the creel. Then rolling up the net, they walked back to the boat.

The wind which had taken them straight across the bay still blew from the same quarter, and was dead against them. They would have to make two long tacks to get home, the first right across to the island in the middle of the bay, the second back again to the head of it. This second tack brought them close up under the sea-wall of Abdul Achmet, and the white house gleamed brightly in the moonlight. As Mitsos was putting about, Nicholas looked at it curiously.

"That is a new house, is it not?" he said.

"Yes, it is the house of that pig Achmet," said Mitsos, cheerfully.

"Why is he a particular pig?"

"Why, he took our vineyard away, and said he would pay a fair price for it. Not a penny has he paid. Look, there are a couple women on the terrace."

Two of the women of the house were leaning over the wall. Just as they turned, Nicholas saw a man—probably one of the eunuchs—come up out of the shadow, and as he got up to them he struck the nearer one on the face. The woman cried out, and said to him, "What is that for?"

Nicholas started, and looked eagerly towards them.

"Did you hear, Mitsos?" he said. "She spoke in Greek."

Mitsos was rather cross about the escape of the shoal.

"One of those women?" he said. "Why shouldn't she?"

"How do you suppose she knows Greek?"

"I don't know. We shan't get across in this tack."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MUSIC AND DRAMA

No prettier tribute has been paid to a musician, and at the same time to a musical work of graceful art, than the erection and dedication some weeks ago of a statue to the composer Adolf Adam, at Longjumeau. The memorial is a costly and tasteful one, its main detail being the immortal Chapelou, Postilion of Longjumeau, with his whip in his hand. Chapelou was a purely imaginary knight of the coach whip. But one is almost ready to forget and forgive that. Perhaps he may yet become a local myth of some density, with Longjumeau able to contend proudly for his existence as do Coventry, Fredericktown, Verona, and other places for their heroes and heroines. By a singular omission there is not a monument to Adam anywhere else in France, not even in Paris. He was a singularly gifted musician, and in the *Postilion* and *Giselle* often an exquisitely inventive one. *The Postilion of Longjumeau* is seldom heard nowadays in this country; but it is a stock favorite in France and Germany, and bids fair to be immortal in the repertory of the small opera-houses.

The movement of the musical world is at all times so hurrying and clamorous that time and space in the public prints seem alike something too short to pay even scant respect to the dead. There have been in course of the past few months significant additions to music's necrology. Brahms has been, of course, a universal loss. Not to be passed over are the aged Wilhelm von Wasielewski, the violinist, conductor, and author of the well-known and standard biography of Schumann; Halanzier, so long the director of the Opéra at Paris; and Bina Steffanone, an Italian soprano, whose once shining name has long since passed with distinction into the history of lyric art. In Paris died, after poverty and utter obscurity during forty long years, Madame Falcon, "the incomparable Falcon," a French dramatic soprano at the height of her brief powers and grand reputation in 1835, the "creator" of the rôles of Valentine and Rachel. All her after-story is one of the most melancholy of commentaries on the risks run by stage singers of living so long after their careers that people are amazed to learn death has so long spared them.

"Octavia Hensel" (Mrs. Fonda), an American musician, musical editor, and a writer on musical topics, critically and descriptively one of much individuality and force, died last month at her Southern home in the sixty-first year of her age. The announcement of the death of Max Maretzek, the operatic impresario, some weeks ago, was something to excite regretful interest in many cities of the United States. His personal and professional history is one written into the story of operatic undertakings in New York and Philadelphia. A long list of artists of the first rank and many operas, at the time equally new to United States audiences, were brought to us by his enterprise. He was thought a fairly successful manager, so far as concerned the pecuniary outcome of some of his seasons. But when he gave over the business he was far from doing so with a profit, and he died, like almost all opera purveyors, a poor man. Mr. Maretzek was about seventy-six years of age. Berthold Tours, the popular song-writer, and William T. Best, well known among English organists, have also died as the season closed. A curious uncertainty attached for some weeks to the announcement, from Italy, of the decease of Roberto Stagno, the tenor, the husband of Madame Bellincioni. There is an Alberto Stagno, also a singer, and the telegrams gave both names. Roberto Stagno was of importance here, many years ago, as one of the two chief tenors of the Metropolitan's opening season under Mr. Abbey.

The sea-side village of Asbury Park has lately been getting itself into an official state of mind as to the "sacredness" of the music discoursed on Sundays by its official band. It would be difficult to find a community where such dubitations would come more in the natural course of things. It must be admitted that in the question of a public orchestra's programmes for the first afternoon or evening of the week lies a rich and exhaustless mine for argument, apt to be less intelligent than heated. Perhaps it is worth while to remind those aggrieved over it or a similar question that more than anything else it is a matter of the choice of good music, and of the avoidance of music with inappropriate associations hanging around it. There is a religious style in music, but it has not determined itself with particular relation to the concert hall or the band kiosk, and a concert programme of summer or winter flavor scarcely can be put together on the basis of ecclesiastical melody and the hymn-book. Not long ago, in preparing a public reception for a Christian Science gathering, the request was made that the orchestral music "refer to the work and convictions" of the Scientists. It was found impracticable to carry out this desire, although stress was laid on "including the Faith Theme in Wagner's *Parsifal*!" One tune, as a tune, is as religious as another, exactly as one picture or statue as an art work is as sacred as another. We do not hang cloths over the paintings in the drawing-room on Sunday because their topics are not religious. There is no good reason in art or religion for silencing a movement of a Beethoven symphony or a bit of Bach or Haydn or Mendelssohn that is well included. The propriety or impropriety of the selections is chiefly involved with associations and sentiments. The comic opera, the dancing-floor, the vaudeville stage, and, generally speaking, the theatrical and trashy, well may be tabooed at Asbury Park or anywhere else on at least that one day in the week, when their offence is not only artistic, but to many persons an error that seems to go a great deal deeper.

The operatic sensations of the moment in Europe are two. One is actually of Germany, musically moribund Germany, and hence all the more to be commended for animating herself. August Bungert has added the final opera of Homeric scenes and characters to the group of which his *Nausicaa* was so interesting a success more than a dozen years ago, and his new work, *The Return of Ulysses*, has been received with a solid cordiality that must rejoice the heart of a composer, not for the multitudes in his style. *Haschisch*, a new one-act score written on an Oriental theme by Oscar von Chelius to a dramatic book by Delmar, is passing the rounds of all the larger opera-houses with a swiftness like nothing since Hummel's *Mara*. Of both these works it has been stated that Mr. Walter Damrosch holds the American rights.

Apropos of Mr. Damrosch's plans and singers, among them are mentioned Mr. Alfred Alvarez, the admirable tenor of the Paris Opéra, and beyond question one of the finest lyric and dramatic artists now on the European stage. Mr. Ernest van Dyk excepted, there is really no other tenor that it is worth while just now to try to bring to this difficult America of ours as one that its delicate musical palate may be reasonably expected to relish. Mr. Alvarez said last year that he would not and could not come to New York for—how many reasons and seasons was it? But he seems to have changed his ideas. Madame Marcella Sembrich, too, is specially announced as among Mr. Damrosch's captured artists, though it is said that Madame Sembrich will be heard only in concert. We shall see. The success here of this gifted and amazingly versatile *coloratura* artist is not yet so far back that we need expect unsatisfactory echoes of it if this winter brings her again across the ocean. Never was a more charming Rosina heard in this city! In remembering the evening when she won a threefold triumph as a fine pianist, a superior violinist, and an unusual operatic soprano thanks to her rather bewildering endowments and musical training, some of us can also smile over an earlier evening. It brought the *Barbiere*, and in the "Music Lesson Scene" Madame Sembrich dared to try to sing Proch's "Variations" and Mozart's "Gli angui inferno" in a breath, so to say; she fared very ill in that business of sheer audacity, and so nearly annihilated Mr. Vianesi, whose conducting had led up to the failure as can even a prima donna in a fury do it! If Mr. Damrosch should import Madame Delna, Madame Bellincioni, Ernest van Dyk, M. Renaud, and perhaps Maurel, he would give us the finer flower of the Continent's opera-houses that would be new to New-Yorkers.

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The rebellious goings on of those luckless animals who are dragged into publicity in course of one opera or play or another, are too often a subject of rebuke, mirth, or terror to the audience. In New York we have given up producing Brünnhilde's steed, the redoubtable Grane; and it is well to avoid all mounts for the Valkyrs, ride they never so fiercely in the score. But we still have a nag or a cavalcade of nags in *Carmen*, *Tannhäuser*, *The Huguenots*, and other operas; and with their gawky movements and thumping hoofs and pieced out tails they do not much embellish the swelling scene. Not over in a Roumanian theatre what happens but an incident to strike dread even to a whole Metropolitan parquet! A horse, "a black horse," is prancing out in his armor and much glory, in *La Juive*. His neck is clothed with—the best of velveteen. He becomes excited and unmanageable. He bolts the scene—but toward, not from the foot lights! He throws his rider, he jumps into the orchestra, he smashes a double-bass and a double bass player, he escapes destruction by a miracle, he scrambles out of the orchestra, he runs "the length of the side aisle" of the auditorium, and falls in a fit in the corridor—to be haled thence by the stage management. "Several ladies fainted." One would think any lady of distinction and a sense of the becoming at least might faint! Some evening we will be having a bit of this same sort of equine tragedy in our more sober lyric temple. There is one horse in the employ of the Metropolitan now who is thinking about just such an escapade.

Are we hankering for superior vaudeville shows or orchestral concerts in New York? with better playing and singing at them, and with more gracious auditoriums? Or are many good folk of wealth and taste only trying to revert to an ancient and so to say aristocratic exclusiveness in performances and listeners? That which is excellent but familiar can be distinctly glorified and turned to something not only rich but strange, if social conditions are enlisted to hedge it in. It would, however, be pessimism not to extend the glad hand to a new undertaking that sets out as ambitiously and seriously as "The Society of Musical Arts" (hardly a title of enough individuality), that purposes to give winter entertainments in the new Astoria Hotel. These performances will begin late in the evening and continue until midnight. Admission will be permitted only to subscribers, and a well-selected board of incorporation and more or less musical direction includes such well known men as P. Lorillard Ronalds, Jr., Cooper Hewitt, Norman de R. Whitehouse, Stanford White, George R. Gheenzer, Edward H. Wales, Robert Reid, Brander Matthews, Preble Tucker, George H. McLean, and John Dufais. E. IRENÆUS STEVENSON.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S DIAMOND JUBILEE

The Queen's Entry into the City—the Lord Mayor presenting the Pearl Sword at the Griffin (where Temple Bar originally stood).—[See Page 690.]

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PROCESSION PASSING SAINT GEORGE'S CIRCUS.

THE SERVICE A

ARRIVAL OF LIFE-GUARDS AT SAINT PAUL'S—HEAD OF PROCESSION.

FOREIGN REPRESENTATIVE

QUEEN VICTORIA'S DIAMOND JUBILEE—THE PROCESSION,

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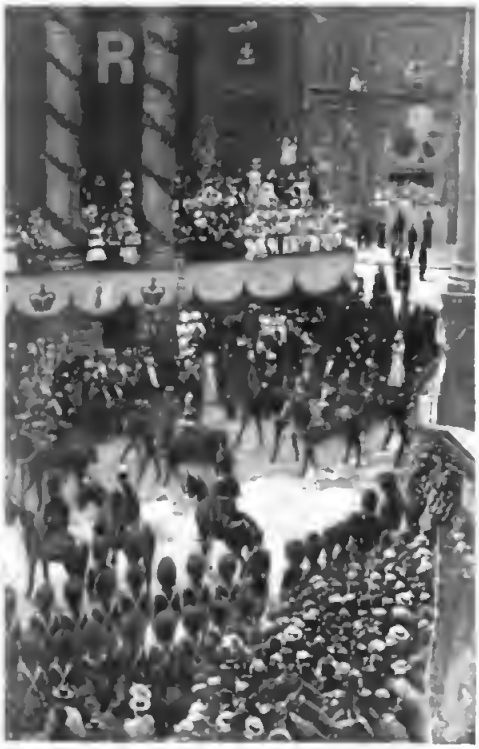
SAINT PAUL'S

PROCESSION PASSING SAINT CLEMENT DANES CHURCH, STRAND.



PASSING THE MANSION HOUSE.

COLONIAL TROOPS PASSING THE MANSION HOUSE.

AND THE SERVICE AT SAINT PAUL'S, JUNE 22.—[SEE PAGE 690.]

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THE ILLUMINATION AT THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S DIAMOND JUBILEE.

Thanksgiving services throughout the United Kingdom marked the beginning of the Queen of England's week, on Sunday, June 20. At St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, a private service was held, which was attended by the Queen, the members of the royal family, and a few intimate friends. A public service was held in the chapel in the afternoon, when Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" was rendered by a chorus of 500 voices. At St. Paul's Cathedral the special Jubilee envoys, diplomats, and judges in their robes of state, were gathered to hear Bishop Creighton's declaration that the British had to commemorate not the growth of material prosperity during the Victorian era, not the extension and consolidation of the empire, but the gradual recognition of the truth that England must have a growing consciousness of her universal mission, which was founded on a belief in justice and righteousness. The Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of York, and the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, the American ambassador, Colonel John Hay, and Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the special envoy, were of the Bishop's congregation. Bishop Potter, of New York, preached in the Windsor parish church. The Lords attended a special service in Westminster Abbey, the Commons in St. Margaret's Church, Baron Rothschild and the Lord Mayor of London in the great synagogue. Great crowds thronged the streets to view the decorations along the route to be traversed by the royal procession. Meantime the work of building the stands and otherwise completing the preparations went forward day and night.

On Monday the Queen, accompanied by Empress Frederick and the princesses Beatrice and Christian, alighted from the saloon train at Paddington Station half an hour after noon. Long before this moment of arrival the city had intermitted all other business in order to organize itself, or to be organized by its police, into one vast and tremendously enthusiastic yet orderly committee of reception. Her Majesty was waited upon at the station by the Paddington Vestry, who presented her with an address of congratulation. Princess Christian handed the reply, in manuscript, to the Queen, who in turn gave it to Vicar Abbott, of Paddington. In substance the reply was an expression of her thanks and good wishes, and a coupling of the name of the Prince of Wales with that of the late Prince Consort in connection with charities which, the Queen felt, were not less dear to her son than they had been to her husband. An open carriage drawn by four horses, with postilions and out-riders, and escorted by a body of the Life Guards, conveyed the Queen to Buckingham Palace. The vast crowds along the route cheered continuously. Pavements, balconies, and windows were packed with sight-seers. The royal standard was hoisted over Buckingham Palace at 1.05 o'clock.

At 7.30 o'clock on Tuesday, June 22, the streets on the north side of the Thames were closed to ordinary traffic; half an hour later they were similarly closed on the south side of the river. Owners of seats on stands were permitted to drive to them up to ten o'clock, but in point of fact many reached their seats in stands, or obtained access to the houses in which they had bought windows, as early as seven or half past seven. The Queen breakfasted at nine, at which time the special envoys began to arrive, the United States special envoy, Whitelaw Reid, being the first to appear. A little later came the princes who were to take part in the escort, and then the Duke of Cambridge, carrying his field-marshal's bâton and wearing the Ribbon of the Garter; then the Lord Chamberlain and a score of white wand chamberlains. By 10.20 the carriages of the envoys were filled. Less than an hour afterwards the Queen slowly descended the stairs, assisted by an Indian attendant. At the foot of the stairway she paused for a minute, and by touching an electric button flashed this message around the world: "From my heart I thank my beloved people. May God bless them." The Princess of Wales and the Princess Christian joined her, and at 11.15 the Queen's coach started, with the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Duke of Connaught as its immediate escort.

The march had begun at 8.45 with the Royal Horse-Guards in advance. Lord Frederick Roberts commanding the colonial troops, came next, and then Canadian hussars, and dragoons of the Northwest police and New South Wales Lancers and Rifles, and then the First Colonial Premier, Mr. Laurier (now Sir Wilfred Laurier), and a little later the other strong Colonial Premier, Mr. S. H. Reid, then Victorian and New Zealand mounted troops, and Cape of Good Hope Mounted Rifles, in scarlet and white, and the escort of Newfoundland's Premier, Sir W. V. Whiteway, and Natal troops, and typical Crown Colony troops, and local militia from Hong-kong, Singapore, Ceylon, Mauritius, Jamaica, St. Lucia, Bermuda, and zaptiehs from Cyprus, and Borneo Dyaks, and Trinidad field artillery, and Sierra Leone militia, and British Guiana police, and hussars.

The first part of the procession was colonial. The second section, far less significant, was "emblematic of Britain's war strength."

When the third section, the royal procession proper, moved to join the rear of the military procession, the aides-de-camp of the Queen came first—a long list of names, very few of which—apart from those just mentioned, the Prince and the Dukes of Cambridge and Connaught—would seem familiar to readers of the Weekly. The Duke of Westminster, as Lord Lieutenant of London, rode next, and after him a cavalcade of the head-quarters staff; lieutenant-generals, major-generals, and field-marshals; officers of the auxiliary forces in attendance on the Prince of Wales, equerries, gentlemen-in-waiting, and foreign military and naval attachés; General Miles, representing the United States, and General Lagron representing France. A deputation from the First Prussian Dragoon Guards followed, and after the Germans came the officers of the imperial service troops from India, and next came special envoys in eleven landaus from the royal mews. In the fifth carriage were the envoys of the United States, France, and Spain.

Other carriages followed, each drawn by four horses, and occupied as follows.

First carriage—Lady-in-waiting to Princess of Wales, Chamberlain to Empress Frederick, Lord-in-waiting to Queen, Chamberlain to Princess of Wales.

Second carriage—The Lady of the Bedchamber, the Mistress of the Robes to Empress Frederick, Lord Steward, and Lord Chamberlain.

Third carriage—Princess Alice of Albany, Princess Alice of Battenberg, Princess Ena of Battenberg, and the Mistress of the Robes.

Fourth carriage—Princess Victoria Patricia Connaught, Prince Arthur Connaught, Princess Victoria Schleswig-Holstein, Princess Feo of Saxe-Meiningen, and Prince Alexander Battenberg.

Fifth carriage—Princess Beatrice of Coburg, Princess Margaret of Connaught, Princess Louise of Battenberg, Princess Albert of Anhalt, and Duke of Albany.

Sixth carriage—The Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, Princess Frederic Charles of Hesse, Princess Adolph of Schaumburg-Lippe, and Hereditary Princess of Hohenlohe-Langenburg.

Seventh carriage—Princess Charles of Denmark, Princess Frederick of Hanover, the Duchess of Teck, and Princess of Bulgaria.

Eighth carriage—Princess Victoria of Wales, the Duchess of York, Princess Henry of Prussia.

Ninth carriage—The Duchess of Fife, Grand Duchess Sergius, Grand Duchess of Hesse, Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.

Tenth carriage—Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Duchess of Coburg, Duchess of Connaught, Duchess of Albany.

Eleventh carriage—Empress (Dowager) Frederick, Crown Prince of Naples, Princess Louise, Duke of Coburg.

Two senior equerries rode by the carriage of the Empress (Dowager) Frederick.

The colonial escort and the Second Life Guards soon passed, and then the curiosity of a London crowd was fed almost to surfeit. With the Marquis of Lorn and the Duke of Fife at their head came a host of British and foreign princes and dukes.

The carriage in which the Queen rode was one with the appearance of which her subjects were familiar—a claret-colored landau lined with vermilion. The magnificent "Hanoverian creams"—eight of them in new harness—have already been illustrated in the Weekly. The other royal occupants of the Queen's carriage, and the royal horsemen who rode next to the vermilion wheels, have already been named. For an instant the spectacle was royalty; then the spectacle was loyalty.

Just before noon the Queen visited the Law Courts. On her arrival the Lord Mayor uncovered, and approaching her carriage presented the hilt of the City's pearl sword, which she lightly touched, in token that the homage or submission of the City was accepted. Then the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs took their places as the procession moved onward from Temple Bar to St. Paul's. The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Bishop of London, the Bishops of Marlborough and Stepney, the Very Rev. Dean Gregory, and the clergy of St. Paul's awaited the Queen, and there were also representatives of every form of religious profession—of adherence and of dissent—in England, and even an Archbishop sent by the Czar. The service ended and the benediction pronounced by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Queen drove to the Mansion House, where a silver basket filled with orchids was presented by the Lady Mayoress, and the Queen said, "I am deeply grateful."

On her return the Queen reached the palace at 1.45.

The House of Lords and House of Commons met on Wednesday, June 23, for the purpose of passing the congratulatory address (moved on Monday), and then presenting it to the Queen at Buckingham Palace. On Thursday, June 24, about 300,000 of the poor of London shared the bounty of the Princess of Wales, whose "Jubilee Dinners" were given at various centres—the People's Palace, Central Hall, Wesleyan School-house (Clerkenwell), etc. The most superb marine spectacle in all the history of the world was reserved for the close of the week, when the fleet was drawn up in seven lines on the south of the Solent. One hundred and sixty-six British armed vessels, and some visiting foreign war-ships, manned by 45,000 men, were in line. The review of these ships gathered in the Queen's honor was concluded by the Prince of Wales on Saturday afternoon, June 26.

THE ILLUMINATION SEEN FROM THE THAMES.

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A SHIP-BUILDER'S DUAL MONUMENT.

It is a stately and enduring monument William H. Webb has builded for himself in the Academy and Home for ship-builders bearing his name which crowns the heights of Fordham. Some seven years ago Mr Webb resolved to devote a portion of the generous fortune he had made as a ship-builder to the erection and endowment of a Home for poor and aged men who had worked on the hulls and engines of ships a worthy and deserving class, for whom no provision was made by existing charities. Deeply interested in the future of an industry in which his own success had been so conspicuous, he also purposed that the projected institution should serve a double aim, and while furnishing a comfortable asylum for the old, should at the same time include a school where young men could be given free education in the art and science of marine architecture and engineering, both theoretical and practical and in the craft of marine-engine building and the allied trades.

With these ends in view, Mr Webb, in 1890 purchased thirteen acres of land on the loftiest part of Fordham Heights, and set about the building of the Home. After careful study of the needs and requirements of the institution, he designed with his own hands every portion of the building and about all that was left for the architect employed was to put in the windows. The Home was built and furnished at an expense of $600,000, and Mr. Webb, having endowed it with $2,000,000, transferred it to a board of trustees, by whom it was opened to those for a home it was intended. The charter of the Home provides that within its walls there shall be "free and gratuitous aid, relief, and support to the aged, decrepit, invalid, indigent, or unfortunate men who within the precincts of the United States have been engaged in the craft of ship-carpentry, building of marine engines or any part or section of the hulls of vessels or engines thereof together with their lawful wives, will be furnished. Furthermore, to furnish any worthy young man, a native or a citizen of the United States, who, after a careful examination by the trustees, shall have proved himself competent and of good character, with a free and gratuitous education in the art and science of marine architecture and engineering, both theoretical and practical, and also teach him the craft of ship carpentry, marine engine building, and the allied trades, with free board and lodging, tools, engineering implements, and materials while acquiring that education."

The Academy has been in operation a few years, and its success has already confirmed the generous wisdom of its founder. There are but three institutions of the kind in the world, and the Webb promises to become the most prominent and useful of the three. The Academy itself is an imposing structure of terra-cotta and brick, and commands a splendid view of the surrounding country. The main portion is four stories in height, with a high basement below, and a high trussed roof with two rows of windows at the top of the building. A great deck corridor runs around three sides of the building, with the basement extending underneath, lending strength and beauty to the structure, while serving as a source of comfort for the guests. The northern end of the building is six stories in height, with a tower 172 feet high at the west-n corner, which represents the shaft and lantern of a coast light house. At the southwest corner is a tower six stories in height, with a conical roof of tile. One tower has for a weather vane a model of the man of war *Dunderberg*, the finest ship ever turned out of the Webb yards. She was intended for the United States navy, but after the late war, was purchased by the French government.

Within, the building reminds one more of a great hotel than of a charitable institution, all of the furnishings and appointments being of the finest quality. The kitchen, laundry, bakery, and servants' quarters are in the basement. The kitchen with which one of our illustrations deals, is a model in its way, while the laundry and bakery are supplied with every convenience that ingenuity has devised. On the first floor a splendid entrance-hall leads to the parlors, reception-rooms, library, offices, and the large dining room with the pantries and closets, which are located in the south end of the structure. Passenger and freight elevators are placed at either end of the main hall, and a broad doorway opens on the grand veranda encircling the south end and extending along the easterly side of the building. On the floor above are the guests' reception-rooms, the library—a great room filled with books of every variety—and the museum, an apartment of signal and instructive interest. Its walls are covered with the hulls of boats, specimens of ships and miniature vessels, completely rigged, are placed on stands, and the room is rich in models and drawings of ships, ancient and modern, of every style and make.

On the third floor are the apartments of the guests and students, by which names Mr Webb with considerable delicacy insists that the old and young who enjoy his bounty shall be known. The guests apartments are double, for the accommodation of husband and wife, and are fitted up in a way that must seem luxurious to their occupants, who doubtless knew little genuine comfort in their active lives. Each room is furnished with a bureau, wardrobe, wash stand, and drawers—all of highly polished maple, the large double bed is of iron painted white and gold, a carpet of pretty design covers the floor, and even the little ornamental scrap basket has not been forgotten. The rooms of the students are furnished in similar manner, and all have an abundance of air and light. In one of the large and cheery round towers are the hospital (reproduced in one of our illustrations), the convalescents' room, and the nurses' bedrooms. Here are sick-beds, invalid-chairs, and all sorts of improved appliances for the ailing, while rooms have been provided for the friends of sick guests and students who may desire to have their friends with them when ill. Spacious bath rooms fitted up with all conveniences are scattered about the dormitories, the building is heated by steam and lighted by electricity, and electric bells and speaking tubes connect every room with the office of the superintendent—Mrs. West, a gracious lady admirably fitted for the varied and somewhat trying duties she is called upon to perform. Add to the thoughtful provisions already mentioned a large staff of well-disciplined servants, and what more could be needed to insure the comfort of the inmates?

And here it may be said that the score or more of old people who are now guests of the Home seem happy and wholly contented with their lot. The rules with which they are expected to conform are as few and simple as possible and in a hundred ways they are made to feel that they are honored guests in the place where they are to end their days. Within reasonable limits their movements are unrestricted, and can would have to search long and far for a merrier happier group than that which assembles of a pleasant afternoon in the smoking-room in the southwest tower to chat and smoke or enjoy a quiet game of cards. The artist has caught one of these groups of jolly veterans, and reproduced it with happy effect. Thanks to the forethought of the worthy wife of the founder, the old ladies also have a general meeting room, where many a pleasant hour is passed.

The upper floors of the Academy are set apart for educational purposes and here the students receive instruction in the art of ship-building. The class rooms on the lower of the two floors are devoted to designing and drafting. Above are the carpenter-shop and the mould-room, where every feature of marine anatomy may be put together and explained to the assembled students. Mr Webb, though his last ship was launched nearly thirty years ago, still takes a warm interest in the ship building industry, and ardently desires to see more American-built ships on the seas, as in days gone by. He believes the building of ships in America can be encouraged in no more effective way than by the creation of a body of carefully trained builders, and to no feature of his projected institution did he give more careful and painstaking thought than to the nature and scope of the instruction to be furnished there. When the Academy was opened, late in 1892 candidates for admission came from all parts of the country, and from their ranks were selected some fifteen alert, active, and ambitious young men, who now comprise the senior class. A second group was admitted in the fall of 1894, and other classes are to be enrolled yearly hereafter.

Candidates for admission must be between the ages of seventeen and twenty-two, must have a good common-school education, and show especial proficiency in mathematics. Other things being equal, the preference is always given to orphans or the sons of poor parents. The national character the Academy has already assumed is shown by the fact that among the students now enrolled are a number of young men from the Western States while the New England and Middle States are also well represented. One of the most promising students is a farmer boy from Michigan who attended a district school for a few terms only, and who fitted himself for admission to the Academy without a teacher, in the intervals of hard work on his father's farm. At the outset considerable difficulty was experienced in securing competent instructors, but this difficulty has now been overcome. Konstantine Jansen, a Swede, who came to this country to enter the employ of the government some ten years ago, and who is a marine architect of fine ability and ripe experience, gives instruction in drafting and the construction of hulls; the classes in marine engineering are in capable hands, and Andrew Reed, resident manager of the home, and a noted ship-builder, who designed and superintended the building of all the vessels owned by the late Commodore Vanderbilt, instructs the students in the practical details of ship carpentry. All branches of ship building are taught at the Academy, and the course is to cover from three to four years. Thus in a few years the government will have at its command in the alumni of the Webb Academy a numerous group of trained marine architects who will prove a tower of strength in some unforeseen hour of need—a possibility which prompted Mr. Webb to lay the foundations of the Academy with exceeding care and upon the broadest lines.

No sketch of the Webb Academy and Home would be complete without some reference to the career and personality of its founder, one of the most remarkable men of his time. William H. Webb is now past eighty, but, thanks to temperate habits and a life of industry, possesses the vigor and mental alertness of a man of fifty. Mr. Webb's father was, like himself, a master ship builder. As a boy the younger Webb was delicate and sickly, and when at the age of fifteen he asked his father's permission to go to work in the ship yards it was refused, on the plea that "swinging the broadaxe"—the first lesson in ship-building—would be detrimental to his health. The lad persisted, however, and in the end was permitted to go to work in the yards at the ordinary wages of a workman—seven dollars per week. "For six years," he said not long ago, "I never missed a day at work except one week I took off. This vacation, too, was part of my education, for I went to visit the newly completed dry dock at the Charlestown Navy-Yard, near Boston. I had saved a little money, enough to see me through my trip, I thought, but I ran out of funds on my way back, and, rather than inform my father of my plight, footed it all the way home from Saybrook, Connecticut. My apprenticeship made me familiar with hard work. After my day's work I studied drafting at night. It was by candle light, too—a tallow dip stuck into a block—and after I had made a mark with my pencil I would have to move the candle to see where the next mark was to go. I worked so hard that after I was of age my health broke down. I went to Europe in 1839, and shortly afterward my father died."

Mr Webb returned home to find that his father, who had been popularly accounted a rich man, was a bankrupt. He had assumed debts, which he had carried along and was unable to pay. The outlook was a gloomy one, but Mr Webb was not discouraged. He went the rounds of his father's patrons, told them that he intended to continue the business, and asked them for their patronage. He also called upon his father's creditors and requested an extension, assuring them that he would pay all in time. They admired his pluck and promised their support. In a few years Mr Webb not only paid off all his father's debts, but built up a paying business of his own. During his career as a ship builder he constructed more vessels than any one who had ever been in the business before him and the Webb yards on the East River, between Sixth and Seventh streets, New York, became famous the world over. In all he built 150 vessels, ranging from a small fishing smack to the largest ships afloat in those days.

The first one he ever turned out was a full-rigged brig, the first of its kind and also the smallest, being only 110 tons. She was very fast and ended her days as a privateer on the Pacific.

By reason of the success thus achieved, orders came to Mr. Webb from many countries, among others one to construct two ironclads for Italy. At that time Mr. Webb had never seen an ironclad, but at once set to work, and so well was the Italian King satisfied with the results that he sent the builder a decoration.

He built three for Russia—one, the *General Admiral*, being the largest war ship the world had ever seen. It was intended as a model for the Russians to build from, and revolutionized the building of war vessels throughout the world.

From the first, Mr Webb made it a rule of his life to save a percentage of what he earned, no matter how small. He married at the age of twenty-seven, and his wife, with whom three years ago he celebrated his golden wedding, proved an efficient helpmate. He invested his savings with care, his investments turned out well, and when he retired from business in 1869 he was a very rich man. He had always been a just and generous employer, and after his retirement continued to take a warm interest in his former workmen. In person he ascertained their condition, and, if they were in need, provided for their wants, paying their rent and at his frequent visits leaving money for the comforts which the aged craved. The founding of the Webb Home was thus the natural outgrowth of many years of good works, and a charity as constant and free-handed as it had been unostentatious.

PROFESSOR G. M. LANE.

PROFESSOR GEORGE MARTIN LANE, of Harvard, who died in Cambridge on Commencement day (June 30), was a famous Latin scholar and teacher, and one of the best known and most esteemed of the older Harvard professors. He was born in Charlestown in 1823, but spent his childhood in Cambridge, where he went to school and later to Harvard College, and was graduated at Harvard in 1846, in the same class with Professors C. E. Norton and F. J. Child and Senator Hoar. At Commencement in 1846 he delivered the salutatory oration, and he made the Latin address at the inauguration of President Everett.

After a year of teaching at Harvard he went to Germany, and studied four years at Berlin and Göttingen, taking the degree of Ph D at Göttingen. In 1851 he was appointed University Professor of Latin at Harvard. He became Pope Professor of Latin in 1869.

In February, 1894, in a letter to the President and Fellows of Harvard, he resigned his professorship. The records of the meeting at which his resignation was considered run as follows.

> **Whereupon**, in view of his services as full professor of Latin for forty-three years, and to mark their sense of the high value of that service to the university and to classical learning;
>
> *Voted*, That Professor Lane's resignation be accepted in accordance with his deliberate purpose and desire, to take effect September 1, 1894.
>
> *Voted*, To proceed to the election of a Pope Professor of Latin, Emeritus, from September 1, 1894, whereupon, ballots being given, it appeared that George Martin Lane, Ph.D., was chosen.
>
> *Voted*, To communicate this election to the Board of Overseers, that they may consent thereto, if they see fit.
>
> *Voted*, To pay to George Martin Lane, Pope Professor of Latin, Emeritus, a retiring allowance of $3000 a year from and after September 1, 1894.
>
> *Voted*, To request the Pope Professor of Latin, Emeritus, to give at his pleasure instruction to such advanced students as he may choose to receive, but without coming under obligation to give instruction during any definite portion of the academic year.

The substantial recognition shown in these resolutions is of a sort in which Harvard has rarely indulged. Professor Lane was exceptionally honored, both because of the unusual length of his term of service as professor, and because of the distinction his scholarship had brought upon the college.

As an authority in Latin he was well known on both sides of the Atlantic. He busied himself all his life with the literature of his profession. His essay on the pronunciation of Latin was largely influential in bringing the present method into use. He helped in the making of Harper's Latin Lexicons, the second of which was dedicated to him. The great work of his life was his Latin Grammar, on which he had been at work for several years and with the correction of which he had not quite finished at the time of his death, though the book is so far advanced that it is expected that it will soon be published by Harper & Brothers. Personally Professor Lane was much beloved in Cambridge, being a man of humor and of a capacity for fellowship, as well as a broad and ripe scholar. One of the lesser exploits for which he is known is the composition of the familiar college ballad about "The Lone Fishball," of which the story goes that, written as a joke on a fellow professor, it leaked out, and became universally familiar and popular. Thomas Nast once used it as the basis for a cartoon in the WEEKLY about the Canadian Fisheries award.

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PACKING THE FRUIT OF ONE OF THE SMALLER ORCHARDS.

VIEW OF A LARGE ORCHARD—A SOLID BLOCK OF ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND PEACH TREES

INTERIOR OF A PACKING-SHED WHERE THE FRUIT IS SORTED AND GRADED FOR MARKET.

THE PEACH-GROWING INDUSTRY IN THE SOUTH—ORCHARD SCENES IN THE GEORGIA BELT.—[See Page 693.]

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"THE CAÑON SOON BECAME A PANDEMONIUM, AND ECHOED TO SOUNDS NEVER HEARD THERE BEFORE."—DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.

AN APACHE INDIAN RAID, AND A LONG-DISTANCE RIDE.

BY A. B. SICKERSON

In the days of their hostility the Apache Indians were the most expert thieves in the world, and in waylaying a miner, rancheros, or traveller they had few equals and no superiors. They could hide on ground where a partridge would not dare to remain for fear of being discovered. In stalking their quarry, whether it were man or beast, they would glide along undiscovered where a snake could not crawl without being detected. If the animals captured were living, and they wished to so retain them, it was a rare thing for them ever to be caught and their plunder taken from them.

They could get speed out of animals that were apparently about to breathe their last, and instances are quite common where soldiers have abandoned horses as unable to go a step further, and the Apaches have taken the same horses, immediately mounted, and ridden them fifty miles more without any appreciable rest. In fact, they not infrequently made the animal carry a double load, two of the wretches riding, whipping, spurring and kicking the poor beast at the same time.

One day in the month of May, 1872 the ladies and children at Fort Whipple, near Prescott, Arizona, held a picnic at what was known as the Saw mill Brownsville, in the woods back of the post, and probably three or four miles away. Late in the afternoon several of the officers on duty at department headquarters, including myself, rode out to the picnic grove and took tea with the picnickers in the beautiful shade which the ladies had selected as their reception ground. It was nearly sunset when we started back on our return. The women and children came in the ambulances and spring wagons, by the regular road in use in going to and from the mill, while we, who had come on horseback, returned by a shorter path or trail. This trail came down the mountain and entered the post by way of a narrow cañon, which in the rainy season contained a small creek, but at other times was simply the dry, sandy bed of the stream.

As we were slowly riding down this cañon I saw in the soft sand in front of me a sight that ordinarily would have attracted no attention whatever, but which at that time gave me a thrill of horror. It was only a single footprint, a freshly made moccasin track, but it meant a great deal. As far as known there were no Indians nearer than the Tonto Apaches, a wily, vicious band, that infested the rough mountainous region about a hundred miles southeast from Prescott. General Crook, with the bulk of the troops in the department, was operating far south of this, and the presence of that Indian, undoubtedly a Tonto Apache, indicated the proximity of others and meant trouble in the immediate vicinity. My first thought, of course, was about the women and children of the picnic party, when, therefore, soon after our arrival at the garrison, and before we could start out to meet them, they came safely in, I was greatly relieved, and was congratulating myself on the possibility that nothing serious had occurred, when a messenger came dashing up to the post with the exciting intelligence that the Apaches had killed the herder and gotten away with Mr Stevens's sheep herd. The Stevens ranch was not much more than a mile away from the fort, which was also department headquarters. The herd which the Indians had captured was probably the largest and most valuable sheep herd then in the Territory, and its capture so bold and impudent a raid as ever occurred in that locality.

At the post there were at this time only the fragments of two small companies, one of infantry and the other of cavalry, and the men were principally the ailing and the extra-duty soldiers usually employed to the care of the

garrison, the abler portion of each company being with General Crook in the field.

As the general had left me in charge of the conduct of affairs in that vicinity, I instructed the commanding officer at the barracks to get together every man he could, and taking them, with a few department clerks, whom I armed, and a noted half-breed guide that we had brought from the northern country when we came to the department, I was soon on my way to the scene of the murder and rapture.

On reaching the ranch we rode immediately to the spot where the herder's body, riddled with arrows and horribly mutilated, was found. A careful examination showed that the Indians had dodged him for several hours before their opportunity came. Evidently he had set his rifle down and commenced eating his mid-day meal when they surprised and killed him, using only arrows, which of course made no noise, and so attracted no attention from those stationed at the barracks. It was not until evening, when the men failed to come in, that the alarm had been given and search instituted.

It is only those who have witnessed it that can appreciate to its fullest extent the stampede that an incident of this character created in Arizona at this time. An Apache raid was enough to appall the stoutest heart, accompanied as it always was with sickening scenes of the most savage cruelty.

Having determined the hour of the day when the capture had taken place, we next proceeded to find the trail and direction taken by the marauders. The herd being so large, this would at first seem to be an easy matter; but as it was very dark, it was some time before we found the real direction in which they had gone. They had plunged directly back into the exceedingly rough and ragged mountains lying back of the post, and this accounted for the straggling moccasin track discovered in the cañon as near the station. The Indian who made it had evidently been sent to watch and report when the alarm reached the garrison.

They had taken the herd back in the mountains for two reasons: first, they would be hidden from the sight of any chance passers, and then, if we were to attempt to follow them in the night, we would find it extremely difficult, if not impossible. Immediately upon entering this rough region difficulties accumulated so rapidly that McIntosh, the half-breed guide, was in favor of waiting until daylight before we pursued them further. To this I would not assent. They had already at least six or eight hours start, and if we waited till morning they would have nearly twelve hours more. I had heard such fabulous accounts of the speed with which these Indians had been able to drive even flocks of sheep, that I felt certain if they were to have that much more start they would get away entirely. I decided, therefore, to continue following them, even if we were only to make a furlong an hour, we would at least be that much farther on our way when morning came.

It was a moonless night, and when the herd descended into one of those awful gorges that abounded in that locality, and which seemed to shut out even the starlight, it was almost impossible to find where the trail left it. One could hardly grope his own way, without attempting to find where any one else had gone. The little tufts of wool which the thorny shrubs had occasionally pulled out of the fleeces proved to be our greatest help in these difficult passes. Then, too, a young bugler of the cavalry company developed a great facility in finding the missing trail. McIntosh was an old experienced trailer, and one whom General Crook considered to be the most expert he had ever seen, but on this occasion the boy musician excelled him. I venture to say that more than fifty times during that long and tedious night, when we felt that we must give up the pursuit, did we hear his boyish, cheery voice, calling, "Here it goes!" and again we would follow on, till some other obstacle once more brought us to a peremptory stand.

Towards morning we began to find great numbers of lambs strung along the trail with their throats cut. This we correctly interpreted to mean that the trail was approaching the travelled roads or the vicinity of ranches, and the Indians had killed the lambs to avoid attracting attention by their piteous bleating.

As the result of this persistent, determined, and ceaseless pursuit, at daybreak the next morning we were still on the trail, where it emerged from the mountains, and fully thirty miles from the place where the outrage had been committed. With daylight and the open country, following the broad trail was an easy matter; but the problem now was to follow it as rapidly as possible, and yet have enough reserve strength when we overhauled the savages to be able to punish them. I was fearfully anxious, and as the day wore away, and it appeared by the signs along the trail that they were still well in the lead, I began to be afraid that night would overtake us before we should overtake them. If this were to happen, I felt confident that by the next morning, at the farthest, they would get across the Verde River, be in the rough region known as the Tonto Basin country, where they would likely break up into small parties, and make farther pursuit useless. In that event the ranchman, poor Mr. Stevens, would be poor indeed. The loss of that herd, valued at more than $20,000, would certainly ruin him. I well knew that in our front were the savings of his lifetime.

This thought haunted me; and the more I thought of it, the more frequently did I touch with my spurs the sides of my grand old horse "Ben," a splendid animal that had carried me over many hundreds of miles of Arizona desert, and which was to carry me near as many leagues more under equally trying circumstances. He was large, powerfully built, and responded to any every call as gamely as did ever the most noted racers to the urging of Jockeys Garrison or Taral.

At about four o'clock in the afternoon the trail led us down into a little valley that turned abruptly into a cañon, quite wide, but very irregular and rough. A number of little pools of water at the entrance were still roiled, showing that they had been disturbed but a few minutes before, and I knew that we were drawing very close to our enemy.

I called the officers of the two companies, Major Boyle and Captain Wessendorff and told them that while the nature of the ground would prevent any every strict observance of tactics or command, yet it would be best, as far as possible, for each officer to lead his own men. I should try to be at the head of the clerks and detached men from department headquarters, they and all to follow when I started, which I should do immediately we overtook the savages.

In a few minutes more we were upon them, the poor sheep greeting our appearance with a piteous outburst of bleating, like the applause given on the appearance of the leading artist in an opera. This was really our signal to charge, no other being given or required. It was a fearfully rough place, obstructed by huge bowlders, gnarled old trees, and logs. A carpet-knight cavalryman would have considered it the last place into which a mounted squadron should be precipitated, but those hardy frontier soldiers plunged into it as recklessly as if it had been the smoothest esplanade in the world, and they simply giving a sort of Midway Plaisance performance.

Every man was soon virtually his own commander, and between the clattering over the rocks, the clash of the encounters, the mingling of the sheep, the Indians, the troops, the shouting and firing, the cañon soon became a pandemonium, and echoed to sounds never heard there before, and quite unlike any others likely to be ever heard there again.

One voice in this confusing medley could be heard above all other sounds. I had been told that the saying "he swore like a trooper" was supposed to express the very acme of profanity, but I never until that day fully realized the truth of the aphorism. The first sergeant of the cavalry troop was an Irishman named Barrett. In his demeanor he had always appeared to be one of the most unobtrusive, mild-spoken men in the world. The instant the command had started to charge, however, this silent, inoffensive-looking man underwent a complete change. Spurring his horse to the front like a maniac, with each shot from his revolver and every jump of his horse he fairly shrieked every epithet and oath that was ever coined or thought of. His demure mouth had immediately become a roaring volcano, from whence the oaths poured in an unbroken stream. If those old adepts in obscenity and blasphemy, Rabelais and Voltaire, could have heard him, they would have dropped their pens and listened in sheer envy. The sulphurous stream that poured from the lips of this grim old soldier never ceased until the last Indian had disappeared. I have always fancied that those wild Apaches, who, like all other Indians, seemed to learn profanity before any other part of the language, must have thought that he was some incarnate fiend that had seen service as a member of the destroying angel's body guard. Most of the Indians slunk away in their usually deft manner but a few remained long enough to pay the death penalty for their rashness. On my part, I can thankfully say that I was well satisfied to recover the herd so nearly intact—the only losses being the few that the marauders had killed and eaten and the lambs that they had destroyed in the mountains.

Men and animals were so exhausted that we camped very near the place where we had overtaken the rascals, and as soon as we had posted our guards and had our coffee, we each, man and beasts alike, selected a soft spot on the bosom of our common mother—Earth, and as we, the pursuers, had had the harder task, I am sure that no crowned head resting on downy pillows could have slept more soundly than did we after our long and perilous ride.

The ranchman was almost beside himself with joy the following day, when I met him and informed him that with the exceptions above noted, we had recovered his whole herd. Had I permitted him, he would have given me a most substantial reward and when I refused absolutely, telling him we had simply done our duty, he replied: "Ah, yes, captain, but suppose you had followed the advice of that old and experienced guide and waited till the next day before you pursued the Indians—that would have been doing your duty too, would it not? And yet, had you done so, everybody now knows that to-day I should be a pauper!"

FOREIGN NOTES.

FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW

BERLIN, *June 15, 1887.*

SUBJECTION OF THE GERMAN CITIZEN TO THE GERMAN OFFICIAL.

WHAT should we think if the large army of governmental employés in the Post-Office, Custom House, Police, and other administrative bureaus generally, could invade the rights of private citizens, while private citizens were prevented from punishing the offending officials? Would we not think that our servants had become our masters?

Most assuredly.

One of the great evils in Germany is the blind belief entertained by the large mass of people that the government alone can do good. The consequence is that the government is allowed, little by little, to absorb the various interests that with us are left to private capital and energy. Not content with administering the Army, Navy, Post Office, Customs and Police, the government controls the great body of officials associated with the management of telegraphs, railroads, express delivery, mines, forests, highways, and even the insurance of workmen's lives. In addition to all this it has charge of the schools and the clergy.

This great army of men, feeding off the taxes of the people, soon come to realize that if they behave with proper deference and diligence towards their chiefs, they need trouble themselves very little as to whether they do or do not please the people. In fact, they cannot but see that public sentiment has very little weight compared with official power. They are all in league to strengthen the belief that government can do all things, and that local or private enterprise is helpless. Any citizen who attempts to fight the abuse of an official is not fighting an individual, but an organization of hundreds of thousands of officials.

The manner in which official tyranny can be exercised with the greatest danger to the liberties of the people is in suppressing the right of the press to discuss public affairs. The editor who dares criticise an official act or method has no remedy worth mentioning should the police close up his printing establishment and clap him into prison. The official has every facility in punishing a newspaper that attacks it, but the newspaper has no means of protecting itself adequately against an unjust attack by an official in crown livery.

Not many years ago (1887) a paper called the *Elmshorner Zeitung* was suddenly suppressed by the local police. In a few days, however, a telegraphic message was received from the Secretary of the Interior reversing the action of the police, and admitting that the government had done wrong in stopping the publication.

It is immaterial whether the paper suppressed had a circulation of 1000 a week or 100,000 a day, whether the publication represented an outlay of $100 or $1000 a day, or whether the receipts from the ordinary sale of the paper were $1000 or $10,000. In principle the action of the police was the same, whether the suppression of the paper caused the editor a loss of $1000 or $100,000. If governmental officials can arbitrarily close a newspaper office in a little village, they can do the same to any metropolitan daily. And even though they only stop it for a few days, they can inflict a pecuniary loss running up into a small fortune for an ordinary man.

If, however, an act of this kind were done in America or England, and it proved afterwards that the officials engaged in the business had been acting beyond their instructions or powers, you may be sure that many hours would not pass before these same officials would be summoned before a court of law to answer charges brought against them by those who had suffered at their hands.

The *Elmshorner Zeitung* proprietor did not prosecute the officials who had caused him so much unnecessary loss. He knew only too well that more time and more money would be spent in this way, and that in the end he would certainly not get justice.

Those who are always advocating laws that will hand over more powers to government will learn much by looking closely into German life to-day. They will see more clearly as they look more nearly that the greatest curse hanging over Germany is not the sword of the enemy, but that exaggerated faith in the omnipotence of government officials which is surely undermining all local effort or private endeavor.

Yesterday, as I was paddling my canoe *Caribee* through one of the beautiful reaches of the Havel near Potsdam, I stopped for a chat alongside of two fishermen who were seeking pike and eels along these reedy shores. They were professionals, members of a fisherman guild which has a charter nearly one thousand years old. They were much discouraged, they said, and, oddly enough, traced their misfortunes directly to the particular government officials who draw salary annually for the purpose of assisting them. Said the elder of them to me: "Our curse is that we are tormented by officials who sit at their desks and draw up petty police regulations which make our work difficult and do not benefit the fishing in general. These officials know nothing about our life, and don't know the mischief they do us.

"We who have every interest in preserving these waters for many years to come are never consulted. We are simple fishermen, and do not know how to get justice. If we complain to the officials, they tell us to send in a written document, and we don't know how to do it. If we could only tell the Emperor what we endure, I'm sure he would help us.

"Look here," continued he. "All around us you see signboards full of writing ordering us *not* to do things. At that point we dare not fish, at the other it is also forbidden; yonder is a third which we must also avoid—all three in sight. Over there we may not land, over yonder we may not even bring our boat close to shore for the night. In all these words and bikes are officials, drawing government salary, who do nothing but make life difficult for those of us who are working hard for a living."

Then he closed significantly with these words: "I love the Emperor, and am as patriotic as any one, but you cannot wonder if I vote for any party that promises a change from this sort of thing."

An illiterate fisherman in the reedy recesses of Brandenburg is not a Nestor on the present state of Germany, but he may help us to discover where the shoe of state pinches. This man, at any rate, holds an opinion in common with very well-informed merchants at this moment. We are just now witnessing in Germany the strange spectacle of an economic war between the agricultural and the mercantile interests of the country. The conflict is curious in that the aristocracy, the army, and the court influence are with the land owners, while the merchants and manufacturers represent only intelligence and progress. The landed aristocracy desire high prices for their crops, and think it right that the rest of the country should give the prices they desire rather than buy wheat and pork from America. The industrial classes, on the contrary, think that food should be cheapened, so as to enable Germans to compete more successfully with English manufacturers. There is the simple issue—close against class—those who seek protection and those who invite competition.

The landed aristocracy have caused the German police to prevent all produce-exchange transactions, hoping thereby to improve the price of their foodstuff. In consequence, the Berlin produce merchants dare not come together for the transaction of business, and the millers do not know what is the market value of grain or what they can secure for the next six months. Chaos is in the German produce trade, all because men ignorant of commerce are intrusted with official powers.

Unkind people might say, "How German!" but, on the contrary, it is most un-German. In army matters the secretary for war is always a soldier, the naval minister is always a sailor, the law minister is always a trained jurist, and the chief medical officer is a physician. It is only in the vital matter of commerce that the German government selects, not a merchant as a specialist in political economy but a mere routine official, who bungles along like a bull in a china shop—interfering with Commerce rather than assisting her. This partly explains why Germany does so little in her colonies, and why her people emigrate so cheerfully to colonies belonging to other powers.

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

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THE DAISY'S VIGIL.

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

A NEW-BORN daisy loved a passing star
And shyly drooped her head.
And when again she turned her gaze afar
The meteor had sped.

And now through all the summer nights and days
While centuries go by,
She watches for her star, with eager gaze
Turned upward to the sky.

THE GEORGIA PEACH BELT.

BY L. J. VANCE.

LAST summer, when I stopped at a fruit-stand in Washington Market, I heard a customer say: "I do not want the California peaches, for they don't have much taste. Give me the Georgia fruit, if you have it." And the man was right in his choice. The California peach in Eastern markets will not compare in fineness and flavor with the Georgia product.

It is now about ten years since the Georgia growers began to ship peaches in any quantity to Northern markets. Year after year the crop has been growing larger and larger, until to-day Georgia is the greatest peach-growing State of the Union. Delaware, Maryland, and California follow in the order named. Last year the Georgia peach crop amounted in round figures to 6,500,000 baskets, which is only one third less than the product of all the Northern States together. She is one of the three leading States in the production of pears, and of course the Georgia melon crop is without rival in quantity and quality.

About thirty years ago, as the story is told by Colonel John D. Cunningham, of Marietta, himself one of the prominent and successful peach-growers of the State, the first peach orchard of any extent in Georgia was planted for the purpose of sending the fruit to Northern markets. In the winter of 1867-8 his father, the late Judge Cunningham, set out an orchard of forty acres at Orchard Hill, in Spalding County.

A few years later Mr. Samuel H. Rumph, of Marshallsville, began to plant peach-trees. The name of Rumph will always be associated with the celebrated Elberta peach. This peach—large in size, beautiful in color, and delicious in flavor—originated in the Rumph orchard, and is to-day the standard early peach of the South.

According to Colonel Cunningham the two things that have done so much for the Georgia peach-growing industry are the introduction of the Elberta peach and the use of the improved refrigerator-car. At first the bulk of the fruit grown was early peaches of inferior size and flavor. This early fruit was so poor in quality that a small quantity sufficed to supply the demand. Many people preferred to wait until the Delaware and Maryland peaches came into the market.

The first shipments of Georgia peaches were all made by express. The rates were very high—$4 per hundred pounds. The time consumed in getting the peaches to New York and other Northern markets was four days. It being in summer, many consignments reached their destination in a more or less damaged condition.

In 1881 refrigerator-cars were first introduced. They had such a small ice capacity that it was necessary for an attendant to go along to keep the chamber filled with ice and salt, while bags of salt and ice were suspended from the roof. These and similar cars were used until 1889, when they were superseded by cars of improved pattern, having the ice capacity of the old cars and requiring no attendant.

This brings the Georgia peach industry down to 1890. From 200 cars shipped in 1889 the crop has grown until it reached 1000 car-loads in 1896. There has been an enormous planting of peaches in middle and southern Georgia. This region is one of the great fruit-producing districts of the country, and with cheap and rapid transportation and established fruit lines, in the next five years it will become a formidable rival to California.

The Georgia peach belt, as it is now called, is a strip of territory that begins about forty miles below Atlanta at Griffin, and extends south 150 miles to Tifton, ranging in width from ten to thirty miles. This belt follows, in the main, along the line of the Central Railroad of Georgia from Griffin to Macon, and from Macon to Americus, along the Georgia Southern and Florida Railroad from Macon to Tifton. There are, of course, extensive orchards outside these limits, but the heavy blocks of peach trees extend, roughly stated, along the lines above named.

It is estimated that there are about 2,500,000 peach trees in bearing in this Georgia belt, and between 100,000 and 200,000 more trees planted and growing. Along the line of the Central Railroad alone there are 1,000,000 peach trees and along the Georgia Southern some 500,000 trees.

The figures are not at hand to show how much money is invested in the Georgia fruit belt, but it runs into several millions of dollars. The industry is yet in its early stages, but already it has wrought wonderful changes in the State. It has raised the value of old and worn-out cotton fields from $5 to $25 per acre. It has brought an immense amount of outside capital into the State, for some of the largest and most successful growers are Northern men. It has stimulated enterprises of various kinds, such as canneries, cider-mills, ice-plants, crate and basket factories. It gives employment to thousands of men, women, and children, and finally the business of fruit-culture has opened a field for future industrial development that will grow greater as the years roll by.

The enormous planting of peach trees in the Georgia fruit belt is owing to the confidence that is placed in the crop. One big yield will often pay for the whole orchard, including land and labor. There has been only one or two seasons within the past ten years when a Georgia peach orchard did not bear a profitable crop. The profits of some of the big growers have been very large. Several years ago Mr. Rumph sold the crop on the trees in his Marshallsville orchard for $60,000. The small growers have done equally well, and some of them have cleared $5000 on their peach crop in a season. One Fort Valley grower, with an orchard of ten acres, sold his crop in 1892 on the trees for $2500 cash, or at the rate of $250 an acre.

The larger number of peach orchards in the belt consist of from 3000 to 8000 trees—that is, from twenty-five to fifty acres. Next to these are the orchards consisting of

(Continued on page 696.)

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[Adv.]

BLENDING HUNTER RYE WHISKEY.

THE blending of whiskeys is rapidly rising, if not to the level of a fine art, at any rate to the dignity of one of the exact sciences. Apparently it is a most simple process, but if it be searched to its ideal perfection it requires the keenest discrimination and the closest attention to every detail. The theory in blending is to combine in one product all the prized characteristics found in different types, but never present altogether in a single "straight" whiskey. Mixing, however, is not blending. The task is only begun when the component parts are put together, and, however well matured the various constituents may be, the object of blending is practically missed if facilities be not given for the development and absorption, for the intercommunion and commingling, of the several vegetable oils and volatile ethers, and for their gradual combination into one perfect and harmonious whole.

These points are gradually finding increased recognition among blenders, and various means are adopted to attain the desired end. One device, for which Messrs. WILLIAM LANAHAN & SON are responsible, has for its main idea the application of the well-known principles of heat and motion by perfect aeration of each and every particle to secure maturity and development, as well as a most thorough and intimate amalgamation of all the ingredients of the blend, the ingredients being STANDARD BRANDS OF WELL MATURED AND FINELY DEVELOPED MARYLAND RYES. The apparatus designed to effect this purpose has been erected by this firm at a large expense; the revolving cisterns or vats holding 45,000 gallons of whiskey. It is in these vats that the blending is done, they being eight in number. The whiskey in each vat is subjected to ten thousand revolutions in ten hours. It is very properly claimed that this enormous amount of motion and aeration has the effect of completely removing all impurities, and that the result of this continual agitation of the whiskey is an improvement and mellowing down consequent upon the enormous evaporation that can be accomplished in no other way. The greatly renowned brandy houses of France and the sherry houses of Spain, in putting upon the market their best products, always offer a blend of their respective goods. The business of producing fine blends has been in existence in Europe for more than a century, while in this country it is comparatively in its infancy. The public can feel assured that they can always secure better uniformity and better matured goods, possessing more intrinsic merit in reputable blends, than in any other class of whiskeys.—[Adv.]

DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS is a world-renowned article—beware of imitations.—[Adv.]

USE BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.—[Adv.]

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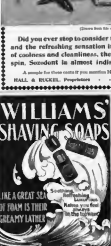

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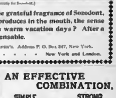

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SHAW STOCKING CO., Lowell, Mass.

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(Continued from page 695.)

from 10,000 to 30 fast trees, and with good care and with fair prices they will yield an income of from $5000 to $10,000 annually. Above these are several peach orchards of from 50,000 to 100,000 trees, the largest two in the belt being those of the Ohio Fruit & Land Company and the Hale Orchard Company, both near Fort Valley. From the top of the packing shed, which is the central station in the Hale estate of 900 acres, one can see long straight rows of peach trees stretching out for almost a mile in all directions.

Long before the fruit is ripe great preparations are made to harvest the crop. In large orchards the arrangements are on an extensive scale. For example, to move the immense crop of the Hale orchard 100,000 crates and 600,000 baskets were required last year. These are all made at the saw mill and crate factory located on the place. During the busy season eighteen four-mule teams, four one mule teams, and a force of 350 hands carry on the work.

In the large orchards the gathering is done by men and women, who are divided into squads of ten or fifteen each. They are under the supervision of an overseer, whose business it is to see that all peaches of the proper degree of maturity are taken carefully from the trees. The pickers are taught to judge of the maturity of the peach by its color, not using any pressure of the fingers. Each picker has a number, and in every basket of fruit which is gathered he or she must put a ticket with his or her number printed upon it.

This system is carried all the way through, from the picking of the peaches to their shipment, so that if a basket of poor peaches reaches the superintendent who makes the final examination, it can easily be traced back to the person who is responsible for it. The fruit is first gathered in bell bushel baskets, which are taken to the roads and avenues running across the big blocks of trees. Low spring wagons with broad tired wheels are used to carry the crop to the packing house or sheds. Here the peaches are carefully turned into a fruit "sizer," or assorter, which, without brushing them in the least, separates the fruit of different sizes into grades known as extra, choice, prime, and common.

The different grades of fruit are taken to packing benches, where only peaches of a certain grade are handled. The benches extend the entire length of the building. The sorters and graders stand on one side, while the packers face them on the other side. An interesting sight it is to see a group of young people at work with nimble fingers and tongues. There is more or less gossip, and a pleasant exchange of wit and repartee. The illustration on another page will give the reader some idea of the people who make up the gathering.

The fruit is packed in baskets holding four quarts each, then put into crates, each holding six baskets. The crates are stenciled with the orchard brand and the grade. As the cost of the package, icing, and freight from Macon to New York and Boston is about $450 per car, it pays to send only first grade fruit to these points. The second grade is shipped to near by markets, while the third grade is used by the several running establishments in the neighborhood. The remainder, or "culls," are fed to the pigs on the farm.

Many of the peach orchards are along the lines of the railroads, and a switch runs up the side of the packing house. From 500 to 550 crates are put in a car, space being given to allow the cold air to circulate freely between the crates. Growers back from the railroads haul their fruit to the nearest shipping point in big wagons which hold from sixty to eighty crates of peaches. The railroads are now is gleaning to lay tracks to the big orchards. The Plant system has put in spurs at several places to obtain a share of this profitable business. The Georgia Southern Railroad has done the same along its line. The Central Railroad of Georgia has a spur track from Marshallville into the heart of the orchard district.

The average time from the orchard to delivery in New York and Boston has been from seventy two to ninety hours. Last season the railroads had a schedule of from fifty to fifty six hours to these cities. The peaches are generally consigned to commission merchants in the various markets. The big dealers, who have been advised by wire as to when the car should arrive, make their plans for distributing the fruit. They first fill the orders of out-of-town dealers, and then they offer the remainder of the peaches at the best terms they can get to the local buyers.

Past experience demonstrated to Georgia fruit growers the urgent necessity of combined action. For many years the crop was not properly marketed, nor was it rightly distributed. Thus one day too many car loads of peaches would be shipped to New York, another day too many cars to Boston and so on. The result was these markets became glutted day after day.

The Georgia Fruit Growers Association was organized at Atlanta in July, 1895. The stated object is to effect a closer union of the fruit growers and shippers, and to correct such errors and abuses as exist in the industry. About eighty per cent. of the fruit growers in the State are members of the association. The leading officers are men who have had much experience in the raising and shipping of fruit, and they represent the different sections of the Georgia peach belt. The officers are—president, J. H. Cunningham, Marietta; secretary, J. A. Sibley, Tifton; and treasurer, W. O. Tift, Tifton.

DECORATIONS FOR THE MAIN ENTRANCE OF THE NEW CITY HALL, CINCINNATI, OHIO.
DESIGNED BY OTTO WALTER BOOK.

PUBLIC ART IN CINCINNATI.

Ever since, some twenty years ago, Cincinnati began to call itself, partly by way of a joke, "the Paris of America," it has done a good deal towards justifying that title. Especially has the pleasant capital on the bank of the Ohio distinguished itself by the zeal and intelligence which, as a community, it has devoted to the advancement of the arts. In music, although the courageous experiment instituted by the calling of Theodore Thomas from New York was not so successful as it deserved to be, the city has always been in the front rank, and its festivals are still perhaps the most important national occasions in the development of musical culture. Its Museum of Art is prettily placed in a picturesque park that is one of the just boasts of the town. Though necessarily its collections yield in extent and costliness to those of larger and richer cities, it may be questioned whether the schools connected with any other museums have done as much as those of Cincinnati for education in industrial as well as in fine art. Certainly there is no more interesting institution of its kind in the United States.

All these things testify to the intelligent interest of the community in matters of art. When a question arose of the decoration of the City Hall of such a municipality, we should expect it to be solved in an exemplary way. And that has, in fact, been the case. The Municipal Art Society of Cincinnati had not much money to spend by way of a beginning—only $2200, in fact—but the question was of spending it to the best advantage, by way of stimulating the public interest so as to get more. For this purpose it was determined to avoid the appearance of carrying local pride to the Pedlingtonian point. Accordingly, not only were designs invited from all American artists, but two of the three judges of the competition were chosen from outside. The local judge, Mr. Devereck, is at the head of the department of painting in the schools connected with the museum, and to his energy and judgment are very largely due the remarkable results achieved in that department. Another judge, Mr. C. R. Lamb, of New York, was named by the Society of Mural Painters in New York, at the request of the Cincinnati committee. Mr. Steele, the third judge, is a resident of Indianapolis.

Such a composition of the jury was an assurance in advance of the fairness of the competition. That the first prize should have fallen to a Cincinnatian, Mr. Beck, of the Cincinnati Art Academy, is thus a more just subject of local pride than if the competition and jury had been more exclusively local. The second prize went to a Philadelphian, the first honorable mention to a Bostonian, and the second to a painter who is as much a Chicagoan as a Cincinnatian.

It was determined to confine the decoration, in the first instalment, to the main entrance of the City Hall, a vestibule some eighteen feet square and not far, indeed, from the cube of that dimension. This is only a part of the artist's design. The ceiling is a concentric composition of eight allegorical figures of the arts and sciences. Our illustration represents this ceiling and one of the four walls. The spandrils of its arch are occupied by the figures of Religion and Law, with the tables of the Decalogue between them. The panels below show groups illustrating various industries, with appropriate texts chosen from Scripture. The other walls are decorated in pursuance of the same scheme, the allegorical figures representing in one case the Family, and in the other Protection and Justice.

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AMATEUR SPORT

THE HARVARD-YALE BASEBALL SERIES, which a signal Harvard victory (10-8) brought to a precipitate end on June 27, at New Haven, appropriately closed a season that in quality of play had failed to fulfil the promises of its earlier weeks. In point of fact, no college year within my recollection has been marked by such general loose play in the final games. The final Harvard-Princeton at New Haven was the only deciding game to show high-class ball, and the games next to approach that quality of performance were the first Yale-Princeton and two of the Yale-Brown series. On the other hand, no season has been characterized by such heavy hitting, or has produced as sensational a game as that first one of the Yale-Princeton series.

Excepting the last of the Princeton-Brown series and the second and third of the Yale-Princeton series, all the important games of the season have been interesting even if not first class in performance. So perhaps it was as well that all the nines contributed, on occasion, their share to the very long error column of '97 inter-collegiate baseball.

Between its last Princeton and first Harvard games the Yale team confined itself to practice work.

HARVARD, HOWEVER, MEANTIME MET BROWN and Holy Cross, being defeated on both occasions, because the team could not hit out or rally when needful, although the infielding showed somewhat of an improvement on its usual masculinness. At Providence, against Brown, Paine was batted out of the box, and Fitz, the substitute, given a warm reception—Brown making a total of fifteen hits for thirteen runs, while Harvard got nine hits and seven runs.

Against Holy Cross Harvard fielded well, brilliantly at times, but was unable to get more than three hits off the opposing pitcher, Lennihan. Harvard scored twice in the third inning; Holy Cross scored once each in the fourth and fifth. Thus the score remained a tie until the ninth inning, when Holy Cross pounded out six hits and secured four runs.

Fitz, who was in the box for Harvard, was hit hard throughout the game, and but for sharp fielding Harvard would have been overwhelmed much earlier. Loughlin played a good game at second; he would undoubtedly have displaced Chandler at short stop had his batting been equal to his fielding. He is steadier in the field than either Dean or Chandler. Rand and Beale distinguished themselves in both games.

HARVARD'S IN-FIELD WORK in the first Yale game at Cambridge was of that rugged quality to which we had become accustomed. To win any series with such a fielding field means that the battery and the out field must have the majority of the chances. Dean and Chandler do not miss many opportunities of making errors. Stevenson's "on" days are as good as his "off" days are miserable. Yale fielded better as a whole, but poorly too, even such usually faultless fielders as Keator and Letton being among the offenders. With the exception of a bad fumble, which let in a run in the eighth inning, Keator's general play was one of the few praiseworthy features of Yale's game. Letton missed an easy pop fly. Harvard's batting and Paine's pitching managed to overbalance the loose work of the in field. Paine struck out eleven men, and Harvard made three more hits than Yale.

ONLY ONE RUN WAS EARNED, and that by Yale. Hecker did not do so well against Harvard as against Princeton, but Captain Keator was wise in this occasion, and after the third inning put in Fincke, who, although beginning poorly, immediately settled. He was hit rather freely and struck out only two men, nevertheless he kept his head and gave but one men first base on balls. Harvard ran the bases better than Yale, and but for the miserable error making of her in field would have won by 7 to 2 instead of 7 to 5. She scored once in the second inning, three times in the third, twice in the seventh, and once in the eighth. Yale made one run in the third, and, aided by Harvard's errors, three in the fourth, tying the score; her other run she earned in the ninth through Letton's single and Greenway's two-bagger.

Harvard deserved little commendation for her victory, under the circumstances. She did not play good ball, but was superior enough to pull out by a slight margin, her errors being less costly and her hits more timely. The Harvard battery really accounted for the difference in the score, Paine pitching a heady and able game. Yale looked the crippled team she was through Greenway's forced retirement from the box. She had hard fielding luck, her errors being very costly; but there was lacking that confident and aggressive swing to her work which in other years has overcome seemingly stronger teams. There was none of that rising to the occasion so noticeable in Yale's first two games against Brown, and in her first with Princeton. The first Harvard-Yale game, although not so poor an exhibition of baseball as the Yale-Princeton, was yet very poor.

THE MERE FACT OF A VICTORY OVER YALE is an emphatic athletic stimulus at Harvard. There was ample evidence of its astute influence in the work of the Harvard nine against Yale in the second and, as it proved, last game, June 27. Harvard's game was not faultless by five large and expensive errors, but there was a perfectly apparent confidence in the outcome. Not an over confidence, but enough to save the men from confusion while the result hung in the balance. There were not the usual signs of Harvard panic during a Yale rally. And the exhibition was the more exceptional for being on the Yale field.

Harvard, before this year, has not won a baseball series from Yale since '96, and had not won a game at New Haven since '96, when the score was 10-9 in her favor. Therefore the crimson has good cause for happiness over the capture of the '97 Yale series. But in truth and in fairness it should be recorded that Yale's misfortune in losing her regular and only first-class pitcher partially, if indeed not wholly, accounted for Harvard's success. How much Yale's effectiveness was lessened through Greenway's retirement from the box may be readily learned by a comparison of the nine's showing in the first two Brown and first Princeton, with the third Brown, the last two Princeton, and the Harvard games. Greenway could hardly have saved the Princeton series, but it is exceedingly doubtful if Harvard could repeat her success with Yale's only dependable pitcher in the box. However, these are the fortunes of war. Harvard is fully entitled to the glory of her triumph, though I confess to wishing the games that gave her victory had been better played.

DESPITE ITS LOOSE PLAY, the second Harvard-Yale game was exceedingly entertaining. It was, in fact, one of those games that happen now and then in which interest is sustained throughout, even though the error making is largely responsible for the scoring. Of Harvard's ten runs only one was earned, while of Yale's eight, three were batted in.

It was, on several accounts, rather a remarkable game. Yale's total of nine hits was made by four men—Keator, Letton, Greenway, and Camp—Keator, two and a scratch; Letton, one; Greenway, three; and Camp, two. Keator's and Letton's were singles; Camp's, a single and a two-bagger; Greenway, a single, one home-run that was earned, and one two-bagger, that developed into a home-run because Harvard's short stop muffed the left fielder's throw-in. Greenway (three), Letton (three), and Keator (two) contributed Yale's eight runs.

HARVARD WAS QUITE AS NOTABLE in failure as Yale was in success at the bat. Only two men—Rand and Burgess—secured singles off Fincke's delivery, not because the others could not hit him, but by reason of Harvard's fatal tendency to put everything into the air.

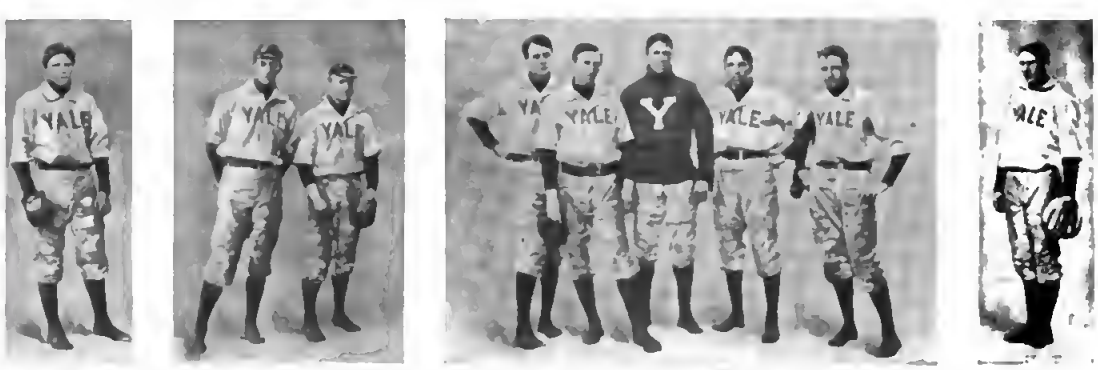
Fincke is really struck out one man—Stevenson; yet in the face of his curves being easily solved, and his giving nine Harvard men first base (seven on balls and two hit), he kept his head and played altogether an exceptional game (notwithstanding his two errors) for a man who, with no pretensions to pitching skill, was yet put into the breach at the eleventh hour.

Harvard did not give the Yale fielders but one or two difficult chances, most of them being high flies taken with little running. Greenway failed on his one hard chance, and Keator muffed, after a long run, a ball that took him out of his own territory into Greenway's. Wallace at right had but a single chance which he accepted successfully. Camp had less to do than he usually has, few grounders or short flies going off the Harvard bats, but he handled quickly and neatly what went his way, and caught Beale at the plate cleverly in the third inning. Goodwin has had a trying time of it, sure enough. He is not a high class catcher, but some of his work is very clever—as, for instance, his catching Haughton's high foul after a hard run—and some of it mediocre.

THE FEATURE OF HARVARD'S GAME was her weak batting, which, although never as heavy as Princeton's or Brown's, nor so certain to eventuate as Yale's, has seen

HOLMES FIELD, CAMBRIDGE—THE SCENE OF THE HARVARD-YALE BASEBALL GAME, JUNE 28, 1897

CORNELL'S THREE CREWS AT PRACTICE—VARSITY IN FOREGROUND, FRESHMEN IN BACKGROUND.



Hecker, Sub. Pitcher. Zeeder, Third Base and Pitcher. Camp, Short Stop. Feeney, L. F. and Sub. R. Keator, Capt. and C. F. Greenway, L. F. and F. Wallace, Right Field. Hanes, Second Base. Letton, First Base.

THE YALE BASEBALL NINE.

many more fruitful days than June 27. The work of the battery, Paine and Scannell, made success possible at New Haven, as it had at Cambridge. Until the fifth inning Paine kept Yale's skilful batters from bunching their hits, and, except in the seventh, pitched a strong game from first to last. Scannell supported him well, and at all times had a steadying influence on the team. Haughton was very much more prominent (unpleasantly so) on the coaching lines than in the game. In six times at the bat he reached first but once, and then on a fielder's error, while his own error gave a life that Paine's good work kept from resulting in a run. Dean and Chandler each made his usual error, dividing responsibility for two runs, but Dean made one of the prettiest pick-ups of the day when, in the fifth inning, he fielded to first Hazen's hot grounder that would have been good for two bases at least. Stevenson made a miserable throw to first after a beautiful stop—an absolutely characteristic performance—and attained the further distinction of being the one man Fincke struck out.

Rand was Harvard's most brilliant fielder. After hard running he caught two difficult flies that would have meant scoring for Yale, and made a notable and very nearly successful attempt for another that was practically impossible. He had also the honor of scoring a run in the first inning—something Harvard had never done before at New Haven.

THE GAME BEGAN WITH HARVARD at the bat and the first man up going to first on balls, stealing second, and being advanced and brought home by Haughton and Beale's outs to deep centre and right. Three errors, a man hit by a pitched ball, and Burgess's single gave Harvard three more runs in the second. More errors, two men sent to first on balls, and Rand's single combined to give Harvard four runs in the fourth inning, bringing her score up to a total of eight. Meantime Greenway had batted out a home-run in the second inning, and in the fourth Greenway's two bagger, which Chandler's wretched fielding increased to a home-run, Camp's two-bagger, and Dean's error united in giving Yale two runs. In the fifth Harvard did not score, but Keator, Letton, and Greenway hammered out a single each in succession, with a net result of two runs. Again Harvard failed to score in the sixth and seventh, the batters going out in one, two, three order on high balls.

YALE COULD NOT SCORE in the sixth, but in the seventh Paine lost control of the ball long enough to give two men in succession first base, and Camp repeated his performance of the first Yale-Princeton game by tying the score with a single, which brought in Greenway. Harvard's eighth inning opened with Burgess getting first on balls, and being advanced to second when Dean was hit by a pitched ball. Chandler reached first on a close decision. On Chandler's attempt to steal second, Goodwin sent the ball to Hazen, who threw wildly to third-base man, who muffed, and Burgess went home, and Chandler got third. Paine made a heady play by sending a fly to deep centre, and Chandler beat the throw in, and the score stood 10 to 8 in Harvard's favor.

Paine pulled himself together, and Yale could do no more scoring in either the eighth or ninth, and the game ended with Harvard the lucky winner by the score of 10–8.

By far the most pleasing feature of the game was the sportsmanly disposition of the spectators and the players. The game was closely and warmly contested, and the occupants of the bleacheries intensely interested, but their attitude towards the visitors remained, as it should always, generous and gentlemanly. Harvard cheered Yale, and Yale cheered Harvard, and those of us who saw these evidences of wholesome manly sport cheered for both.

THIS DEPARTMENT EXHORTS college baseball men against playing on resort, hotel, or such other kindred aggregations known as "summer nines."

Most of the universities have rules denying representation on 'varsity teams to men who have played on these nines. Friends of wholesome amateur sport are united in advising similar rules for all colleges.

Summer nines may be classed generally as those at whose games gate-money is charged, the college man who plays on one such forfeits the privilege of thereafter representing his college in athletics.

Every college man who plays on a "summer nine" this season will be so regarded by this Department.

The All-America University baseball nine will be chosen next week.

SUCH A FRESHMAN CREW as that which won the two miles last week from Harvard and Cornell, Yale has not had since that other famous Freshman eight—in '93, I think it was. Nor has any other university had such a Freshman crew meantime. An average weight of 171 pounds at an average height of 5.11½ is more like 'varsity than Freshman figures. Yale's victory was no surprise to those who had seen the crew at New London. They pulled a clean stroke, and pulled it hard from the time the blades went into the water. Their reach was a bit longer than Harvard's (too long, in fact), but the swing back not so extreme. Their recover was perceptibly smoother. Had their rowing form been only so good as that of either of the other crews—Yale's superior strength would have pulled them to victory in two miles. The power they put into their stroke was apparent by the manner in which their boat at the mile forged ahead of Harvard's, although pulling the same number of strokes to the minute.

HARVARD GOT THE BEST START, catching the water first, and going ahead so rapidly that for a couple of minutes there was the appearance of a runaway race; after her ten racing strokes she settled to 36. Cornell was second to get started, probably two yards behind Harvard, while Yale had nearly a length the poorest start—Yale and Cornell rowing 36.

There was little change in position at the quarter, Harvard having drawn away slightly from Cornell. Yale was rowing steadily, apparently not worried, and splashing less than any. At the half mile, all rowing 34, Harvard still led Cornell by a half-length, and Yale had pulled up to nearly even terms with Cornell. At three-quarters Yale had caught Harvard, both rowing 34, and Cornell, rowing 35, was half a length behind. Cornell made a spurt just before the mile, and the crews passed under the railroad bridge with Yale, rowing 34, leading by a quarter, and Cornell doing 34, and leading Harvard a few feet. But Cornell did not hold the advantage. Harvard increased her stroke to 35, and although Cornell spurted several times and rowed pluckily, she seemed tired out, pulling a stroke shorter than that with which she started, and in somewhat of a hurried, panicky manner. At the one and a half mile Yale, rowing 32, had a good three-quarters length the best of Harvard, rowing 32, while Cornell, rowing 34, was as much behind Harvard.

THE YALE BOAT BEGAN TO LEAVE HARVARD rapidly from this point, and the latter made one last effort to keep the pace, causing a spurt from Cornell, who hung on closely, not allowing Harvard to get open water between them. Harvard was sticking to her work, and gamely, for the men were very tired. In the last eighth Yale raised her stroke two points, crossing the line about one and one half lengths ahead of Harvard, who was about three quarters of a length ahead of Cornell. Time—Yale, 9 m. 19¼ s.; Harvard, 9 m. 26¼ s.; Cornell, 9 m. 29¼ s.—all beating the record of 9 m. 41 s. made by Columbia on the Thames, at New London, in '91. Yale sat up strongly after the finish. Several men in Harvard's boat collapsed. Cornell was evidently distressed, but sat up.

It was a magnificent race, pluckily fought out.

YALE FRESHMAN CREW

Name.	Position.	Age.	Height.	Weight.
Roswell M. Patterson	Bow	20	5 ft. 8½ in.	169
Harry P. Wickes	No. 2	18	5 " 10 "	162
John P. Brock (captain)	No. 3	17	5 " 11 "	184
Robert Flint	No. 4	21	6 " 1 "	170
John W. Crowe	No. 5	19	6 "	179
Raymond W. McGee	No. 6	20	6 "	164
James Niedecken	No. 7	19	6 "	174
William Williams	Stroke	18	5 " 10 "	160
J. McLean Walton	Cox.	18	5 " 6½ "	116

Average weight of eight, 171 pounds.

Harvard averaged 163 pounds in weight; Cornell, 155. All averaged about nineteen years old.

THE PENNSYLVANIA-COLUMBIA-CORNELL races last week provided two more opportunities for practical comparison of the Courtney stroke with two other differing ones, which this year have been taught Columbia and Pennsylvania. On both occasions the superior smoothness and strength of the Courtney stroke were pronounced. But Columbia's stroke was a long way the best that university has had, certainly in recent years, and contains the elements, it seems to me, for turning out a fast crew. It is a stroke with a long reach and a good swing, though the extreme back swing of Harvard is avoided. This year neither of Columbia's crews got the full benefit of its stroke or its power. The stroke was not pulled through, and valuable time and propelling force were lost on the catch. To watch Cornell and Columbia in this one particular would be to receive an object lesson which no intelligent man could ever forget, and to realize why Cornell's shell, driven by a lower rate of stroke, shot along faster through the water.

As for Pennsylvania—one can only speak in praise of the pluck of the men who sat in her two boats. They rowed, as they did last year, gamely.

But nothing can be said of the stroke they employed, except to express wonder that a man who has had so much rowing experience as their coach should not realize the impossibility of such a stroke as Pennsylvania pulled last year and this year winning against strokes based on the sound principles of eight oared rowing.

Pennsylvania can never be represented by pluckier or physically stronger men than she was in '96 and '97. Had such men been taught a stroke that had substantial merit to commend it, they would have certainly beaten Harvard in both races last year, and the Columbia Freshmen this year.

Our jerking exhibitions may exploit ancient rowing theories, but they are not likely to attain enviable distinction in modern racing.

THE FRESHMAN RACE ON WEDNESDAY was one of the most beautifully contested of the many close and interesting Freshman struggles inter-collegiate rowing records. From the start to the finish there was no open water to be seen from the leading shell to the last one. It was also another exhibition of the power and smoothness of the Courtney stroke when properly rowed. Cornell from the first quarter-mile to the finish-line rowed from two to four points lower per minute than Columbia and Pennsylvania; yet she won, and after getting the poorest start too.

Cornell pulled a better race and in very different form against Pennsylvania and Columbia than against Harvard and Yale the week before. Courtney in the interval evidently had given them some imperative instructions. They did not exhibit any propensity to scramble for the lead on last Wednesday, or hit up their stroke at the cost of its length as they had the previous week. They got started last, but settled at once to a strong thirty-two stroke, which they never raised but a point, and at one time lowered a point. Their blade work was cleaner than it had been, and no power or time was lost on the catch. For a crew that in no particular may be considered a remarkable one, they rowed a remarkably finished race.

HAD COLUMBIA GOT ITS OARS into the water sharply on the catch, put on pressure instantly the blades were sunk, and rowed the stroke out, she would have made Cornell row harder to win. But she showed the same lack of fire on the catch so evident in Harvard's work. There was no biting the water as the blade went into it, and consequently the most important part of the stroke was neglected. Columbia lost the power of the long reach, as had Harvard in both her races.

Moreover, Columbia was greatly handicapped by a stroke oar who appeared to have no power after one and a half miles. Great praise is due her No. 7, who from that point really set the stroke for the last.

Pennsylvania exhibited nothing but fire and pluck. She "jabbed" the water with a fury and persistence that expended energy and strength rapidly, and sent spray high into the air. She got plenty of "bite" in her stroke. In fact the "bite" was practically the stroke's beginning and ending. She rowed from one to two points higher than Columbia and from two to four points higher than Cornell throughout the race.

PENNSYLVANIA GOT THE BEST START, with Columbia second and Cornell last, and at the quarter mile Pennsylvania led by about two yards, while Columbia had three yards on Cornell. Cornell was rowing in the best form, pulling thirty-two long powerful strokes. Columbia was next best in form, and rowing thirty four. Pennsylvania was pulling thirty-five and thirty six splashy, jerky strokes. At the half Pennsylvania had increased her lead to half a length, and Cornell had caught Columbia. At the three-quarter mile Columbia had caught Pennsylvania, and by the time the mile was reached Cornell led by nearly a half-length, and Columbia and Pennsylvania were even. Meantime Cornell had stuck to thirty-two strokes until reaching the one mile, where she went one point lower. Columbia had held to thirty-three and thirty four, and Pennsylvania to thirty three and thirty-five.

Columbia spurted at one and one quarter miles and took a lead on Pennsylvania, which at the one and one-half miles was a half boat length, while Cornell led Columbia by a short length.

At about that point Columbia's stroke-oar seemed to waver, and was a passenger thereafter, but No. 7 carried the stroke back nicely, and the crew, because of his steady work, did not become demoralized, as might easily have been the result under the circumstances. Pennsylvania, seeing Columbia's mishap, spurted, and nearly pulled up even; but Columbia braced, and both raced down on Cornell, who, by putting a little more power into the stroke, maintained her lead, and crossed the line about one length ahead of Columbia, who beat Pennsylvania by three-quarters of a length. Time—Cornell, 9 m. 21⅘ s.; Columbia, 9 m. 22⅘ s.; Pennsylvania, 9 m. 23⅘ s.

CORNELL FRESHMAN CREW.

Name.	Position.	Age.	Height.	Weight.
P. Will	Bow	19	5 ft. 10 in.	145
C. B. Smallwood	No. 2	20	5 " 10 "	160
F. B. Windsor	No. 3	19	5 " 10½ "	155
R. H. Gaswell	No. 4	18	5 " 8 "	154
L. F. Hasser	No. 5	20	5 " 10½ "	161
C. W. Lull (captain)	No. 6	20	6 "	168
A. B. Ayers	No. 7	18	5 " 8 "	140
J. W. Dibler	Stroke	20	5 " 8 "	140
R. T. Magoffin	Cox.	20	5 " 6 "	110

Average weight of eight, 154⅞ pounds; average age, 19⅜ years.

Average weight of Columbia, 157¼ pounds, average age nineteen years. Average weight of Pennsylvania, 155¼ pounds; average age, eighteen years.

OF THE PENNSYLVANIA-COLUMBIA-CORNELL 'varsity race on Friday there is very little to say. Cornell won easily by ten lengths from Columbia, and Pennsylvania's execrable rowing so filled their shell with water that they swamped at about the two and a quarter mile mark.

The water, although not such as could be called rough, had a great deal more life than in any previous race this year, and there was a somewhat stiffish head wind. These were conditions under which Cornell, being the lightest crew, were at a disadvantage as compared with the greater weight and alleged strength in the other boats. Cornell also had the roughest water. But it made no difference in their form. Columbia, who had the smoothest water, rowed in good form, with clean watermanship, and finished strong. There was not a break in the boat until No. 6 evidently lost his head, and certainly his form, in the last three quarter mile.

BUT AT ALL TIMES IN THE RACE it was perfectly apparent that Columbia was not getting the most out of her stroke. The catch was not sharp, and the blades appeared to float out at the end of the stroke instead of being pulled through. The bodies swung far enough, but the blades were not doing any appreciable work for much more than half the time they were in the water. A sharper catch and the blades pulled all the way through will give Columbia a good stroke.

One cannot discuss Pennsylvania's rowing without adding bitterness to a cup which must already be overflowing. To be defeated is nothing, but to persistently cling to the principles of rowing which have long since been discarded for eight-oared work, and to therefore ignominiously swamp half-way because the men could not row well enough to keep their shell afloat, is to suffer humiliation indeed. Perhaps Pennsylvania will now learn the lesson she ignored last year because the sheer pluck and strength of her crew nearly overcame the better rowing of another crew which was not so bountifully supplied with strength and pluck.

PENNSYLVANIA CAUGHT THE WATER FIRST, Columbia making a slightly better start than Cornell. For a minute Pennsylvania's shell kept shooting to the front, then it ceased gaining, and shortly lost its slight lead. Columbia was pulling thirty-two to Pennsylvania's thirty four strokes, while Cornell started at thirty, and never raised until the last mile, when she increased to thirty one and thirty-two.

At the quarter mile Cornell had acquired a slight lead, and never lost it, gradually widening out the space between her shell and Columbia's until it was ten lengths at the finish. Columbia and Pennsylvania were on even terms at the half mile and the three quarters, at the mile Columbia had half a length lead of Pennsylvania, which at the one and a half miles had been increased to a length. That Pennsylvania should have hung on so long was due to her strength, not to her rowing. There was a bad break between stroke and No. 7, the general time was very poor, and clouds of spray shot into the air at every stroke. The boat was filling and the coxswain sinking, and at about two and a quarter miles Pennsylvania, having fallen hopelessly behind, stopped rowing.

Columbia went on her way, rowing smoothly from thirty two to thirty four strokes to the minute, but falling steadily to the rear of Cornell, rowing thirty.

Time—Cornell, 20 m. 47⅘ s.; Columbia, 21 m. 20⅘ s. Average weight and age—Cornell, 159 pounds, 21¼ years; Columbia, 171⅗ pounds; 21¼ years. Pennsylvania, 166 pounds, 19½ years.

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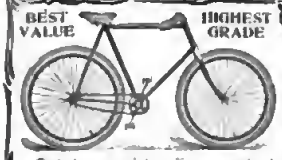

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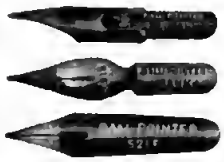

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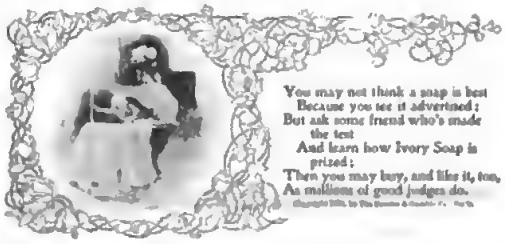

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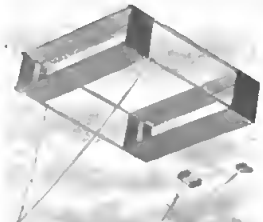

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Legal Notices

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT IN THE "SUN" SEALED, commencing on the 9th day of June, 1897, and continuing therein consecutively for nine (9) days thereafter of the confirmation by the Supreme Court, and the ordering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments, etc., of the assessment for OPENING AND ACQUIRING TITLE TO NAPIER AVENUE, from Randolph Avenue to Mount Vernon Avenue, in the 24th Ward.

ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller.
City of New York, Comptroller's office, Finance Department, June 8, 1897.

NOTICE. Estimates for preparing for and building a new pier near the head of W. 14th St., North River, under contract No. 1894, will be received by the Department of Docks at Pier "A," Battery Place, N. R., until 12 o'clock noon, Monday, July 12th, 1897. For particulars see *City Record*. Copies for sale at No. 2 City Hall.

NOTICE. Estimates for furnishing and delivering about 700 tons of Va. Lehigh coal, contract 1896, will be received by the Department of Docks until 12 o'clock M., July 12th, 1897. For particulars see *City Record*.

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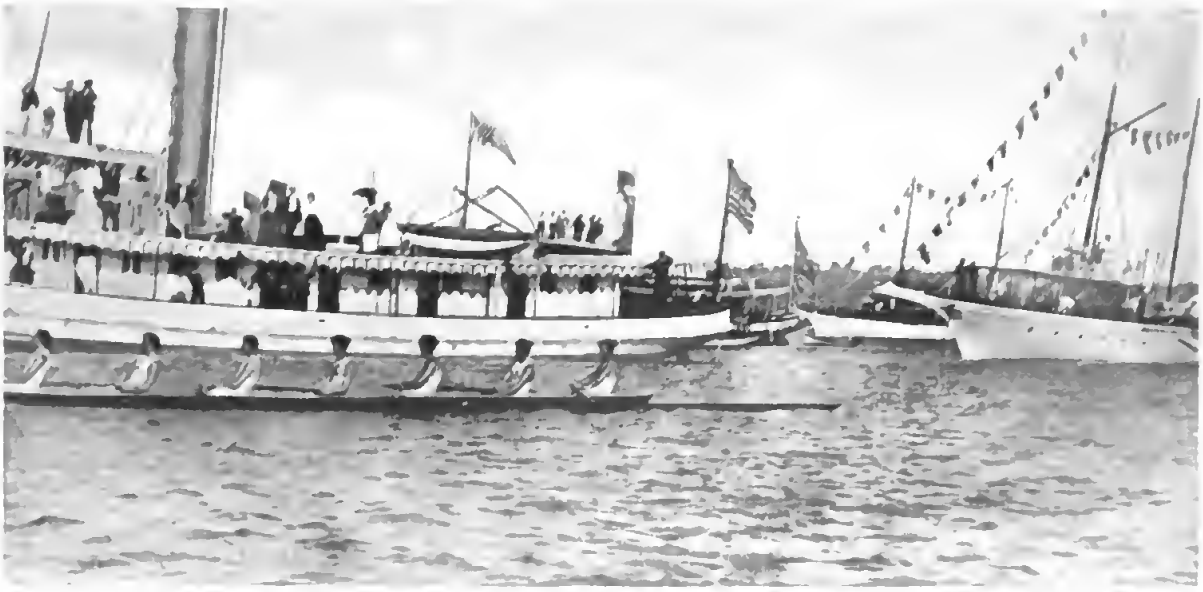

CORNELL AT THE FINISH.

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EXCURSION-BOATS.

OUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK, JUNE 25, 1897.—[SEE "AMATEUR SPORT," PAGE 670.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLI.—No. 2117

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1897.

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NEW YORK'S NEW RECREATION PIER AT THE FOOT OF THIRD STREET, EAST RIVER.

DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[See Page 706.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, JULY 17, 1897

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Subscriptions may begin with any Number

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK, N. Y.

THE SEAL QUESTION REVIVED.

THE seal controversy is being carried on by the present administration, and letters have passed between our own and the British government that ought to bring the vexed question to a settlement. This question has been agitated for many years, and various fortunes have attended the American case. Mr. McKINLEY and Mr SHERMAN are simply continuing the policy of their predecessors, under practically the same advice and guidance; for Mr HAMLIN, when he was Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, was the acknowledged government expert, and the source, if not the author, of the despatches of the State Department at Washington on the seal question.

The substance of the new despatches, and of the instructions that Ambassador HAY carried to London, is that Great Britain should observe good faith in fulfilling the rules laid down by the Paris tribunal in 1893, notwithstanding the objections of the Dominion. In this controversy the government of the United States is clearly right, and the British government clearly wrong More than once in the course of the discussion our government has been wrong The contention of Mr BLAINE as to questions of right, for example, was wrong, and the Paris tribunal so decided. But it also decided, on ethical grounds, that the two governments ought to act together for the protection of the seals and for the maintenance of the seal herds. From the moment the differences between the two governments were submitted to arbitration each was bound to carry out in good faith whatever decision might be rendered The matter of first importance embraced in the decision was the common duty of the two governments to protect the lives of the seals against the wasteful, ruthless, and inhuman slaughter of the pelagic sealers, the large majority of whom were, and continue to be, Canadians A matter of secondary importance was the claim of the Canadians against the United States for damages caused to pelagic sealers by reason of their unwarrantable seizure. The refusal of the Senate to pay the amount agreed upon by Secretary GRESHAM and Sir JULIAN PAUNCEFOTE was not a violation of the award, and the delay of our government in settling the claims would be more unfortunate if the other party to the award had fulfilled its obligations. But in view of the refusal of Great Britain to carry out the rulings sincerely and earnestly, this country is not open to serious reproach for delaying the payment of claims arising out of an award which its creditor is treating with contempt, and especially does it not lie in the mouths of the advocates of British interests to criticise our conduct in this respect

The first duty of the two governments under the award of the Paris tribunal was the enactment of regulations for making effective the rules laid down in the award for the preservation of seal life, and the furnishing of the necessary force for their administration. The rules decreed by the tribunal were themselves insufficient. The close season, from the 1st of May to the 1st of August, was too short, and the protected zone of sixty miles was too little. Insufficient as these provisions were, however, some good might have been accomplished if the two powers had actually united to confine pelagic slaughtering to licensed vessels, and to the waters beyond the sixty-mile limit in the permitted season This government accepted the award, and so far as the rules for the protection of the seals were concerned, enacted a proper law for their enforcement. But the very first act of the British government showed that it was under the influence of the Canadian pelagic sealers, and that little assistance was to be expected from it so long as the task of carrying out the award was to be performed under the advice and presumably for the benefit of those who were chiefly interested in the wholesale slaughter of the seals. It was considered essential by the tribunal that the use of fire-arms in seal hunting should be prohibited. This was merely the adoption of a principle that had long governed both countries in their dealings with the pelagic sealers. Under the *modus vivendi* that preceded the award, the rule obtained that the possession of fire-arms by a sealing-vessel navigating Bering Sea should be *prima facie* evidence of their use. This rule of evidence was recognized by the British statute of 1891, which was passed for the enforcement of the *modus vivendi* It was recognized by the act of Congress of 1894, passed for the enforcement of the Paris award. But that award simply forbade the employment of fire-arms; and the British government, under Canadian influence of course, refused to continue a rule of evidence which, when free from such influence, it had voluntarily adopted, and which all sealers and experts agree is absolutely essential to the execution of the rule laid down by the tribunal—that fire arms shall not be used by sealers. It was the refusal of the British government to agree, among other things, to insert a provision re establishing this presumption that led to the failure of joint regulations since the season of 1894

Not only has the British government refused to make proper regulations, but it has also failed to supply the force necessary for carrying into effect the provisions of the award. It has left this task to the United States, refusing at the same time to agree to regulations without which the award is inoperative. In other words, it has left the seal herd exposed to the assaults of Canadian pelagic sealers, who are practically free from search by British authority, and who are saved from condemnation, if actually seized, by the failure of British justice. What is needed is a revision of the rules to make them comply with the facts of seal life, and their honest enforcement by both powers. The latter, at all events, the United States government has the right to demand. The influence that is hostile to an immediate assent to this demand, and incidentally to both American and English interests, is Canadian. In a recent speech in London, Sir WILFRED LAURIER, the Canadian premier, professed great friendship for this country. He cannot better show the sincerity of that profession than by relieving Lord SALISBURY of the pressure from Canada which has thus far prevented him from keeping the promises that he made to Mr BAYARD in 1885, and from yielding loyal obedience to the decree of the tribunal to which in 1893 Great Britain voluntarily submitted its case.

ANARCHY AND PLUTOCRACY.

PERHAPS the most remarkable of the Fourth-of-July addresses was that which ex Governor ALTGELD delivered in Brooklyn It was the more remarkable because in New York the Tammany celebration, which is the principal survival of the "old fashioned Fourth of July," was carefully and successfully steered clear of current national politics. Tammany endorsed BRYAN in the interest of "regularity," and in consequence the city of New York, for the first time in its history, gave a majority against the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. With a municipal election on its hands, Tammany will not wilfully repeat that experience. In Brooklyn the "regular organization" kept as clear of ALTGELD as in New York it did of BRYAN, and the ex-Governor appeared under the auspices of a collection of cranks and come-outers, without representative character or political responsibility. The meeting was obviously an assemblage in the Cave of Adullam.

Nobody could be better fitted to address the Adullamites than ex-Governor ALTGELD Not that he is one of them. He may be in debt, and he may be discontented, but it is not because he has not addicted himself, in the pursuit of happiness, to all the arts of the "Shylock" and the "shark." But whether he believes fifty per cent. or five per cent. or no per cent. of what he says, he knows what his hearers will believe. There could be no more thorough-going demagogue, nor any more effective exponent of envy, hatred, malice, and uncharitableness. His address was throughout an endeavor to stir up strife between those who have and those who lack, and to array the failures of society against its successes

Of course, when the majority of voters fail to feel that they have any stake in the constitution of society, in law and order, and the honest fulfilment of contracts, such appeals will be successful, and the effect of them will be ruinous That bad time, however, does not show so many signs of coming as ALTGELD could wish. But to the given time what miserable mischief he and his kind have done in committing the organization of a great party against law and order and against the national honor! First, if not worst of all, they have postponed indefinitely the redress of the very grievances of which they complain.

For there are grievances, as this journal has over and over urged. The power of associated wealth "has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished." It was the abuses of corporate wealth under the protection of the tariff and the patronage of the Republican party that mainly produced the popular uprising of 1892, and sent to Washington a President and a Congress charged with a mandate to reform the tariff which sheltered these abuses. An honest and strenuous effort was made in the House, under the leadership of Mr. WILSON, to execute the popular will. It was an inspiring struggle. It deserved to succeed, and it would have succeeded if the same power which had obtained monopolies under the tariff had not corrupted Senators who, equally with the Representatives, were charged with the execution of the popular mandate.

But this shameful defeat did not destroy the cause It should have been and it would have been renewed, and renewed with an absolute assurance of ultimate success, if the Democratic party had chosen to carry it on The recreants who had, as Mr. CLEVELAND put it, "blighted the counsels of the brave," could not possibly have stood up before the indignation of the American people, nor withstood its will, unless the public attention had been directed from their performances. They would have been driven into compliance or obscurity, and the grievances of which the people justly complained would have been redressed. The Republicans gave every opportunity for an aggressive campaign on the part of their opponents They called for a tariff more protective than ever of the monopolists. It is true they coupled this demand with the monstrous untruth that their party was "the foe of trusts"—an untruth as palpable and almost as absurd as the concurrent statement that "protection and reciprocity go hand in hand." But they offered every opportunity to their opponents to meet them upon the old issue, upon which their opponents were in the right.

Nothing could permanently have saved the trusts, and nothing could have saved the "Senators from Havemeyer," but a diversion of the public attention. Such a diversion was effected for them by the ALTGELDS and TILLMANS who got possession of the Democratic party, and made use of that possession to begin a campaign against civilization. In the presence of this new issue, they forced the friends of order and justice and honor to take sides against them, and to reinstate "the foe of trusts," with the result, we now see, of entrenching the trusts more firmly than ever. The effective curbing of corporate power and corporate greed is indefinitely postponed, and the grievances of the people must for the present go unredressed For this result the TILLMANS and ALTGELDS, the fanatics and the demagogues, who have had their will of the Democratic party, have the heaviest responsibility.

THE PARK AND THE BOTANICAL GARDEN.

THE disagreement between the experts appointed by the Park Commissioners on the one hand, and the majority of the commission and the directors of the Botanical Society on the other, concerning the site for the proposed buildings of the society in Bronx Park, seems to us to be worthy of further comment.

The question involved is not only of great but of general importance. Every city in the country which possesses a park whose beauty is wholly or partly that of natural scenery is concerned in it; and every citizen who believes in the elevating, soothing, and moral influences of such scenery ought to be aroused to the necessity of exerting all his influence to bring about a change in the plans affecting Bronx Park. The intrusion into natural scenery of buildings, no matter how beautiful in themselves, and of formal gardens, no matter how charming and instructive in their own way, is wrong. Moreover, it may be an example, especially if set by such public spirited citizens as the directors of the Botanical Garden and in so conspicuous a spot as the Bronx Park, which will be followed to the ruin of the parks of other cities Already we hear of an intention to destroy the charm of one of the Buffalo parks by the erection in it of a museum; and we know, generally, that it is too much the habit of promoters of beneficent enterprises to suggest that money may be saved for an otherwise good purpose by securing a free gift of part of a park that has been dedicated to the public for its recreation and its health.

In another part of this issue of the WEEKLY will be found a drawing which shows the proposed museum and glass house in the spot which has been determined on, and where they will be erected unless the directors of the Botanical Garden or the Park Commissioners can be induced to change their minds. It will be seen that the surroundings of the structures are of great natural beauty. In fact, there is probably no other park in the world

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which contains such beautiful scenery as that in the midst of which it is proposed to place these buildings. If the property included in the Bronx Park was purchased with any intelligence, it was procured because of its natural beauties. It is now proposed that these natural beauties shall no longer exist for the pleasure that they may give and the good that they may do to wearied denizens of the town, but that they shall become accessories of a botanical garden; in other words, that the property shall be devoted to a new purpose, which, although most admirable, is not to be compared with the original purpose when the well being of the mass of citizens in New York is considered.

In the issue of *Garden and Forest* of June 30 there appeared an editorial on "Natural Beauty in Urban Parks," which we trust the Park Commissioners and the directors of the Botanical Garden will carefully read and ponder, and especially we commend to their thoughtful attention the following passage, pregnant with truth and sound morals:

> When we consider the almost universal admiration and even affection among civilized men and women for broad natural landscapes, for "scenery as distinct from scenes," and consider its special restoring effect upon those who suffer from the nervous strain of city life, we have the one justifying reason for large urban parks. Small parks and play-grounds, formal squares, plazas, and promenades, are all valuable for other purposes, but for the highest rest and refreshment nothing will fill the place of stretches of beautiful natural scenery. Artificiality, the needless intrusion of buildings, anything which interferes with seclusion and the actual contact and communion with pure nature, defeats to some extent the highest purpose of such parks. The idea should never be harbored that rural parks can be improved by buildings, however noble, by any work of art which is not entirely in harmony with the spirit of the scene, or by so-called decorative gardening, however choice and rare the plants employed.

If the Board of Directors of the Botanical Society are as wise and considerate as they are public-spirited, they will consent to withdraw their plans, and to construct their buildings where their excellent purposes may be accomplished without depriving the people of New York of the beauties of nature which are "ready made" in the Bronx Park, and to obtain an artificial semblance to which in Central Park the "city spent money like water."

A SUGGESTION FOR GOOD WORK.

A FEW days ago there was published in the daily papers a touching appeal which ought to bring forth a generous response. It was written by Mrs. ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP. Its reading will lead to reflection, for it is a vigorous and interesting paper, and the writer speaks with the fulness of a knowledge obtained by a noble self sacrifice in that part of the city which we are accustomed to call the "slums," but which has ceased to be the "slums" to those who must dwell there, but who have been so fortunate as to come under her care and within her influence. Mrs. LATHROP urges on those who have money to give the necessity of putting up at once whatever hospitals may be most quickly and cheaply constructed, that the sick who are calling for immediate relief, and who, she justly says, are as entitled to immediate consideration as are the wounded of the battle-field, may not suffer and die while collections are being made for the erection of costly hospitals, for the maintenance of which, too often, money, of which the poor have none, is charged the patients. Mrs. LATHROP's work has been mainly with cancer patients, and she makes some practical suggestions with reference to the meeting of their special requirements.

POVERTY AND SCHOLARSHIP.

THE fact that the culmination of the athletic season, which comes in the neighborhood of Commencement week, invariably throws the scholarly side of university life into the shade, has been used from year to year as a text for preaching down college sports. Yet it is very well known that in the English universities, where athletics have reached a far higher and broader cultivation, the position of the "honor first" is all that it should be. It seems possible, therefore, that the obscurity of our scholars may be due to some other cause.

The main reason why academic distinctions are at a discount in America is that until the very eve of Commencement they are mainly limited to men who declare poverty. By a fallacy which, though simple enough, is very natural to the undergraduate mind, the typical scholar has come to be the man of preoccupied life and few friends. And where competition for scholarships is limited to the minority of the poor, the chief requisite for success is hard work rather than ability. Not a few scholarship men have, according to ordinary standards, been notably dull. In the narrow and far from thoughtful undergraduate world a very small proportion of scholars of this description is sufficient to fix the type, and thus to work great harm to the dignity and authority of the really brilliant men of a class, especially when these, as often happens, are themselves scholarship men. The vital distinction between the status of athletics and scholarship in our universities thus lies in the fact that athletic honors are gained by honest man-to-man competition, while scholarships are limited to a favored few. At graduation, to be sure, no such distinction obtains. Yet it is hardly to be expected that men accustomed for four years to regard success in scholarship as the badge of the obscure, will radically alter their frame of mind for Commencement week.

The most obvious means for habilitating learning is to award the scholarships and their accompanying stipends without regard to poverty or riches, as is done in England; but this is so obviously at variance with the spirit of our institutions as not to be considered. A plan has been this year put in operation at Harvard that admirably meets all conditions. A distinction has always existed between scholars of the first rate, and worthy though undistinguished students. The faculty has now established scholarships without stipend, called John Harvard scholarships, which are awarded to the men not in need of money whose standing would have entitled them to hold scholarship of the first rate. Thus for the first time in the history of American education the distinction of a scholarship is open to rich and poor alike; for the first time well-to-do undergraduates are offered a tangible reward of excellence. Already the dignity of scholarship is more generally recognized; and it is to be hoped that this sane and democratic provision will be generally adopted. By no means the least virtue of such a change is its tacit recognition of the fact that the soundness of democratic institutions consists not in favoring the weak, but in giving the strong every facility for exerting their strength for the public good.

MORE QUESTIONS CONCERNING HAWAII.

SOME of the most prominent advocates of the Hawaii annexation scheme are credited with saying that they are by no means in favor of an indiscriminate territorial aggrandizement of this republic; that they desire and expect the annexation of Hawaii to remain an isolated instance, and that if it were to become the initiation of a general policy of promiscuous territorial acquisition, they would oppose it. The gentlemen who seek to make the pending scheme palatable to the public by such smooth representations are earnestly invited to meditate upon the following questions:

What have been so far, especially since the close of our civil war, the principal considerations which deterred so many patriotic, cool-headed, and clear-sighted Americans from favoring the annexation of such countries as Cuba, San Domingo, St. Thomas, and the like? Was it not an intelligent as well as reverential respect for the traditional policy of the republic, according to which, if there was to be any territorial expansion at all, it should be confined to the acquisition of territory on our continent, within comparatively easy reach, and to be occupied by a population homogeneous to that of the United States? Was it not the belief that it would be dangerous to our free institutions to incorporate in our political system populations so different from ours in origin, morals, traditions, habits of life, impulses, and ways of thinking as to make the necessary assimilation with our people appear impossible, especially populations living under climatic conditions calculated to perpetuate those radical differences and incongruities? Was it not the apprehension that the admission of such populations as fellow-citizens among us, with all the political rights and privileges of American citizenship, enabling them to take part in governing this country, would introduce into our body politic elements of demoralization and disorder far more dangerous, and problems of race and of social antagonism far more perplexing, than any we have had so far to contend with? Was it not the further apprehension that the acquisition of distant, especially insular, possessions would entail upon this republic incalculable burdens in the shape of large armaments to be maintained for their protection and defence? Was it not, in other words, the belief that the advantages we might gain by such acquisitions would be immeasurably outweighed by the dangers and troubles they would bring upon us?

Nobody acquainted with our political history will deny that it was this conservative sentiment adhering to the traditions of the government, that turned the popular mind against the incorporation of distant, and especially of tropical, countries in this republic. It was the respectful recognition and observance of a rule of policy sanctioned by the patriotic statesmanship of the past, from the breaking of which the popular mind instinctively recoiled. What, then, would the breaking of this rule by the annexation of Hawaii signify, and what would be its effect as to our future policy?

Would the annexation of Cuba, or of San Domingo, or of any or all of the West India Islands, appear more objectionable than that of the Hawaiian Islands? True, Cuba and San Domingo and the rest of the West India Islands are not contiguous to the United States, but separated from our shores by a broad stretch of sea. But are not the Hawaiian Islands ten times as far away from our shores? True, Cuba or San Domingo or other West India Islands would require a considerable increase of our armament for their protection and defence. But would not the Hawaiian Islands, at a distance of more than two thousand miles from our western coast, require a much greater increase of our armaments for the same purpose? True, Cuba, San Domingo, and the rest of the West India Islands are laboring under the influences of a tropical climate, and the bulk of their population would, if incorporated in our political system and added to the rulers of this republic, prove a demoralizing and highly dangerous element. But would not the population of the Hawaiian Islands, also laboring under the influences of a tropical climate, and consisting more than four-fifths of Asiatics, with a comparatively slight sprinkling of Europeans, and only an infinitesimal number of Americans, be still more unfit to be incorporated in our political system? Would they not burden us with race problems still more grave, and with political complications still more dangerous and perplexing? It is said that we must have Hawaii because it is the "key"—whatever that may mean—to the commerce of the Pacific Ocean, and that, if in the hands of any other great power, it would "command" or "threaten" our western coast. But—if for argument's sake we adopt that fanciful terminology—are not the West India Islands, or any of them, in a larger sense to be regarded as the "key" to the Central and South American trade; and do they not, or does not any one of them, in the hands of another great power, "command" or "threaten" our eastern coast?

Does it not thus turn out that the objections that are made to the annexation of non-contiguous and especially of tropical countries apply much less to the West India Islands than to Hawaii? And are not all the arguments in behalf of the acquisition of "keys" or of "commanding" or "threatening" positions, if they have any sense at all, far stronger if applied to the annexation of the West India Islands than to that of Hawaii? Is it not clear, then, that if the objections to such annexations are to be overruled at all, they can be overruled much more easily in favor of the acquisition of the West India Islands than in favor of the acquisition of Hawaii; and that if the reasons given for such acquisitions are to be accepted at all, those reasons should much rather be accepted in favor of annexing the West India Islands than of annexing Hawaii? The annexation of Hawaii being, considered from the point of view of our traditional conservative policy, the most objectionable of all, and, considered from the point of view of the expansionists themselves, in a far less degree a "commercial and strategical necessity" than the acquisition of other countries nearer to our shores, must we not expect that if Hawaii is actually annexed in spite of those exceptionally strong objections, and on account of such comparatively feeble reasons, the acquisition of other tropical countries, the objections to which are less strong and the reasons for the acquisition of which more captivating, will inevitably follow? Will not, when the spell of our traditional policy is once broken, the floodgates be open and a rush of further indiscriminate aggrandizement set in? Is it not true, therefore, that we have now to deal not only with a single territorial acquisition, but with the broad and portentous question whether it is wise to throw down all the barriers against the infusion into our body politic of multitudinous populations which we can never hope to assimilate, and which will bring with them elements of corruption far beyond our past experience, and race problems impossible of satisfactory solution; and whether the American people should exchange their proud and inestimable privilege of not needing large armies and navies for the illusory advantage of possessing far-away outposts, burdening the American people with incalculably costly armaments similar to those under which other nations are painfully groaning? Is not this the real question before us? The advocates of the Hawaii annexation scheme are respectfully asked to answer.

CARL SCHURZ.

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THE NEW PUBLIC LIBRARY IN ERIE, PENNSYLVANIA.

ERIE'S NEW PUBLIC LIBRARY.

THE Pennsylvania Legislature in 1895 passed a law for the purpose of securing a system of free non-sectarian public libraries as a substantial and permanent basis throughout the commonwealth, and empowering boards of school directors or any board having control of the common schools in any school district in the State to establish and maintain free public libraries. The law authorized the levy of a tax not exceeding one mill in one year on the value of property assessed for school purposes in the district, for the purpose of maintaining such library, and permits the setting aside of school property for library uses. Other portions of the act provide for the board of management, agents, and curious employees, and place all such libraries under the general supervision of the State Librarian. Provision is also made for the acceptance of all bequests, grants, and endowments.

The city of Erie, one of whose prominent citizens is the author of the law, is the first locality to take advantage of the act to improve her library facilities, and now has under construction the fine building shown in the illustration. It is of granite, marble, Pompeiian brick, and terra-cotta, and is a magnificent specimen of the modified library style of architecture. Its general dimensions are 86 × 144 feet. It fronts on three streets, and faces Central Park, an ideal location for such a structure, and the building is set back far enough to admit of a fine lawn on each street front. In addition to the appropriations made by the school board, private donations were made to a considerable amount. Besides the various library and reading rooms in the building, provision has been made for a large assembly hall, an art-room, a museum, and quarters for the school board and officers of the school district. The rotunda will be an attractive feature of the building. It is to be beautifully decorated.

Erie County already has two free public libraries, which were the outcome of the public spirit of two of its citizens, these are the Webb Library in Mill Creek township, and the Wilcox Library in Girard, both very creditable structures for the localities.

THE THIRD-RAIL ELECTRIC SYSTEM ON STEAM RAILROADS.

AN important section of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad is now in permanent operation by the third rail system of electric traction. The instant and complete success of this method of traction cannot but have a powerful effect on other great steam roads, and marks an important epoch in the history of railroading.

The third rail system is the outgrowth of an attempt at defence against the successful competition of the parallel trolley lines, which have seriously cut into the great local passenger traffic of the consolidated road. The line operated by this system is in two sections—from Hartford to New Britain, and from New Britain to Berlin, a total distance of 12 3 miles.

The run of nine miles from Hartford to New Britain is made in twenty minutes, with a schedule of 35 trains each way daily in place of the eight trains formerly run by steam. The trains consist of two cars—a motor car and a trailer. The cars are 51 feet long, with 16 seats, making the capacity of a train 192 passengers. The quick time, the smoothness of acceleration, the absence of smoke and cinders, and the open cars now in use make the line very popular, and upwards of ten thousand passengers have been carried in a single day.

The third rail, from which the current is taken, is laid railway between the main rails. It is of the shape of a flattened A, and is laid on blocks of wood saturated with insulating material. It is somewhat heavier per yard than the main rails, and stands slightly higher. The sections of the rail are bonded together by sheet-copper plates of an electrical capacity greater than the rail itself.

There are 22 grade crossings on the line, and at each of these the rail is broken, and the current carried by underground cables laid in creosoted wooden conduits. The cars take the current from the rail by means of a cast-iron sliding contact shoe, hung beneath the car by flexible cables, and which bears on the rail by its own weight. In order to bridge the gaps at crossings the trail car has a shoe at its rear end, so that the shoe of the motor car renews contact with the rail before the rear car enters the gap.

On account of the high speed and frequent stops, the subject of braking is of momentous importance. In addition to the wheel hand-brakes, the cars are equipped with an elaborate electric air brake, with a capacity of 53 cubic feet of air per minute under a pressure of 90 pounds per square inch. The motor cars are similar to the trailers, except for the motors mounted on the trucks and the appliances on the front platform, where, within reach of the motorman, are the air-brake compressor, hand brake wheel, the pressure gauge, the engineer's air valve, and the controller, while overhead are the current-breaker, the main switch, the lever of the air chime whistle, and the conductor's signal whistle.

The power house is located at Berlin, on the main line, and is built for three engines, when the line shall be extended, as it probably soon will be, to New Haven, if not to New York.

One 1200 horse-power engine is now in use, connected direct with a General Electric Company's 16 pole, 850 kilowatt generator, furnishing a current at 650 volts.

Although it would doubtless be unsafe to step on the third rail, the danger to the travelling public is slight. The train stops only at the stations at which the steam trains stopped, and at each station the track is fenced in, moreover, when trains stand in the stations the current is cut out. The leakage of electricity is very slight, and the line has been operated with the tracks under water.

The successful demonstration that for the overhead trolley wire there may be safely and economically substituted a third rail, and that it is commercially practical to supply power from a central station for the rapid and regular operation of heavy trains, under any climatic conditions, has removed the chief obstacle to the adoption of electricity on trunk lines. H. A. GIDDINGS

THE THIRD-RAIL SYSTEM OF ELECTRIC TRACTION—TRAIN LEAVING THE DEPOT AT HARTFORD.

HARVARD COMMENCEMENT SPEAKERS.

THE men who are to represent the class of '97 on the Commencement programme at Harvard this year may be taken as typical of the serious side of university life. The titles of their speeches would indicate this. Besides the Latin salutatory, there are four speeches on the following topics: "A Plea for Narrative History," "The Need of Imagination in the Drama of To-day," "Kipling's Religion," "The Future of Harvard College."

All these speakers will receive, on graduation, degrees with distinction, yet they cannot be regarded as representing merely the student element of college life. Mr. J. H. Choate, Jr., who will speak on "Narrative History," is a man of wide interests. He is fond of golf and music as well as of literature, and is a member of many college societies—of the Hasty Pudding, D K E, and Delta Phi social clubs, and of the O. K. and Signet literary clubs. Mr. Choate is the son of Mr. Joseph H. Choate, of New York. He fitted for Harvard at St. Mark's school.

A. A. Bryant, who has the Latin salutatory, is probably the youngest member of the class, and one of the most studious members. He was born in Somerville, Massachusetts, November 10, 1877, entered Worcester Academy at the age of ten, and graduated at fourteen, first of his class, having the class poem and the Latin salutatory.

At Harvard he has pursued a classical course. He took second-year honors in classics two years ago, and is now a candidate for final honors in the same department, in which he plans, after graduation, to do further study.

Mr. P. W. Mackaye, as Mr. Bryant, belongs to none of the college social clubs, yet he is a man of strong social tendencies. He is rather tall, dark, and slender, and is said to have some of the qualities of his father, Steele Mackaye, the celebrated dramatist, and builder of the Lyceum and Madison Square theatres in New York. The trend of his interests is indicated by the title of his speech—"The Need of Imagination in the Drama of To-day." During his college course he has studied English and modern languages with a view chiefly to the drama and to poetry, he has contributed some very creditable verse to the *Advocate* and the *Monthly*, and he intends to follow his father's profession of dramatist.

The two remaining speakers, Mr. R. E. Olds and Mr. W. H. Parker, are men of affairs. Mr. Parker is to speak on "Kipling's Religion," a subject which tends to unite the interests which he has pursued at college—philosophy and English. Mr. Parker's home is in Norfolk, Nebraska, but he came to Harvard from Phillips Academy, Andover, where he graduated with honors in English, having earned his way, as he has since done at Harvard.

While at Andover he was one of the editors of the *Phillips Mercer*, a member of the Contributing Board of the *Lit*, and business manager of the *Phillipian*. In his Middle year he founded the Forum Debating Society, and in his Senior year he won the first Harvard English prize. At graduation he was class poet, and had a Commencement oration. At Harvard Mr. Parker has taken all the courses offered in writing and speaking English. He is a member of the Harvard chapter of Delta Upsilon fraternity, and a member of the Harvard Union Debating Society, he has taught a class in debating at the Social Union—Harvard's University extension—and was last year one of the three debaters against Yale. He will graduate *magna cum laude*, and expects to go into business.

Mr. Olds not only has an oration at Commencement, but is also class orator. He fitted for Harvard at St. Paul, Minnesota, where he graduated, as he is now doing at Harvard, first in his class.

Mr. Olds's interests in study have been chiefly History and English, to which he devoted himself closely during his first two years, and established himself as the first scholar of his class. In his Junior year he was elected to Phi Beta Kappa and made undergraduate orator. He has had considerable experience in speaking. Before he came to college he was president of the debating society at his school, he has taken courses in debating at Harvard, is a member of the Union Debating Society, and was chosen by the college authorities to represent Harvard at the Union League Club's celebration on Washington's birthday at Chicago.

Mr. Olds is a member of the Harvard Chapter of Delta Upsilon fraternity, and of Σ Χ. He has been elected secretary of the Phi Beta Kappa, and will graduate *summa cum laude*. The subject of his Commencement oration is "The Future of Harvard College." Mr. Olds intends to enter the Harvard Law School next fall.

In addition to the speakers from the graduating class of the college, there have usually been speakers representing other departments of the university. This year there is but one such speaker. This is Mr. J. W. Rice, of the graduating class of the Divinity School. Mr. Rice was born June 21, 1868, at his present home, Rockland, Massachusetts. He graduated at Boston Latin School in '87, at Harvard in '91, at Yale Divinity School in '95, and took his A. M. at Harvard in '96. He plans to return to Harvard next year to study for the degree of Ph. D.

The title of his paper, "The Bible at Harvard," indicates his chief interest in study. He plans to teach Biblical literature.

YALE HONOR MEN, CLASS OF '97.

THE custom of having a valedictory and salutatory address was abandoned at Yale with the inauguration of the new Commencement exercises, which were followed for the third time this year. The record of stand is, however, maintained, and at the close of the year the order of precedence of the few men who lead the class is announced. The old terms of valedictorian and salutatorian are still retained in common speech, but mean now

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F. W. Mackaye. J. W. Rice. A. A. Bryant. W. B. Parker. J. H. Choate, Jr. R. E. Olds.

COMMENCEMENT-DAY ORATORS OF HARVARD'S GRADUATING CLASS OF '97.

CHARLES UPSON CLARK.

NATHAN A. SMYTH.

ALEXANDER WHEELER.

EDWARD H. HUME.

WILLIAM DE VERNE BEACH.

ARTHUR W. EWELL.

THE FIRST SIX SCHOLARS OF YALE'S GRADUATING CLASS OF '97.

HONOR MEN OF HARVARD AND YALE UNIVERSITIES, CLASSES OF '97.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY PACH BROTHERS.—[SEE PAGE 704.]

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merely the men holding the first and second positions in their class respectively.

Mr Charles Upson Clark, of Brooklyn, New York, has the highest rank in scholarship of any member of the class of '97 of Yale University. It is not at all a surprise to those who know Mr Clark that he should have led the scholars of his class, for he has shown his intellectual ability in everything to which he has applied himself. He is by no means the conventional "dig," and besides maintaining his high record in his class, has proved his genuine intellectual strength by a very fine record in debating. In the Princeton debate of last year he was adjudged the best undergraduate speaker, and awarded the Thatcher prize of $75. During his Senior year he held the office of President of the Yale Union. On the 26th of March of this year he went to Cambridge as a member of the Yale debating team, and won the first Yale debating victory on the Harvard platform. In the debate he displayed unusual ability. Mr. Clark prepared for college at the Brooklyn Polytechnic. Mr Clark will take a post-graduate course at Yale, and then expects to teach. He is a member of Alpha Delta Phi. He and the other honor men are of course members of the high-stand society of Phi Beta Kappa.

Following the other descriptive term, Mr Nathan Aver Smyth, of New Haven, son of Dr Newman Smyth, pastor of the Center Church, would be called the salutatorian of '97, holding the second highest rank in scholarship in his class. Mr Smyth is another man whom the term "dig" does not at all fit. He is, of course, a hard worker, but is active in several departments of college life outside of the curriculum, being a member of both Junior and Senior societies. He also has been much interested in debating, and was one of the speakers to represent the Academic Department in the final trials for the Princeton debate this year. He was an editor of the Yale *Literary Magazine*, and the Ten Eyck speaker of his class. This literary and oratorical honor is second in the college only to the De Forest prize for the Senior year, for which he also competed. Smyth won a prize for English composition early in his course, and is a member of Phi Delta Theta. He prepared at Phillips Academy, Andover. Mr Smyth will study for the ministry.

The third man in his class also combines a literary and oratorical ability with intellectual strength. He is Alexander Wheeler, of Bridgeport, Connecticut, the Commencement speaker who won the De Forest medal last week. His essay was on "The Prometheus of Æschylus and Shelley." Before this Mr Wheeler had won the high honor of the "Lit." medal, the prize given by the Yale *Literary Magazine* for the best essay on a given subject. Mr. Wheeler prepared at the Bridgeport High School.

The fourth man in his class comes from Bombay, India. He is Edward Hicks Hume. Like Mr. Clark and Mr. Smyth, he has taken a very active part in debate, and was one of the speakers on the university team. Mr. Hume prepared for college at the Newton, Massachusetts, High School. Before being a member of the university team he was in the Princeton and Harvard debates of the year before, and the Harvard debates of this year. Mr. Hume will study medicine at Johns Hopkins next year.

Messrs. A. W. Ewell and W. D. Beach are tied for fifth place. Arthur Woolsey Ewell, of Washington, D. C., prepared for college at Worcester Academy, Worcester. During his college course he has taken several prizes in mathematics. In Freshman year he won the first De Forest mathematical prize, in Sophomore year he received the second De Forest mathematical prize; in Junior year he again took the first De Forest prize. It was announced at the Commencement exercises on Wednesday that he had been awarded the Sloane Fellowship for next year. Mr Ewell was elected to Phi Beta Kappa in Junior year. Mr Ewell will teach after post graduate study at Yale.

William De Verne Beach, of Bridgeport, Connecticut, was prepared for Yale at the Bridgeport High School. In his Junior year he was awarded the Scott prize in German, and in the same year was elected to Phi Beta Kappa on a philosophical oration stand.

THE NEW RECREATION PIER AT THE FOOT OF THIRD STREET, EAST RIVER.

THERE are so people who are more willing to be happy than the East Siders. One cent's worth of ice-cream delivered on a scrap of newspaper will suffice to make two East-Side children think life a joy, and an open fire-plug is a fountain of delight.

There is no doubt but that the hot days of summer are days of suffering in the overcrowded tenements, but let a puff of air from the East River strike Delancey Street, or Houston, or Norfolk, and the languid babies begin to sit up in their perambulators, the tired mothers cheerfully take up their pensils, and the youngsters their games.

A great deal of intelligent work is being done for the East Side. New parks have been opened, societies whose object is to teach a better mode of living have been organized, play grounds are soon to be opened, and now after a good deal of time spent in preparation, one of the several recreation piers planned has been erected and thrown open to the public.

To one used to seeing the tremendous jams of heavy trucks in front of the docks on West Street it is an odd sight to see the entrance to a New York pier almost blockaded by empty baby-carriages.

There is no man for perambulators on the new recreation pier, and the mothers who bring them leave them at the entrance.

The new pier is a substantially built, two-story, fire-proof structure. Iron stairways lead from the street to the recreation floor. On a hot afternoon these are crowded, at night they are jammed.

A band plays almost every night and several afternoons during the week. Any air faster than "Old Hundred" sets the youngsters dancing, a very slight provocation starts them all singing; and every boy whistles when the band plays "Sweet Rosie O'Grady."

Often the singing, shouting, and whistling are so deafening that one cannot hear the band half the length of the pier, but that does not disturb any one.

There are a couple of stands on the pier where youngsters with strong stomachs and a few pennies may make themselves happy with candy or "open-face" pies. Children with weak stomachs and three pennies may indulge in sterilized milk. Several uniformed employes of the Dock Department and two or three policemen keep order on the floor, and two matrons in black with starchy white aprons, collars, and cuffs, look after the comfort of the women and babies.

To a sympathetic observer of the great tenement district this recreation pier would seem to be one of the most practical and useful means of relief yet devised for the preservation of infant life and adult hope among the poor.

Let us have as many more of them as possible.

W. A. ROGERS.

THE LIMIT.

When dear Hawaii has at last come in,
Fair Cuba let us up and strive to win.

And after that let's turn our envious eyes
On Canada, a wondrous flowered prize.

Then, with a gladsome rush and roar and rout,
For what is left of England let's reach out.

And when the lordly Briton is bound fast,
For Europe varied let us make a cast.

And keep it up until the glad green earth
For countries to annex provides a dearth.

Then, with our banner floating still on high,
We'll pay attention to the broad blue sky.

Annex the sun and moon and twinkling stars,
The Milky Way, the Dipper, Venus, Mars.

Until in one great glorious union blest
We hold the earth and all the firmament.

Then may we stop at last. The Jingo set,
We note it with a very deep regret,

Won't strive for Heaven, and, alas! 'tis known
The other place is even now their own!

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

LOUNGING through Mrs. Caroline A. Creevey's charming book on the Flowers of Field, Hill, and Swamp the other day, I was very forcibly reminded of the number of these pretty wildling growths which I had been finding all the season long among the streets of asphalt and the side-walks of artificial stone in this city, and I am quite sure that any one who has been kept in New York, as I have been this year, beyond the natural time of going into the country, can have as real a pleasure in this sylvan invasion as mine, if he will but give himself up to a sense of it.

I.

Of course it is altogether too late, now, to look for any of the early spring flowers, but I can recall the exquisite effect of the tender blue hepatica fringing the centre rail of the grip-cars, all up and down Broadway, and apparently springing from the hollow beneath where the cable runs with such a brook-like gurgle that any damp living plant must find itself at home, there. The water pimpernel may now be seen, by any sympathetic eye, blowing delicately along the track, in the breeze of the passing cabs, and elastically lifting itself from the rush of the cars. The reader can easily verify it by the picture in Mrs. Creevey's book if he knows it by its other name of brook-weed and he will have my delight, I know, in the cardinal flower which will be with us in August. It is a shy flower, loving the more sequestered nooks; and may be sought along the shady stretches of Third Avenue, where the Elevated Road overhead forms a shelter as of interlacing boughs. The arrow head lifts such swampy expanses in the converging cables form at Dead Man's Curve, and the corners of Twenty-third Street. This is in flower now, and will be till September; and St. John's-wort, which some call the false golden-rod, is already here. You may find it in any moist low ground, but the gutters of Wall Street, or even the banks of the Stock Exchange, are not too dry for it. The real golden rod is not much in evidence with us, for it comes only when summer is on the wane. The other night, however, on the promenade of the Madison Square Roof Garden, I was delighted to see it growing all over the oblong dome of the auditorium in response to the cry of a homesick cricket which found itself in exile there at the base of a potted evergreen. This lonely insect had no sooner sounded his winter-boding note than the fond flower began sympathetically to wave and droop along those tarry slopes, as I have seen it on how many hill-side pastures! But this may have been only a transitory response to the cricket, and I cannot promise the visitor to the Roof Garden that he will find golden-rod there every night. I believe there is always Golden Seal, but it is the kind that comes in bottles, and not in the gloom of "deep, cool moist woods," where Mrs. Creevey describes it as growing, along with minor wildings of such sweet names or quaint as Columbine, and Dwarf Larkspur, and Squirrel-corn and Dutchman's-breeches and Pearlwort and Wood sorrel, and Bishop's-cap, and Wintergreen, and Indian pipe, and Snowberry and Adder's-tongue and Wakerobin and Dragon-root, and Adam and Eve, and twenty more, which must have got their names from some fairy of genius. I should say it was a female fairy of genius who called them so, and that she had her own sex among mortals in mind, when she invented their nomenclature, and was thinking of little girls, and also pretty maids and happy young wives. The author tells how they all look, with a fine sense of their charm in her words, but one would know how they looked from their names, and when you call them over they at once transplant themselves to the depths of the dells between our sky scrapers, and find a brief sojourn in the cavernous excavations whence other sky scrapers are to rise.

II.

That night on the Roof Garden when the cricket's cry flowered the dome with golden rod, the tall stems of rye growing among the orchestra sloped all one way at times, just like the lines of violins in the half-dollar gale that always blows over the city at that height. But as one turns the leaves of Mrs. Creevey's magic book—perhaps one ought to say turns its petals—the forests and the fields come and make themselves at home in the city everywhere. By virtue of it I have been more in the country in a half hour than if I had lived all June there. When I lift my eyes from its pictures or its letter-press my vision paints the emblems of wild flowers everywhere, as it prints the image of the sun against the air after dwelling on his brightness. The rose mallow flaunts along Fifth Avenue and the golden threads of the dodder embroider the house fronts on the principal cross-streets; and I might think at times that it was all mere fancy, it has so much the quality of a pleasing illusion.

Yet Mrs Creevey's book is not one to lend itself to such a deceit by any of the ordinary arts. It is rather matter of fact in form and manner and largely owes what magic it has to the inherent charm of its subject. One feels this in merely glancing at the index, and reading such titles of chapters as Wet Meadows and Low Grounds, Dry Fields—Waste Places—Way sides, Hills and Rocky Woods, Open Woods, and Deep Cool, Moist Woods, each a poem in itself, lyric or pastoral, and of a surpassing opulence of suggestion. The spring and summer months pass in stately processional through the book, each with her lilies inscribed with the names of her characteristic flowers or blossoms, and brightened with the blooms themselves.

They are plucked from where nature bade them grow in the wild places, or their own ways and wills led them astray. A singularly fascinating chapter is that called Escaped from Gardens, in which some of these pretty runagates are catalogued. I supposed in my liberal ignorance that the Bouncing Bet was the only one of these but I have learned that the Pansy and the Sweet Violet love to gad, and that the Caraway, the Snapdragon, the Prince's Feather, the Summer Savory, the Star of Bethlehem, the Day-Lily, and the Tiger-Lily and even the sluggish Stone Crop are of the vagrant, fragrant company. One is not surprised to meet the Tiger Lily in it, that must always have had the jungle at its heart, but that the Baby's Breath should be found wandering by the roadsides from Massachusetts and Virginia to Ohio gives one a tender pang as for a lost child. Perhaps the poor human tramps who sleep in barns and feed at back doors along those dusty ways, are mindful of the Baby's Breath, and keep a kindly eye out for the little truant.

III.

As I was writing those homely names I felt again how fit and lovely they were, how much more fit and lovely than the scientific names of the flowers. Mrs. Creevey will make a botanist of you if you will let her, and I fancy a very good botanist, though I cannot speak from experience, but she will make a poet of you in spite of yourself, as I very well know, and she will do this simply by giving you first the familiar name of the flowers she loves to write of. I am not saying that the Day-Lily would not smell as sweet by her title of Hemerocallis Fulva, or that the homely, hearty Bouncing Bet would not kiss as delicously in her scholar's cap and gown of Saponaria Officinalis, but merely that their college degrees do not lend themselves so willingly to verse or even to colonial prose, which is what the poet is often after nowadays. So I like best to hail the flowers by the names that the fairies gave them, and the children know them by, especially when my longing for them makes them grow here in the city streets. I have a fancy that they would all vanish away if I saluted them in botanical terms. As long as I talk of cat tail rushes, the homeless grimalkins of the areas and the back fences help me to a vision of the swamps thickly studded with their stiff spears, but if I called them Typha Latifolia, or even Typha Angustifolia, there is not the hardiest and fiercest prowler of the roof and the fire-escape but would fly the sound of my voice and leave me forlorn amidst the withered foliage of my dream. The street sparrows, pestiferous and persistent as they are, would forsake my sylvan pageant if I spoke of the Bird-foot Violet as the Viola Pedata and the commonest cur would raw howling if he heard the gentle Poison Dogwood maligned as the Rhus Venenata. The very milk-cans would turn to their native pumps in disgust from my attempt to invoke our simple American Cowslip as the Dodecatheon Meadia.

III.

Yet I do not deny that this scientific nomenclature has its uses; and I should be far from underrating this side of Mrs. Creevey's book. In fact, I secretly respect it the more for its botanical love, and if ever I get into the woods or fields again I mean to go up to some of the humblest flowers, such as I can feel myself on easy terms with, and tell them what they are to Latin. I think it will surprise them, and I dare say they will some of them like it, and will want their initials inscribed on their leaves, like those signatures which the medicinal plants bear as we suppose I to bear. But as long as I am engaged in their culture amidst this stone and iron and asphalt, I find it best to invite their presence by their familiar names, and I hope they will not think them too familiar. I should like to get them all naturalized here so that the thousands of poor city children who never saw them growing in their native places, might have some notion of how beautifully the world is equipped with beauty, and how it is governed by many laws which are not enforced by policemen. I think that would interest them very much and I shall not mind their plucking my Barnacle blossoms, and carrying them home by the armfuls. When good will costs nothing we ought to practise it even with the tramps, and these are very welcome in their wanderings over the city pave to rest their weary limbs in any of my plenched bowers they come to.

W. D. HOWELLS.

THIS BUSY WORLD

Interest at the Commencement at Amherst seems to have been divided between President Gates and the Grosvenor twins. The feeling about Dr Gates was intense, but very quiet and self respectful. He appears to be an able man and competent in most particulars, but he seems to have taken hold of things at Amherst by the wrong end, and to have continued so inflexible in his grasp of affairs and in his attitude towards his contemporaries as to have earned for himself the dislike of most of the students, a large part of the faculty, the majority of the towns-people, and the majority of the alumni, especially the younger alumni. There must be something about the art of maintaining profitable and agreeable relations with mankind in general and college men in particular which Dr. Gates is so far from understanding that he cannot suspect its existence. The trustees of Amherst are standing by him and going slow, as they ought, and nothing is expected to happen until fall, and probably nothing then.

Just what is the process of getting rid of a college president who proves unsuited to his charge and is yet unwilling to retire is not generally known, but it is as difficult to detach a college from its president as it sometimes is to detach a church from its parson. Dr Gates will probably continue at Amherst until some other opening offers which is more agreeable to him. The present situation is very unfortunate, for it is bad for a college to be at odds with its president, and Dr Gates really seems too well equipped a man to be wasted in a place to which he is not suited.

The Commencement situation at Amherst would have been more strained than it was if it had not been for the Grosvenor twins, sons of Professor Grosvenor of the Amherst faculty, both of whom were graduated this year and both with distinction. Both of them were included in the eight Seniors who had Commencement parts, and one of them took a prize for the best original oration. At the alumni dinner the graduates had fun with the twins, and did their best to have them put an exhibition. It is a good plan to have as much sensible fun at Commencement as possible, and the tendency which shows itself in most of the American colleges to make the day more festive and less wearisome than of yore is a tendency with sound claims for development. There is somewhat more fellowship among graduates than there used to be, and a good deal less undergraduate oratory, which is a painful change.

The Boston *Transcript* speaks of Colonel Higginson's new American hymn, first tried on Independence day this year, as "a responsible effort towards furnishing the country with a distinctive national anthem suitable in sentiment and musical dignity." It is hard to write a national anthem that deserves to be adopted, and harder still to bring it into popular favor. So far as the latter necessary goes it is better for the anthem to be lucky than to be conspicuously fit. Dr Smith's "America" has won on its merits a place from which it is not likely to be dislodged. So has the "Star-spangled Banner," which was an accident and the sudden product of an occasion, but stepped off into immediate popularity more proper to its spirit than to its value as a lyric. "Yankee Doodle" is likely to stand by us too, though it is more of a tune than a song, has no words worth mentioning, and though often played by brass bands is rarely sung. It is pure Jingo and if we ever hear it again in its articulate form it will be on occasions when for some reason the Jingo spirit of "who or bust" has come to the top. When Colonel Higginson invites us to

> be a noble nation born
> To dare, to shelter, to endure,

he sounds a high note that deserves to find a popular echo.

Mr. Charles A. Dana has been such an incorrigible worker for so many years, and, except when he has been on his travels, has so rarely failed to spend the working hours of his day at his desk in the *Sun* office, that the recent newspaper paragraphs which have told that he has been ill enough to stay at home in the country have been more disquieting to his friends than similar news about a man less addicted to steady work. So far as any one knows (except perhaps himself), Mr Dana has never been ill before, but while most other men have had to lay off against their will to recuperate, he has seemed always able to go on until he has got good and ready to stop and play. He has played a good deal, especially of late years, and from time to time has printed some record of his travels and enjoyments. Here's hoping that his present illness may prove merely a new experience, valuable perhaps to him for its novelty, yet not so attractive as to tempt him to repeat it.

This is the week in which the preliminary plans for New York's new library on the reservoir site are to be handed in. Director Billings received two hundred applications for copies of the specifications, and expected, last week, to have about one hundred plans from which to make a choice. It will be remembered that six plans are to be selected from those handed in on July 15, which are to be further elaborated and worked out, and the final choice will be made from them after October 15. When the library once gets started its progress will be very interesting to the people of the city. No doubt it will be set so far back from the street that its construction may go on without prejudice to the free use of Fifth Avenue.

A circular has been widely circulated which sets forth the need of an international language especially adapted for use in the publication of works of scientific value or of especial interest to scholars. It is thought, reasonably enough, that if an agreement could be reached as to what language, whether one now in use or a new one, is fittest to serve as a means of communication between the nations, it would save an immense deal of time and trouble and be a universal convenience. As a congress of all persons interested in such an agreement is impracticable, it is proposed to discuss the subject by letter, and every person who has ideas about it—whether he prefers adopting an existing language for international use or inventing a new one—is requested to write them out and send them to Mr. L. Samenhof, Grodno, Russia. The plan is to print all the essays received in a book, a copy of which is to be sent to each contributor, who shall then vote, also by letter, for the plan he prefers. The scheme is not necessarily impossible of execution provided that due funds can be procured to carry it out, but only exceptionally hopeful persons will expect important results from it.

A report of remarks said to have been made by Bishop Potter at the American Fourth-of-July dinner in London has reached these shores, which attributes to the bishop an outburst of "ringing words." It quotes him as referring to the glories of the British Empire which it has taken a thousand years to amass, and as saying, "Give us half that time and we will show colonies equal to these." It also represents him as speaking bluntly about Cuba, and exclaiming, "Let us illustrate the wisdom of the Israelites and 'occupy the land.'"

If the bishop feels confidence enough in the destiny of his country to urge upon his countrymen a policy of colonization, it must be that his vacation has had very invigorating effects. The chances are, however, judging from past experiences, that he will read some of the cabled despatches about his speech with more surprise than gratification. It is very hard to find out what any speaker really said on an occasion in New York, much more so in London. Let us not annex Cuba on the strength of Bishop Potter's recommendation until he gives it to us in writing over his name.

A contributor to the *Evening Post*, who writes with a practised hand on various social topics, finds himself able, in reviewing the manners of contemporary American men, to aver that the rising generation of boys is a great deal better bred than the lot that preceded them. For purposes of comparison he classifies the Americans whose behavior has come under his personal observation into gentlemen of the old school, surviving examples of which were still extant in his youth, gentlemen of a school which began about 1875, and the youths of the present period. He relates a number of afflicting characteristics of the school of 1875, and praises its latter day successors as being more civil, more deferential to their elders, and better balanced, so shown in their being much less apt to fall over one another in offering attentions to casual and unidentified Englishmen who may have struggled over to this country. In this new school of better Americans this observer sees "the influence of their mothers—those women we knew as girls, and who were so far ahead of their brothers and husbands in refinement and culture." To have seen these girls marry and bring up their sons so well has been, he says, a satisfaction and a compensation for many delusions.

It may be that his hopeful view applies chiefly to New York lads, but inasmuch as his praises are not explicitly limited to the representatives of any one locality there is no need for us to put narrow bounds to their application. A hopeful view from an expert of the manners of the rising generation is too welcome for us not to make it cover the most ground possible.

It is worth while to keep track of the summer explorers who have started out to see strange sights or do difficult things. Allusion has already been made in the WEEKLY to the preliminary Peary expedition and to the various parties which hope to climb Mount St. Elias. Brief reference has also been made to Professor Libby's Princeton expedition to New Mexico, which deserves further attention. In the plains of Acoma, about 75 miles southwest of Albuquerque, is a rectangular rock some 700 feet high and about 40 acres in area on its upper surface. The story about it is that 300 years ago a community of Indians lived on it, cultivated corn lands at its base, and ascended to their homes at night by stone steps. But it is related that one day an earthquake shook down part of the rock including the stairs, and left the table land above inaccessible. The villagers who were at work in the valley were cut off from those on the rock. The latter presently starved to death, and what was left of the former went on a miles away and founded, on another table-rock, a new village, which still flourishes. It is believed that no one has been able to get to the top of the old rock since disaster overtook it centuries ago. Professor Libby's plan is to throw a line over it by means of tandem kites, and so get up. If he succeeds, and his plan is thought to be feasible enough, he may find very interesting antiquities. At any rate he will be likely to find out whether the story the Indians tell about the abandoned village is true. The quest excites the imagination, and if it succeeds it ought to make some fascinating reading for the newspapers.

Another novel expedition which we may get a thrill or two out of is that of Professor S. A. Andrée, the Swedish aeronaut whose purpose it is to sail across the north pole in a balloon. The latest news at this writing from the professor comes by way of Stockholm, and tells that his balloon was filled on Danes Island, at the northwest point of Spitzbergen, on June 28, and that he was ready to start on July 1. His start will doubtless depend somewhat on the direction of the wind. Indeed, his whole expedition seems to depend on forces beyond his control, and not to be estimated beforehand. He may get a big story in a short time and without much trouble, he may take immense trouble and get only a little story, and he may have a valuable and astonishing experience and not succeed in getting home to share it with mankind. However, all the news from Professor Andrée we shall be glad to read, be it much or little. It may be remembered that the attempt similar to the present one which he made a year ago failed because of unfavorable winds and defects in his air ship. This year he is better equipped and knows more than he did. His present balloon carries a sail and steering apparatus. The Swedish Academy of Sciences has helped him in his preparations, and other organized scientific societies are interested in his attempt.

The death of Henri Meilhac, dramatist and librettist, leaves a vacant place in the French Academy, and puts an end to the labors of one of the most successful modern playwrights. In partnership with M. Ludovic Halévy he wrote the libretto to Bizet's *Carmen*, and to most of Offenbach's operas—*La Grande Duchesse*, *Barbe Bleue*, and others—works of very much more literary merit than English readers, who know them only in translation, would imagine. *Froufrou*, which he wrote also in collaboration with M Halévy, was his best known play, though there is a considerable list of others, some written in collaboration, others not, which succeeded, several of them, as has *Divorcé* in 1896, brilliantly. His *Margot* was produced at the Comédie Française in 1890, and his *Grosse Fortune* last year.

M Meilhac was born in Paris in 1832, produced his first successful play in 1860, was decorated with the Legion of Honor in 1869, promoted to be an officer in 1884, and elected to the Academy to succeed Labiche in 1888.

The important thing about a playwright, even more than about other workers, is that he should succeed. An author may write a good book, and posterity, and even the competent critics of his day, will give him credit for it, even though it has no popular vogue, a poet may write poetry which is over the head of most readers, and yet rank high as a poet. But with a dramatist it is popular success or nothing. If he cannot write plays that suit the public he might as well hang up his fiddle. If a play is successful, it seems unnecessary that it should have any other merit; and if it is not successful, no amount of moral or literary virtue in it can make its author famous as a playwright.

A gentleman who describes himself as a Yale graduate writes from a Pennsylvania town, enclosing a list of the offices of the late graduating class at Harvard, and pointing out that a large majority of the more ornamental offices went to men from Boston and its vicinity, while of the officers not from Boston or its neighborhood "every one is in a position requiring some special ability." It appears from the list enclosed that Boston and its suburbs supplied the Harvard class of '97 with its president, secretary, three marshals, three class committee men, three class-day committee men, and three photograph committee men (eleven offices), while the orator, Mr Olds, came from St. Paul, the poet, J. H. Choate, Jr., from New York, the odist, Mr Gregg, from Colorado, the ivy orator, Mr. Schurz, from New York, and the chorister, Mr. Carpenter, from Chicago (five officers). Our correspondent thinks that the tendency of the Boston men to gobble up the honorary class offices is a source of weakness to Harvard, and being a magnanimous foe and hostile to anything that enfeebles Yale's favorite antagonist, he makes complaint against the system.

His protest is hereby commended to the attention of the Harvard class of '98. It seems doubtful, however, whether he appreciates how very much stronger the Boston element is at Harvard, both in number and in quality, than any local element is at Yale. Considerably more than half of the Harvard undergraduates live so near Cambridge that they can spend their Sundays at home. Not only are the purely social distinctions—as the marshalships—rather more highly valued by Massachusetts men than by the others, but there is a superior convenience in choosing men who live near by for such of the class offices as are permanent.

It is probable that there will not seem in the average observer any very objectionable discrimination in a distribution like that of this year, which gives the intellectual jobs to New York and the West, and the ornamental and executive jobs in New England. If the Boston men don't mind that kind of an allotment it seems as if the Uitlanders might stand it. To be sure, when it happens so, it gives some support to the theory that the intellectual centre of the country has crossed the Connecticut River—but that's no matter. No other city stands in so intimate a relation to a university as Boston does to Harvard. If she gets much out of Harvard, it is, after all, no more than a fair return for what she has put in, and keeps putting in, year after year, with tireless devotion. If New York had had an equally strong sentiment about Columbia—but that is inconceivable! New York is too big and too restless and too cosmopolitan ever to have quite so strong a sentiment about anything as Boston has about several things.

The familiar associates of the WEEKLY's friend Mr. William Dean Howells report him to be swelled with paternal pride over the crop of distinctions that begins to be gathered by his son John. Mr John Howells, who has just received his diploma in architecture from the Beaux Arts, has lately been asked to join the Société des Architectes Diplômés par le Gouvernement. He is the fifth American *diplômé*, and has got his diploma in five years, the usual term being seven years. To see to it that an American architect is trained up in the way he should go is a good and patriotic work, especially when the student takes as kindly as Mr John Howells does to his training.

On July 6 Justice Pryer of New York granted a motion to confirm the report of the referee appointed to pass upon the accounts of the Fayerweather executors, and signed a decree directing the executors to distribute within ten days the residuary estate of about $3,000,000 among the twenty colleges included in Mr. Fayerweather's original testamentary plan. This makes it begin to look as if the colleges might get the rest of their money, but it has looked so so often before that cautious people will wait, as a matter of course, for further delays.

New York is entitled to whatever credit belongs to having provided the country with a highly interesting murder mystery, the elucidation of which has been followed with lively interest by millions of newspaper readers. The interest in ordinary merely brutal murders is somewhat perverse, but when an unknown man's dismembered members are found here and there in the waters that wash a metropolis, and are assembled, and being identified without the recovery of the head, lead to the detection and arrest of the apparent murderers, the interest which attaches to such a sequence of developments and the progressive deduction of theories is intellectual, and no intelligent reader of newspapers or student of life need be ashamed of it.

E. S. MARTIN.

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VIEW ON THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT VAEA.

THE TOMB OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON ON MOUNT VAEA.

THE tomb on the summit of Mount Vaea marking the resting place of Robert Louis Stevenson is built after the Samoan fashion. His friends in Apia, the captains of the various mail packets running to Samoa, and others advised a white marble or granite shaft that could be seen from the sea by approaching ships. But in a country of so few facilities as Samoa, where the seaport has no wharf and the road to Vailima (after leaving the township) is a series of bowlders, where there are no means whatever of lifting or carrying except by hand, such an idea was impossible.

A Samoan chief's burial place was described to Mr. Gelett Burgess of San Francisco, who drew a design on its lines for Mr. Stevenson's tomb, with the addition of two bronze plates, one containing the poem "Under the wide and starry Sky," and the other a selection from the sixteenth and seventeenth verses of the first chapter of Ruth in the Samoan language. A very happy idea of the good taste of the natives may be gathered from the fact that the proportions of Mr. Burgess's design, drawn with the perfect taste of an experienced artist, are found to be exactly the same as those of the ancient Samoan tombs.

A cement platform was laid, nine feet six inches by fifteen feet and one foot six inches high, and upon this a sarcophagus built, nine feet by three feet and six inches, and two feet nine inches high (sides two feet high), the bronze plates, each weighing over a hundred pounds, let in on either side. All this upon the summit of a precipitous mountain, 500 feet above Vailima and 1100 feet above the sea. All the materials—sand from the beach at Apia, iron roofing and boards for a temporary shelter, a large iron tank for catching rain water, and more than twenty barrels of cement—were carried by hand up an incredibly steep and slippery path, tangled across with lianas. It was a very difficult undertaking; only the hardy island men who were used to the climate, who put their hearts as well as their hands to the work, could have accomplished it.

It is hot and breathless and damp under the heavy forest trees that cover the sides of Vaea; frequent tropical rains make the path slippery, indeed, it is never quite dry in the dense shadow where the sunlight rarely penetrates, the loose stones, held insecurely by the black loam of rotting leaves, slip under the feet, creepers throw out loops, and lianas hang to catch the unwary, making the climb a most difficult one.

It is very beautiful. Delicate ferns and mosses cover the stones and tree trunks; *ti* leaves, dark red and vivid green, branch out like made bouquets, bright red berries hang in clusters from the wild palms; all shapes and shades of green leaves strive in the jungle for light and air—the bread glossy bread fruit, the pointed swordlike pandanus, the *fanua* leaves four feet long that the natives use as parasols against the fierce and burning rays of the sun; lime, citron, and nutmeg mingle with the ferns and creepers.

In all this beautiful vegetation there is no snake or venomous insect—nothing more harmful than the innocent lizard—and every where the birds, which flock in numbers to this peaceful mountain, where they are safe from hunter and trap. Pretty blue kingfishers chirp their lively note, doves coo in the branches, parrakeets twitter, and above the trees the white frigate birds sail in majestically from the sea.

The tomb rises in the middle of a small plateau on the summit of the mountain. A few trees were cut away to let the sunshine filter in; beyond the branches, framed like a picture in festoons of creepers and orchids, lies the district of A'ana on the one hand, Atua on the other, with their rolling green hills and distant mountains touched here and there by the silver gleam of waterfall and river; and further off, and through the trees in front, spreads the Pacific Ocean, the coral reef skirting the shore marked by curling lines of foam. At the foot of the spur of Vaea lies Vailima, with its red roofs, lawns, and hedges of hibiscus flowers—small from that distance, like a toy farm in a child's game.

When the tomb was finished and ready to be used Panapa, the head workman, a tall, powerful Ellis Islander, announced his intention of giving a feast—as is the custom on the completion of a piece of work. His men, all but two, are "out islanders," as they are called, from the Ellices, Tahiti, and Quiros—serious, kindly brown men whose presence about the house during the weeks they were engaged in working on Vaea grew to be very pleasant. It was cheerful to hear their voices on the mountain side, hailing one another, laughing, or shouting all together as some heavy object was lifted. They smiled and called out "Talofa" as they passed the veranda; in the cool of the evening they crossed the lawn, fresh from a swim under the waterfall, a picturesque group garlanded, crowned with wreaths, and draped in the classic folds of the single garment they called a *lava lava*, and in the evenings, after the work was done, the pleasant sound of their voices singing hymns floated down from their quarters.

Island feasts are much alike; they are served on a table cloth of fresh cut banana leaves. Baked pigs are *de rigueur*, supported by fowl, fish, and game all cooked underground, on red hot stones, with many delicacies compounded of grated taro, coconut milk, ripe bananas, and bread fruit, and the drink is always the milk of young coconuts, served in the shell.

Mrs. Stevenson sat at the head of the table, with Panapa at her right hand. Mr. Osbourne being absent in California, Mr. Clurr (Natives' Advocate, an old friend of Mr. Stevenson's), who had kindly superintended the building of the tomb, took the foot of the table. According to Samoan custom, he acted as orator for Mrs. Stevenson, in the following speech:

"Chiefs,—Hear now the thanks of Tusitala's* family, which they render to you—you who have this day made glad sorrowing hearts. We thank you for this excellent feast you have of your own free will prepared. The name of Tusitala has been honored in many parts of the world. A few months have passed since there was a large gathering of white chiefs in Britain who talked together of making a monument in memory of Tusitala. In San Francisco in America there are workmen now building a beautiful object of stone, from which flows a river of cool fresh water, that the poor may drink, and it is all for the honor of Tusitala, for they wish him to be ever most kindly remembered from one generation to another. But to you people here in his own land (for says he not, 'Thy country shall be my country?') you have had the honor and the glory of building the tomb where Tusitala himself lies—a monument which many people long to see. The love you have this day shown is greater than the praise of many people in other lands.

"Therefore Tamaitai† and Teuila‡ and the family of Tusitala thank you, and also we thank you for the cheerful manner in which you have labored. Your work has been heavy, the materials you have carried up the steep hills were heavy, yet you worked with a light and cheerful spirit, and your work has been well done. Chiefs! Tamaitai and Teuila and Lolo§ thank you for this day. Let happiness and prosperity be with you. May you live!"

This was responded to by a Samoan of Panapa's party, who said:

"Your Susunga,‖ Tamaitai, the lady of Tusitala, and Teuila, the lady of Vailima, and Mistea [Mr. Clurr] who speaks for the family,—We are greatly rejoiced by the words that have fallen upon us. We are very proud to have built the sleeping place of our beloved Tusitala.

"It has not been heavy work; it has been easy and light because of our great love. We know that the name of Tusitala is honored in other lands for his books and for his telling of Fables, but in Samoa he was known and loved for his kind heart and for his great charity; he was wise in council and true in speech, and his name is held in loving memory by the people of this land. We have worked faithfully and well to show our love, and we rejoice that you find it good. Our work is ended, our speech is finished. Your Susunga, Tamaitai and Teuila, we honor and respect you. May you live!"

TAUFA.

VAILIMA, SAMOA, June 15, 1897.

* Mr. Stevenson's native name, meaning "Writer of tales."

† Lady of the house—meaning Mrs. Stevenson.

‡ The native name of her daughter, Mrs. Strong.

§ The native name of Mr. Lloyd Osbourne.

‖ Highness.

THE FEAST GIVEN BY PANAPA ON THE COMPLETION OF THE TOMB.

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THE UNITED STATES TORPEDO-BOAT "PORTER," SHOWING OFFICERS AND CREW AT DRILL.
DRAWN BY H. REUTERDAHL.—[SEE PAGE 710.]

1. Torpedo Practice. 2. Serving a 1 pounder rapid firing Gun 3. Discharging a Torpedo while under Way 4. The forward Conning-Tower 5. The Engine Room. 6. The Crew's Quarters. 7. Placing a Whitehead Torpedo in its Launching Carriage

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"LAND AND SEA."—By C. O. De Lano.

A SMALL SCHOOL OF ART.

BY HOWARD PYLE.

I.

Every now and then the question is asked in the world that lies beyond the limit of the studios, Why have we no national art? To this the voice, as of authority, emanating from the studios, replies. There is and can be no such thing as a strictly national art. Art is universal, and is not limited to any nationality. Even if there could be such a thing as a national art, it would not be possible to establish anything so beautiful as a school of art with such surroundings as we possess. There could not be anything so beautiful in a country where the frame shanty takes the place of the thatched cottage; where board fences, painted with the yellow letters of pill advertisements, take the place of leafy hedgerows, where the eye measures the height of sixteen story sky-scrapers instead of taking in the magnificent breadth of temples and of cathedrals; where, instead of a picturesque peasantry, we have grimy working-men clad in blue jean overalls, and wearing good machine made shoes instead of wooden sabots—where, in short, everything is crass and new and ugly, instead of being mellow and old and beautiful.

"AUSTRALIAN GIRL."
By J. H. Boyd.

"THE VENDUE" (AND COMPOSITION).—By W. S. Lurdo.

Such is the voice, half of authority, half of complaint, that emanates from the studios.

For my own part, I am not in sympathy with that voice. Maybe my lack of sympathy arises from the fact that, being an illustrator, and dealing with a more practical side of art, I stand, as it were, with only one foot planted in the Israel of academic art, the other leg being implanted in the Philistia of the outside world. There are some few of us who have quite as positive notions about art and its destiny as have those others of the studios—only perhaps we are not able to make our voices quite distinctly heard against our brethren. When a few shout against many, it takes strong lungs to make the minority's opinions heard.

Our opinion is not that the theory of the studios is amiss, but only that the *facts* happen to be against it. In regard to the first contention—that art is universal and is not national—I have only to say that it seems to us that there are distinctly national characteristics in art productions; that the pictures made in France do not seem to be at all like those made in Germany; that the pictures made in Germany do not look like those of Russia, that the pictures of Russia do not look like those of England, that the pictures of England do not look like those of any other nation. Each is distinct from all others; only American art, as a whole, appears to me to lack in individuality, and to partake more of the nature of French art.

"BOY WHISTLING."
By Miss W. Sayre.

As for the second contention of the studios, that our country lacks in picturesque possibilities, I have only to say that to our mind the work of Winslow Homer, not to speak of the work of Mr. Remington and of Mr. Frost, and of half a dozen other painter illustrators, is a sufficient rebuttal of the dictum that our country lacks in the picturesque, without the need of additional argument upon my part.

It appears to me that in their contention that art is universal and consequently cannot be national, the academic artists miss one very subtle but very fundamental point in their argument. The point is this—that while art as art may be universal, *the expression of art differs with each nationality.* This must of necessity be so, for the true artist paints that which he sees in the world of nature, and not that which other men in studios tell him he ought to see.

II.

There are a few of us who hold that art, according to our understanding, is not an abstract and general effort to embellish a canvas with more or less beautiful forms and color, applied with technical dexterity, but that art is, or should be, the effort to represent nature as we know it. That which constitutes an artist, according to our definition, is the ability to represent in form and color a certain delight in nature, so that other men may enjoy that delight as well as the artist himself.

The everlasting hills, the limpid streams, the green meadows, the whispering trees, the singing birds; over all the illimitable arch of heaven swimming with radiant clouds, in the midst of all, the palpitating human soul, throbbing with life and pleasure, burning with passion or agony. These are the things that, according to our notions, should be the incentive to the production of pictures. To our mind the artist is measured by the depth of his own impressions, and by his ability to make other men comprehend those impressions. It is not, according to our ideas, measured by the ability of the man to cover his canvas with dexterity and with facility of technique.

The earth, the sky, that humanity which is the life of nature—it is our aim to see and to understand these things, and they cannot, according to our notions, be thoroughly perceived or understood within the narrow limits of a studio and through clouds of cigarette smoke.

However, we are very conscious that we are in the minority, and that our voice can hardly make itself heard.

Nevertheless, it is perhaps unfortunate that the universal voice that issues from the studios is so far louder and more convincing to the young artist's ears that the still small voice of benignant Nature is generally heard to so little effect. It is unfortunate that those tricks of technical facility are more alluring than the slower and more laborious and secret processes which evolve—not an image of a fancied Madonna, or of a naked nymph dexterously painted, but of the wide luminosity of a God-created nature.

III.

The young art student, seeking to perfect himself in the technique of his chosen profession, having entered some of the great art schools, such as those of Boston, Chicago, New York, or Philadelphia, appears to a little while to lose the incentive and the ambition to produce a great picture. Instead, it becomes his incentive and his ambition to learn that fatal technical facility, to win the applause of his fellow students and the praise of his instructors. The chief aim of his study appears to be to secure a prize that may enable him to continue his study abroad, and toward that aim he directs all his powers of application. Possibly, after three or four years, he wins that prize, with a great deal of glory among his fellow students and the art world immediately surrounding him, and with a great and overwhelming delight to himself. Then he goes abroad and studies, possibly in Paris, for some years longer. After that he maybe returns again to his native country, and I think it is not often until then that the terrible realization suddenly dawns upon him that, after all this study, and all this

"STUDY OF A FACE."—By Miss A. A. Moore.

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"A MODEL."
By Miss A. A. Mason.

labor, and all this endeavor, he is just as far from attaining any real and practical results in his art life as he was in the beginning of his art studies. Nay, the possibility of painting a real picture that shall interest the great world beyond his narrow ken is even farther removed from him than it was at the beginning of those studies.

I know of no pathos greater than this—the futility and failure of talent because it has been misdirected into artificial channels. And the added pathos is that the artist does not know that his failure lies in this; that all the while he has been studying he has not really turned his eyes once toward nature for his inspiration. Instead of the breadth of that luminous nature, and of the reality of human life that is its soul, he has been studying first from plaster casts, then from human figures, and then from painted canvases, which at best only give him at second hand that which he should have obtained at first hand. He has turned his back upon the woods and fields, upon the open sky and the sunshine, upon the real passions of his fellow-men, and for all those years he has been studying nothing but what he has seen within the walls of his art school. It seems to those of us who look upon art from a different stand-point to be but little wonder that the graduated student from such a course of study should be able to paint nothing but portraits, or else maybe those dreadful naked nymphs that hang so unblushingly upon the walls in the exhibitions of academic art.

It seems to us that there must be something radically wrong when such poor results as these are all that the great art schools have to give.

IV.

It seems almost absurd for any man to assume such a herculean task as that of correcting so gigantic an evil as this. Nevertheless, I confess to having myself made some small attempt in that direction.

For some two or three years past I have been more or less directly interested in the art school of the Drexel Institute in Philadelphia, but it was only during the past year that any definite attempt was made to embody certain experimental methods into a practical form.

Fundamentally that instruction was based upon teaching the student to represent his impressions or his ideas in the practical form of a composition drawn with charcoal.

I am inclined to lay the greatest stress upon this particular part of art instruction, for it seems to me that unless the artist has some emotion or some impression or some real thought to express, it is useless to waste time in teaching him the technique required to express emotions, impressions, or thoughts upon canvas. Unless there is some meaning to convey, the technical vehicle to carry a meaning cannot, it seems to me, be of any use.

The parallel in literature is exact: the man must have something to say, or else it can be of no use to teach him the rules of rhetoric necessary to write a thesis or a narrative.

Thus I should place, first of all, as a requisite in the curriculum in the art school, instruction in composition, endeavoring to teach the student to observe all the particulars in nature—its wholesome earth, its sky, its living things—directing him to observe the emotions, the thoughts, the actions of his fellow-men—helping him to learn how to embody in some subtle but absolute form the things which he observes in the world about him.

Equally it is necessary to teach the student such technique that he may be able to build up his composition into a finished picture. To this end, I should advocate some such course as the following:

First of all, I would have the student instructed as to the proper construction of the human face and head. I think he should be taught not alone to draw the face from a model, but to reproduce it from his memory. I would have him learn, thus, from memory and from imagination, all the forms and all the subtleties of form of the face—how the eyes should repose within their orbits, how the various features should surround the eye; how the eyes themselves should turn with varied emotion; how the countenance should appear illuminated with pleasure or overclouded with pain. So taught, it seems to me that the student need not then depend upon his model for form, for expression, or for characteristics.

Parallel with this, which might perhaps be called a study of facial construction, I would have the student taught to draw the draped model instead of instructing him to draw the nude figure.

In this class I should try not only to teach the student so to draw the human figure that it might appear to stand upon its feet, to move easily and fluently with articulate joints, to breathe and to live, but I would have him taught as well how to clothe this figure as though in real clothes of different stuffs and colors and textures—the clothes belonging individually to the painted figure as real clothes belong individually to the real man.

All this should be taught, it seems to me, not loosely, as in a charcoal sketch, but positively, concisely, and most particularly. Indeed, while it commonly takes a student two or three hours every day for maybe five days to depict a nude model in a careful accurate study, it should take him perhaps twice as long to represent a draped figure in the same manner.

Progressing from this, the student should, in my opinion, be then finally introduced into a class in which he should be taught so to paint the human figure that it shall appear to live and move and to breathe in a world of its own. To effect this he must know how to alter the countenance of the model so that it shall become idealized into the character to be represented in the picture. The light should be altered so as to represent the peculiar illumination that suffuses the picture. The background of the studio or of the class-room should be made to disappear, and in its stead there should be another background—maybe of rocks and trees and floating clouds; maybe of a room in some quaint old house or inn of a hundred years ago; maybe of some other dimly lighted room full of the gray of twilight.

It was to fulfil somewhat this idea that our present method of instruction was introduced into the Drexel Institute. Every beginning must be small. We are few—master and pupils—who have labored together in our little art school during the past year. We have not, perhaps, accomplished a great deal; we have in the class illustrated some half-dozen important books of the season, and have painted some half-dozen other pictures that have been used in various forms of publication; we have not done more than this, but we are enthusiastic and very earnest in our experiment, and when enthusiasm and hard work go hand in hand the result is sometimes, I think, a not inglorious success.

"A STUDY."—By Miss E. W. Ahrens.

MUSIC NOTES.

The *Revue de Paris* has published an interesting article by Camille Saint-Saëns, on the subject of Gounod's *Faust*. The theme is well worn, but Saint-Saëns has some new details to hang upon it. He recalls that at the first performance the Garden Scene was ruthlessly cut as making the opera drag in action, and that among the auditors were many so impressed with the episodes retained as to object, including a lady who remarked to Saint-Saëns, "If anybody never loved anything more than a dog in all their lives they ought to comprehend that music!" The tenor Barbot would not sing the part of Faust unless his once-famous trill was allowed somewhere in the score. He brought it into the close of the "Salut! demeure!" "where," says Saint-Saëns, "it had the effect of a pretty curl of hair found in an ice."

"CONFESSION."—By Miss E. B. Dorsall.

The reports that Nicolini, the tenor, and husband of Madame Patti, is dying seem to be confirmed. For many years he has been afflicted with Bright's disease. He cannot leave his room, and all Madame Patti's social engagements are cancelled. She is in constant attendance on the sufferer, who hardly allows her to be out of his sight.

A census of the number of French pilgrims at Baireuth has been made, and it affords a commentary on the Wagnerian movement in France. The following figures are given: In 1876, 52; 1882, 114; 1883, 57; 1884, 39; 1886, 163; 1888, 122; 1889, 156; 1891, 810; 1892, 500; 1894, 403; 1896, 730.

When the good Jesuit fathers were trying to convert the American Indians from their darkness, and to learn the Indian dialects as a preparatory process, their work was much hindered by the fact that the spokesmen of certain tribes amused themselves by teaching the innocent priests all sorts of improper words and phrases, under the pretence that such were the equivalent of French words and phrases of solemnity. It was not until the priests preached and set their red audiences into irreverent laughter that the trick was discovered. The late Emmanuel Chabrier, the composer, too neglected, of "Gwendoline" and the "Spanish Rhapsody," while stopping in Carlsruhe with the conductor Felix Mottl, kindly offered to teach Mottl colloquial French. He imparted to Mottl all the slang that he could recall, giving Mottl the idea that the words were the best of polite French. Mottl did not find out the sort of diction he was painstakingly acquiring until he had upset the gravity even of French interlocutors of extra politeness in Paris.

The Victorian Diamond Jubilee has elicited new English national anthems and the revamping of sundry of the old ones. Here are two verses from the "Diamond Jubilee Rule Britannia," by Dr. W. Karl E Vincent, a Canadian lyrist, who seems international in his feelings. His prayer is—

Uniting in resistless might,
Give Anglo-Saxon "Concert" birth,
Make selfish Might give place to Right,
And form perpetual Peace on earth.
Chorus.—Rule Britannia.

Extend the Arbitration Scheme,
Place barb'rous war beneath the ban;
And usher in the new régime,
The Poet's Parliament of Man!
Chorus.—Rule Britannia.

The receipts for London's gala performance of opera at the Covent Garden house in the royal Jubilee week considerably exceeded nine thousand pounds.

The Princess Metternich-Sandor and M. Victor Maurel, along with a special committee, have been introducing to the Parisian musical aristocracy Smetana's lively opera *The Bartered Bride*, given, as to a large part of its score, in concert form, in M. Maurel's drawing-room. The interpreters were largely fashionable, but very artistic. The Princess paid for the performance. There has often been talk, during one operatic season or another, of bringing out *The Bartered Bride* in this city, but our managers have neglected it. A fairly intelligent production of it, however, was given by a large Bohemian organization of the East Side four or five summers ago, with several professional singers enlisted, and a tolerable orchestra.

E. Irenaeus Stevenson

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NEW YORK CITY'S NEW BOTANICAL GARDEN—THE SITE SELECTED IN BRONX PARK, SHOWING T

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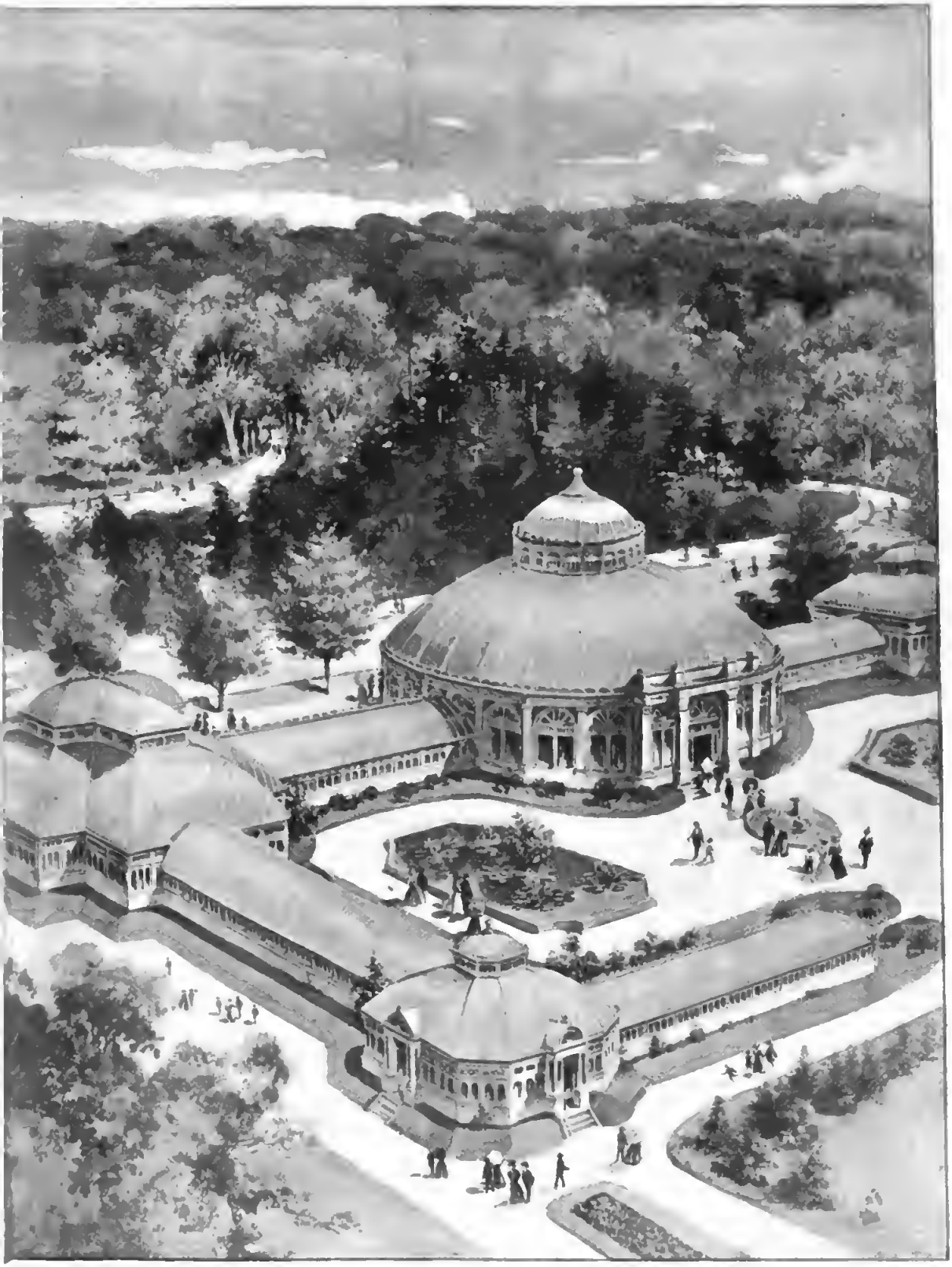

'IE PROPOSED MUSEUM AND HORTICULTURAL BUILDINGS.—Drawn by Victor Perard.—[See Page 718]

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"THE VINTAGE."*

A STORY OF THE GREEK WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY E. F. BENSON,

Author of "Dodo," "Limitations," "The Judgment Books," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

FOR the next two days Nicholas almost entirely devoted himself to Mitsos. He took the boy out shooting with him, and taught him how to stand absolutely still, how to take advantage of the slightest cover in approaching game, and how, if there was no cover, to wriggle along the ground so that the coarse, tall grass and heather entirely concealed him. There were plenty of roe-deer on the hills outside Nauplia towards Epidaurus, and they had two days' excellent shooting.

They were walking home together after sunset the next evening. Nicholas's pony was being led by Mitsos, and slung over its back were two roe-deer—one of which Mitsos had shot himself—and several hares, which Nicholas, with a skill that appeared almost superhuman to the boy, had shot running. The pony was tired, and hung back on the bridle, and Mitsos, with the rope over his shoulder, was pulling more than leading it.

"And B," Nicholas was saying to him—"if you can approach a roe-deer as you approached that one to-day, Mitsos, without being seen, you can also approach a man in the same way, for man is more stupid than roe-deer, as a rule. And it is very important when you are hunting man, or being hunted by him—which is quite as exciting and much less pleasant—that you should be able to approach him or pass by him without being seen. It may be, Mitsos, that I shall need, before very long now, who can hunt men, or, if need be, be hunted by them. In two days I shall be going away, but I shall leave this gun behind for you."

"For me, Uncle Nicholas?" said Mitsos, scarcely believing his ears.

"Yes, but it shall be no toy thing to you. For the present you must go out every day shooting, but you must treat it as a matter concerning your life and death instead of the life and death of a piece of meat. Stalk every roe as if it were a man who would kill you if he saw you; and if ever it sees you before you get a shot, you must consider that you have simply wasted your time and my gift to you. But go fishing, too, and treat that as seriously. Don't go sailing about to amuse yourself, or only to catch fish. Before you start settle exactly how you are to get anywhere, in two tacks or three, and do it. Practise taking advantage of a wind which blows no stronger than a man's whistling."

"I can sail a boat against any one in Nauplia," said Mitsos, proudly.

"That is good, but you can't sail a boat perfectly yet. For instance, we might to have got across in two tacks last night. And study the winds, know what wind to expect in the morning, and know exactly when the land breeze springs up. Go outside the harbor, too, know the simpes of the capes and inlets of the gulf outside as you know the shape of your own hand."

"But how can I shoot and fish, and also look after the vines and get work in other vineyards in the autumn?"

"That will also be settled. Obey your father absolutely. I have spoken to him. Also, you stop at home too much in the evenings. Go and sit at the cafés in the town and play cards and draughts after dinner. Keep your ears always open, and remember all you hear said by any one about these Turks. When I come back you must be able to tell me, if I ask you, who are good Greeks, who would risk something for the sake of their wives and children, and who are lazy dolts who care for nothing but to drink their sour wine and live pig lives. Above all, remember that you haven't seen me for a year—or two, if you like."

Mitsos laughed.

"It won't be a year, really, before you come again, will it?"

"Perhaps more. I can't tell. What you must not do is to waste time. You are full young, Mitsos, but—but—well, we shall see when I come back. Here we are on the plain again. Give me that lazy brute's bridle. Are you tired, little one?"

"Hungry chiefly."

"So am I. But luckily it is a small thing whether one is hungry or not. You will learn some day what it is to be dead beat—so hungry that you can't eat, so tired that you can't sleep. And when that day comes, God send you a friend to look after you, or at least a drum of brandy. By the way, never drink brandy unless you feel you will die if you don't. Well, that's enough advice for the present. If you remember it all, you will do well."

Nicholas went to see the Mayor of Nauplia the next day, and told Mitsos he had to put on his best clothes and come with him. His best clothes were of course Albanian, consisting of a frilled shirt, an embroidered jacket, fustanella, gaiters, and red shoes with tassels. To say that he hated best clothes in such would be a weak way of stating the twitching discomfort they produced in him; but somehow when Nicholas was there it seemed to him natural to wish to look smart, and he found himself regretting that his fustanella had not been very freshly washed, and was getting too short for his long legs.

The mayor received Nicholas with great respect, and ordered his wife to bring in coffee and spirits for them both. He looked at Mitsos with interest as he came in, and, as Mitsos thought, nodded to Nicholas, as if there was some understanding between them.

When coffee had come and the woman had left the room, Nicholas drew his chair closer, and beckoned to Mitsos to come to him.

"This is the young wolf," he said. "He is learning to hunt for himself."

"So that he may hunt for others," said the mayor.

"Exactly. I have to leave to-morrow, and while I am away I want you to keep very quiet. I have done all I wanted to do here, and I want things to simmer for a while. There has been much harm done in Athens by men who cannot hold their tongues. As you know, the patriots there are collecting money and men, but they are so proud of their subscriptions, which are very large, that they must simply tell everybody about it. Here I want no talking. When the time comes Father Andrea will speak; he will put the simmering pot on the fire. I would give five years of my life to be able to talk as he can talk."

"The next five years?" asked Dimitri.

Nicholas smiled.

"Well, no, not the next five years. I would not give them up for fifty thousand years in heaven. By the-way, have you any corn?"

"Black corn for the Turk?"

"Of course."

Dimitri glared at Mitsos, and raised his eyebrows.

"They are grinding black corn for the Turk," he said.

"Let there be no famine."

Mitsos, of course, understood nothing of this, and his uncle did not think fit to enlighten him.

"You will hear more about the black corn," he said to him. "At present forget that you have heard of it at all. Have you got those men for me?" he asked, turning to Dimitri.

"Yes; do you want them to-day?"

"No. Mitsos will go with me as far as Nemea, and they had better join me there. Turkish dress, you know."

He rose, leaving the brandy untasted.

"Will you not drink?" asked Dimitri.

"No, thanks. I never drink brandy. One does not drink medicine when one is well."

Nicholas left the next day towards evening, for there would be a moon rising soon after sunset, and during the day the plain was a grilling rack. Already also it was safer for Greeks to travel by night, for it was known and suspected among the Turks that some movement was going on among them, and it had several times happened before now that an attack had been made upon country-men, who were waylaid and stopped in solitary mountain paths by bands of Turkish soldiery. They were questioned about the suspected designs of their nation, on which subject they for the most part knew nothing, as the plans of their leaders were at present kept very dark, and the interview often ended in their being shot or hung from a tree. But through the incredible indolence and laziness of the Turks, while they feared and suspected what was going on, they contented themselves with stopping and questioning men whose they happened to see travelling from one place to another, and kept no watch upon the roads at night. Nicholas, of course, knew this, and when as now he was making a long journey into a disaffected part of the country, where his presence would at once have aroused suspicion, he travelled by night, reaching the village where he was going to stay before daybreak, and not moving again till after dark.

Accordingly he and Mitsos set off after dinner across the plain to Corinth. The main road led through Argos, which they avoided, keeping well to the right of the river bed. Their horses were fresh, and moved along steadily at that quick nimble which covers almost as much ground as a trot. By ten o'clock the moon was up, and they saw in front of them the village of Phyctia. Then again they made a détour to the right, in order to avoid it, for a garrison of Turks were stationed there—turning off a mile before they got to it—so as not even to run the risk of awakening the dogs. Their way by close under the walls of the ancient Mycenæ, where it was reported that a treasure of curious antique gold had lately been found; and as they were in plenty of time to reach Nemea by midnight, Nicholas halted here for a few minutes, and he and Mitsos looked wonderingly at the great walls of the citadel.

"They say the kings of Greece are buried here," said Nicholas. "There will be kings of Greece again before long."

Beyond Mycenæ they struck a mountain path leading through the woods, which joined, a few miles farther up, the main road from Corinth to Argos; and as it was now late, and the ways were quiet, Nicholas saw no reason for not taking this road as soon as they struck it, and they wound their way up along the steep narrow path towards it.

The moon had cleared the top of Mount Elias behind them, and shone with a great light, as clear as running water. Mitsos was riding first, more than half asleep, and letting his pony pick its way among the big stones and boulders which strewed the rough path, when suddenly it shied violently, nearly unseating him, and wheeled round. He woke with a start and grasped the rope bridle, which he had tied to the wooden saddle board to check it. Nicholas's pony had shied too, but he was the first to turn it round again; and Mitsos, who had been carried past him, dismounted and led his pony, who was trembling with fright, up to the other. Nicholas had dismounted too, and was standing at the point where the bridle path led into the main road when Mitsos came up.

"What did they shy at?" Mitsos began, when suddenly he saw what Nicholas was looking at.

From a tree at the junction of the paths hung the figure of a man. His arms were extended limply by his side, and his feet dangled some two feet from the ground. The rope had cut the skin of his neck and blood was sprinkled on the front of his white linen tunic. Above the strangling line which went round his neck the muscles were thick and swollen with congested blood.

But Nicholas only stopped a moment, and then throwing his bridle to Mitsos, drew his knife and cut him down. The two horses shied so violently as Nicholas staggered forward with his murdered burden that Mitsos could not hold them both, and letting go of his own, clung with both hands to the bridle of Nicholas's, while his own animal galloped off down the path homewards. He quieted the other by degrees, and led him just into the main road, where he tied him up to a tree some twenty yards on, and returned to where Nicholas was kneeling over the body.

"We are too late," he said. "He is quite dead."

And suddenly, after the last bloodied, warm hearted nature of his race, this strong man, who had lived half his life with blood and death and murder, burst into tears.

Mitsos was awed and silent.

"Do you know him, Uncle Nicholas?" he asked at length.

"No, I do not know him, but he is one of my unhappy race, who this brood of devils oppresses and treats as it would not treat a dog." Mitsos, he said suddenly, "swear that you will never forget this. Look here—look here," he said. "Look how this rope has cut him; look how they killed him by a disgraceful death—and why? For no reason. Because he was a Greek. Look at his face. Force yourself to look at it. The lips are purple, the eyes staring out of his head. He was killed like a dog. If they catch you alone in such a place they will do the same to you—to you, whose only offence is, as this poor burden's has been, that you are a Greek. Look at his neck, swollen by his dank struggle."

The boy suddenly turned away.

"Don't! Don't!" he said. "I can't look. It is too horrible."

Nicholas did not seem to hear what he said, and went on, in a sort of savage frenzy.

"Look! Look, I tell you!" he cried, "and then swear, in the name of God, remembering also what I told you of my wife and child, that you will have no pity on the race that hands one this—on neither man, woman, nor child, not even on the poor weak women, for they are the mothers of monsters who do these things. This is the work of the men they bear—this and outrage and infamous lust."

He was silent a moment, and then spoke more calmly.

"Swear it, Mitsos, in the name of God."

And Mitsos looked at the dead thing and swore.

"And now," said Nicholas, "take hold of the feet, and we will give it what burial we can. Stay. Wait a moment." He tore off a piece of the man's tunic and dipping his finger in the blood that still was wet on the neck, wrote, in Turkish, the word "Revenge," and fastened it to the end of rope which still dangled from the tree. Then he and Mitsos took the body some yards distant from the road, and tearing up brushwood, covered it with it. On this they laid stones until the body was completely concealed and defended against the preying creatures of the mountain.

Then Nicholas bared his head. "God forgive him all his sins," he said, "and impute them to his murderers."

They went to where Nicholas's horse was tied up, and he, hearing that the other had bolted, made Mitsos mount his, as he would have to walk back, and he himself went on foot. In another hour they came to the junction of the two roads from Nemea and Corinth, and Nicholas told Mitsos to go no further.

"It is safer for me to go alone here," he said, "and it is already late, and you will have to walk. Don't waste time about getting back to the plain. The nights are short."

He paused for a moment, looking affectionately at the boy.

"A great deal may depend upon you, little one," he said. "I have watched you growing up, and you are growing up as I wanted to see you. Distrust everything and everybody, except perhaps your father and myself, and be afraid of nothing. At the same time take all possible care of yourself."

He put his hands on his shoulders.

"I shall be back in a year, or six months, or perhaps to-morrow, or perhaps never. That does not concern you. Your father and I will always tell you what to do. And now good by."

He kissed him on the cheeks, mounted his horse, and rode off, never looking behind. Mitsos stopped still a moment looking after him, and then turned to go home.

Five minutes more brought Nicholas to the edge of the village where the three men whom Dimitri had sent were waiting for him. One of them was a Greek servant, who held Nicholas's horse while he dismounted and changed his Albanian costume for a Turkish dress, and the others were leaders of local movements against the Turks, and were going with him to Corinth. Like Nicholas himself, they all spoke Turkish.

Nicholas dressed himself quickly, but then stopped for a moment irresolute. Then—

"Take the horse on," he said to the servant. "I will walk."

Mitsos meantime was going quickly along the main road back to Argos. He was honest enough to acknowledge to himself that he very much disliked the thought of taking that bridle path through the woods. He retained too vivid a recollection of that end of rope dangling from the tree with the fragment of tunic fluttering in the breeze. Even his pony, he thought, would have been a companion; but his pony, as he hoped, was nearly at home by this time.

Once or twice he thought he heard movements and whispered rustlings in the bushes, which made his heart beat rather quicker than was comfortable. Ordinarily he did not notice such things, but the scene at the cross road still twanged some chord of horror within him.

However, there was nothing to be done, and keeping his eyes steadily averted—for, like most Greeks he had a rooted belief in and horror of ghosts—he marched boldly enough past the spot and began making his way down the rough bridle-path.

Clouds had come up from the sea and the moon was travelling slowly through them, casting only a diffused and uncertain light. But the path, with its glimmering white stones, showed clearly enough, and there was no fear of his missing his way. But about a couple of hundred yards down the path he heard a noise which made his heart suddenly leap into his throat and stay there poised, giving a little cracking sound with each beat. The noise was unmistakable; two men, if not three, were running down the road he had just left. The next moment he had left the path and striking into the bushes at the side, moved quickly up the hill again, hoping to throw them off the scent. He was, as he knew, very indifferently concealed, but he dare not go further among the

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 2139.

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trees for fear of the sound of his steps leading them to him, and, remembering Nicholas's lessons in the art of keeping still, he waited. His pursuers, if pursuers they were, seemed to go slower as they turned into the path, and soon he caught sight of them through the tree trunks. There were two of them, both in Turkish dress. As they came nearer he could hear them speaking in low tones, and then one ran off down the path, in order, as he supposed, to see whether he was still on ahead.

Mitsos drew a long breath; there was only one to be reckoned with now, and stealing out of the bush where he had been crouching, he moved as quietly as he could further into cover. But a twig cracking with a sharp report under his foot revealed his whereabouts, and the man who had waited in the path shouted out to the other. The next moment they were in pursuit.

As he ran, Mitsos felt in his belt for the knife he always carried with him, but, to his wonder and dismay, found it was gone. Never in his life could he remember being without it. But it was no season to waste time, and knowing that his only chance lay in running, he plunged along through the bushes, in order to get back to the path, and match his speed against theirs. But his pursuers were close upon him, and in jumping, or trying to jump, a small thicket which closed his path, he caught his foot and fell.

Before he had time to recover himself they had seized him. He had only time to let out with his right hand at the face of one of the men, who just avoided the blow, and then both hands were seized. They whipped a cord round his legs and tied his hands behind his back, and carried him off straight to the tree from which the end of the rope and his ghastly legend were still hanging.

A third Turk was sitting on the ground smoking, and, as the others came up, he said a word to them in Turkish, which Mitsos did not understand. Then one of the two others turned to him and speaking in Greek,

"Tell us where Nicholas Vidilis is," he said, "and we will let you go."

Silence.

"We know who you are. You are Mitsos Codones, the son of Yanni from Nauplia, and he is your uncle."

Mitsos looked up.

"That is so. But I have not seen him for a year—more than a year," he said.

One of the men laughed.

"You were seen with him yesterday in Nauplia," he said. "Tell us where he is, and we will let you go, and I will give you these," and he held out a handful of piastres.

This time Mitsos laughed; he had not meant to laugh, and the sound was strange to his own ears.

"That is a lie," he said. "He has not been at Nauplia for a year. As for your piastres, if you think I am telling a lie, do you suppose that I should speak differently for the sake of them?"

"I will give you one minute," said the other, "and then you will hang from that tree if you do not tell us. One of your countrymen, I see, has cut the rope, but there will be enough left for a tall boy like you."

They strolled away towards where the third man was sitting, leaving him there bound.

"Perhaps the end of the rope might make him speak," said one. But the third man shook his head.

What Mitsos thought of during there few seconds he never clearly knew. He noticed that the edge of the moon was free of cloud again, and it would soon be lighter. He felt a breeze come up from the east, which fluttered the rag of tunic hanging from the rope, and once a pigeon flew out of a bush near. Then the two men rose again and pulled him under the tree. The end of the piece of tunic flapped against his forehead.

They untied the rope, and one man made a noose in it, while the other turned back the collar of his coat. Then the rope was passed round his neck and tightened till he felt the knot behind, just where the hair grows short on the neck.

"One more chance," said the man. "Will you tell us?"

Mitsos had shut his eyes, and he clinched his teeth to help himself not to speak. For a moment they all waited, quite still.

"Then up with him," said the man.

He waited for the choking tension of the rope, still silent still with eyes shut. But instead of that he felt two hands on his shoulders and fingers at the knot behind, and he opened his eyes. The third man, who had been silent, was standing in front of him.

"Mitsos," he said—"my great little Mitsos!"

For a moment the world seemed to go round, and he half fell, half staggered against Nicholas.

"You?" he said.

"Yes, I. Mitsos, will you forgive me? I ought to have been certain of you, and in my heart I was certain of you. But I wanted to test you to the full! To put the fear of death before you, so that others could be certain of you as I was certain really all along. My poor boy, don't tremble so. Hit me in the face if you like. My God, Mitsos, if you had hit one hundredth part of a second sooner, one of these men would have gone home with no nose and fewer teeth. You hit straight from the shoulder, with your weight in your fist. And that double you made up the hill was splendid. Mitsos, speak to me!"

But the boy, pale and trembling, had sunk down on the ground and said nothing.

"Here, spirits," said Nicholas, and he made Mitsos drink.

He sat down by him, and with almost womanly tenderness was stroking his hair.

"You were as firm as a rock," he said, "when you stood there, and I saw the muscle of your jaw clench."

Mitsos, to whom brandy was a new thing, recovered himself by degrees.

"I wasn't frightened then," he said; "I was only frightened afterwards."

"I have been a cruel brute," said Nicholas. "Really, Mitsos, if you like, I will stand up and let you knock me down."

The boy laughed.

"No, thanks. I can do without that."

Then his boyish spirits began to assert themselves.

"Did I—did I behave all right, Uncle Nicholas?"

"All right? I should think you did. It is even as your father told me, that you were fit for the keeping of an oath."

Mitsos flushed with pleasure.

"Then I don't mind, if it has made you think that. But if I had had my knife there would have been trouble. I can't think how I lost it."

Nicholas laughed.

"Here it is," he said. "I took the liberty of taking it away from you while you were dozing, as you rude. I thought it might be dangerous to your barbarous young hands."

Mitsos put it back in his belt.

"I am ready now. I shall start off again."

Nicholas rose too.

"I will come with you as far as the plain, and then I must get on. The piastres were a poor trick, eh?"

"Very poor indeed, I thought," said Mitsos.

The uncle and nephew walked on together, and the other two men strolled more slowly after them. Nicholas could hardly shouted for joy. He had found what he had been looking for so long—some one whom he could trust unreservedly, and over whom he had influence. To do him justice the cruelty of what he had done made his stomach turn against himself; but he was associated with men who mistrusted everybody, unless there was convincing proof of their trustworthiness. Mitsos had stood the severest test that could be devised without flinching. He was one of ten thousand.

At the end of the woods they parted. Mitsos's nerve had come back to him, and the knowledge that Nicholas trusted him implicitly, combined with the fascination the man exercised over him, quite overscored any grudge he might have felt, for Nicholas's last words to him were words to be remembered.

"And now good-by," he said. "You have behaved in a way I hardly dared to hope you would, though I think I believed you would. You have been through a man's test—the test of a strong and faithful man. Others will soon know of it, and know you to be trustworthy to the uttermost. Greece is going to be avenged, and you shall be among the foremost of her avengers."

So Nicholas went his way northwards, and Mitsos home, and just as the coolest streaks of dawn lit the sky he reached his father's house.

The truant pony was standing by the way-side cropping the dew-drenched grass.

[SO AS CONTINUED.]

AN UNROMANTIC SHIPWRECK.

A Yarn of Summer Seas.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

THE sea was blue, the sky was clear, the sun was aflame, and the west wind filled the sainsail. The ripples sang and broke into molten silver under the yacht's prow, and spread away on either side in streaming undulations. No wonder the Spinster had one of her spasms of idealism! She leaned against the mast, spread her arms abroad, and declaimed

> "Spirit of Nature! Here!
> In this interminable wilderness
> Of worlds, at whose immensity
> Even soaring fancy staggers,
> Here is thy fitting temple."

"A bumper to Nature in Nature's own beverage!" cried the Architect, draining a glass of water at one fell swoop.

"How is it, I wonder, that in the home of culture which we have just left, we have missed all this?" asked the Spinster. "I never dreamed that Nature was so glorious."

"Then I'm glad I got you to slip your cables," said the Doctor. For a few moments all were silent, while the rapture of the occasion entered into their souls. The Matinée Girl closed her eyes, and for a single fleeting instant dreamed she saw Sikish's spiritual hands conducting the Only Symphony Orchestra in a performance of the flower-girls' music from *Parsifal*. The Æsthetic Girl said a prayer for the peace of Burne Jones. The Architect saw temples of Greece beyond the horizon, and the Novelist thought of a situation for Chapter I. The Doctor for a moment forgot to speak nautically, and even the Captain of the yacht said it was a fine day. As for the Bohemian Poet, he saw that his pipe was out, refill it, and murmured, "Good Lord, deliver us!"

"What do you mean?" demanded the Spinster.

"In ten minutes the wind will die out," answered the Poet, imperturbably; "we shall be becalmed, and there's a fog coming up."

"Blowed if you ain't right!" said the Captain, taking a hasty glance around.

"What matters it?" cried the Spinster. "Still we shall be close to Nature's heart."

And they all thrilled at the thought, except the Poet, who never thrilled at the wrong time, and the Novelist, who never thrilled at all. The fog arrived strictly on time, and the thrills folded their wings and drooped visibly. And there was silence for the space of one hour. At the end of that period the Spinster, with one of her sudden bursts of materialism, said, "What is fog, anyhow?"

"Fog is English," said the Novelist, with pitiable solemnity.

They all hugged their knees as they sat along the cabin trunk, and looked at him with sad eyes. He was so full of unlimely triviality, this Novelist of the commonplace. The Matinée Girl closed her eyes and tried to think Brahms, but she could hear nothing but Délibes.

"Well," said the Doctor, who was so nautical that the Novelist had pronounced him unacquainted with any medicine save salts, "here we are lost in a fog, the gravest of all dangers at sea."

The Bohemian Poet, who was sitting on the bowsprit, accentuated this truth by winding a long blast on the fog-horn.

"We are standing along on the starboard tack," continued the Doctor, "under all plain sail. By dead reckoning we are sixteen miles from the nearest land, and—"

At that instant there was a crash, a great jar, and most of them fell off the cabin trunk.

"What's thunder is that?" cried the Captain.

"A large brown rock, most excellent of skippers," replied the Poet, blandly; "and if I mistake not, it has knocked a discouraging hole in the bottom of your sloop. However, I think there is land ahead."

"How far?" asked the Captain.

"About fifteen feet," replied the Poet. "I'm sure I can't see farther than that in this fog."

"It's Saddle Island!" exclaimed the Captain. "We're six miles out of our reckonin'."

"Which was not only dead, but buried," murmured the Novelist.

> "Sea-fruit that swings in the waves that bloo,
> Drowned gold and purple and royal rings,
> And all time past, was it all for this?"

So quoted the Poet. The Matinée Girl shuddered, closed her eyes, and saw Paderewski playing his own "Chant du Voyage." But the Æsthetic Maiden, who up to this time had not spoken, said, in a low, scornful voice:

"Fleshly poetry! Ugh!"

Although the Bohemian Poet was more than thirty feet away, he heard her, and his eyes grew wistful.

"Well," said the Doctor, giving his trousers a nautical hitch, "the next thing to do is to get all hands ashore, and then get the yacht off the rocks."

"I dun'oo' 'bout that last part," said the Captain, who had been below. "I'm afraid she's got too big a hole in her."

"But we do not care to sit here," said the Spinster. "I feel as if I were over a slumbering volcano."

The Novelist was certainly about to speak, but she looked him full in the eye, and he held his peace manfully. The Captain pulled the dingy alongside, and invited the Spinster and the Matinée Girl to enter. Then the young New York matron, who had been earning her right to the title of Chaperon by ignoring every one, arose and brushed the Spinster aside.

"It is not proper," she said. "I must be on the shore when the young ladies arrive."

In half an hour the entire yachting party was landed on the shore, which was a tangled desert of yellow sand and salt meadow grass. Little of it was to be seen, however, for the fog was inexorable. The Captain rowed around the sloop, and came back with the dispiriting news that she had struck at full high water, and that it would be at least twelve hours before she could be got off. And he had grave doubts of her floating even then.

"You must imitate the heroic lieutenant of the *Kearsarge*," said the Doctor, "and make the best of your way in the ship's cutter to the nearest port for assistance."

"That's wot I'm a goin' to do," answered the Captain.

In a few minutes he was ready. The women said nothing, and the Novelist even looked nothing. The Doctor said,

"Have you got your compass bearing from the nearest point on the mainland?"

The Captain's face was unpleasant, but the Bohemian Poet stepped forward and gripped his hand.

"Good luck to you, shipper," he said. "Don't worry about us. We'll manage to camp out here till the fog lifts. That won't be long. And it wasn't your fault, you know."

"Thank 'e," said the Captain. Then he bent his back to the oars, and faded away into the gray gloom so quickly that the Matinée Girl shut her eyes and wondered if she had ever seen him at all, as if he had gone to look for the idol of her soul—the lost conductor Sikish.

"What shall we do now?" said the Doctor; "it's only three o'clock, and the fog doesn't appear to be lifting yet."

The Spinster and the two maidens looked inquiringly at the Chaperon, but she had turned her back, and was pretending to be asleep.

"We might play whist," said the Novelist, vivaciously, "but there are too many of us, and we haven't any cards."

"Let us sit," said the Spinster, "and engage in intellectual conversation."

"Good," said the Bohemian Poet, promptly dropping down beside the Æsthetic Girl,

> "For Heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
> And tell sad stories of the death of kings!"

"Irreverent!" she hissed at him.

The Spinster looked about her. She saw yellow sand dyed brown by the weeping of the fog, and coarse marsh-grass, grown like an unkempt beard on the face of the earth.

"Nature is a great disappointment to me when I am close to her heart," she sighed.

"And yet," said the Novelist, "E. P. Roe—"

"Oh—h!" groaned the Matinée Girl, as she closed her eyes and distinctly saw Bauer conducting a Bach fugue with a triangle.

"I like Roe," said the Chaperon, unexpectedly; "he always puts me to sleep."

"Who is E. P. Roe?" asked the Architect, who had been planning a cathedral full of buttresses, mullions, rose-windows, and expensive pews in seven inches of damp clay.

"Who was, you mean," said the Novelist. "He was one of us. But, alas! he is no more."

"Listen," whispered the Poet to the Æsthetic Girl, "this is intellectual conversation."

She turned her back upon him and said: "Novels seldom count. Only poetry and painting are of value. There are the celestial visions of Auburn Barkley, which—"

"Oh, Lord!" sputtered the Poet.

"—which," she continued, "are not of the earth earthy, as are some vulgar poems I have recently read."

"What's the matter with Kubling?" exclaimed the Doctor.

"No one knows," gravely answered the Novelist.

"The matter with him is that he's a genius," said the Poet. "His 'Ballad of North and South' is the finest thing of its kind that has been written in the present century. I wish I could write like that."

"You do?" said the Æsthetic Girl, with immeasurable contempt.

"I'm getting damp," said the Spinster, with another burst of realism.

"By Jove!" exclaimed the Poet, springing to his feet and making a fine figure with his broad shoulders and his knee breeches. "I'm going to see if this precious island affords any shelter from this inquisitive fog."

"And I'll go with you," declared the Doctor.

The two strode away, and the Æsthetic Girl said,

"Humph!"

The intellectual conversation seemed to have forgotten itself, and there was a leaden silence, during which the Matinée Girl closed her eyes and tried to see visions of the soulful hands of Sikish calling the trombones to battle,

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THERE WERE ENOUGH OIL-SKINS TO GO AROUND

but could conjure up only Bauer and the bassoons. In a happily short time the explorers returned.

"Come, every one," said the Poet, cheerily; "we have found a thick clump of scrub-oaks under whose boughs is comparative dryness."

They arose and followed their guides to the spot described.

"I trust this is nearer to Nature's heart," said the Spinster; "at any rate, it is less chilling."

> "Thou shalt have a little bed
> Made for thee, and overspread
> With brown leaves for coverlet,
> Which the tearful dew has wet."

quoted the Poet. "For 'dew' read 'fog.'"

"Why did we bring him?" murmured the Æsthetic Girl; and he heard her.

"What's that?" exclaimed the Doctor, as a gentle drumming on their leafy roof was heard.

"Rain!" exclaimed the Novelist. "I knew it the moment I heard it."

"'It rains on the umbrellas here,'" hummed the Poet, looking up at the tremulous boughs, "'and on the ships at sea.' Doctor, you and I must make another excursion. We must go to the yacht and get oil-skins for the party."

"Let me go too!" exclaimed the Novelist. "Why, we must get lots of things! Don't you remember Robinson Crusoe?"

The Novelist's face was ablaze with divine inspiration. He even led the way to the beach. But there the glory of his countenance faded, even as a rosy sunset turns to a cold gray dusk.

"Why," he said, "it's all wrong! Nothing at all has been washed ashore. I never did believe those romantic writers, anyhow."

"Well," said the Doctor, "we must build a raft and get off to the yacht. Can you swim?"

"Yes," said the Poet, who was taking off his shoes and stockings, "I think so. She seems to be heeled over."

"What are you going to do?"

"Wade out to her, of course. The tide has fallen a good four feet."

He entered the cold water and became an unquiet shadow in the fog.

"I'll follow him," said the Doctor; "you remain here. We shall need one hand ashore."

"Oh, holy smoke!" cried the Poet, "she's almost on her beam-ends. And she has a gaping hole in her. Come on, Doctor, we must save all we can before the tide returns, or she'll be half full of water."

With some small aid from the Novelist, they transferred to the shore, in an hour of honest labor, the much needed oil skins, the galley stove, a bucket full of plates, cups, knives and forks, some cooking utensils, and a cheering store of provisions. The better part of another hour was consumed in conveying these things to the shelter of the clump of trees.

"Now then, ladies," said the Poet, holding up a long oil skin coat, "there are enough of these to go around."

The Matinée Girl shuddered. They reminded her of Bauer. The Spinster compressed her lips, and pushed her arms into the sleeves of the coat desperately. She did not look pretty in "oilers." The Æsthetic Girl did, although the sou'wester was tied under her chin with ribbons of red flannel and the coat was four inches too short. But she would have looked pretty in any garb. The Poet was simply absurd. His oil skin trousers were too short for him, and his high heeled shoes and checkered stockings made him terminate below in an appearance of most incongruous femininity. When the Chaperon sat down, her coat collar rose up and concealed her face, causing her to be called blessed.

"Well," declared the Spinster, gazing around her grimly, "what next?"

"It is nearly half past six," remarked the Poet; "I should say dinner comes next."

There was a minute of agonizing silence.

"Who's going to cook it?" asked the Spinster.

"Well," said the Poet, "we suppose that some of the ladies—of course I'll make the fire."

"I eat but little," said the Spinster, "and I have never been in a kitchen."

The Poet looked at the Matinée Girl, but she closed her eyes and heard Mime singing,

> "Brau' ich den Trank für Dich;
> mang Tropfen nur
> bereitet er an trinken,
> dämmre sicht er in Schlaf."

The Chaperon rumbled from her lair: "My dear sir, I hire cooks."

The Poet did not look at the Æsthetic Girl. He knew she could not cook. She knew he knew it, and she hated him.

"What shall we do?" piped the Novelist, faintly; "I'm so hungry."

"I shall have to do the cooking myself," said the Poet, amiably. "Only you must all be more generous than just in your criticisms."

"A poet cook!" exclaimed the Spinster. "How unidea!"

But the Bohemian Poet had made his acquaintance with Nature by sleeping in her arms and feeding out of her hand. He was an old camper-out, and he set to work in a businesslike manner which thoroughly convinced the Æsthetic Girl that, although he could not by any possibility be accepted by Rossetti and Beatrice Harraden as a literary light, he might turn out to be a convenient kind of man. In a very few minutes he had a bright fire blazing in the galley stove, and a kettle of hot water singing a gallant trencher song. As he busied himself in opening a can of tomato soup, he half unconsciously declaimed:

> "Spirit of Nature! Deep!
> In this interminable wilderness
> Of worlds, at whose immensity
> Even soaring fancy staggers,
> Here is thy fitting temple."

"Outrageous!" exclaimed the Æsthetic Girl.

"Sir," said the Spinster, "you quote most inappropriately."

"Madam," he replied, "it is but a few short hours ago, before the fog set in, when the sky was blue and the sun full, that you quoted to me this passage from Humboldt's Cosmos: 'Nature is a free domain, and the profound conceptions and enjoyments she awakens within us can only be vividly delineated by thought clothed with exalted forms of speech, worthy of bearing witness to the majesty and greatness of creation.'"

"But," said the Spinster, "that is not fair. I had not then been faced to meet Nature in such a disagreeable mood."

"If one truly loves," said the Poet, pausing in his work and looking straight at the Æsthetic Girl, "the beloved is beautiful in all moods."

"Stuff!" mumbled the Chaperon, who, after all, was not dead, nor even sleeping.

The dinner was not what any of them, except the Poet, was accustomed to; yet they fell to with some appetite. They were a motley group in their oil skins huddling around the galley stove and eating with their plates in their laps, and the rain falling alike upon the just and the unjust.

"I never dreamed that I should come to potato mind," said the Chaperon, for once touched to the quick.

"Madam," said the Poet, "God made the potato, and man made the mayonnaise."

"Close your eyes and swallow it quickly," said the Doctor, in professional tones.

In truth, only two of the party enjoyed the meal, the Poet and the Æsthetic Girl—the former because he had often eaten worse and the latter because she was truly hungry. However, the dinner came to an end and then they all sat in solemn and bedraggled silence and watched the Poet wash the dishes.

"There!" he said, when his task was completed, "that's done. How's the weather?"

He strode out from under the clump of trees, and presently returned, shaking his head.

"I fear we shall have to remain here all night," he said.

"Why doesn't the Captain come after us?" asked the Novelist, "we ought to be rescued now."

"I doubt that the good skipper has yet found the land in such a fog," said the Poet. Then turning to the Architect he startled that gentleman by saying, "You must devise a better shelter than this for the ladies."

"First I will select a site," said the Architect, gravely, preparing to go forth.

"I think we'd better use this site," said the Poet.

"But, really, my dear sir, you must permit me to know my own art. I cannot erect an edifice under these scrub-oaks." The Architect looked about him to note the effect of his words. Then he continued: "Moreover, I fear that we must cut down these trees to get timber for our building."

"How long will it take us to put up this building?" asked the Poet.

"I think it can be done in three days," replied the Architect.

"But we shall be gone from the island in less time than that," said the Poet. "We need the shelter to night."

"I cannot do the impossible," said the Architect, stiffly, "and I will not sin against my art."

"Well, you won't until if I do?"

"Not at all."

"Come, Doctor," said the Poet, "I shall need your help." The two men strode away, and presently returned, dragging a great piece of canvas and some ropes.

"This is the yacht's balloon jib topsl," said the Doctor, rolling the nautical terms in his mouth like delicious

DUNEDIN, FROM ROSLYN HEIGHTS—HIGH-SCHOOL IN FOREGROUND.

NORTH ISLAND, LAKE TARAWERA—SCENE OF THE GREAT VOLCANIC ERUPTION OF 1886.

THE GEYSERS OF WHAKAREWAREWA, ON THE CRATER OF THE WAIKITI GEYSER.

A MAORI HOUSE AT WHAKAREWAREWA, NORTH ISLAND.

NORTH ISLAND—THE GOVERNMENT'S HOT-SPRING SANITARIUM AT ROTORUA.

"BELLA," A NATIVE (MAORI) GUIDE, ON THE CRATER OF THE WAIKITI.

QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND.

DUNEDIN—CABLE TRAMWAY AT THE TOP OF THE STEEPEST INCLINE
Grade, One Mile in Three and a Half Miles.

SCENES IN NEW ZEALAND.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. H. JACKSON.—[SEE PAGE 720.]

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morsels," and the Poet thinks that we can make a serviceable tent of it."

"I shall have to ask one of you to climb a tree," said the Poet to the Novelist and the Architect.

The Novelist, being the lighter, was selected for the task. As he sat astride a low limb, with his spectacles gleaming beneath the rim of his sou wester, he said, earnestly:

"I wish you would all wait a minute. It has just occurred to me that this scene might be introduced in my next novel, and I should like to make some notes."

They all waited patiently while he unearthed paper and pencil from under his oil skins and wrote hastily.

"Thanks very much," he said, complacently, as he put the artisans back. "I'm afraid I shan't be able to read the notes, because the rain spoils them."

And now, by dint of much pulling and expostulating, the sail was passed over the limb, and the Novelist was permitted to come down. The Poet staked out the corners of the canvas and made a tolerable tent. Next he and the Doctor returned to the yacht and brought away all the cushions and rugs, and with these they constructed rude couches for the women, who watched the entire operation with discouraging countenances and rebellious spirits—except the Æsthetic Girl. She told herself over and over again that she ought to be thoroughly disgusted; that she ought to despise the utterly materialistic Bohemian Poet, who made bad potato-salad and wretched beds, and wrote verses of a wholly post-Raphaelite tendency, and that she ought to wish she was at home in her own chamber, with incense burning on the mantel and a Burne-Jones Madonna looking from the east wall at an Auburn Barkley willow maiden on the west one.

But she did not. She really began to feel quite comfortable; she thought the Poet rather fine looking in the dim glow of the dying fire; and she began to fancy that the smell of the damp air blown through the leaves was not half bad.

"Ladies," said the Poet, "I wish I could offer you a better boudoir, but believe me when I say that one may do worse than to lie upon the breast of old Mother Earth."

"I am sorry that I do not agree with you," replied the Spinster, very stiffly; "I suspect that the old Mother will give me rheumatism."

With that she strode majestically into the tent, followed by the Mutinous Girl, who closed her eyes, shuddered, and tried to think of the slumber motive from *Die Walküre*, but could hear only Abt's "Schlaf' Wohl." The Chaperon was already asleep, but the Æsthetic Girl gently aroused her, led her to the tent, and pushed her in. Then the girl turned and took one last look at the little group of men. As her glance fell successively on the Doctor, the Novelist, and the Architect, she shook her head like one troubled by grave doubts. But when her eyes met the earnest orbs of the Poet she bowed gently, and passed into the tent. The Poet seemed to be lost in a reverie for a minute. Then he smiled, shook himself, filled his pipe afresh, and seated himself beside the galley stove.

"I don't suppose we need trouble ourselves much about the watches," he said. "No harm can come to our little camp. So, gentlemen, if you are inclined to sleep, I see no reason why you shouldn't sail into the Land of Nod at once under a full press of canvas."

The Doctor looked reproachfully at the Poet, who had unintentionally appropriated to himself some of the Doctor's favorite nautical language.

"I think," said the Novelist, "that I shall endeavor to sleep in a sitting posture. I think the rain will run off better."

He spread a rug at the foot of a tree, and sat leaning against the stout brown trunk, a picture of yellow endurance. The Doctor and the Architect bestowed themselves in sinuous attitudes of discomfort, and a comforting silence settled over the little group of castaways. The Poet puffed slowly and thoughtfully at his pipe, and when its fire had burnt down into the tobacco-less depths of the bowl, he lay upon his side with his head resting upon his hand, gazed at the undulating crimson among the coals in the galley stove, and wondered. Presently a new wind softly touched his cheek, and looking up through a narrow opening in the leaves, he saw a single star. Noiselessly he arose to his feet, stretched his arms, and then strode softly out beyond the cluster of trees.

"Heaven bless the west wind!" he said, and made his way toward the singing sea.

Some indefinite time later the Æsthetic Girl suddenly sat bolt upright and listened. What had aroused her she did not know, but she was all at once wide awake and alert. For several moments she wondered what it was that she listened for; then the thought flashed into her head that "it" was the men. She crept to the opening of the tent and looked out. The Novelist still leaned against the tree, while the Doctor and the Architect lay in postures of men stricken to battle. These sights did not please the girl. Again she listened. The wind murmured in the crannies of the grass, and the crickets and tree frogs sang merrily in secret places. Up above the tree tops the small round moon floated radiant among the filmy clouds, and out of deep blue rifts the stars glimmered and glowed in luminous peace. The Æsthetic Girl arose, left the tent, and stood a willowy silhouette against the dying red of the galley stove—a picture more ghostly than those of Auburn Barkley, whom she ignorantly worshipped. She was touched with new emotions. She had, like others of her kind, often gone into the garden when the "black bat, night," was flown, and the flutes and bassoons proclaimed the harsh reign of society. But to be alone under the stars, without a house at hand, face to face with Nature in her own domain, this was new and thrilling. She walked restlessly away from her lassitude companions, and drifted across the land toward the water. And there she came upon the Poet, lying flat on the breadth of his breast, with his elbows well planted, his chin in his hands, and the perennial pipe of fragrant tobacco in his mouth. Before him on the damp ground lay a pad of white paper, and upon it a pencil. Ever and anon he pulled at the pipe, till it threw a dull crimson on the paper, when he took up the pencil and made marks.

"What can he be doing?" thought the girl. But she wisely forbore to disturb him. Presently he laid his head low upon his folded arms, and seemed to be breathing fast and hard.

"He must be sick," thought the girl, taking a step forward. But he raised his head again, made more marks, put the pad in his pocket, knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and put a fresh priming of tobacco into it. Then he sat up, struck a match, enfolded the flame in the hollows of his ample hands, and puffed new fragrance upon the air. As he threw away the match, he saw the girl. He blew a long whiff of blue smoke, looked her over critically, and said,

"Have you any idea what time it is?"

"No," she replied, startled by the question. "Have you?"

"Yes," he answered; "it is just three o'clock of an August morning, and an utterly improper time for a young woman to be meandering alone."

"But I am not alone," she said: "you are here."

"I don't see that that improves the situation," he said, drily.

"Oh," she exclaimed, with momentary confusion, "the Chaperon is within a stone's throw! I know she's asleep, but she always is."

"If you are satisfied, I am grateful."

"What were you putting on that pad?"

"Ah," he said, "fatal curiosity of the eternal woman!"

"But what was it?"

"By your gracious leave, lady, some poor verses."

"A poem?"

"Perhaps."

"But I thought your poems always smelt of the pipe and the bowl and bohemia."

"The pipe I have always with me," he responded, "and as for bohemia, wherever I am, that is."

"You are so different from my idea of a poet."

"Praise God!"

"Now you are rude."

"Not at all. You have no business to think of poets as you do. Did you ever know one before?"

"No," she confessed; "but I have always felt that I knew them through their work—and the artists too. I cannot fancy Auburn Barkley in knee-breeches smoking a briar wood pipe. Nor could I possibly think of Dante Gabriel Rossetti cooking."

"Nor I," said the Poet. "But I can fancy Will Shakespeare hunting deer, and Percy Shelley handling a mainsheet in a breeze of wind, and Byron a sword upon the plains of Greece, and Robbie Burns following the crooked handles of his plough, and Publius Vergilius Maro standing ankle deep among the fodder of his own oxen, and David, the son of Jesse, living a ruler of men. For all these were, and so they did."

"What is your poem about?"

"I dare not tell."

"Dare not tell? But surely you will publish it."

"Surely I will not."

"Then why did you write it?"

"I didn't. It wrote me."

"I really don't know what you mean. Let me read it."

"No, at least not now."

"You are not at all nice."

"I never was, I never shall be, nice. It is time for you to go back to bed. Look yonder in the east. Do you see that pale flame in the sky? That is the beginning of the dawn. Come, you must return to the tent."

Without another word she turned and left him, but she carried a new unrest in her heart and a new sight in her eyes.

An hour later the Poet blew a merry blast upon the foghorn and cried: "Ho, sleepers! Awake! Turn out there, Doctor, and stow your hammock!"

The Novelist toppled over, and his head struck the earth with a thud. He sprang to his feet dazed, and presently realized that he was the centre of a laughing group. Even the Chaperon smiled.

"News, good friends!" said the Poet. "Write the last chapter, Mr. Novelist. Our rescue is at hand. Come hither."

He led them out into the open and pointed toward the mainland, now boldly visible in the flood of morning sunshine. Four or five miles away they saw a homely tug steaming directly toward the island.

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed the Spinster. "I shall be glad to get back to civilization. Hereafter I shall be satisfied to view Nature from the window of a parlor car."

"'Spirit of nature! Hail!' begun the Poet, but she waved him aside disdainfully. All the rest of the party, save the Æsthetic Girl, surrounded her and said soothing words about poets in general. The girl said nothing, but walked down toward the sea. In her hand she carried a book. She gazed at the volume a moment, with disdain in her glorious eyes. Then she hurled it far out into the waves.

"What book was that?"

The Poet stood beside her.

"That was 'The Purple Book' of Auburn Barkley," she answered.

He drew some sheets of paper from his pocket.

"You may read last night's verses now," he said.

"To— Why, it's my name!" she exclaimed.

While she read he kept silence, and with hungry face watched the moisture spring to her eyes and the color to her cheeks, while her bosom rose and fell with increasing rhythm. When she had read to the last line, her head drooped and her form trembled.

"Well?" he asked, in a tense tone.

She lifted her eyes, and for one instant let their new radiance dazzle him.

"Oh yes!" she said; "forever and forever."

NEW YORK'S NEW BOTANICAL GARDEN.

NEW YORK city, after many vexatious delays, is now ready to apply for membership in the distinguished botanical garden society of the world. The plans for its buildings (given on our double page) have been approved by the Board of Park Commissioners, and work may soon begin. The spot selected for this purpose covers a tract of 250 acres in the new Bronx Park, lying about two and a half miles east of the Harlem River.

The two main buildings of the Botanical Society, if the plans stand, will occupy elevated meadow land on the park's western border, and these, with their decorative approaches, will require but 25 acres of the allotted tract. A superb hemlock grove of 65 acres, it is hoped, will be preserved intact, 30 acres will be devoted to pines and other coniferous trees, 70 acres to deciduous forest, embracing 275 species, 15 acres to shrubs and small trees, 8 acres to herbaceous grounds for plants, while the remainder of the allotted space will consist of bog gardens, lakes, ponds, meadow land, vines, rockeries, etc.

The new garden, so far as science and money can accomplish these results, is to meet the four requirements of a modern botanical garden. It will be economic, æsthetic, scientific, and philanthropic, all combined. Time, that vital factor in all processes of nature, must do the rest. In the botanical museum will be the most elaborate advantages for the study of all plants directly or indirectly useful to man. The ground floor, devoted to economic botany, will display the commercial products of plants, and illustrate the processes of manufacture. This will include plants used in foods, drugs, fibres, timbers, and those yielding oils, gums, starch, sugar, beverages, dyes, etc. The second floor will be set apart for a general botanical museum in five divisions, the first taking plant life in review from its simplest forms to the most complex, illustrated by specimens, fruits, barks, leaves, photographs, and plates; the second, a physiological department, illustrating plant life in its processes, consisting mainly of models and specimens; the third, a branch showing by selected specimens the appearance of the various plant groups on the earth in point of time; the fourth, devoted to flora of the neighborhood around New York, in which herbarium specimens will be mounted systematically in swinging frames, after the manner adopted at the South Kensington Museum in England; while the fifth will be for such special collections as may be decided upon from time to time. Other features of the museum will be lecture-rooms, and laboratories for practical work and instruction in botany. An agreement has been made with Columbia University whereby the university's herbarium and extensive botanical library will be placed in the new garden, and the university research work in botany will be carried on in the museum. The building will have a front of 204 feet, two equal lateral wings 200 feet long and 50 feet deep, the material being brick with marble columns throughout, with central projections front and rear.

On a commanding plateau, its central entrance about 300 yards from the main entrance of the museum, will stand the horticultural or glass house. The central section will rise in a dome 80 feet high, ten feet lower than the highest botanical palm house in Europe—that of the Royal Gardens at Berlin. Two wings are to run around a rectilinear area, the whole building to cover one third the space of the present glass houses at the great English gardens of Kew, and be 500 feet long by 250 feet in the wings. A second glass house, of still greater dimensions, is provided for a later day in the plans. Minor buildings are arranged for, including a power house, gardeners' houses, and the propagating nurseries along the eastern border of the park.

New York city's pioneer attempt at a botanical garden was made in 1801, by Dr. David Hosack, then Professor of Botany in Columbia College. In a twenty acre tract, which he called the Elgin Botanic Garden, he made a valuable collection, which was subsequently granted to Columbia College by legislative act, and named the Botanic Garden of the State of New York. But it died for lack of funds and no further efforts were made in this direction till the Torrey Botanical Club, in 1891, nearly a century later, drew up articles of incorporation for a New York botanical garden, which became a law in 1896. Public spirit was promptly shown in liberal contributions, the necessary $250,000 was raised, with a handsome margin, and the enterprise is now afloat under sunny financial skies. The present officers of the society are Cornelius Vanderbilt, president; Andrew Carnegie, vice president; J. Pierpont Morgan, treasurer, and Professor N. L. Britton, secretary. The last mentioned gentleman, a botanist of high reputation, long on the staff of Columbia College, has now been made director in chief of the garden, and will devote his entire time and talents to its development.

It must, in the nature of things, be many years before the New York embryo can hope for prominence in botanical circles. The famous gardens of the Old World range in age from fifty years to a century and a half, each year of life adding to the value of their collections.

FOREIGN NOTES.

FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW

Berlin, June 22, 1897.

THE American who visits Berlin in 1897, after an interval of two years, must be struck by great political changes. There is dissatisfaction in almost every class excepting perhaps that of policemen. Property owners join with socialists and tramps in freely discussing "revolution" as an alternative not very much to be dreaded. Of course they do not mean a revolution that chops off heads and turns society upside down—merely a change of government such as we understand it when one President retires and his successor takes his office.

Yesterday, at the close of the Reichstag, all parties joined in voting more than ten million dollars merely for artillery improvements, and without a debate. This shows that no parliament is more patriotic than that of Germany when imperial defence is concerned. But these patriots find that in spite of all their loyalty and generous giving they are denied all share in the government of their country—that their parliament is merely a sham, their ministers merely government clerks, and their Chancellor a piece of putty in the hands of the Emperor.

For instance, the German Constitution provides for a prime minister who must countersign the Emperor's official statements. Bismarck made that clause for the benefit of himself as first Prime Minister of the Empire. He carefully inserted his prerogative of countersigning his master's acts, but made no provision for retiring from office excepting by violent ejectment—not through act of parliament, but imperial order.

Since that Constitution commenced to live, in 1871, Bismarck has been summarily expelled, and so has Caprivi, who succeeded him. In neither case was parliament consulted; in neither case was the public told the reason of dismissal.

Does any one recall the famous message sent by William II. to Paul Kruger on January 3 1896? It had more political effect than any act of the German government since the Franco-German war. It converted England from friendship to hatred, it injured the trade relation of Germany with every English port, and it stirred up in South Africa race hatred, bad enough before, but infinitely worse when one set of Boers imagined they would have

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Germany as an ally in a possible war with England. This telegram of the German Emperor had no counterasgn by his chancellor. It is so remarkable a document that it deserves a place here in the original, though German official publications ignore it. The Transvaal government gave me this version to the German. I hope it is wrong:

Wilhelm II., Berlin, to President Kruger, Pretoria:

Ich spreche Ihnen meinen aufrichtigen Glückwunsch aus, dass es Ihnen, ohne an die Hülfe befreundeter Mächte zu appelliren, mit Ihrem Volke gelungen ist, in eigener Thatkraft gegenüber den bewaffneten Banden, welche als Friedensbrecher in Ihr Land eingedrungen sind, den Frieden wieder herzustellen und die Unabhängigkeit des Landes gegen Angriffe von Aussen zu wahren. WILHELM, I. R. (Imperator Rex).

The free translation of this late ordinary United States vernacular would be about this wise: "You have my hearty congratulation for having, by the aid of your own people, established peace once more, and protected the independence of your country against attacks from abroad [England] without the assistance of friendly powers [that is to say, Germany] in the face of the armed bands who invaded your land."

If Prime-Minister Hohenlohe disapproved of this despatch, he should have resigned; if he approved of it, then his master would be justified in dismissing him, for the effect of this cable was not good.

Serious Germans are troubled at the rudderless movements of their ship of state. Many things done and said by high officials lead sober people to suspect that their constitutional rights are at the mercy of administrative caprice.

This is one reason why the recent celebrations in Germany have lacked heartiness. Last year the occasion was the twenty-fifth anniversary of Sedan; this year it is the centennial birthday of the late Emperor William, who is now officially styled "The Great." The festivities were ordered on a grand scale, and what soldiers can do to make an occasion memorable was done. But simple citizens kept asking themselves pathetically: "Where do we come in? we paid for all this, we shed our blood, we supported our sovereign in his glorious career towards German unity and empire, and now that it is all done we are put aside as merely the people." It would have been wiser if the officials had made the centennial demonstrations less a glorification of the army and the war lord, and more a tribute to German citizenship. The consequence of all this is that in discussing Queen Victoria's Jubilee, the German Liberals contrast the hearty loyalty of the English freemen with the qualified patriotism of his own people in respect of the Emperor.

But are not those people to blame who hold office and have daily access to their sovereign? If they all bow the knee, no matter what their lord may say, then an wonder that William II. is taking steps that lead to disaster. What Germany needs just now is a chancellor who is not afraid to speak the truth—and resign. The Emperor lives only for the good of his people, and of course he feels that the security of his throne is the same as the safety of the state. The difficulty arises when he happens to differ with his people on ways and means. An Emperor is apt to think that people who disagree with him are unpatriotic, and he therefore needs at his elbow men who know the people well, and who can advise him as to the real needs of a complicated social body. With the best of advice the task of governing is not easy, but with the advice of men whose character has no independence, the work of a sovereign is hard indeed. These men flatter where they should protest; they deceive their master where he most needs the truth. Bismarck once remarked in one of his bits of bombastic bunkum, "We Germans fear God and nothing else!" Those who have seen German officials in relation to their superiors think this funny.

This that I refer to here may all pass away, like the race hatred in the Transvaal, but there are at present forces at work in Germany which promise a conflict between government by soldiers and government by law. The Germany of 1897 is a different thing from the Prussia of 1797, and the people know it. The question now uppermost in German minds is whether their imperial master prefers to rule according to the Prussia of 1797 or the principles of his wise grandmother. POULTNEY BIGELOW.

THE TORPEDO-BOAT "PORTER."

A NAVAL maxim widely accepted abroad asserts that torpedo-boats are the weapons of the weaker sea powers, and, when geographical considerations do not decide, that maritime nations strong in ships need of such auxiliary types only those larger constructions which now are known as *catchers or destroyers*. For many years we put by this question. Indeed, until 1896, it seemed as if, in a fatuous disregard of outside experiences and necessities, we intended to go our own wilful way, for, should the successful *Cushing* and the unfortunate *Ericsson* be excluded, we had not put afloat any modern torpedo-boat. And yet if the maxim—which I am willing to confess is a peace one—had a value, we should have been among the first to accept it, for in the maritime sense we are surely a weak naval power, and in geographical environment we may claim, by the extent and configuration of our coasts, by the number and peculiarities of our ports, and by the white stretch of our continuous inland waterways, an ideal field for torpedo employment.

While we have been laggards in this competition, foreign nations have developed the types variously, lavishly; indeed, among some it has been a mad runaway for supremacy, notably in speed. France, Russia, and Germany to a great degree, Spain and Italy to a less, have been hot footed in this struggle, and through ceaseless experiment have achieved flotillas which are not negligible quantities in the arguments of the experts who deny any reason for the existence of the type. England, with a large number of boats, has been prudent, only reasonably keen, for, as of old, she looks for her safeguard to battle-ships—to those floating bulwarks of the line which will meet the foe not at the threshold of her homes, but on the high-seas and at the entrance of his challenging harbors. Hence at the very moment the marvellous Jubilee fleet, just disbanded, was seeking its rendezvous off Spithead, an authoritative statement that torpedo-vessels and not battle-ships were her real defence as jarred British self satisfaction that wiseacres were not wanting who called the security gained by so much self denial, energy, and intelligence a broken reed. It was an odd season to proclaim this propaganda, but in early June Admiral Colomb declared, in a lecture before the United Service Institution, that England was ignorantly worshipping, not an unknown, but a false war-god, and that the latest naval programme showed the supremacy of the torpedo.

This of course is a very strong claim, and the gallant admiral may have been misrepresented, but it sounds naval enough in its strenuous sincerity. At any rate, other approved opinion moves less briskly and surely, and the truth seems to be that though torpedo-boats may play an important rôle in the next drama of naval action, yet their parts, their lines, will be specialized and subordinate to those of the gun—to that dominating (star) sea weapon mounted in a battle-ship. Of course, in the absence of principles fixed by battle, opinions are tentative. The Chinese war was not rich in satisfactory answers except as to battle-ships, though torpedo-promoters found some comfort in these isolated instances. "At 2 A. M. of February 5 two torpedo-boats left their anchorage under Three peaked Point and tried to force the entrance to Wei-hai-wei. Eight succeeded in entering the harbor, and attacked the Chinese fleet, discharging eleven torpedoes, of which one, fired by No. 9, struck the *Ting yuen*. No. 9 received a shot through her boilers, and was temporarily abandoned. No. 22 ran aground in leaving the harbor, and was lost, but the other boats returned safely. The *Ting-yuen*, after being torpedoed, was run into shoal water, where she sank." "February 6, four boats entered the harbor, and after sinking the *Lai yuen*, *Wei-yuen*, and the tender *Pingfat*, returned safely."

These results taught a lesson, and as torpedo-boats are comparatively inexpensive structures, experts agreed that any maritime nation neglecting such cheap additions to its insurance was accepting a dangerous risk. Our officials took heart of grace, and, at last, Congress was induced to order the construction of fifteen torpedo-boats and one destroyer. These boats vary much in size, speed, and power, and to a definite degree are experiments. The smaller ones—one hundred feet in length and twenty knots in speed—are limited in size by considerations of employment in inland waterways, and of transportation by rail to points where an enemy's attack may threaten. The speed expected in the different type varies from twenty to thirty knots, and the armament from two 14-inch short tubes and two one-pounder rapid fire guns to three 18-inch long tubes and four 6 pounders. Their lengths vary from 100 to 175 feet, their tonnage from 47 to 182, and the expected indicated horse-power from 850 to 4200—this last in Nos. 6 and 10, the thirty-knot boats under contract at Bath, Maine.

Two of the flotilla are afloat—the *Foote*, undergoing a preliminary trial, and the *Porter* (formerly the *Farragut*), commissioned for active service. This boat, first known as No. 6, was built at Bristol, by the Herreshoffs, and as designed by Commander Converse, United States Navy, to whom also are due the plans of the eminently successful *Cushing*; she is 175 feet in length, 17½ feet in beam, 180 tons in displacement, and with 4000 indicated horse-power was expected to make 27.5 knots. Her armament consists of four 1-pounder rapid fire guns and three short 18-inch tubes. The launching-carriages for the torpedoes are carried on the upper deck—one on each side echeloned and one aft, the forward carriages being pivoted, so as to give a direct bow and stern discharge. The effective range of the torpedo is about four hundred yards, though good luck must be wedded to great skill to give at this distance a fair percentage of hits. The torpedoes are discharged from the tubes by a small charge of powder, this method having almost completely supplanted the old expulsions by steam and compressed air. When the torpedo is ejected it dives and immediately begins to move forward by its own power, travelling within its fighting limits at the rate of about thirty miles an hour. It preserves a constant level by the agencies of fins and rudders, and will travel normally at the depth to which it has been set. When employed in practice it is fitted to come to the surface at the end of the run. Before final acceptance of the *Porter* an acrid discussion arose as to her structural qualities—as to the design even—but her final tests whisked these futile objections down the wind. She carries three line officers—the engineer force being under their direct management—and she is manned by a small crew.

In the speed trial of February 10, near Newport, the average for five runs, over a tidal course of twelve miles, was 28.74 knots. June 10 she started from her wharf in the East River, and going eastward, rounded Long Island in twelve and a half hours, thus achieving an average rate of twenty knots in rough and smooth water. It is questionable if any other boat has been subjected to such a rigorous trial—not because of the sea work, for many boats abroad have made long voyages (from England, for example, to the Argentines), but because of the duration of the test, the speed achieved at times, and her condition at the finish. Of course twenty knots is not a great average speed, but excessive speed was not sought, as the steam-pressure was limited to 200 pounds, instead of being carried at the 225 pounds which her boilers permit. During one part of the course, from Stratford Shoal to abreast of Faulkners Island Light, she made thirty knots, thus repeating her achievement in the Potomac River in February. Her fighting and manœuvring tests were equally successful. The torpedoes were fired with celerity and accuracy. With both engines going ahead fast—the boat making seventeen knots and her helm hard over—she turned in a circle about 1000 feet in diameter; and at the same speed, when her engines were backed suddenly, she came to a dead stop and then started astern in about one-half her length. When this manœuvre was reversed, and from full speed astern full speed ahead was sought, she stopped and gathered headway in less than one quarter of her length.

These achievements of the first torpedo-boat put afloat under the new building programme are very creditable, and if the others equal these performances Congress may be induced to give us the normal auxiliary flotilla—that is, ten torpedo constructions to every vessel of any other important type in the fleet.

LIEUT.-COM. J. D. JERNIGAN KEASEY, U. S. N.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

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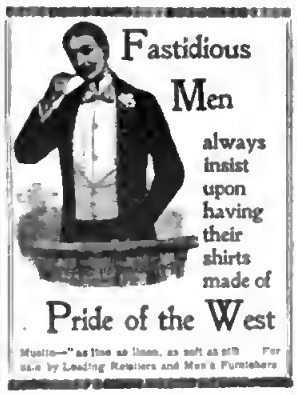

HOW A DONKEY FOUND A MINE.

THE history of mine discoveries in the West is full of strange and amusing incidents. Many of the most celebrated mines or ledges have been found by accident. Some of these accidental discoveries are laughable in the extreme. One of them occurred in connection with the discovery of one of the richest mines in the Cœur d'Aléne country in Idaho. In this case a common donkey, or jackass, or "burro," as one chooses to term it, was credited with the finding of the mine.

The Northern Pacific Railway's finely illustrated tourist book, **Wonderland '97,** has a chapter on mining in the West, in which the incident alluded to is given. It shows how, from slight or trivial things, great results may flow. There are also articles on **Yellowstone Park, Alaska, Cattle Raising,** etc. By sending Six Cents in postage stamps to CHAS. S. FEE, Gen. Pass. Agent, St. Paul, Minn., any one can obtain a copy of this book. It is full of historical fact and descriptive narrative, and valuable as a school text-book.

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COLLECTOR GEORGE R. BIDWELL.

THE nomination and confirmation of George R. Bidwell to be Collector of the Port of New York places that important office under the charge of a practical business man of New York city. Mr. Bidwell has never held public office before, and is only thirty-eight years old. Not until 1894 did he become prominent in political life in the metropolis. In that year he became secretary of the New York Republican County Committee. He served for two years, and declined a re-election owing to pressure of private business interests. He took charge of the affairs of the Republicans in the Nineteenth Assembly District in 1896, and the usual Republican majority of 800 was increased to 4200.

Mr. Bidwell has been in the bicycle trade ever since he began business life. He was born in Buffalo, and left there in 1879 as a travelling salesman in the new bicycle industry. He settled in New York city in 1881, and began business on his own account in 1884. He has been in the retail, jobbing, and manufacturing grades of the bicycle business, and at present is secretary and treasurer of the Spalding Bidwell Company in New York.

Mr. Bidwell became one of the charter members of the League of American Wheelmen when it was formed in 1880, and has held many places of trust in that organization. He was a factor in securing the adoption of the Good Roads policy of the league. When he was Chief Consul of the New York State division of the league he secured the enactment of legislation giving the bicycle the legal status of a vehicle. He also assisted in the passage of the Armstrong Bicycle Baggage law in New York State.

Mr. Bidwell is a member of many political and social clubs, and it was because of his well-known abilities as a successful business man, and because of his agreeable personal qualities, that the leaders of the Republican organization in New York paid him the compliment of selecting his name for submission to the President for the office of Collector of the Port of New York.

NEW ZEALAND.

NEW ZEALAND, the youngest of all the considerable colonies of Britain, is in some respects the most interesting of them all. It consists of two large and one smaller island, and forms, with the exception of New Guinea and Madagascar, the largest truly insular body of land lying entirely south of the equator. The area of the colony is somewhat larger than that of Great Britain, and somewhat less than that of the British Islands, and many real, together with some rather fanciful, points of resemblance have led to the colony receiving the name of the Britain of the south.

The islands first became known to Europeans, and, so far as is known to any civilized people, by their discovery in the year 1642 by the Dutch navigator Tasman, from whom they received their name. The original discoverer, however, made no serious attempt to examine the land he had found, but, after sailing a short distance down its western coast, sailed away, never to return, nor was it until another period of nearly a hundred and thirty years had elapsed that any European vessel again sighted its shores. It was in 1770 that Captain Cook may be said to have made the second discovery of New Zealand, and, with characteristic patience and thoroughness, circumnavigated and charted the whole of its coast line with a correctness and detail which left very little for any one else to accomplish down to the present time.

The settlement of Australia, seventeen years later, formed the beginning of an informal connection between the convict colony and the savage islands to the south-east, the coast of which abounded in seals, while the surrounding ocean formed the best whale fishing ground in the southern ocean. It was soon found that the Maoris, or native inhabitants, were an intelligent and by no means unfriendly race, with whom trade could be established, and who possessed in their native flax, gum, and timber valuable articles of commerce. In the year 1812 the first Christian missionaries were sent to New Zealand by the exertions of Mr Marsden, the Church of England chaplain to the convict settlement at Port Jackson, and from that time forward the connection between the two countries became more intimate. Unfortunately not only missionaries, but also a very different class of white residents, gradually drifted to the new land. Both emancipated and runaway convicts found their way there, and under the general name of "Pakehi Maoris," or "white man Maoris," established an influence over the natives which was almost wholly for evil. The persistent representations of the missionaries, as well as the projected operations of a private corporation known as "The New Zealand Company," at last induced the British government, in the year 1842, to proclaim its sovereignty over the island. This result was hastened by information it had received that the French government was on the eve of doing so; and, indeed, it turned out that had the proclamation been delayed only two months more, the French flag would have been hoisted by an expedition sent out by the government of Louis Philippe for the purpose.

The proclamation of British sovereignty was preceded by the signing of a formal treaty—known as the Treaty of Waitangi, the name of the place where it was executed—by which Great Britain undertook, in consideration of the cession of all rights of sovereignty by the chiefs and Maori people, to guarantee them the undisturbed possession of their lands, freedom, and ancient rights. This was the origin of British sovereignty in New Zealand, and this, more than any other cause, has led to the peculiar position of the colony as the only one in which the original native owners and the colonists stand on an entirely equal footing. The treaty has been scrupulously observed, and, except in the single case of the Waikato tribes engaged in the war of 1863, not a single acre of Maori land has been acquired otherwise than by purchase, either by or on behalf of the colonists.

The colonization of the islands of New Zealand dates from the end of the year 1842, and in spite of the fact that the government possessed no territory in the country on which they might settle, few communities can point to a record of such substantial progress. This is the more remarkable owing to the fact that the country has been devastated by two native wars, each of which retarded settlement for years, besides loading the young community with a war debt, heavy indeed in proportion to its population. Since the war of 1863 was finally put an end to, in 1868, there has been no trouble of an organized character with the Maoris, who may now be regarded in the light of peaceable and often valuable citizens, with full representation in the colonial representative House of Parliament, and with several of their principal chiefs sitting in the Council, or Senate, of the colony. The European population of New Zealand numbers fully 750,000, while, according to the last census, there were nearly 45,000 natives, inclusive of nearly 3000 half castes. Unlike Australia, the country is rather fitted for agricultural than pastoral pursuits, and this, in connection with the circumstances of the tenure of the lands of the country, especially in the northern island, in which nearly all the natives live, has led to the colony becoming a kind of paradise of small holdings. The results have so far been, on the whole, remarkably successful, and New Zealand may be looked upon as one of the most progressive of countries, and of all the Australasian colonies that in which the wealth is most equally divided among all classes. Its exports are of an annual value of about seventy dollars per head of the inhabitants, and its imports of about fifty dollars, the former consisting mainly of wool, gold, frozen mutton, and cereal products.

The southern and larger island is remarkable for the magnificent mountain range which skirts its western shore, rising to a height of more than 13,000 feet, and possessing lake and mountain scenery unsurpassed in any part of the world. On the eastern slope of this range the land falls to a low level, and these plains, occupying fully one-half the area of the island, are among the most fertile lands for agricultural purposes known in any country. There are no large cities in New Zealand—Dunedin, situated about a hundred miles from the southern end of the south island, being one of the largest two, and containing about 45,000 inhabitants.

Cook's Strait separates the northern from the southern island, forming a passage from fifteen to twenty miles wide. The northern island, although the smaller of the two, will probably support in the end considerably the larger part of the population, owing to the fact that no considerable area is occupied by mountains, or otherwise unfit for profitable settlement. At present, however, it contains only about two-fifths of the population, inclusive of nearly the whole of the Maoris, who live almost entirely in the central district of the island, the land of which is still for the most part owned by them. Much of this land, indeed, has been leased to European settlers, but the main centres of the colonial population are to be found at the northern and southern extremities, where the two chief towns, Auckland at the north and Wellington at the south end of the island, are situated.

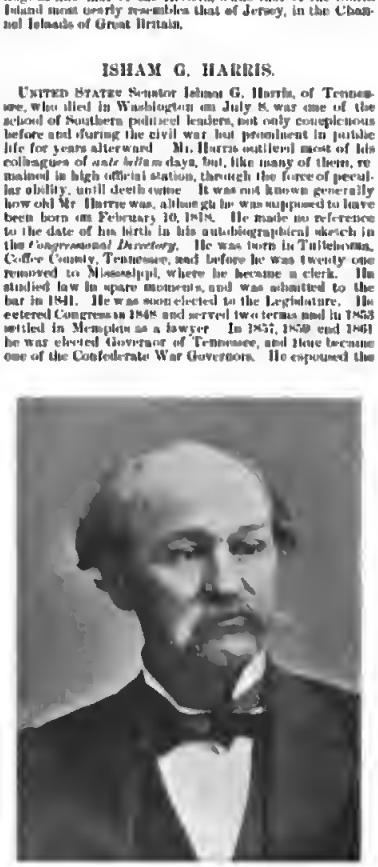
The central or Maori section of the island contains the strip of country which is the seat of the volcanic activity for which New Zealand is famous. The district—widely known as the wonder land of New Zealand—is not more than seventy miles in width, and does not extend more than about two-thirds of the distance across the island at nearly its widest part. In this comparatively small space, however, there are collected an almost unprecedented variety of natural phenomena of the volcanic order, embracing almost every known species of eructive spring, hot or cold, geysers of boiling water, jets of boiling steam, and pools of boiling mud. This volcanic belt extends from White Island, lying a few miles off the eastern coast, enveloped in its white cloud of sulphurous steam, far inland as the giant cones of Tongariro and Ruapehu, the latter of which rises to a height of nearly 10,000 feet above the surrounding plain. Both of these cones are active, and have more or less violent spasms of eruption, chiefly of boiling water, at irregular intervals. Throughout the whole of the intervening district the volcanic energy is in a constant state of the most surprising activity, and the general effect is greatly heightened by the fact that it in no degree interferes with the luxurious growth of trees and ferns for which New Zealand is celebrated. Geysers and boiling pools of mud are met with in little valleys overshadowed by luxurious growths of the greenest vegetation, and a thousand jets of boiling steam spring from the hearts of clumps of tree ferns or little patches of the evergreen forest.

The natives, who inhabit the district in large numbers, may almost be said to live in the numerous steaming pools from their earliest infancy, and in recent years a large proportion of them make a comfortable livelihood by acting as guides, and in many instances as medical advisers, of the many hundreds of patients who flock to the district in yearly increasing numbers from India, Australia, and even from Europe, in the hope of obtaining the cure of disorders—chiefly rheumatic—for every form of which the district seems to contain an appropriate specific. The natives themselves appear to be an exceptionally healthy race, and it is believed that they are the only part of the Maori people which continues to increase in numbers. They are a pleasant, intelligent, and friendly race, and it is an interesting fact that they are of a much lighter shade of color than any other section of the Maori people. Few more interesting racial problems exist than those that may at present be studied in this colony, where every effort is being made to preserve and elevate to a European standard a native race of remarkably fine natural qualities. How far the attempt will meet with success has yet to be proved, because, while the rapid decrease of the race has apparently been arrested, there is as yet no evidence of any increase in their numbers. Their progress is nearly all the arts of civilization, however, has been steady and gratifying, and there seems little reason to doubt that if the race itself can be preserved, its members will hereafter take an mean rank among the inhabitants of New Zealand.

One of the most delightful charms of these islands is to found in their climate, which is at once the most equable and delightful enjoyed by any country. Extending for a distance of nearly 800 miles nearly north and south, it might have been expected that there would have existed great diversities of climate between its different parts. This, however, is not the case. No part of New Zealand is subject to severe cold, and, except on the high lands of the South Island, snow rarely falls. The climate of Auckland is like that of southern Italy, of Wellington like that of the Riviera, while that of the South Island most nearly resembles that of Jersey, in the Channel Islands of Great Britain.

ISHAM G. HARRIS.

UNITED STATES Senator Isham G. Harris, of Tennessee, who died in Washington on July 8, was one of the school of Southern political leaders, not only conspicuous before and during the civil war but prominent in public life for years afterward. Mr. Harris outlived most of his colleagues of *ante bellum* days, but, like many of them, remained in high official station, through the force of peculiar ability, until death came. It was not known generally how old Mr Harris was, although he was supposed to have been born on February 10, 1818. He made no reference to the date of his birth in his autobiographical sketch in the *Congressional Directory*. He was born in Tullahoma, Coffee County, Tennessee, and before he was twenty one removed to Mississippi, where he became a clerk. He studied law in spare moments, and was admitted to the bar in 1841. He was soon elected to the Legislature. He entered Congress in 1848 and served two terms and in 1853 settled in Memphis as a lawyer. In 1857, 1859 and 1861 he was elected Governor of Tennessee, and then became one of the Confederate War Governors. He espoused the



HON. ISHAM G. HARRIS.
Photographed by Bell.

cause of the South with zeal, and spent much time in the field with Generals A. S. Johnston, J. E. Johnston, Beauregard, and Bragg. After Lee's surrender, Mr. Harris became one of the unreconciliables, and, a reward for his arrest having been issued by "Parson" Brownlow, he fled on horseback to Mexico, going from there to England, where he remained until 1867. He then returned to Memphis and practiced law.

In 1876 Mr Harris was a Presidential elector on the Tilden ticket in Tennessee. The storm aroused by the presence of this "unreconstructed rebel" on the ticket led to his resignation. He wrote a caustic letter, which aroused much enthusiasm, and really led to his election to the United States Senate in that year. He took his seat on March 4, 1877, and was re-elected in 1883, 1889, and 1895. He had received many honors in the Senate, having been President *pro tempore* of the Fifty third Congress. He had assignments to the leading committees. His latest work of conspicuous importance was to help frame and secure the passage of the Wilson tariff law.

Senator Harris was regarded as an authority on parliamentary law, was frequently brusque and bitter in debate, but was animated by a high sense of public duty, and was never known to flag in his zeal for what he regarded as the best interests of the country.

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AMATEUR SPORT

While the All-America nine for '97 is perhaps the strongest one we have chosen of these annual hypothetical teams, yet the baseball of the inter-collegiate season just closed showed more weak play than any year of the past half-dozen. In the Middle West the explanation is easily found in the very considerable percentage of green material upon which most of the universities were compelled to depend.

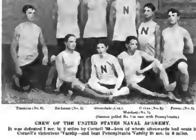
In the East no such reason may be advanced outside of New Haven. It is true that Yale began the year with only three men of 'varsity experience, and that Captain

R. M. Keator (Yale), Captain and Centre Field. W. D. Phillips (Brown), Short Stop. A. Letton (Yale), Third Base.

Keator developed his nine practically from untried material. But Princeton, Harvard, and Brown were unusually fortunate in the retention of their '96 'varsity members. Yet in no year within my recollection have the final games of these four universities revealed such loose playing. Loose play and heavy batting may be said, indeed, to have been the features of '97. On the other hand, no season has been marked by more brilliant fielding than every one of these teams showed on occasion. Better played or more interestingly contested games than the first Yale-Princeton, the first two Yale-Brown, the second Harvard-Brown, two of the Harvard-Holy Cross, and the third Harvard-Princeton have seldom been witnessed.

Princeton was much the strongest team, and showed the most consistent play. Loose work was apparent in all its games, save the third Harvard (won) and first Yale (lost), and undoubtedly explained by the ease with which the nine secured its victories. Out of twenty-five games played, Princeton lost two—one to Harvard, and one to Yale. With the exception of its third Harvard game—won, 2-0—all Princeton's winning games were easy, some of them, like the last two with Yale and the second with Brown, absurdly so. Princeton's heavy batting, the beautiful play of its out-field and the numerical, more especially than the individual, strength

Graham (Bow). ... McCarthy (Stroke), Capt.



Timmons (No. 6). Buchanan (No. 3). Glennbrook (Cox.). Collins (No. 5). Provost (No. 2). Welchel (No. 7). (Gannon pulled No. 1 in race with Pennsylvania.)

CREW OF THE UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY.

It was defeated 7 sec. in 2 miles by Cornell '00—two of whom afterwards had seats in Cornell's victorious 'Varsity—and beat Pennsylvania 'Varsity 25 sec. in 2 miles.

of its pitching department, gave the nine a working advantage none of the others could approach. If, therefore, the team fell into loose play, it is perhaps pardonable, considering the few times the men had really to exert themselves in order to win.

Every side save Princeton suffered because of an impoverished pitching department. Brown was much weakened, and Yale went utterly to pieces, because of it.

Harvard and Yale opened the season each depending on a single pitcher; Paine continued in form to the last, and virtually won the Yale series for his team. Greenway, after splendid work against Princeton and Brown, winning one game from the former and two from the latter, fell a victim to malaria, and Yale tumbled from first-class play to mediocrity. A most commendable athletic reform movement set in motion by the Brown faculty cost that university her best two pitchers, and though the deprivation of their service probably had no affect on the nine's record of victories and defeats, yet it did make the Princeton games easier for that team.

Yale suffered cruelly, for Captain Keator had developed a truly strong team, as its work against Brown proved. The loss of Greenway, however, disturbed the team's balance and demoralized its play. But for the phenomenal batting of Greenway (who went into left field after retiring from the box) and Camp—which turned the score in Yale's favor on several occasions—the consummate skill with which Keator advanced base runners by singles and sacrifices and well-placed hits when most needed, Yale's showing would have been very indifferent. The feature of Yale's work was an ability to bunch hits, which is one of the essentials of winning baseball. Had Greenway remained in the box, there is small doubt in my mind that Yale would have won the Harvard series and been rated second on the list. As it is, the loss of its only first-class pitcher so unsettled the nine's work as to send it a place lower.

Princeton was expected to finish the season in the lead, and in that particular the team justified our confidence. Had the play of the in-field at all times equalled that of the out-field, the work of the nine would have been perfect. Kelley, however, at first base, was an exception to the occasional unsteadiness which possessed the other in-fielders. He had many trying chances, but made very few errors. Princeton was more erratic than weak in her in-field, for Smith at second base and Butler at short stop are both men whose best work is brilliant, and whose average work is very good. Third base came nearest to being a weak spot. Hildebrand is a player of average promise.

Easton, Bradley, and Altman, in the out-field, made a trio of great strength at the bat and in their positions. Time and again they kept the opponent's score down by fielding balls that seemed ungettable.

Despite the winning of the Yale series, the Harvard nine failed signally to fulfil the promise with which it opened the season. It was practically the same nine that had represented Harvard in '96—centre field being the only position occupied by a new man. Yet the record of the team is, for such an aggregation, distinctly mediocre. This is explained by that policy, tolerated only at Harvard, which invests with peculiar perquisites those men having once filled a position on the nine, and ignores the possibilities of green but promising candidates. Such a policy could only have been answerable for the retention at the important post of short stop of a man whose fielding was so undependable as Chandler's; the same policy and the captaincy must have kept Dean at second base continuously. The errors of Harvard's short stop and second and third basemen made a costly total in Harvard's season, and could not be outweighed by the good work of the battery, the out-field, and the first base man. If some of the candidates, notably Laughlin and Lynch, had been thoroughly tried and encouraged, there would have been a noticeable improvement in Harvard's work.

Perhaps this athletic esotericism partially explains some of Harvard's failures.

Pennsylvania did as well as could be expected, and perhaps a little better. Her team was composed almost entirely of new material, none of it above the average. She was beaten twice by Harvard, but by good work, and through her opponents' loose play, she was able to take one game each from Brown and Cornell. Beyond her catchers—Radcliffe and Hoeffer—the work of none of Pennsylvania's players is worthy of special mention in connection with the All-America one.

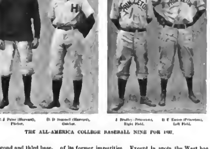
Cornell, after making a very good showing against Princeton early in the season, and winning easily from Pennsylvania, fell off considerably, losing the second game to Pennsylvania, and, among others that seemed within the team's grasp, one to the New York University. The N.Y. U. nine, however, deserves a word of praise in passing. It was much stronger than those who had not kept in close touch with its work believed, and besides beating Cornell, it won from Vermont University, Trinity, and Fordham, and gave Wesleyan and Manhattan plenty of hard work to defeat it.

Cornell's most satisfactory work perhaps was against Michigan University, whose nine she twice defeated.

Captain Beacham, in the out-field, and catcher Young are worthy of especial mention as doing the best work for Cornell. Bole is a promising Freshman pitcher.

F. Houghton (Harvard), Second Base. A. S. Rodman (Brown), First Base.

Although the quality of college baseball has shown no advance over that of last year, the ethics of the players and of the game have improved immeasurably. This is particularly true in the Middle West, where the general athletic atmosphere has been substantially cleared



C. J. Paine (Harvard), Pitcher. B. D. Scannell (Harvard), Catcher. J. Bradley (Princeton), Right Field. D. F. Easton (Princeton), Left Field.

THE ALL-AMERICA COLLEGE BASEBALL NINE FOR 1897.

of its former impurities. Except in spots, the West has settled to a wholesome athletic basis; some of the spots where reform is most needed are Notre Dame, Indiana, Western Pennsylvania, parts of Ohio and West Virginia.

Here in the East, the "summer-nine" player, so called, is gradually becoming extinct so far as his connection with college baseball is concerned. He is denied athletic recognition by rule at Pennsylvania and at Princeton and in the two New York State Inter-collegiate leagues, and by tradition and sentiment at Harvard and at Yale. Lehigh and Lafayette are at present formulating rules which will clear their teams of him next year, and the praiseworthy action of the Brown faculty this summer is an earnest that Brown, after championing that class of athlete so long, despite his rejection elsewhere, will at last publicly renounce him.

Excepting the Yale-Princeton series, the cheering at the games has not been offensive. The first Yale-Princeton game, at New Haven, opened in a sportsmanly manner, and was so conducted, so far as I could see, up to the eighth inning. What occurred subsequently in that game I am not qualified to discuss, having left the grounds. Princeton claims interference from spectators in the excitement of the last two exciting innings. Scarcely a year has passed without some unpleasant contretemps anent spectators encroaching upon Yale's diamond, and certainly, however doubtful the claim this year, Princeton has suffered considerably in the past. Two wrongs, however, do not make a right, and Princeton's deliberate attempts to disconcert the Yale players at Princeton and in New York by prolonged vocal calisthenics were most displeasing exhibitions of the offensive degree to which college cheering may be carried.

Henceforth establish ground-rules that will obviate all further disputes between Yale and Princeton over blocked balls, etc., at New Haven.

Meantime let the unpleasant incidents of this year be forgotten.

In following the course of baseball at the larger Eastern

COLUMBIA 'VARSITY CREW AT FULL REACH BEING COACHED FROM LAUNCH BY MR. COWLES.

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universities, it seemed to me this year that the schedule of games is growing too long and demanding too much travelling of the players. For example, Princeton left home on a Thursday, played Andover Friday, Harvard at Cambridge Saturday, went directly to New Haven, where the nine practised on the Yale field until Tuesday, when it met Harvard in the deciding game, returned home Wednesday, and played Brown. In other words, one week uninterruptedly devoted to baseball. A schedule so exacting seems to leave little time for recitations, not to mention study.

There appears to be room here for improvement.

The summarized score of the Yale-Princeton Comedy of Errors, as the third and deciding game (June 19) of the series must be written down, we publish because it presents an interesting study, and will remain a not uninstructive record of this greatest game (of its kind) ever played by college teams:

PRINCETON.

	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Bradley, c. f.	0	0	1	1	0
Easton, l. f.	2	2	2	0	0
Kafer, c.	1	2	10	1	2
Kelley, 2d b.	2	0	10	0	1
Smith, 3d b.	4	0	0	0	0
Altman, r. f.	4	0	1	0	1
Butler, s. s.	2	4	0	0	1
Hildebrand, 3d b.	2	0	0	0	0
Jayne, p.	2	0	1	0	1
Totals	22	10	27	13	6

YALE.

	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Keator, c. f.	0	0	0	0	1
Hazen, 2d b.	0	1	1	1	0
Letton, 1st b.	1	0	0	0	0
Greenway, l. f.	0	0	1	1	1
Fincke, 3d b.	0	2	1	0	1
Camp, s. s.	1	0	1	2	0
Wallace, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Goodwin, c.	1	0	0	0	0
Fearey, p.	0	0	1	4	0
Hecker, p.	0	0	0	1	0
Totals	8	8	27	10	6

Princeton	4	1	7	0	0	1	1	0	0	—22
Yale	2	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	1	— 8

Earned runs—Princeton, 7; Yale, 2. First base on balls—off Jayne, 8; off Fearey, 8; off Hecker, 1. First base on errors—Princeton, 1; Yale, 2. Left on bases—Princeton, 2; Yale, 9. Struck out—by Jayne, 8; by Fearey, 3; by Hecker, 1. Three-base hits—Altman, Jayne, Fincke. Two-base hits—Kafer, Butler (2), Hildebrand, Keator (2), Greenway, Camp. Stolen bases—Bradley, Kafer, Kelley, Smith (2), Butler (2), Hildebrand. Double plays—Fearey and Letton; Jayne, Smith, and Kelley; Kafer and Smith. Wild pitches—Jayne, 1; Fearey, 1. Passed balls—Kafer, 1; Goodwin, 2. Hit by pitcher—by Fearey, 3; by Hecker, 1. Umpire—Campbell. Attendance—6000. Time—3 hours and 20 minutes.

The umpiring in this final game was fair. In the first game of the series, at New Haven, it was positively the most inefficient I have ever seen, so inaccurate on balls and strikes as to be really ridiculous—to the spectators. Fortunately one team suffered as much as the other from absurd decisions.

As a matter of record the summarized score in the final (June 28) of the Harvard-Yale series is also published.

HARVARD.

	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Rand, l. f.	2	1	0	0	0
Haughton, 1st b.	0	1	7	1	1
Beale, c. f.	0	0	1	1	0
Scannell, c.	0	0	14	0	1
Stevenson, 2d b.	0	0	0	1	1
Burgess, c. f.	2	1	0	0	0
Dean, 3d b.	2	0	1	0	1
Chandler, s. s.	2	1	0	0	1
Paine, p.	2	1	1	0	0
Totals	10	8	27	8	8

YALE.

	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Keator, c. f.	0	0	0	0	1
Hazen, 2d b.	0	0	0	1	1
Letton, 1st b.	0	0	0	2	0
Greenway, l. f.	0	0	2	1	1
Reed, 3d b.	0	0	1	1	1
Camp, s. s.	0	0	0	0	0
Wallace, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Sullivan, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Fincke, p.	0	0	0	0	0
Goodwin, c.	0	0	0	1	1
Totals	5	8	27	10	7

Harvard	1	0	0	4	0	0	0	2	0	—10
Yale	0	1	0	2	2	0	0	0	0	— 5

Earned runs—Yale 3; Harvard, 1. Two-base hits—Camp, Greenway. Home-run—Greenway. Stolen bases—Harvard, 4; Yale, 2. Double play—Greenway and Hazen. First base on balls—off Paine, 4; off Fincke, 2. Hit by pitcher—Fincke, 2. Struck out—by Paine, 11; by Fincke, 1. Total hits made—by Yale, 8; by Harvard, 2. Passed ball—Goodwin. Wild pitch—Fincke. Time of game—2 hours and 30 minutes. Umpire—Campbell. Attendance—5000.

The season's record of the leading four college nines:

	Games played.	Won.	Lost.
Princeton	22	22	2 — 1, Yale, 10-9; 1, Harvard, 7-4.
Brown	28	22	6 — 2, Princeton, 11-4 and 23-10; 2, Yale, 9-2 and 6-0; 1, Holy Cross, 13-0; 1, Pennsylvania, 5-3.
Yale	27	19	9 — 1, Wesleyan, 4-3; 1, Virginia, 12-3; 1, Lafayette, 11-8; 1, Brown, 12-0; 2, Princeton, 16-5 and 22-8; 2, Harvard, 7-0 and 10-5.
Harvard	22	16	9 — 1, New Bedford, 7-4; 1, Dartmouth, 4-3; 2, Brown, 5-2, 4-0, and 12-7; 2, Princeton, 0-2 and 0-0; 2, Holy Cross, 0-0 and 4-2.

The record of games between the four:

	Princeton.	Brown.	Yale.	Harvard.	Games won.
Princeton	..	2	2	2	4
Brown	0	..	1	3	4
Yale	1	2	..	..	3
Harvard	1	0	2	..	3
Games lost	2	4	3	5	

In the New England triangular league, Williams, after beginning the season rather discouragingly, has for the third successive season won the pennant over Dartmouth and Amherst. Dartmouth through the first games of the season seemed the strongest nine of the three, and in fact, in games with Williams, has one more to its credit. Amherst, however, proved to be the deciding factor, since by defeating her in four successive games Williams bettered Dartmouth's record, and captured the triangular championship.

	Williams.	Dartmouth.	Amherst.	Won.
Williams		1*	4	5
Dartmouth	2*		2	4
Amherst		0		0
Lost	2	3	6	

* Tied.

Several first-class players have been revealed by the New England series. Goodrich, the Williams first base man, is nearly as good as the best of the year. Plunkett, of the same nine, who succeeded Lewis (one of the very best pitchers New England baseball has ever developed), has done splendid work, and is quite the best in his section. Ross, his back stop, is entitled to especial mention, as is also Drew, catcher of Dartmouth. Errors were plentiful in this league's play, and, as elsewhere, the quality of baseball not equal to that shown hitherto.

In choosing an All-America nine, I beg leave to append my annual statement—viz., that the candidate's ethical status, his steadiness, his head work, his all-round fielding and batting ability, are taken into consideration. It is this Department's aim to select from the colleges of the United States a team comprising the most skilful and the most athletically healthful players revealed in the year of inter-collegiate baseball. With that end in view, the following team is offered:

ALL-AMERICA '97 BASEBALL NINE

Name.	Position.	University.	Batting average.*	Fielding average.*
C. J. Paine, Jr.	Pitcher.	Harvard.	300	994
D. D. Scannell	Catcher.	Harvard.	266	974
A. S. Rodman	First base.	Brown.	326	997
P. Haughton	Second base.	Harvard.	338	973
H. Letton	Third base.	Yale.	290	884
W. D. Phillips	Short stop.	Brown.	307	846
R. F. Easton	Left field.	Princeton.	..	..
H. M. Keator	Captain and Centre field.	Yale.	346	974
J. Bradley	Right field.	Princeton.		
SUBSTITUTES.				
Jayne	Pitcher.	Princeton.	..	..
Kafer	Catcher.	Princeton.		
Fultz	In-fielder.	Brown.	392	969
Rand	Out-fielder.	Harvard.	314	918

* These figures are made before the final game, but are relatively accurate. Princeton's averages were not sent us.

Pitching seems to have shared in the general retrogression, for only Harvard has equalled her work of last year. Paine is not a pitcher of extraordinary curves or speed, but he is thoroughly first-class in every particular. He has a tendency on occasions to pitch wild, and with an ordinary back stop his work would lose much of its effectiveness, but as a rule his control is good. He uses his head as much as his arm.

Princeton has been plentifully supplied with pitchers this year, but the one with the greatest natural ability, Wilson, has been entirely off his form. Jayne is new to university baseball, but seldom has a man made such a first year record, and that, too, with malaria handicapping him a part of the time. Jayne's strength is in his judgment and change of pace. It may safely be asserted that if he maintains next year the pace he showed on occasion this season, he will lead the list in '98. He has more natural ability than any of the others save Wilson, he requires development and the steadiness which comes by experience. Princeton did not call on Easton this year, but Altman showed once or twice, when called to the rescue, notable skill, considering his lack of practice. Other pitchers who have done excellent work are Townsend of Wesleyan, Plunkett of Williams, and, for a Freshman, Bole of Cornell and Clarke of Chicago.

After Greenway gave out, Yale tried Fearey and Hecker in the box, and finally settled upon Fincke, who, without any especial ability, yet arose to the emergency, and saved his team from wanton slaughter.

The supply of catchers for '97 showed a somewhat better average than that seen in the box. Yale suffered disappointment in this position also, as Murphy, the '96 incumbent, and the best of her candidates, appeared for a single game only. Goodwin, who practically caught for the season, has the making of a good man, but was not up to the average this year.

Kafer, like Jayne, played his first 'varsity ball this year, and made a notable record. Princeton has had few better men behind the bat. Young made a trustworthy back stop for Cornell. But, after all, Scannell seems undeniably most qualified for the place on the All America team. He is a steady, reliable player, who has filled his position on the Harvard nine most creditably for several years. He does not throw to second so speedily or so accurately as Kafer, perhaps, but in other respects he is superior, and, above all, he exerts a steadying influence on Paine and on the team.

Of first base men there is, indeed, an embarrassment of riches with Haughton (Harvard), Letton (Yale), Kelley (Princeton), Rodman (Brown), and Goodrich (Williams). The quality of work averages higher than last year, although—Goodrich excepted—the same men occupied the position in '96. Kelley particularly greatly improved upon his work of '96, and his skill was put to severe test by infielders who were as likely to put the ball a yard above his head as at his feet. His batting, however, was not so much in evidence as last year. Rodman's record in fielding has never to my knowledge been excelled in amateur baseball, to accept 284 out of 285 chances, for a total average of .997, as within three of perfect, in twenty games, is remarkable.

Fultz this year made the best record at second base—his improvement over last year in batting being considerable—but I cannot give him a place on the national nine, because I have a better man. Haughton would perhaps make even a more brilliant record at second than at first. He is a sure fielder, and throws around the bases easily, swiftly, and accurately. Smith made a brilliant second-base man for Princeton, but like Butler, short stop of the same nine, he is not sufficiently steady to be considered high-class. His batting was good.

Third base has been a vulnerable spot at Harvard, Yale, and Princeton; at Brown it was filled by a man, Lauder, whose batting reached the very high average of .490, but whose fielding dropped to .672, which is quite the lowest of the really first-class men. No man playing the position this year has proved himself a high-class third-base man.

I propose putting Letton, who played first for Yale and is too good a man to lose, on third in the national team, and I have full confidence in his ability to make the same good record there he has at first.

Short stop has been a troublesome place in every team save Brown's, where Phillips's long experience contributed to the really only steady in-field of the leading four universities. His title to the place on the All America nine is too clear to require explanation. At the same time there were two other short stops this year—Butler of Princeton and Camp of Yale—who, with another season's work to steady them, would both beat out Phillips for national honors. Both are more brilliant and each has batted heavily. Camp's work with the stick in particular being of great value to his nine. But neither is steady, although both showed much improvement at the end of the season. Camp's batting average was .313 and his fielding .812. Princeton's figures have not reached me, but Butler's averages must have been about Camp's—possibly a trifle poorer in fielding. No other short stop approached these men in performance, Chandler of Harvard having .240 in batting and .796 in fielding, which is the lowest fielding average of any player on the leading four nines.

There was no scarcity of first-class material in the out-fields this year. At least five of the men might be appropriately and accurately described as stars—Bradley, Easton, and Altman of Princeton, Keator of Yale, and Rand of Harvard—while Beale (Harvard) and Beacham (Cornell) are entitled to especial mention. Princeton's outfield was the strongest and Brown's the weakest of the four. In left field Easton and Rand easily outclass all the others. Both have done notably clever work all through the season, Easton having perhaps the longer record of brilliant plays to his credit, and the best batting average. He is, moreover, an exceedingly clever base-runner, and can go into the pitcher's box on occasion. All points considered, he is one of the best left fielders college baseball has developed.

At centre field have been two of the best all-round amateur baseball players I have ever seen—Bradley of Princeton and Keator of Yale. Only one man within my recollection knew as much baseball as these two, and could fill more positions better, and that one man was the old Yale pitcher, Carter. Both Bradley and Keator field their positions faultlessly and are strong at the bat. Keator is the most certain hitter on the college list, and is one of the very few who gives direction to the ball rather than simply "lining it out." He handles men successfully and quietly—the latter a rare quality in college captains, who usually keep themselves very much in the spectator's eye.

I shall base Keator at centre on the All America nine, and by putting Bradley at right, feel, with Easton at left, that the '97 out field is the strongest I have ever chosen. Rand and Altman are both so well qualified for the position of substitute out fielder that it is exceedingly difficult to make a choice between them. Both have done good work—brilliant work at times, and Altman is a little stronger at the bat. He is less active, however, than Rand, his possibilities are the sooner reached, and in my judgment Rand will be the more valuable.

For substitute in-fielder Fultz of Brown appears the most worthy. He has the high batting average of .392, and the thoroughly first-class fielding average of .969. Kafer (Princeton) is my choice for change catcher, notwithstanding the good work done by Young of Cornell. Jayne (Princeton) would be the first choice for the box after Paine.

Neither the West nor South developed a player whose record and ethics fit him for candidacy to the national team.

And thus the All America nine is complete, and in its entirety is the strongest I have ever chosen. Comparing the leading four teams—Princeton had the strongest out-field, Brown the strongest in-field, Harvard the strongest battery, and Yale the best captain.

In closing comment on the college baseball season of '97, we wish to repeat our exhortation to college men against joining any of the so-called "summer nines"—i. e., nines at whose games an admission fee is charged—unless the gate is for a charitable purpose or some worthy institution dependent upon public support. Men who play on "summer nines" will not thereafter be considered eligible to represent their college in any branch of athletics. Warning is sounded also against those "all-collegiate" teams, organized by speculative gentlemen for the purpose of touring the summer resorts on a "strictly amateur" basis. I know of one such hailing from Philadelphia which I am watching. We hope there will be no names added to our list of ineligibles.

The Southern Inter-collegiate championship track athletic meeting once again recorded the success of Vanderbilt University, and illustrated the increasing interest and quality of performance in the South, for in the programme of twelve events new records were established in nine. From a Northern point of view the times appear poor, but, under the circumstances, they really were exceedingly good. There is no such preparation and athletic paraphernalia in the South as there is in the North and West.

Vanderbilt scored 46 points; University of the South, 23; Alabama Polytechnic Institute, 14; University of Georgia, 13; Kentucky State College, 5; University of Nashville, 5; Cumberland University, 3.

THE SOUTHERN INTER-COLLEGIATE ATHLETIC RECORDS.

Event.	Record.	Holder.	College.
100-yard dash	*'97 10 1-5 sec.	J. A. Sevier	Univ. of South
220-yard dash	*'97 24 1-5 "	W. S. Cothran	U. of Georgia
440-yard run	*'97 53 2-5 "	E. M. Underwood	Vanderbilt.
880-yard run	*'97 2 m. 8 1-5 "	Stokes	Ala. Poly. Inst.
Mile run	4 " 49 "	Van Ness.	Ala. Poly. Inst.
120-yard hurdles	*'97 16 4-5 "	T. Buchanan.	Univ. of South
220-yard hurdles	26 4-5 "	W. Pom.	Vanderbilt.
16-lb. hammer	*'97 ft. 9 1-2 in.	W. M. Crutchfield	Vanderbilt.
16-lb. shot	*'97 " 1 "	W. M. Crutchfield	Vanderbilt.
High jump	*'97 " 7 3-4 "	T. Buchanan.	Univ. of South
Broad jump	*'97 " 8 1-4 "	C. Weaver	U. of Georgia
Pole vault	*'97 " 1-2 "	C. K. Smith	Ky. State Coll.

* Made at '97 meeting.

At this rate of improvement it will not be long before Southern records will compare favorably with those North and West.

Caspar Whitney.

"A FAMILY CANOE TRIP."—By Florence Watters Snedeker.—Illustrated.—32mo, Cloth, 50 Cents.—Published by Harper & Brothers.

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Legal Notices

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT IN THE "CITY RECORD," commencing on the 30th day of June, 1897, and continuing thereon consecutively for nine (9) days thereafter, of the confirmation by the Supreme Court, and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments, etc., of the assessments for OPENING AND ACQUIRING TITLE to the following named streets and avenues in the

12th WARD: 138th STREET, between Amsterdam Avenue and Kingsbridge Road.

23d WARD: SPENCER PLACE, from East 144th St., to East 150 St.

23d and 24th WARDS: STEBBINS AVENUE, from Bronx St. to Boston Road.

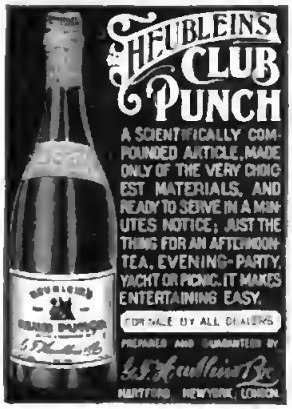
24th WARD: OAKLEY STREET, from Mount Vernon Avenue to Verle Avenue.

ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller.

City of New York, Finance Department, Comptroller's Office, June 30, 1897.

NOTICE. Estimates for paving at West 81st Street, North River, with second hand granite blocks, laying crosswalks, and building the necessary drains and appurtenances, Contract No. 300, will be received by the Department of Docks at Pier "A," North River, until 12 o'clock M., Wednesday, July 14th, 1897. For particulars see *City Record*.

NOTICE. Estimates for dredging between Bank and Bethune Streets, Contract 300; and for dredging between Bethune and West Twelfth Streets, North River, Contract 307, will be received by the Department of Docks at Pier "A," Battery Place, North River, until 12 o'clock M., July 30th, 1897. For particulars see *City Record*.



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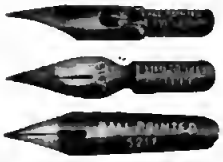

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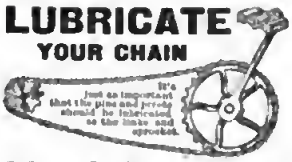

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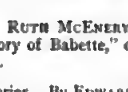

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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A PROMISING POLITICAL MOVEMENT.

IT is so many years since the country has witnessed a thoroughly healthful and wholesome political movement that it has assumed a somewhat cynical attitude towards the efforts of men of principle to establish and maintain organizations of principle. It has ceased to believe that such efforts can be successful. Since the establishment and successful achievement of the Republican party, no party organization has been dedicated to a well-defined and distinctive principle until the National Democratic party was formed last year at Indianapolis, and whether that is to be a living and healthful organization is a question for the future to determine.

During the more than thirty-two years that have elapsed since the close of the war of the rebellion we have seen a constant struggle for the spoils and nothing but the spoils. The Republican party represented the principle of protection, and, with the exception of one famous and dangerous slide towards inflation, it has stood for sound money. Its present attitude on this important question would probably be all that could be wished for if a lingering fondness for the greenback that is manifested by some of its leaders should be entirely eliminated from the influences that control it. The Democratic party, on the other hand, during all this time has been merely the opponent of the Republican party, often content to resort to that most inane of political devices called "beating the enemy at his own game." Therefore, at the time when the Democratic party might have stood for sound money, under the leadership of Mr. BAYARD, there were enough greenbackers and silver men on the Senate Finance Committee, who followed the lead of VOORHEES and COKE, to carry through a silver report, which Mr. BAYARD, as chairman of the committee, refused to present to the Senate. Again, when on two occasions the party's promise to reduce tariff taxation might have been carried out, Democratic protectionists, on one occasion in the House, under the lead of Mr. RANDALL, and on another occasion in the Senate, under the lead of the Sugar Trust Senators, compelled the violation of Democratic promises and the continued triumph of the Republican tariff principle. It is true that three successive Democratic national conventions nominated Mr. CLEVELAND, and that their action was determined by a sound public sentiment demanding the nomination because Mr. CLEVELAND represented good government. But the party itself was not moved by this virtuous consideration. Its leaders accepted Mr. CLEVELAND because, for the moment, they were wise enough to consider virtue the best policy. As soon as their appeal to virtue was successful, they turned upon Mr. CLEVELAND and rent him because he insisted on being true to his and their ante-election professions and promises.

Looking over this dreary waste of years, it may be said that at most of the elections that have occurred within the period the chief merit of the victorious party has been that it opposed the other. In all this period there have been members of both parties eager for something better than either party, and especially desirous of a state of politics and of parties that would substitute for the greedy grab for spoils the discussion of political principles, and in place of special legislation in aid of private enterprises measures for the general welfare.

The capture of the Democratic organization by the silver element and the communists, the BRYANS, the ALTGELDS, and the TILLMANS, was a logical consequence of the purposeless drift of the party, and of the shifty efforts of its leaders to take advantage of occasional favoring currents. Now that the old organization is in the hands of the silver men, the socialists, and the enemies of society, we seem likely to gain out of the wreckage a party that will mean something definite and determinable. The Indianapolis platform is a model of its kind. It furnishes a body of fundamental doctrines by which most issues that are likely to arise in this country can be measured. It means, at least, that all who subscribe to it are opposed to socialism in all its varied forms—to the socialism of wealth as well as to the socialism of poverty.

Without regard, however, to the merits of that platform, it is well for the whole country if we are at last to have a wholesome political movement. The Indianapolis organization was effected for a particular purpose, but happily those who were engaged in it have not been able to stay their hand. They have discovered that there is no abiding-place for them in either of the old organizations. They are not Republicans, because they are not protectionists, and they cannot return to their old party organization, because that remains in the control of those who, in the opinion of the National Democrats, are more dangerous enemies of the welfare of the country than the Republicans themselves. The men who control the Democratic party, too, are secure in their power, and, on the whole, it is best for the country that the factions that followed BRYAN shall stand by themselves, and thus relieve the other organizations of the necessity of considering them, and of the temptation to yield even in the slightest degree to their heresies. So active and energetic do the Bryanites remain that their Democratic opponents in Ohio, Iowa, Michigan, and Kentucky at last apparently recognize the folly of further contesting with them for the control of the old organization. Therefore a new Democratic party seems to be springing into life on the foundations laid in Indianapolis, and if the movement be carried on wisely and courageously, there can be no doubt that it will eventually attain to a vigorous life, taking its support liberally from both of the old organizations; for the number of Republicans who are willing to march under the Indianapolis banner is becoming larger year by year and month by month.

It is not, however, as a partisan of the new movement that the WEEKLY now commends it and hails it as an augury of coming good. The presence of such an organization as this may be and as we hope it will be, will have a healthful influence on the Republican party. There is nothing that so surely compels virtue in a political organization as virtuous competition. The Republican party has suffered grievously from the contemptible character of the opposition which it has encountered for the last thirty years. If the movement inaugurated at Indianapolis, and now revived in the Middle West, fulfils its promise, the Republican party must meet it on even terms or go to the wall. If it meet it on even terms, as it probably will, so much the better for the Republican party and for the country. The organization and revival of the National Democratic movement means probably the doom of Bryanism. It is to be hoped that it will mean more—that eventually it will mean the regeneration of our politics.

THE BERING SEA INSTRUCTIONS.

SINCE the appearance of the last issue of the WEEKLY, Secretary SHERMAN'S letter of instructions to Ambassador HAY on the seal question has been made public. The paper is naturally a vigorous expression of the views of this country on the conduct of Great Britain under the Paris award, for the simple reason that that conduct amounts at least to an evasion by the British government of the duties imposed by the tribunal upon both parties to the arbitration. Under the circumstances, as already explained by the WEEKLY, the government of the United States would be contemptible if it did not resent the failure of Great Britain to abide by the decision of the court to which it voluntarily submitted its case.

Two experts—Dr. JORDAN for the United States and Professor THOMPSON for England—have reported as to the condition of the seal herds, and as to the effect upon them of pelagic sealing. Dr. JORDAN shows that the seal herd is rapidly diminishing in consequence of pelagic sealing, which, in his opinion, is "the sole obstacle to their [the seal herds] restoration, and the sole limit to their indefinite increase." Professor THOMPSON doubts if the herds have been as greatly injured by the sealers as Dr. JORDAN asserts, but he is forced to admit that damage has been done, and that there is "abundant need for care and for prudent measures of conservation in the interests of all." It appears, however, from the statistics of the seal-fisheries, that Dr. JORDAN is doubtless right, for in 1896 the pelagic sealers, although twice as many vessels were employed as in 1894, were unable to catch as many seals as were taken in the earlier year. As is admitted on both sides of the water, pelagic sealing, during last year at least, was unprofitable on account of the diminution of the seal herd.

The main point of the contention between the two countries is as to Great Britain's refusal of adequate assistance for the preservation of seal life. The Paris award prescribed such assistance as her duty. Her own expert, although evidently laboring to belittle the conclusions reached by Dr. JORDAN, tells Lord SALISBURY that there is "abundant need for care and for prudent measures of conservation." He also intimates that pelagic sealing has already worked great injury, and that the "margin of safety is a narrow one, if it be not already in some measure overstepped." But in the face of this report Lord SALISBURY still declines to agree to "prudent measures of conservation," or to take any steps for making effectual the award of the Paris tribunal.

The attitude of Great Britain has left the seas open to Canadian pelagic sealers. Sealers from this country are searched, and their fire-arms are sealed up. Great Britain refuses to permit the sealing up of the fire arms of Canadian sealers, and declines to make their possession *prima facie* evidence of their illegal employment, although, by her own statute of 1891, now repealed, she admitted that such a rule of evidence was essential. Besides her continued refusal to make the joint regulations without which the rules of the Paris tribunal cannot be carried out, she has not effectively or properly patrolled the seas. In 1894 the British government furnished only one patrol vessel, while the United States furnished twelve vessels. In 1895 there were five United States vessels, and two British vessels. One of the latter was in Bering Sea for a short time only, while the other remained almost constantly in the harbor of Unalaska. In other words, there is practically no patrol of the seas by British vessels, and, by reason of the refusal of Great Britain to agree to regulations, little opportunity to convict Canadian poachers, unless in the nearly impossible contingency of taking one in the very act. This dishonorable evasion of duty is directly and almost avowedly in the interest of Canadian pelagic sealers, and, as Mr SHERMAN says, it eventually must "work the destruction of a great interest of a friendly nation."

Whatever may be the outcome of the controversy, it is well that our case has been stated fully and frankly, and that our just indignation has been manifested to the British government. It will be well, too, to ascertain definitely if, after learning the feeling of this government, the British government still persists in its unfriendly attitude, thereby working a great injury to the cause of international arbitration.

THE TURK AND EUROPE.

THE concert of Europe has given the Sultan its orders, and the Sultan will reluctantly obey them. That is always a peculiarity in the existing phase of the Eastern situation. Generally when Turkey is ordered by the powers to do certain specified things, it is quite true that she does them, but she does not refuse to do them. She has shuffled and equivocated and told downright untruths. When she has been brought to account, she has explained the insuperable nature of the obstacles to her doing what she had been told to do and had promised to do, and has pretended to be tremendously hard at work in removing those obstacles. Meanwhile the work of massacre and rapine went steadily and merrily on.

Now it is not so easy to lie about the presence of Turkish troops in a certain territory, or about what they are doing there. When the powers order the Sultan to evacuate Thessaly, he cannot pretend to have evacuated it when he has not done so in fact. Any officer or correspondent can ascertain and report whether or not the troops are still there, and there can be no gainsaying his report. For that reason, among others, the Sultan has defied the powers instead of attempting again to deceive them.

The other reason, doubtless, was that he did not believe, when it came to the point, that they could agree upon effective measures to put him out of Thessaly, or could enforce such measures even if they could agree upon them. Ostensibly the concert is complete. The Sultan has made individual appeals to every power represented in the concert to leave the concert for the purpose of enabling him to have his will of Greece. He has met with refusals as blunt as diplomatic language would permit from Russia and from Austria. From France, England, and Italy he of course had no hope. From Germany he received a polite regret that the Kaiser did not see his way to dissociating himself from the action of his colleagues, if they can be called so. This is not exactly such a loyal

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adherence to the concert as may be expected to please the other powers, and the Sultan is at liberty to extract from the Kaiser's response the comfortable assurance that its author will not take part in any active measure of coercion. But that, in fact, was known already. For although the Kaiser was much the hottest of the sovereigns against Greece, and demanded that she should be severely dealt with, when it came to dealing with her he found that he "could not spare a battalion."

The other of Mr. GLADSTONE'S "two young men" has appeared to considerably more advantage in the later phases of this Turkish business. The conduct of the Czar, however, seems to have been actuated as purely by personal motives as that of the Kaiser, and equally shows the danger of intrusting national interests to individual caprice. For the continual and increasing pressure put by Russia upon Turkey seems to denote that the Czar defers to the wishes of his mother and consults the interests of her brother, as clearly as the animosity of the Kaiser against Greece shows that he is "down on" his own sister.

For all that, Europe is evidently united in limiting the results of the Turkish conquest. The Sultan has defied Europe to take from him what he holds by the sword, and has even taunted her with her impotence. If all Europe, he scornfully said, could not prevent a Greek colonel from coming to the assistance of the Cretan insurgents, how does Europe expect to turn 300,000 Turkish troops out of Thessaly? Indeed, the problem is not easy, but the real question is about the determination of Europe. Where there is a will there is a way. Russia would without doubt undertake the work at a price, and the price would be the possession of Constantinople. The Sultan has been very confident that the other powers would not permit the price to be paid. But he should not make too sure of that. It is possible that compensations might be found for the powers inclined to object which would silence their objections, and certain that in that case the compensations would all be made at his expense. Apparently it is by meditating upon this contingency that he has at last ceased his defiance, and after a month or more of bluster has told his ministers that he is quite sure Europe means nothing but Turkey's good. But although this may be merely a device to gain time, it is reasonably certain that he will at last evacuate Thessaly, and rest content with a strategical realignment of the frontier.

THE REPORT ON THE JAMESON RAID.

THE South African Committee has relieved its distracted mind by an act of intellectual suicide. Its report censures Mr. RHODES and entirely exonerates Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. So far as Mr. RHODES is concerned, the conclusion it has come to was arrived at over a year ago by the committee appointed by the Cape Parliament. Mr. RHODES said at the outset that he was ready to accept the findings of the Cape Committee as to his general responsibility. The House of Commons Committee has merely confirmed the truth of his admission. Mr. RHODES said he was guilty; the committee has proved it. That is not much to boast of as the result of a five months' inquiry, especially as Mr. RHODES is not to be punished or interfered with in any way, not to be stripped of his Privy Councillorship, nor even to be reported to the House for his refusal to produce certain essential telegrams. The committee has discovered, what everybody knew, that he "seriously embarrassed" the colonial and imperial governments, that he supported a revolution, deceived a High Commissioner, and hoodwinked his fellow directors; and for these misdoings Mr. RHODES is admonished in a paragraph of shining virtue. After all, the committee could do no more. Mr. RHODES is too big a man to have his career cut short by a few members of Parliament who were so ignorant of South Africa as not to know what the "drifts" are. To turn from their censure on him to their blithe acquittal of the Colonial Secretary is to forsake farce for extravaganza. In spite of the committee's efforts to restrict the inquiry to the broad and pleasant lines of Mr. RHODES'S misdemeanors, evidence of the gravest and most explicit character was put in to prove Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S complicity in the JAMESON raid. The committee was far too much shocked at the bare idea of such a thing to consider this evidence. It simply hurried us to less hazardous topics. Whenever a witness seemed likely to reintroduce the hateful subject he was hustled out of the chair. Nothing would induce the committee to leave the fascinating study of Mr. RHODES'S politics and take up the case of the Colonial Secretary. We can only say that the balance of such evidence as was given was entirely against Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, and that to base a verdict of acquittal on it was an act of simple and most touching generosity. His denial was accepted by the committee in the face of an irresistible accumulation of adverse testimony. The committee does not really know how far Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is guilty, or whether he is guilty at all. It refused to go into the matter; it exonerated him out of its imagination. The only possible conclusion is that the inquiry was stifled for fear lest painful disclosures of some kind might result from prolonging its life; and the natural supposition is that these disclosures would affect the reputation of the Colonial Secretary. The committee made two mistakes. The first was in being appointed at all; the second was in not bringing out whatever there was to appear, good or bad.

THE "SENATORIAL PREROGATIVE."

THE grievances of Mr. WELLINGTON, a Senator of the United States from Maryland, which have been widely communicated to the country by the newspapers, deserve much more serious consideration than they have received. The facts appear to be as follows: Senator WELLINGTON recommended the appointment of Mr. B. H. WARNER, Jr., to the consulship at Southampton. It may be remarked by the way that Mr. B. H. WARNER, Jr., is the son of Mr. B. H. WARNER, Sr., a man of money and influence, who is said to have done much for the election of Mr. WELLINGTON as Senator. In fact, he alleges that it was he who made Mr. WELLINGTON Senator. Be that as it may, President MCKINLEY nominated Mr. B. H. WARNER, Jr., not for the consulship at Southampton, but for that at Leipzig. Against this divergence from his wishes Senator WELLINGTON protested, but the President disregarded the protest. Thereupon Senator WELLINGTON went before the Senate committee which has to consider and report upon nominations for consular offices, and demanded that the nomination of Mr. B. H. WARNER, Jr., for the consular post at Leipzig should be reported upon adversely. He complained, as is said, with considerable warmth, of the treatment he had received at the hands of the President as an invasion of his "prerogative" as a Senator, and sternly insisted that he had the right to expect the same consideration as that accorded to other Republican Senators.

Some newspapers are disposed to make light of Senator WELLINGTON'S earnestness in defending the "Senatorial prerogative," and to treat it jocosely. The case may be open to that sort of treatment, but it has also its very serious side, for it exhibits in a glaring light the abandonment of the true constitutional principles in the making of appointments to office which we have gradually come to. When Mr. WELLINGTON speaks of his "Senatorial prerogative," he means that a Senator belonging to the administration party shall have the right to designate the persons who are to be appointed to the principal offices in, or allotted to, his State. This "prerogative" has, to a greater or less extent, been recognized by several administrations. President MCKINLEY appears to have adopted the rule that the Senator may designate the persons to be nominated for such offices, or that, if the Senator designates persons that are very objectionable, then at least no nominations shall be made without the assent or acquiescence of the Senator of the State concerned. If this is the rule which has been followed with regard to other Republican Senators, then Mr. WELLINGTON would seem to have a right to complain of discrimination against himself. It may, indeed, be said that Mr. WELLINGTON had endorsed young Mr. WARNER for Southampton and thereby had testified to his fitness and acceptability for any such place. But if, as a general rule, the "prerogative" of a Senator to prevent a nomination by objecting to it is recognized, then Mr. WELLINGTON may expect to defeat the nomination of Mr. WARNER, Jr., by objecting to it, on the ground that he has found reason for changing his mind, or that the man suits him for Southampton but not for Leipzig, or that there are other considerations moving the Senatorial bosom too deep for the Executive mind to fathom. If the President divests himself of the freedom of making nominations according to his own judgment in favor of the other Republican Senators, it is hard to see why Mr. WELLINGTON should not claim his right to equal treatment. That a consistent adherence to such a method of making nominations may lead an administration into pitiable dilemmas is certainly true. But that is a thing which should have been considered before the method was adopted.

Is it not time that the President and Senators and the American people generally should once more remember what under the Constitution the power and the duties of the President and of the members of the Senate really are? The Constitution provides that the President "shall nominate, and, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, shall appoint ambassadors, other public ministers and consuls, judges of the Supreme Court, and all other officers of the United States whose appointments are not otherwise provided for in the Constitution." How this provision should be understood and carried out is clearly set forth in the *Federalist*. According to that authority, "in the act of nomination his (the President's) judgment *alone* would be exercised; and as it would be *his sole duty to point out* the man who with the approbation of the Senate should fill an office, his responsibility would be as complete as if he were to make the final appointments. . . . But his nomination may be overruled. This it certainly may; yet it can only be to make place for another nomination by *himself*. The person ultimately appointed must be the object of *his* preference, though perhaps not in the first degree. It is also not probable that his nomination would often be overruled. The Senate could not be tempted by the preference they might feel for another to reject the one proposed, because they *could not assure themselves that the person they might wish would be brought forward by a second or by any subsequent nomination*."

Nothing could be clearer than this exposition of the President's power and duty in making nominations. The Constitution demands that the President shall select the persons to be nominated according to his own judgment and upon his own responsibility; and that responsibility is as great as if the nomination were equivalent to a completed appointment. Nor can he share this responsibility in making nominations with the Senators; for their responsibility as members of the Senate begins only when the nominations are submitted, not to Senators individually, but to the Senate as a body, for approval. The Constitution even expressly discountenances the exercise of any Senatorial influence upon the making of nominations by the President, for, according to the *Federalist*, the President shall act so independently in nominating persons for office that Senators shall not be tempted to reject nominations for the purpose of compelling the President to nominate certain persons whom they would prefer. It is evident, therefore, that the practice which gives the Senators any part in the selection of persons *for nomination* is grossly repugnant to the spirit and intent of the Constitution. When the President permits Senators to control in any sense, positively or negatively, nominations before they are submitted to the whole Senate he violates his constitutional duty and evades his constitutional responsibility. When Senators claim, as a "Senatorial prerogative," the right to interfere with the nominations to be submitted by the President to the Senate according to his judgment and upon his responsibility, they seek to usurp the President's constitutional power and discretion. The so-called "Senatorial prerogative" is therefore a conception utterly hostile to the true meaning of the Constitution.

It may be said that the President, in selecting persons for nomination, may prefer the recommendations made by Senators to those made by others. But who will deny that compliance on his part with such recommendations as a systematic practice will be merely a systematic practice of surrendering his constitutional power and of stealing away from his constitutional responsibility? It is also said that the President has to recognize the "Senatorial prerogative" for the sake of "harmony." What does this mean? That the President has to violate the spirit and intent of the Constitution, in giving the Senators a wrongful control over the nominations, for the purpose of obtaining their "support"—that is, their votes for the measures he wishes to carry. And what does this mean? That he has to influence the official action of Senators by bribing them with patronage. This is nothing more nor less than corruption, by whatever euphonious name we may call it. And what is the effect of this corrupt system? To diminish the number of high-minded statesmen, and to increase that of venal spoilsmongers in Congress; to encourage these spoilsmongers there to demand pay in the shape of patronage bribe for every important sustaining vote they give; to foster the pernicious notion that the public offices exist not for the service of the people, but for the benefit of the politicians; to accustom the public mind to the contempt of the fundamental law, and to the toleration of essentially corrupt practices, and thus to contribute powerfully to that demoralization in our political life which tends to undermine our democratic institutions. This is the true nature of the "Senatorial prerogative."

CARL SCHURZ.

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CELEBRATING THE QUEEN'S DIAMOND JUBILEE AT ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND—THE U. S. S. "MASSACHUSETTS" SALUTING.—(See Page 745.)

KOREA AND ITS PEOPLE.

THE peninsula of Korea was, until the other day, the least known of any country inhabited by a people possessed of any fracture of what we call civilization. Nature had done much to isolate the country, and the fears and prejudices of the inhabitants had done more. The old experiences of at least two attempts on a large and nearly successful scale to conquer the country and to enslave its people, first by their Chinese neighbors and afterwards by the people of Japan, formed the not unreasonable excuse for a national policy which excluded the slightly superior civilization of their southern and eastern neighbors, and at the same time secured for the people of Korea such a degree of self government as they were capable of developing for themselves. Experience, indeed, has shown that they were not capable of any great things in this direction. Compared with China, crushed as that empire has been for so many centuries under a concept and worn out social and governmental system, the civilization of Korea has little to recommend it. Compared with the Japan of forty years ago, the condition of its people was a miserable and unpromising one. It may be said with perfect truth that the Koreans could, even a century ago, have learned much of value from either of their nearest neighbors in everything that concerns the arts and sciences which promote social well-being. Yet, even after making this admission, there is still much to be said for the policy which excluded these benefits if they were to be accompanied by the loss of independence, and the domination of one or other of her more powerful neighbors.

The natural features of the Korean peninsula have been in nearly all respects the friends of the independence of its people. It is a country unusually difficult of access, either by sea or land. Its frontiers towards Siberia on the northwest and Manchuria on the west are defended by mountain ranges that form a very strong line of defence, while its long line of coast presents scarcely a single harbor of even third-rate excellence. Port Lazareff, which is probably the best, as it is now the best known, of these, would nowhere else be regarded as either a safe or commodious place for shipping, and most of the others so called harbors are no more than the mouths of rivers, subject to all the dangers of currents and more or less shifting sand banks. The whole coast line of the peninsula, indeed, is rugged and striking in a very unusual degree. Abrupt lines of cliffs, bare and sea-worn, meet the eye at nearly every point at which the traveller can approach the shore, and as these cliffs are almost invariably backed by a higher range of inhospitable hills, rising from 1500 to 3000 feet above the sea level, the general impression is anything but favorable to the idea that the country is of any great value. Nor is this first impression altogether without foundation. The coast lines to north and south fairly indicate the general character of Korea. The whole of the peninsula is formed of a succession of ridges running in a general direction from northwest to southeast, and dividing the whole country into a succession of valleys, for the most part very narrow, and nowhere expanding into anything that can reasonably be called a plain. The valleys, however, are as a rule of unusual fertility, and reward generously the by no means elaborate cultivation bestowed on them by the Koreans. The slopes of the ranges of hills, which probably occupy quite one-half of the country, are made little use of at present, although there can be little doubt that in either China or Japan they would be largely cultivated. This can of course be accounted for by the fact that, in comparison with either China or Japan, Korea is a very sparsely populated country, and its people have not been driven by necessity to make the most of what nature has provided. Her people have long been stationary, even in population, and the natural result has followed in its application to the development of the country.

While belonging apparently to the same general family of nations as both Chinese and Japanese, the Koreans are by no means the same people as either of these larger nations. They are, it is true, more like Chinese—especially the Chinese of northern China—than their island neighbors, both in appearance and institutions, and yet in both respects the distinctions are marked. As a race the Koreans are considerably larger men than the Japanese, and at the same time incomparably slower and more clumsy in their movements. They have none of the rapid energy, either of body or mind, which so eminently distinguishes the native of Japan, and but little of the doggedly persevering characteristics of the Chinese. There is, indeed, enough of evident distinction between the races to lend probability to the theory that the Korean population is the result of a mixture of a Mongolian with an Indo Germanic race. Here and there a Korean may be met with—especially among the upper class—whose appearance is in nearly every respect far more European than Asiatic, and while such cases are in a very small minority of the whole people, there is yet even among all classes something which, although difficult to define, seems to indicate an admixture of race. Even if this should be the case, however, it can hardly be concluded that the mixture has been a success. There is nothing of Western enterprise in the people, and there is something like a total absence of Western ideals in all matters of social observance, which seems to show that, after all, there has been nothing gained by the ethnographic experiment.

So far as Korea was ever connected with any foreign country, she was so with China, and apart from the two periods, separated by some six centuries, when the smaller country was for a time overrun, if not conquered, by her larger neighbor, the commercial and other intercourse must, until the last two hundred and fifty years, have been considerable. As a consequence of this, rather, it is probable, than from any identity of race, all that there is of civilization in the peninsula takes a decidedly Chinese shape. It is almost absurd to speak of the architecture of a country in which until the other day the loftiest ideal of a palace was little more than a collection of cottagelike buildings of a single story, with hardly an attempt at ornament, and yet wherever any attempt was made it took, so far as possible, a Chinese form. In this way it is that the visitor to Korea meets every now and then with a roof or a wall that looks like a very poor imitation of what he has seen in China, surrounded by the much more primitive, though perhaps scarcely uglier, structures native to the soil. What is true of the buildings is also true of the institutions. Religion, so far as there is any, is modelled on Chinese patterns, with such results as might be expected, law and the administration of justice are altogether Chinese in their feebleness and utter corruption, and government is conducted, as it is in the Chinese Empire, by a class which lives by the shameless oppression and robbery of the poorest class of the people.

The social customs and family life of the people of Korea have more that is distinctively national than anything else open to observation by strangers, and it must be admitted that these have little to recommend them. The burden of life falls even more heavily in Korea than in China upon the women of the community, indeed, it would be difficult to point to any country in which the lot of the average woman, from youth to old age, is less enviable than it is with her. The Korean man, of all but the highest class, looks upon his wife as the natural burden-bearer of the household, and besides the hard manual labor exacted from her during the day, she is commonly supposed to work at household duties during a large part of the night, while her husband enjoys an unbroken rest. To till the fields, to water the crops, and at night to wash and to do laundry work that her husband may appear to all the dignity of a spotless white robe—the pride of every self respecting Korean—is the fate of the married women; a fate from which none can hope to escape except by entering the profession of actresses or dancing girls, whose social position is free from scarcely all the restraints, social as well as moral, which beset their more respectable but infinitely less regarded sisters.

The late war, which was begun ostensibly for the purpose of settling the question whether the influence of Japan or that of China is as for the future to predominate in Korea, has, like so many other of the events, both small and great, of history, resulted in a state of things entirely unexpected by either party to the struggle. Few observers of events in the far East ventured to prophesy the collapse of China and the complete triumph of Japan, but fewer still dreamt of the result that, having won the fight, Japan would find herself just as far from grasping the prize as ever. This, however, is hardly an overstatement of what has happened. Japan fought nominally for the liberation of Korea from Chinese influences which interfered with her freedom of action, but really to secure for her own people the controlling influence in the peninsula. The result has been that she finds her way blocked by Russia—a more formidable obstacle than anything China could ever have placed in her path. What the result will be it is no easy matter to foresee, but at present Russia is very much in evidence in the Hermit Kingdom. Her flag, waving over the buildings of the Russian Legation at Seoul, has become for the first time familiar to Korean eyes, while the shadow of her aggressive power already rests upon the land.

One thing, however, would seem to be certain in the midst of so much uncertainty—the long reign of exclusiveness is at an end as far as the peninsula of Korea is concerned. Whether Japan or Russia is to be the guardian of the open door, and the country which shall gain most by its being opened, Korea herself cannot fail to be the greatest gainer of all. The old policy of the country had been tried for three centuries, and had proved an utter failure. It had resulted in a stagnation, if possible, more complete than that of China, without such compensations as the civilization of China could give. It had left them a people free indeed from outside interference, but wholly incapable of rising by their own efforts in the scale of national progress. Whatever happens to Korea now cannot fail to be in the interests of progress. Whether that progress is to be influenced and controlled by Russia or by Japan, it will be better for the mass of the people than anything they have known in the past.

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PANORAMA OF WEN-SAN AND ITS HARBOR.

A NATIVE GENTLEMAN'S CHAIR—EN ROUTE TO SEOUL FROM CHEMULPO.

A GOVERNOR AND ESCORT OF RETAINERS PASSING THROUGH HIS PROVINCE.

THE RUSSIAN LEGATION AT SEOUL.

THE EAST GATE OF SEOUL.

PANORAMA OF SEOUL FROM THE RUSSIAN LEGATION.

SCENES IN KOREA.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. H. JACKSON.—[SEE PAGE 728.]

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FOREIGN NOTES.

FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW.

BERLIN, July 3, 1897.

This morning I took a daughter of twelve to see the town palace in Potsdam, where successive Prussian kings have lived since the very beginning of this military monarchy. Here stormed and fumed the father of Frederick the Great, who used to go about with a sharp stick and rout his officials out of bed, much as the present Emperor "alarms" garrison towns. Here stands the measuring-machine with which he graded his huge grenadiers, which he kidnapped all over Europe. We were shown the rooms of his son, the great Frederick, and the writing-desk from which Napoleon carved a strip as memento—at least so said the guide. Then we were made to admire pictures representing the ballet-girls who infested the court of the great Frederick, and many allegorical canvases preaching the power and virtue of the great Elector. This palace is an epitome of Prussian court history for 200 years. Each room tells of the taste which pervaded the country at a given period, and it is sad reading. I do not recall a single tribute to any man who was not a soldier or a courtier. In vain I searched the pictures and busts in hope of recognizing the likeness of some great scientist, scholar, poet, or historian. If there ever had been great men depicted here, they must have been done away with under the venerable William I. to make room for uniforms; for William the Victorious had a weakness in that line.

In the midst of this wilderness of gilt and gorgeousness I saw a little bronze of Carlyle in one of the rooms that had been occupied by Frederick the Noble—"Unser Fritz." There was a peculiar fitness in finding here some token of the man who had made the life of Frederick the Great familiar to the world. The official palace guide ignored this bronze as if it had been no more than a candlestick. He had evidently not been coached in regard to it, and told me that it was a little thing that the late Emperor Frederick had brought with him from England. But he could not tell me who was the sculptor, whom it was intended to represent, or when it was brought from England.

He was, besides, somewhat chagrined to find that those whom he was conducting—who happened to be all Americans—cared more for this little bronze of Carlyle than for the apotheosis of the Grosse Kurfürst. We all knew that it was Carlyle, and it seemed a replica of Boehm's monument which faces the Thames at the foot of Cheyne Row in old Chelsea. Our guide had of course never heard of Boehm any more than of Carlyle, but he kindly turned the statuette about at my suggestion, and there, sure enough, was Boehm's name, with the date 1874. Perhaps Unser Fritz brought it to Germany on his return from the Jubilee of 1887—a year before his own death, and three years before that of the sculptor.

In walking away from the palace I took my little girl to see the beautiful bronze busts by Rauch representing the heroes of the so-called War of Liberation, the "People's War" against Napoleon, 1813. They are in a grove adjoining the palace, and are rarely visited. They all needed washing, and Blücher had his eyes and nose connected by cobwebs. So much for heroes of liberty.

It makes a democrat rub his eyes in wonder at the way in which great German statesmen are kicked up and down stairs just now. This morning I hear that von Marschall, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and von Boetticher, the Minister of the Interior, have both been turned out. Both are public servants of unblemished personal character, trained by long years of experience; both in the prime of life, and both credited with political talent above the average. They have not been impeached—not even charged with any official fault. They are turned away, no one knows why, and are replaced by two others, at the instigation of no one knows whom. This does not look like parliamentary or even stable government. Careful Germans tell me that it has a sad significance; that the government here is under the influence of the military and Tory classes altogether, and that no one can remain in power who ministers to any other interests than those of landlords and soldiers.

This is good news for Englishmen, and for us in a lesser degree, for it means that German industry is being heavily handicapped, not alone by the practice of protectionism, but still more so by an administration avowedly hostile to commerce and manufacture. As an American citizen I rejoice; as a friend of Germany I feel regret.

We say much in our press of militarism being a heavy burden to Germany. We mean usually that the cost of maintaining half a million men in times of peace is something of a burden to a sandy country with a poor population. True enough, but that cost is cheerily paid even in Germany, for it represents to the unthinking the insurance of their national independence. The real burden of the military system in Germany falls indirectly much more heavily than it does in the budget. The burden lies in the fact that soldiers are selected for nearly every office, from railway porters to prime ministers. Now military discipline is a good thing up to a certain point. But there is a point in soldier-training where the recruit ceases to be a citizen, and thinks only as a governmental atom. This is peculiarly the case in Germany. The government first converts its citizens into military machines, and then places these automata in positions of political responsibility where the largest amount of common-sense and practical experience are required.

Now the soldier is not a man trained to economy or to inventiveness. His business as a soldier is to spend government money freely, and to destroy by bullet and sabre whatever opposes him. He rides down growing crops, wastes whatever he touches, never argues—commands, or else obeys. That is the ideal soldier—the Phil Sheridan, the Marlborough. With these qualities go frequently honesty, administrative capacity, courage, but rarely the gift of persuasion other than by an ultimatum.

In Germany the court is composed of soldiers, and the aristocracy is all in the army. If the Emperor wants a postmaster or the governor of a colony, he naturally takes the first soldier that suits him, for none but soldiers are about him. Thus he has just sent a soldier to govern his black colony in East Africa, and has selected a general of hussars to deal with the delicate machinery of postal affairs. The old Emperor William used to say, "A Prussian general can do anything," and he believed it. There is much of William I. in William II., especially that confidence in military training which has shown itself so very deceptive when tested by historical experience.

Germany to-day can more readily pay for an army of twice its present strength than permit the administration of its vast economic interests to lie exclusively in the hands of soldiers. It is bad enough that the whole of the telegraph, railway, and express-delivery service should be managed by officials, but when those officials are soldiers into the bargain, then it bodes no good to the nation's industries. I know many Americans who advocate state ownership of railways, but they would be satisfied with what they now have if they only knew what Germans put up with at the hands of their official and military railway-managers. POULTNEY BIGELOW.

THE WIND BLEW IN THE WHEAT.

A sickle moon hung low and white, in the edge of a golden west
With clanging bells the herd came home, and mother birds on the nest
Thrilled to the song that is never sung—so soft! so wildly sweet!
The whippoorwill in the marsh-land called, and the wind blew in the wheat.

High summer had broken to hedge-row waves with a foam of elder bloom.
By waste and way-side the sweetbrier stars showed faint in the tender gloom
And nibbling hares crept out to play, on silent velvet feet,
As waxing dewdrops tinted the cheat, the wind blew in the wheat.

'Benison to each bearded head in the land of golden grain!
Ye shall drink of the sun, in strength and power, nor lack the grateful rain
In the bursting mills, in the ocean pressed with the keels of a laden fleet,
Ye may read the smile of the Lord of Hosts," the wind blew in the wheat.

MARTHA MCCULLOCH WILLIAMS.

LIFE AND LETTERS

The planet Mars had long had such an almost personal interest for me that when I understood Du Maurier's next romance (alas, his last!) was to have something to do with that wise little orb

"Where falls not rain, nor hail, nor any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly—"

but a gentle, if somewhat gelid dew diffuses itself by ordered channels over the happy land from year to year, I felt that I had the promise of pretty nearly all that I could ask for in the way of a mystical delight. I did not much care what fictitious form it took; I was willing to trust that to Du Maurier; it was enough for me to know that the fable was to be related to the planet Mars, which I cared about more than true dreaming, as in Peter Ibbetson, or hypnotism as in Trilby.

I.

Now that I have tasted that mystical delight I do not know whether I am quite satisfied. There is nothing to complain of in the quality; it is the quantity that is, perhaps, a little scanted. But then, there are so many other things in the book, and I advise the reader, if he shares my disappointed greed, to go and glut himself with Swedenborg's curious treatise on The Worlds of the Universe, where he will learn what life on all the principal planets of our solar system is like. I do not now remember his account of them well enough to say whether his description of Mars and the Martians tallies with Du Maurier's or not, but I am sure that in Isaac Taylor's fascinating Physical Theory of another Life the reader will find something strikingly parallel to the belief of Du Maurier's Martians that the sun is to be finally the home of immortality.

Du Maurier's notion of a guardian spirit, or say rather a consulting spirit, from the red planet to which we "give the first watch of the night," is very pleasing, though I believe that I do not care very much for the transmigration of souls. One life, if it be long enough, is enough for me, and certainly one death, however short. I am better content with the derivation of the Martians from a sea-lion of peculiar fitness for survival. That is somehow nicer than to have descended from an anthropoidal ape; though as I do not look forward to the rule of a "highly trained patriciate," with the faith and hope of Professor Peck, I am rather indifferent on the article of ancestry. It is because I like to think of the Martian ladies with their seal-skin sacks growing on them, and the great saving it must be to their husbands, that I prefer the sea-lion progenitor. I do not know that to be web-footed and web-fingered is so much prettier than our way, and yet it would be amusing to see a Martian belle fanning herself simply with her open hand. They have not much hot weather on that planet, our author tells us, and a very little hand would suffice.

I say, or I have hinted, that I would willingly have had more of the Martians in the romance, but there is enough of the mystical element to qualify the whole story, and to lift it out of the common air which the common breath sometimes makes a little thick. The impossible, if it is the impossible, is very frankly supposed, and very simply asserted, so that it has a charming effect of reality. In turn the reality of the book puts on a bewitching aspect of illusion. It is all scrupulously dated and located, but it seems without actuality, especially in the retrospect, and I think that the art of The Martian, to be judged fairly, must, beyond that of most other books, be looked at retrospectively. As one reads on through it, the story is for a long while without much coherence of any apparent intention. But after the first intervention of Martia, the consulting spirit, at the time when Barty Josselin thinks of taking his life in despair for his failing sight, until the last when she has incarnated herself in his daughter who dies, and whom he cannot survive, there is an increasing purpose in the mystery which gives unity and significance to the whole story.

II.

The atmosphere of the book is that which Du Maurier has shown that he loves best. It is much the same as that of Peter Ibbetson and of Trilby; it is a blend of both; it is the air of a refined rather than a moralized Bohemia; it is all in art-land, love-land, comrade-land. People stand about and talk; they dream and ache and thrill; but they do not act a great deal, and many of them do not arrive anywhere. The social philosophy is that of Thackeray's novels, and is much averse to snobs, which it is assumed we all are, but need not be if we were very brave, and above the mean motives that actuate people in society. I do not find that a very strong philosophy; its rule of conduct is as difficult of application as the old principle of lifting one's self by one's waistband, if one would rise. But it is a harmless convention, and it will at least enable us to abhor snobbery until we get rid of the conditions that produce it. The author puts off this good time, in his aspiration for it, until we shall all have been influenced by the nobler civilization of Mars, but perhaps it will not be so long as that.

In the mean while I think there are more agreeable people (mostly of gigantic stature) in The Martian, than there were in Trilby, and for me Barty Josselin is a more winning personality than even the heroine so widely known through that book. There is an unfailing charm in his character; he is lovable from the beginning to the end, and such as, loving him, you could wish him to be in most circumstances. His personal quality is less appreciable in his later than in his earlier life, in his prosperity than in his adversity; but that is inevitable. The story throngs with interesting figures, like that European world which is so different in its variety of tongues, classes, religions, educations, from our plain American hemisphere, with its one English speech, its level of intelligence, and its variation of richer and poorer. What a lot of color it all has over there, what picturesqueness, what movement! But they have to pay for their game with much candle, and we who look on from this distance can have more pleasure in it.

I fancy we can see it better, and that this is what gives such books as Du Maurier's and Thackeray's their greater charm for us. We are not in the procession, and we know better how it looks than they who are. I dare say we do not know quite as well how true the picture of it is; and I may be wrong in doubting some of those kind-hearted aristocrats, whom Du Maurier tries rather hard for, and those high-hearted commoners of beauty and genius, who are neither abased nor self-abased before their superiors. Nearly everybody in the book is either a title, or a beauty or a genius (often both), except the supposed narrator, and I remember that even he is finally a baronet.

III.

He does not realize himself very well to me, and after all it is Du Maurier whom the book, like the other two books, chiefly realizes. There could very well be two minds about his putting himself so much into it, but not about the fact that he does. There is not only his threatened blindness, his artistic evolution, his struggle and his triumph, in Barty Josselin, but we cannot doubt that there is much of his own temperament. His nature has imparted its sweetness to his hero's, and his composite origin and tradition mirror themselves there. There is no reason against it; every novelist does the like more or less with every character he draws, though always less frankly. I do not mind Du Maurier's bringing himself into the story, several times by name through the autobiographer, and once by a long letter over his own signature. Let us have all the kinds of things in literature; only, this kind does not heighten my sense of Josselin's reality, and I can imagine people unworthily accusing his inventor, if he were still alive to be wounded by a narrow judgment of his caprice. It is all very open-hearted, very simple-hearted. It goes so far in its trust of the reader as to suggest from Josselin's behavior to interviewers and lion-worshippers, how Du Maurier felt when his sudden celebrity rushed upon him. The worst thing about it is that in your association of the fact with Du Maurier, the imaginary great author is lost sight of, and those immortal works of his are hard to credit.

But Du Maurier is no longer alive, and we had best make the most of the three books he has left us. If we make the least of them they are still very wonderful books, and they have wonderfully moved the English reading world. That which moved it most now seems to me the least of the three for truth and freshness, but I should not undertake to settle their relative immortality. I do not know that they are going to be immortal at all, and I would rather fall back from that question to the interest of a fact which seems to me paralleled only by the literary palingenesis of Oliver Wendell Holmes. But Holmes, when he began to write the Autocrat papers, after having given the world the measure of his genius, as it supposed, was only fifty; he had been all his life a writer, and he was not adventuring in a new art. George Du Maurier was nearly sixty when he wrote Peter Ibbetson, he was quite sixty when he wrote Trilby, and sixty-three when he wrote The Martian. He did adventure in a new art, though he had long lived next it.

The wonder of what he has done is very great, and in these later years no man has achieved so great success, if ever any man did, in an untried field. His success is what stands in the way of a full recognition of his last work, which not all the pathos of his death can relieve from the ignominy of coming last. If it had come first, how The Martian would have startled us all! But we had got the author's trick when it came, his manner was no longer novel; the promise the other books made for him was fatally great. It must remain for another time to fix their order of precedence, which ought not to be merely chronological. What we can do now is to be grateful for another romance of a kind whose mould was broken when the third was cast, and to remember with regret the spirit which began to reveal itself in literature so late and then was lost to it so early. W. D. HOWELLS.

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THIS BUSY WORLD

THE newest plan looking towards the preservation of Lowell's "Elmwood" as a public park in Cambridge is to have the Park Commissioners of Cambridge furnish one-third of the $35,000 which is needed for the purchase of the portion of the property which is at present in the market. A petition headed by President Eliot and signed by over 200 names urges the Cambridge commissioners to make the necessary appropriation for this purpose. The Metropolitan Park Commissioners have already agreed to furnish one-third of the money, and if the Cambridge Park Commissioners will furnish another third, the rest can certainly be raised by popular subscription.

A Boston contemporary says:

> They are all stirred up in Gotham over the question as to the morality of the Bacchante statue. How gratifying it is to reflect that this is a trial which we shall not have to pass through again in Boston!

Where does the respected *Transcript* get its news, and who is it in New York who is stirred up over the morality of the Bacchante? The only excitement which has been generally discerned in New York over the Bacchante is a gentle quiver of pleasurable anticipation which awaits the time next fall when the statue will be put on exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum.

Brazil is so far off that it is not easy to make sure how substantial a basis there is to the story that she means to build herself a new capital far back from Rio and the sea, in the wild hills of the province of Goyaz. Rio is not healthy, and does not recommend itself as the seat of government. The new site for a capital city, which has been selected by a commission chosen for the purpose, is 4000 feet above the sea, and when railroads are built to it, will be some forty eight hours' ride from the coast. It is at the centre of the continental water shed from which the great rivers run north to the mouths of the Amazon and south to the Plata. This site being determined upon, it is expected that the Brazilian Congress will proceed to take measures to lay the new city out and start it. It is not so wild or arbitrary a scheme as it seems at first sight, for though a commercial city must grow where business can reach it, a capital, as all Americans know, can be made to order on a selected site. Goyaz, the state in which the new capital site has been located, is described as being as big as France, and rich in almost everything except people. It has a population of a little more than 200,000. Minas, a more progressive Brazilian state, has already built itself a made-to-order state capital, named Belloborizonte, to which its state government is about to be moved from Ouro Preto. When South America once fairly gets her legs she may have sights to show and climates to offer which will compete with the trite allurements of Europe for the attention of the vagrant Yankees.

Most reports are untrue, and the chances are that there is that defect in the tale that a St. Louis chemist has discovered that a certain proportion of a drink called cherry phosphate, which is dispensed by soda fountains under the supervision of the W. C. T. U., turns to alcohol in the stomach. But if the St. Louis chemist's discovery is valid it is decidedly interesting, and suggestive of useful possibilities. A drink that is a "soft" drink in the throat and an alcoholic drink in the stomach is precisely the one which is not wanted. If alcohol is needed in the stomach, there is rarely any trouble about conveying it there in its original form. What would be very useful and a benefit to mankind would be a drink that is alcoholic in the throat and "soft" in the stomach. That would do good. The possibility of fixing up such a beverage is suggested by the St. Louis man's discovery. It is a poor process that won't work backwards. We have cherry phosphate, a temperance drink that turns alcoholic in the stomach. The problem is to turn the process around and invent an alcoholic drink the fires of which will be instantly quenched when they reach the stomach. The person who can solve this problem of inversion is entitled to expect to get richer than a brewer, and to enjoy the gratitude of his fellows besides.

A Paris letter says that mechanical cigarette-rollers are coming back into fashion and the market. The best cigarette roller is a set of skilful fingers, such as were educated in the early seventies before the American cigarettes which are so prevalent now began to be manufactured. If fingers cannot learn, the mechanical roller is useful. For several reasons it is advantageous to cigarette-smokers to roll their own cigarettes. It is a little troublesome, takes a little time, but so makes for the protraction of intervals between cigarettes. It seems pretty safe to hold, too, without prejudice to any trust or manufacturer, that the cigarette you roll out of tobacco that is to your taste is better, less dry, and somewhat less pernicious than the one you buy ready made.

The Tree-planting Association of New York, to which allusion has been made from time to time in the WEEKLY, reports, at the end of its first year of organized existence, a membership of 149, and 312 trees planted as the result of its efforts. Everything that is possible should be done to encourage the tree-planters. There is no danger of too many shade trees in New York, and there are plenty of streets in which trees, if they can be persuaded to grow, will look pretty and do good.

The hypothesis that "everybody leaves town in midsummer" has no standing with the officials of great cities. They know that there are people who spend their summers in town, and they are yearly more solicitous for the comfort, and even the entertainment, of the summer population. The picture of a band concert in Prospect Park (Brooklyn), on another page of this issue of the WEEKLY, illustrates one of the devices of the city fathers to help us through the dog days.

There are frequent summer-evening band concerts now in most of the parks in the more thickly settled parts of Greater New York. Those in Madison Square are probably the most familiar to the WEEKLY readers, while the newest, and not the least interesting, are those provided by the Dock Board for the patrons of its new recreation pier at the foot of Third Street.

An edifying illustration of Hoosier spunk appeared last week in the presence on Long Island Sound of the yacht *Mary*, owned and manned by residents of Indianapolis, and brought to Oyster Bay to compete with the salt water oar racers for the honor of going to Canada to bring back the Seawanhaka challenge cup. What the *Mary* sails on at home has been the subject of various conjectures among the yachtsmen of this neighborhood. Some say on stilts, some on wheels, and some on the Wabash River, while others maintain that there is a lake in Indiana called Wawasee, on which she takes her practice spins. This last theory is not confirmed by the ordinary map makers, but possibly that is because the lake dries up in summer. But wherever the *Mary's* boom cruising ground is, she has used it to good purpose, and made a good showing among the twenty footers.

It may be twenty years since Judge Robert Grant (who was not a judge then) pictured some puppet in a tale as playing lawn-tennis, "vice croquet expelled from polite society." It would seem just now as if lawn-tennis too has had its day as a polite amusement. It is not dead. It still appeals, to some measure to the young and active, and tennis tournaments still excite some interest, but as a social diversion it is nearly as dead as croquet, and has pretty much yielded to golf and the bicycle. It served an excellent turn while it lasted, and no doubt it would have lasted longer if golf had not been developed. How will it be with golf? Will that too decline in favor as the novelty of it wears off, and in twenty years of activity as much as we can hope for it? Croquet began in the early sixties, tennis in the middle seventies, golf in the eighties.

> One little systems have their day;
> They have their day and cease to be.

But happily they don't cease until something turns up to take their place. If we ever lose golf (which has had too much money invested in it to be easily dislodged) we may be sure of getting something in its place which we shall like better.

The denial of the report of the engagement of another American girl to an English duke suspends comment until further notice, but persons who are interested in Americanizing the British aristocracy find room for hope between conflicting reports. There has been as yet no authoritative contradiction of the rumor that a lively New York family would be the next occupants of the noted house in Park Lane which was built for Barney Barnato. Much has been written of this mansion, which has been described as the most pretentious in London. Its site is good and permanent. Its associations, which may be thought to be less desirable, are now and superficial, and will doubtless rub off.

It is matter for general felicitation among all New-Yorkers and visitors to New York that the impossible has been again achieved, and the Metropolitan Traction Company has got a grip by the use of which the cable-cars can turn corners at any required speed. This new grip has been tried, and works. It has already been put on many of the cable cars, with great resulting amelioration of the danger and discomfort of rounding the curves, and when all the cars have it there will be one less nuisance in town, and "Dead Man's Curve" will become an obsolete name.

The corporations complain with feeling, and often with justice, of the unreasonableness of the public, which is forever disturbing them with clamor for what it wants and threats of what will happen unless it gets it. The public ought to deal justly with all corporations; but really it would seem that the only way to get a corporation to correct a nuisance or improve its service is to raise a tremendous din and scare it into extra exertion. "Please, Mr. Corporation, will you kindly amend this defect?" seems not to be the style of address that is most effective. The style that is effective is that which carries the spirit with which an old-time government teamster whose wagon was stalled was wont to belabor his remarks to his mules.

New York has lost a remarkable man in Daniel Greenleaf Thompson, president of the Nineteenth Century Club, who died suddenly of apoplexy on July 10. He was born in 1850, in Montpelier, Vermont, a son of Judge Daniel Pierce Thompson, the author of *Green Mountain Boys*, and a lineal descendant of Count Rumford. He was graduated from Amherst in 1869, and was admitted to the bar in New York in 1872. From that time until his death he was active and distinguished, both in his profession and outside of it, in literary and philosophical studies and writings. He was a deep student of metaphysics, and one of the foremost metaphysical writers in this country. He published several books, beginning with *A System of Psychology* in 1884, was a frequent contributor to the magazines, and an occasional lecturer. He was well known abroad, was a member of the Athenæum Club of London, and a friend and correspondent of Herbert Spencer. In New York he was a member of many clubs—the Century, the Manhattan, the Authors', the Lawyers', and others, and succeeded the late Courtland Palmer as president of the Nineteenth Century Club. The unusual scope of his activities makes his loss one that will be acutely felt.

Whoever has knowledge of the importance of the charitable and religious work which is carried on under the supervision of Dr. David H. Greer, the rector of St. Bartholomew's Church in New York, will rejoice that Dr. Greer has seen fit not to accept the offer recently made to him of the place of coadjutor bishop of Rhode Island. In connection with Dr. Greer's church here there are nearly forty organizations, through which an annual sum which is said to reach $200,000 is expended in parish work. It would appear that Dr. Greer in his present office is the right man rightly placed, and it has relieved the minds of many good people in New York to learn that he is himself so nearly of that opinion as a modest man can be.

Since Mrs. Oliphant's death some interesting personal details about her life have been printed, which may not be known to readers to whom her books are familiar. The story of her labors recalls that of Mrs. Trollope. In 1852, three years after her first novel was published, she was married in London to her cousin, Francis Oliphant, a painter. Her husband had his health. She had two sons and a daughter. She supported the family by her pen; took them all to Rome, where her husband died in 1859, and then brought her children back to Edinburgh, where she lived three years. Then, after a visit to Rome, where her daughter died, she settled at Windsor, to be near her oldest son, who was at school at Eton. At Windsor she made a home for her brother and his son and two daughters, who came to live with her. Her own sons both died in youth, of consumption, at Oxford. Her nephew, to whom she was greatly attached, also died in youth, and the companions that remained to her were her two nieces. With them she finally moved away from Windsor, a place of sad memories, and settled at Wimbledon. Some surprising stories are told of her powers of concentration and of her remarkable capacity for steady work. It is obvious from this outline of her domestic life that she never lacked whatever incentive to labor there is in a dependent family.

Mr. Julius Ralph's *Along in China* (Harpers) commends itself to the *London Spectator* as "extremely clever and interesting," and as "one of the few books which may safely be recommended to the student of China as being almost necessary supplements to more elaborate works treating of its geography and sociology." This is high praise for a book containing a descriptive article and six stories—all the results of two months of travel and observation. Two months is not long, but Mr. Ralph's observation is expert, skilful, and intense, and he made the most of his time. He only penetrated two of the twenty-two provinces of China, but those two he observed to good purpose—as the *Spectator* has discerned.

The persistence of the efforts of the various Audubon societies for the protection of wild birds encourages the expectation of important results. The society in New York works in co-operation with the American Museum of Natural History, the president of which, Mr. Morris K. Jesup, is also president of the society. One means of educating public opinion in behalf of the birds which is favored by the society is the institution of a Bird day in the public schools, on which, by various exercises, the interest of the school children to the birds may be stimulated and directed. A law of the State of New York, signed last May, provides that wild birds (with certain specified exceptions) "shall not be killed or caught at any time, or possessed living or dead," and provides for a fine of $25 for each bird killed, trapped, or possessed contrary to its provisions. This law, if it proves to be constitutional, may perhaps be enforced against dealers in feathers and milliners' trimmings, and so make the business of killing wild birds for the market unprofitable. Mr. Frank M. Chapman, of the Museum of Natural History, has reported that in the course of two recent afternoons he saw on the lots of New York women 173 wild birds or parts of them, including 40 species, of which 32 species are protected by law. It would seem that legally women who wear prohibited feathers are liable to a fine, though, as the protection of women is much nearer the public heart than the protection of birds, there is no prospect that any woman will be fined for that offence. The chance of enforcing the law against dealers seems better.

A Georgia correspondent, who has read something that was lately said in this department of the WEEKLY about "ladies" and "women," wants to know whether "genteel and gentlemanly qualities are limited to any particular race of people," and whether it is possible for a negro, for example, who is duly refined and educated, to be a gentleman from an Anglo Saxon point of view.

There is nothing in the color of a man's skin to hinder his being a gentleman, even from the Anglo-Saxon point of view. If he has self-respect, veracity, and gentle manners, the most necessary ingredients of a gentleman would seem to be in him, and the chances are that expert observers will recognize their presence. It is worth while to remember, however, that "gentleman" is a loose and comprehensive word that conveys different ideas to different people, and is often used in different senses by the same person. It may be superfluously descriptive, and again it may be used to define true kindness. When you say, "I met several gentlemen in Georgia," the idea conveyed is that you met several men of apparently good social position; but if you say, "I met several negroes in Georgia who were gentlemen," the idea conveyed is that you met several negroes whose personal qualities, and perhaps their position also, were exceptional and worthy of note.

There is no incongruity in terms about the expression "a negro gentleman." It conveys no idea of good manners and personal dignity which is clear and easily understood.

It may be recalled that early in the spring there was solemn talk at Harvard of abolishing the exercises round the tree on class day, which had grown as boisterous that the college authorities thought them decidedly dangerous. A compromise was arranged by which the tree scrimmage was allowed to survive in a modified form. The result appears to have been satisfactory. The scrimmage this year is reported to have been tame as compared with former ones of recent date, but the tree exercises as a whole—the cheers and singing and mingling of classes—were never more interesting and delightful. It would seem, therefore, that by the elimination of contentiousness and athletic rivalry from these exercises, an old custom dear to Harvard men and Harvard girls may be preserved.

Novel-readers who have had an unsatisfactory experience of the realistic school of fiction should not give up romance altogether until they have tested its possibilities as demonstrated by Maurus Jokai, whom the *London Times* calls "a realist in the best sense of the word, and one of the greatest of historical novelists." "In the *Green Book*" (Harpers), adds the *Times*, "we see him at his best, and he has equalled if not surpassed himself in this latest of his novels."

E. S. MARTIN.

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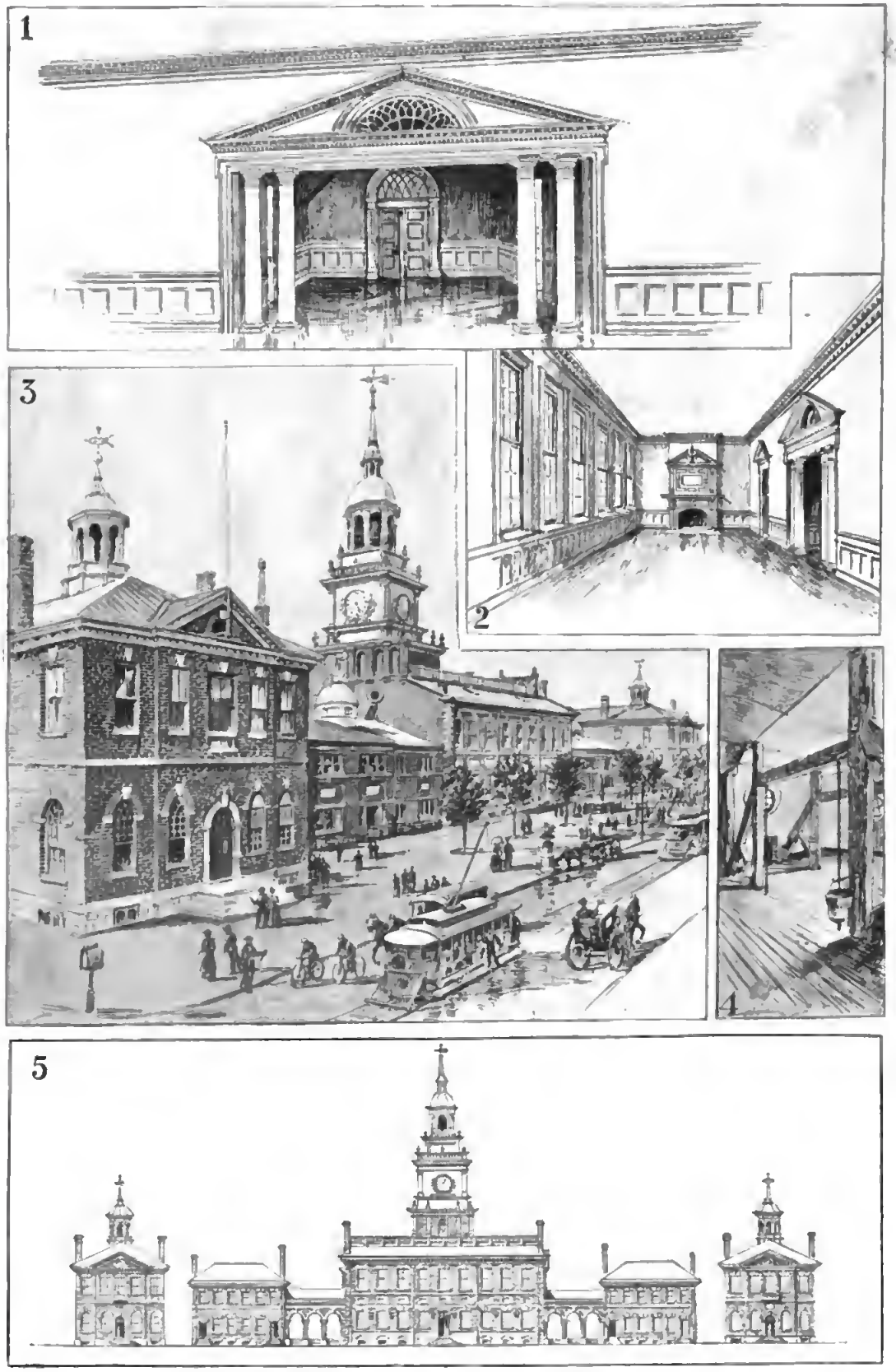

THE RESTORATION OF INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA.—[See Page 742.]

1. Colonial Arch and Vestibule on the Second Floor. 2. Banquet Hall after Restoration. 3. View from Fifth Street. 4. The Old Belfry. 5. Front Elevation after the Restoration.

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"THE VINTAGE."*

A STORY OF THE GREEK WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY E. F. BENSON,

AUTHOR OF "DODO," "LIMITATIONS," "THE JUDGMENT BOOKS," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

THE summer passed quietly; July and August were very much hotter than Constantine ever remembered them, but the vines were doing well, and the heat only served to ripen them the sooner. In some years, when the summer months were cool, the grapes did not ripen till late in October, and then there was always the danger of the storm spoiling the crop. But this year, thanks to the heat, there was no doubt they would be ready for gathering by the third week in September, and, humanly speaking, a fine grape harvest was inevitable.

A certain change had come over Mitsos since the events of the night recorded in the last chapter. He suddenly seemed to have awakened to a sense of his budding manhood, and his cat, much to that middle-aged creature's satisfaction, was allowed to order his soft padded basking life as she pleased. He used to go out early in the morning, while it was still hardly light, to try to get a shot at the hares which came down from the hills at night to feed in the vineyards, and at evening again he would lie near a spring below Mount Elias to shoot the roe when they came down to water. But during the day there was not much to be done; the game went high away among the hills to avoid the broiling heat of the plains, or staid in cover of the pine woods upon the mountain sides, where the growth was too thick for shooting, and where it was inevitable they should hear the approach of a footstep, however stealthy.

The sudden and violent winds of the summer months set in, and Mitsos made it his business to know the birth hour of the land-breeze, the length of the dead calm that follows, and the hour when the sea breeze again stirs the windless heaven. His boat might often be seen scudding across the bay and out into the water of the gulf outside, skirting round the promontories, running up into the creeks and inlets, until, as Nicholas had told him he should do, he got to know the shape of the land as he knew the shape of his own head. Above all, he would practise beating out to sea in the teeth of the sea breeze, and running out to a given point in as few tacks as possible. Then, when the sea breeze died away, he would put into some inlet, fish for a little, and then sleep, curled up in the bottom of the boat, till the land breeze got up, and then he would run back again in the teeth of the wind past Nauplia, and up the side of the bay where he beached his boat. In these long hours, alone on the sea, he would sit in the stern, when the boat was well off on some two mile tack and required no attention, thinking intently of the new life which was beginning for him. Though Nicholas's stories and the tales he constantly heard of oppression and outrage made him sympathize with and even feel personally the desire for revenge, it was of Nicholas himself that he mainly thought. The man had long been acquiring the domination a man can have for a boy, and the main desire and resolve of his mind was to obey Nicholas, whatever he might tell him to do. It was almost more than a desire. It was an instinct overmastering and unique. His father, far from making objections to his spending his time in sailing and shooting, encouraged him to do it, for Nicholas had told him to hire labor whenever he wanted some one to take Mitsos's place, saying that the club at Athens had authorized him to make such payments. Mitsos, in fact, had definitely entered into the service of his country, and it was only right that his father should receive the equivalent of his wages.

But during these months there was little or no farm work to be done. Early in July Constantine had put up a little reed-built shed on posts in his vineyard, where he spent most of the day, in order to frighten away the birds that came to eat the grapes. He sat there playing with his string of beads, which he passed to and fro between his hands, every now and then stopping to sling a small stone at a bird he saw settling in the vines. The sparrows were the greatest enemies, for they would fly over in flocks of eighty or a hundred, and settle in different parts of the vineyard, and when he cleared one quarter, and turned to clear another, the first flock would fly back and resume their operations. He had an almost exaggerated dislike to taking the funds of the club unless it was absolutely necessary to have an extra hand, and until the last week before the harvest he managed alone. But then—for his grapes were juicy and full and a single bird, holding on a bush with its claws and feeding away indiscriminately, would spoil half a pound of grapes—he hired a boy from Nauplia, and erected another shed some fifty yards off. There they would sit from sunrise to sunset, and at sunset Mitsos returned brown and fresh from the sea, with his black hair still dripping from his evening bath, and an enormous appetite. He and Constantine sat together till about nine, and then Mitsos would go off to the café, following Nicholas's instructions, and play cards or dominoes, and listen to every word that was said.

One evening, just before the vintage began, he returned earlier than usual, with a frown on his face. His father was sitting on the veranda, not expecting him yet.

"Have you heard," said Mitsos, "what these Turks are going to do about the vintage?"

"About the vintage? No."

"Instead of paying one tenth to the tax collector, we have to pay one seventh, and instead of paying in grapes, we have to pay in wine."

"One-seventh! it is impossible."

"It is true."

"Where did you hear it?"

"Just now, at the café in the square. They are all clacking and swearing right and left, and the soldiers are patrolling the streets."

Constantine got up.

"I must go, then," he said. "This is just what Nicholas didn't want to happen. Have there been blows between the soldiers and the Greeks?"

"Yanko knocked a Turkish soldier down such a bang for calling him a dog, and he got up with two broken teeth. They took him and put him in prison."

"The fat boot shall eat stick from me when he comes out," said Constantine. "As if knocking a soldier down took away the tax! Is Father Andréa there?"

"I passed him just now on the road," said Mitsos, "going to the town."

Constantine went into the house to get his stick.

"Don't come with me," he said; "I'll catch Father Andréa up, and make him tell them to be quiet. He can do what he pleases with that tongue of his."

Constantine hurried off and caught Father Andréa up before he entered the town. "Father," he said, "I want you to stop this; they will listen to you. Remember what Nicholas said."

Father Andréa nodded. "I heard there was something going on, and I am here for that reason. Nicholas is right. We must pay the extra tax, and for every pint of wine we pay we will exact a gallon of blood. Ah God! how I have fasted and prayed one prayer—to wash my hands in the blood of the Turks!"

"Softly," said Constantine; "there is the guard."

The guard at the gate would not let them pass at first; but Andréa, without a moment's hesitation, said that he was a priest going to visit a dying man, who wished to make a confession with Constantine as witness, and they were admitted.

"God will forgive me that lie," he said, as they passed on. "It is for His cause that I lied."

Since Mitsos's departure the disturbance had increased. There were some forty or fifty Greeks collected in the centre of the square and the Turkish soldiers were coming out one by one from the barracks and arriving with the crowd. The Greeks according to their custom all carried knives, but as a rule (as has oftenmed) the Turks had rifles. There was a low angry murmur going up from the people.

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1113.

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which boded mischief. Just as they came up Father Andréa turned to Constantine.

"Stop outside the crowd," he said, "do not mix your self up in this. They will not touch me, for I am a priest."

Then, elbowing his way among the people, he shouted: "A priest—a priest of God! Let me pass."

The Greeks in the crowd parted, making way for him as he pushed through, conspicuous by his great height, though here and there a Turkish soldier tried to stop him. But Andréa demanded to be let into the middle of them with such authority that they too fell back. He was already well among the people, when two voices clashed themselves, as it were, from the angry low murmur, shrilling up in loud, violent alternation and the next moment a Greek just in front of him rushed forward and stabbed a Turk in the arm. The soldier raised his pistol and shot him dead. The man turned over on his face and lay quite still. There was a moment of dead silence, and then the murmur grew shriller and louder, and the crowd pressed forward. Andréa held up his hand.

"I am Father Andréa," he shouted, "whom you know. In God's name, listen to me a moment. Silence there, all of you!"

For a moment there was a lull at the raised voice, and Andréa took advantage of it.

"The curse of all the saints be upon the Greek who next uses his knife!" he cried. "Who is the officer in command?"

A young Turkish officer standing close to him turned round.

"I am in command," he said, "and I command you to go unless you would be seized with the other ringleaders."

"I shall not go, my place is here."

"For the last time, go."

"I offer myself as a hostage for the good conduct of the Greeks," said Andréa, quietly. "Let me speak to them, and then take me, and if there is more disturbance kill me."

"Very good," said the officer. "I have heard of you. But stop the riot first, if you can. I desire bloodshed no more than you."

The group had now collected round them, still waiting irresolutely, in the way a crowd does round any one who seems to have authority. Father Andréa turned to them.

"You foolish children," he said, "what are you doing? The Sultan has added a tax, it is true, but will it profit you to be killed like dogs? You have knives, and you can cut a finger off with knives, and these others have guns. This poor dead thing learned that, and he has paid for his lesson. Is it better for him now that he has wounded another man? And these of you who are not shot will be taken and hanged. I am here as usual, as it befits a priest to be. I am a hostage for you. If there is further riot you yourselves will be shot and hanged, and I shall be hanged, and the tax will be no less than before. So now to your homes."

The crowd listened silently—for in those days to behave with aught but respect to a priest was sacrilege—and one by one they put back their knives into their belts, but still stood there.

"Come, every man to his house," said Andréa again. "Let those who have wine shops close them, for there has been blood spilt to-night."

But they still stood there, and the murmur rose and died and rose again, like a sound carried on a gusty wind, until Andréa, advancing to them, laid his hand on the shoulder of one of the men.

"Christos," he said, "there is your home, and your wife waits for you. Go home, man."

The man, directly and individually addressed by a stranger, turned away and went, and the others dispersed. Then Andréa spoke to the officer again.

"Come, take me," he said, "for three days, or six if you will, until you are satisfied that things are quiet again."

The officer stood for a moment without replying. Then, "I wish to treat you with all courtesy," he said, "you have saved me a great deal of trouble to-night. But perhaps it will be better if you stop in my quarters for an hour or two, though I think we shall have no more of this. With your permission I will give you in custody."

And with the fine manners of his race, which the Greeks for the most part could not understand, and so distrusted, he beckoned to two soldiers, who led him off to the officer's quarters.

The Turkish captain remained in the square an hour longer, but the disturbance seemed to be quite over, and he followed Father Andréa.

"You will smoke or drink," he said, laying his sword on the table.

"I neither smoke nor drink," said Andréa.

The officer sat down, looking at him curiously.

"You hate us, of course," he said, "and you can clearly do what you like with your countrymen. Would you mind telling me why you stopped the riot?"

Father Andréa smiled. "For the reason I gave the rioters, is that not sufficient?"

"Quite sufficient, it only occurred to me there might be a further reason. I will not detain you any longer. I am sure no further disturbance will take place."

Andréa rose, and for a moment the two men faced each other. They were both good types of their race—the Greek fanatic and hot blooded, the Turk fearless and phlegmatic.

"I wish you good night," said the captain. "Perhaps we shall meet again. My name is Mehemet Sali. You owe nothing to me, nor I to you. You stopped the riot and saved me some trouble for reasons of your own. I have detained you till I am satisfied there will be no more disturbance, so if we meet again, no quarter of either side, for we shall be enemies."

"I shall neither give you quarter nor ask for it," said Andréa.

The vintage began the next week, and for the time Mitsos abandoned boat and gun and occupied himself with it. Constantine had certain little methods of his own about making wine, as to the amount of fermentation before finally putting it into the cask from which it could be drawn off for use, and the measure of resin to be put in, and the particular quality of the resin, which Mitsos knew and which were as unbreakable as the unwritten law of wine making. The small vineyard close to the house, which was all that was left to Constantine after the seizure of his bigger vineyard by the Turk contained his best wines, which, being nearer the house, had naturally always received the most attention. These, again, were divided into two classes, most of them being the ordinary country grape; but the other was a nobler grape from Nemea, which yielded the finest wine. It was always gathered last, and fermented in a cask by itself.

The evening before the grape-picking began several girls from the neighboring farms came to find labor in the gathering for a couple of days, as the grapes would not be ready in the farms round for a day or two yet. Constantine engaged four of them, who came early next morning, just as he and Mitsos were getting the big two-handled panniers ready to carry to the vineyard. Spiro, the boy who had been employed for the last week in scaring birds, was also engaged for the picking, and in all they were seven. For the first three quarters of an hour they all picked together, until two of the big baskets were full, which they carried off to the press to begin treading. The press was an old stone-built construction, covered outside with creepers and coated inside with fine stucco, and stood close to the house. The bottom of it was on a slope down towards a small wooden sluice which opened from its lower end, and which could be raised from the inside when there was sufficient must trodden to fill a barrel. Mitsos had spent the previous day in washing and scouring it, scrubbing the sides with powdered resin, and when Spiro had wanted to assist in treading the grape instead of gathering, Mitsos looked scornful, and only said: "We do not make wine for you to wash in. Go back to the picking."

They poured the two big panniers of grapes into the vat—stems, stalks, and all—and after turning his trousers up to his knees, and scrubbing his feet and legs in hot water, Mitsos stepped into the vat and began the treading. The grapes were ripe and juicy, and the red stuff soon began to splash and spirt up, staining his legs. Another basket came before he had got the first two well under, and by degrees the pickers gained on him. The day was hot, and the vat, which had at first stood in the shade, lay under the full blaze of the sun before a couple of hours were over. About nine o'clock Constantine, who had brought up another basket with Spiro, looked into the vat to see whether it was time to open the sluice to let the must out of the barrel.

"There's a barrelful there," he said to Mitsos, "but it is not trodden enough yet. You'd better have some one to help you."

Mitsos paused a moment and wiped his face with the back of his hand.

"I am broiled," he said. "Yes, send one of the girls. Make her wash first."

Constantine laughed.

"There speaks Nicholas," he said, "who is always right."

So Maria was sent to help Mitsos. She was a pretty girl, about seventeen years old, fawn eyed and olive skinned. As she stood on the edge of the vat before stepping in, with her shoes off and her skirt tucked up, Mitsos found himself noticing the gentle curve of her calf muscle from the ankle to behind the knee, and how prettily one foot broadened as she rested her weight on it for a moment. He gave her his hand to help her down into the vat, and their eyes met a moment.

"We shall do nicely now," he said.

Constantine meantime had fetched one of the barrels, open at the top, and with a tap about six inches above the bottom, from which the fermented liquid would be decanted when it was clear, and placing it under the sluice, looked over to see if the must was sufficiently trodden. No baskets had come in for a quarter of an hour, and Mitsos and Maria between them had reduced the whole of the must to a uniform consistency.

"It is ready now," he said to Mitsos. "Raise the sluice."

The must had risen above the handle by which the sluice was raised at the lower end of the vat, and Mitsos and Maria fished about for half a minute or so before they found it. Once they grasped each other's fingers, and both exclaimed, triumphantly, "I've got it!"

Maria found it first, but the wood had swollen with the scouring of the day before, and it was stiff, so Mitsos had to raise it himself.

The purple mass of pulp, juice, stalks, and skins poured noisily out as he raised it, splashing Constantine, and foaming into the barrel with a fussy noise. When it was three-quarters full Constantine told Mitsos to close the sluice again, for in the process of fermentation the must would swell to the top, and he and Spiro took the barrel off into the veranda, out of the sun, and covered it with a cloth.

They all rested for an hour at mid day, and ate their dinner in the shade of the poplar by the spring. The others had brought their food with them, with the exception of Maria, who said she was not hungry and didn't wish to eat. But Mitsos fetched her some bread and some fresh cheese, cool and sweet from the cellar, and Maria's want of appetite vanished before these things, and after dinner they all lay down and slept for half an hour or so. Maria had moved off under another tree, where she lay with her hands clasped behind her head, and her mouth half open, showing her white teeth. She had drawn up one leg, and her short skirt showed it bare to above the knee. Mitsos stood looking at her a moment, thinking how pretty she looked sleeping, and wondering why it had never occurred to him before that she was pretty, when she woke and saw him standing in front of her. She sat up quickly, and drew her skirt down over her leg, and a faint tinge of red showed under her skin.

"Is it time to go on?" she said. "Oh, how sleepy I am!"

"I will help you up," said Mitsos, putting out his hand.

But she only laughed, and got up without his assistance.

Then the work went on till nearly sunset; a second barrel and a third were filled, and taken away to the veranda, where they were put on trestles and covered like the first, and as there would not be time to fill a fourth before sunset, they stopped work for the day.

Mitsos and Constantine ate their supper together, but afterwards Mitsos said he would not go to the café, he was sleepy, and was soon going to bed. The two sat there in silence for the most part—Constantine smoking and playing with his beads, and Mitsos lying full length on the floor of the veranda, intermittently eating a cherry from the remains of their supper.

About nine he got up and stretched himself.

"I shall go to bed," he said. "How pretty Maria is! Do you know, father, I never noticed before that girls were pretty."

Constantine smiled.

"We all notice it sooner or later," he said. "I noticed it when I was younger than you."

"Did you? What did you do then?"

"God granted me to marry the one I thought the prettiest."

"My mother? I hardly remember her. But I am not going to marry Maria."

The second day was devoted to picking the remainder of the ordinary grapes, which Mitsos and Maria trod on on the day before, and Mitsos, feeling a desire to wash he had hitherto been a stranger—to look well in a girl's eyes—told Maria stories about shooting and they talked away in the most friendly manner. The girls were not inquired for the third day's picking, and in the evening Constantine paid them their two days' wage. Mitsos walked back with Maria through the garden, and they washed their feet of the must at the spring together. A little further on they came on the cherry tree, and here he told her to hold out her apron while he picked some cherries for her. Something in his conduct seemed to amuse Maria, for as they said good night at the gate she broke out into a laugh.

"Good night, Mitsos," she said. "Will you come to my wedding?"

Mitsos, in spite of his determination of the night before, felt a perceptible shock.

"Your wedding? Whom are you going to marry?"

"Yanko, at least, so I think. He has asked me, and I have not said 'no'."

"That ugly brute?"

Maria laughed again.

"I don't find him ugly, at least, not to matter."

Mitsos recollected his manners.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I like Yanko very much. He knocked a Turkish soldier down last week such a bang!"

"Oh, he's a very good man," said Maria, walking off.

Mitsos went slowly back to the house, feeling slightly ill used.

The third day was devoted to the gathering of the finer grapes, which were fermented by themselves in a separate barrel. These they all picked together, until all the vines had one were stripped, but instead of throwing them into the cask stalk and all, they picked each grape separately off the bunches and shed them into the cask, until there was a layer some fifteen inches deep. Mitsos trod these as before, while his father and Spiro went on picking the grapes, and when they were sufficiently pulped he poured into them about a quart of brandy. More grapes were then put in, trodden, and more brandy was poured into them. When the cask was three quarters full they moved it away with the others, but covered it more closely with two layers of woollen blanket. The remainder of the fine grapes were sufficient to fill another half barrel.

Then there came the final act of the vine gathering—a bit of pagan rite surviving from the time when the rout of Dionysus laughed through the vineyard. Mitsos fetched a big bowl from the house and Constantine cut, instead of picked, all the grapes from the remaining vine. These he placed in the bowl, and left in the middle of the vineyard for the birds to eat.

For the next two days the must required no attention, though the fermentation, owing to the heat of the weather, was going on very rapidly, and by the end of the second day the thin, acrid smell could be perceived from almost any part of the garden. Once or twice Constantine raised the cloths which covered the cask to see how it was getting on, and drew a little from the tap at the bottom of the barrel. But the stuff was still thick, and had not cleared sufficiently to be drawn off yet.

On the second day Mitsos went off to get fresh resin for the wine cask. The ordinary pine resin was usually used by Greeks for this, but Constantine always preferred the resin from the dwarf pine, which was less bitter, and finer in quality. The sides of Mount Elias were covered with the ordinary pine, but the dwarf pine only grew on the hills round Epidaurus, a five hours' journey off. Mitsos took his gun with him, on the chance of seeing some game, and started before the sun was up, for the way led over low hills without shelter of any kind, a day long target for the sun. The dwarf pines grew on the hill sides above the old Greek theatre, and he got there rather before ten o'clock. The sun, already high, drew up the heavy dew of the night before, and the air was quivering and shaking with heat. The pines grew more like bushes than like trees, with trunks sprawling along the ground, some of them covering a space of ten yards square. He selected a place near the root, and cut off a piece of bark some few inches square, in order that the resin might drip from the wounded side. He cut a dozen or so of these places on different trees, placing below each a flat stone to catch the dripping. In a few days' time there would be sufficient resin collected for the year's use. In several trees he found the places he had cut in previous years, in some of which, when the flow of resin had continued after he had removed it for the wine, it had gone on dripping until a little pillar like the slag wax from a candle stood up between the stone and the tree. He cut off one of these to see whether it was still good; but the damp had soaked into it, and the outside surface was covered with a gray fungus growth which rendered it useless.

He ate his dinner under the shade of the ordinary pine, which grew higher up the slope, and waited till the sun had lost its noonday heat, dozing, and wondering a bet the next year would bring for him. He had no idea that Nicholas would call on him to do, but he was willing to wait. The love of adventure and excitement was very strong in him, though he was content to go on living his usual life from day to day. Nicholas, he knew, would not fail, some day, he knew not when, the summons would come, and he would obey blindly. Then he thought of the horrible scene which Nicholas and he had looked on three months ago, when they saw that dead misshapen thing dangling from a tree and his blood began to boil, and the desire to avenge the wrongs done to his race arrived in him. "Spare not man, woman, or child," Nicholas had said.

He lay back on the short turf and began to think about Maria. Supposing Maria had been a Turkish woman, and Nicholas had come up to him, while he was looking

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at her sleeping the other day and told him to kill her, would he have been able? could he have struck anything so soft and pretty? Fancy that heavy lout Yanko marrying Maria! He was all fat and sat drinking all day at the wine shop, yet he was never drunk like a proper man, and he was seldom sober. Then Mitsos for the first time in his life became analytical, though he did not know what it meant—why was it that since the day he stood in front of Maria as she lay asleep he had regarded women somehow with different eyes? Hitherto he had thought of them in the obvious straightforward sense in which they are presented to a Greek boy—as beasts of burden, hewers of wood and drawers of water, inferior beings who waited on one at table, and, when the men were gone, chattered shrilly and volubly to one another like jays, about all sorts of uninteresting things—creatures altogether unfit for the companionship of men. But since that moment he or they had changed; there was something wonderful about them, which men did not share. Something demanding protection, even tenderness, affording one food for vague disquieting thought. It was very odd. He had not understood at all why Nicholas had spoken as he had of his wife, except in so far that she was a possession of which the Turks had robbed him. But Mitsos could think of nothing the loss of which would make him devote his life to the extermination of the race that had robbed him of it. Even if the Turks took away his gun, he realized that he would not wish to destroy the whole race for that. The brutal hanging of a man was a different matter. A man was a man; and a woman—well, that woman was Nicholas's wife. Suppose the Turks killed Maria, would that be worse than if they killed, say, Nicholas? Well, not worse—not nearly so bad, in fact—but somehow different.

Thus Mitsos knocked at the door of the habitation called love and waited for some one to open it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE WHEAT-LANDS OF WASHINGTON.

BY ISRAEL C. RUSSELL.

One of the most dramatic incidents in the geological history of America is recorded by the vast overflows of molten rock in the far Northwest, now termed the Columbia lava. The surface of the lava has been changed to a wonderfully rich soil, which now produces annually millions of bushels of wheat.

The extent of country covered by the Columbia lava is not accurately known, but careful estimates place it at from 200,000 to 250,000 square miles—an area from four to five times as great as that of Pennsylvania. Snake River, where it forms the boundary between Washington and Idaho, has carved a magnificent canyon 4000 feet deep in the hard black lava without revealing its maximum thickness. The average depth of this vast surface covering of once fused rock is by estimate fully 3000 feet. All of the lavas poured out by the volcanoes of the world within historic times, if run together, would equal only a small fraction of the basalt which occupies large portions of Washington, Oregon, California, and Idaho.

The Columbia lava is not one vast flow from half a mile to a mile in thickness, but consists of many individual sheets, which were spread out one over another at intervals during a large part of what is known as the tertiary period of the earth's history. Many of the separate sheets are from 80 to 150 feet thick. Between them there are occasionally widely extended layers of clay and sand, containing leaves of ancient forests and the bones of strange and now extinct mammals. In some instances, too, the surfaces of the lava sheets decayed and formed soil, on which forests of oaks and pines took root and flourished before the next succeeding inundation of molten rock. In places the charred remains of these forests occur beneath the lava sheets, the heat of which partially consumed them. In other localities the forests were buried beneath showers of volcanic dust, which fell on them as the snow falls in our woods in winter. These coverings of frequently pure white volcanic dust protected the trees from the heat of the lavas that subsequently flowed over them, and heated waters bringing silica in solution changed the still upright trunks to stone. Where streams have cut deep gorges through the succession of lava sheets these fossil trees have again, after millions of years of darkness, been brought to the light. On breaking open the great trunks we find that each molecule of the wood has been replaced by opal; but each ring of growth, each cell and sap-duct, is as perfect as in the wood that burns in our camp fire. Several such fossil forests may sometimes be seen in the wall of a single ravine. The time that witnessed the outpouring of the Columbia lava was surely long as measured in years.

No volcanoes have been found from which the Columbia lava flowed, and there are reasons for believing that it came to the surface of the earth through fissures. The earth's crust was fractured, and vast inundations of molten and highly fluid rock poured out and spread widely without making volcanic mountains.

The mountains of western Idaho and northern Washington consist of granite, schist, etc., and stood as deeply sculptured ranges before the Columbia lava flowed about their bases. The low lands, extending far away to the south, were inundated by the molten lava, and hills were buried from sight. As flood succeeded flood, outstanding mountain spurs became capes and headlands in the sea of fire, and detached mountain peaks were either submerged or transformed into islands. Marked changes, which may still be easily recognized, were thus made in the topography of the land.

There are two localities in Washington from which the story of these marvellous events which prepared the land for the wheat harvest may be read in the topography as from a printed page. Let us visit these instructive points of view.

When the outpourings of lava ceased, the streams from the mountains of Idaho and Washington flowed across the at first desolate plain, and began the task of eroding trenches through it. The stream that has made the most rapid progress in its appointed task is Snake River. On the crest of the canyon of that stream in the extreme southeast corner of Washington there is a remnant left by erosion which is higher than any other peak or crest in its vicinity, and is known as Mount Wilson.

An observer standing on the summit of Mount Wilson has around him the remnants of a deeply dissected plateau. Each principal stream is in a profound gorge or canyon from three to four thousand feet deep. The rocks between the vast labyrinth of sunken stream channels are precipitous, and rise to sharp crests and ragged peaks. On every hand are black basaltic rocks in even horizontal courses. Through all of the multitude of architectural forms which simulate castle towers and cathedral spires, run the heavy courses of the horizontal masonry, from which rain and frost, rills and rivers, have fashioned temples, sombre in color, but rich in sculpture.

Looking eastward from Mount Wilson, we behold the mighty gorge that the river far down in the depths has slowly excavated in the dense resistant rocks. The distance to the fringe of pines on the opposite brinks of the great depression is not less than fifteen miles. The descent to the narrow thread of water, dark in the shadow of cliffs or gleaming with foam in the sunlight, is about 4000 feet. The sides of the canyon are deeply scored by lateral gorges, and between them sharp mountain-like buttresses with rugged crests extend far out, and finally descend in nearly vertical cliffs to the river. Fully fifty miles of the great canyon are in plain view. Throughout this entire extent there are multitudes of ridges and peaks variously sculptured, many of which are veritable mountains in themselves, although overshadowed and dwarfed by the mighty wall that rises to form the outer margins of the wonderfully diversified excavation the river has made.

There is but one river in America that has left a more striking record of its power than the one before us. That is the Colorado. The gorgeous coloring that gives the Grand Canyon of the Colorado so much of its fascination is wanting in the canyon of Snake River, but the forms and the sculpturing of walls, battlements, and towers are much the same.

The one feature to which I wish to direct your attention, after the feeling of wonder that the first glance into the great canyon before us inspires, is this: although the horizontal bands formed by the edges of lava sheets may be traced along the upper portion of the canyon walls as far as the eye can reach on either hand, yet in the depths at one's feet other rocks are revealed.

From the bottom of the canyon crystalline rocks, consisting mostly of schist, rise far into the horizontally bedded basalt. This is a portion of the old land surface which was buried by the lava inundation. The schists exposed in the canyon walls really form the summit of a mountain range. The lower sheets of lava abut against the sides of the ancient mountain, while those higher in the series extend farther over its sloping side. Finally, at an elevation of about 2300 feet above the river, the horizontal sheets of basalt extend over the crest of the range. The river has not yet cut deep enough to reveal the base of the buried mountain, which is probably fully a thousand feet below, as there are no loose fragments or soil on the slopes that have been revealed. The lava was spread out sheet on sheet, until it not only covered the crest of the mountain, but buried it beneath 1000 to 1300 feet of solid rock.

Snake River, in excavating for itself a channel leading from its fountains in the mountains to the sea, chanced to cross the buried mountain, and again exposed it to the attack of the winds and rain, which have renewed their work upon it.

The time that has elapsed since the Columbia lava was outpoured, and during which the hardened rock has been deeply dissected by streams, has been very long, as man measures time.

In the neighborhood of Mount Wilson the Columbia lava has been upraised so as to form a broad low dome, termed the Blue Mountains. This upraising insured deep dissection. Large portions of the lava-covered country have not been disturbed, and, where not crossed by streams flowing from neighboring highlands, still form broad level plateaus. It is on such plateaus that practically all of the extensive wheat-lands of Washington, Oregon, and Idaho are located.

The characteristics of the vast plateau surface, where not dissected by streams, are splendidly revealed from the summit of Steptoe Butte. This butte is an isolated island-like mountain-peak of ancient rock, which rises over a thousand feet above the surface of the surrounding sea of basalt. It is located in eastern Washington, midway between Snake and Spokane rivers, and about sixteen miles from the boundary of Idaho.

To compare Steptoe Butte to an island and the surrounding plateau to the sea is not a figure of speech. The molten lava actually flowed about the ancient mountain, and deeply submerged its base. The nearest shore with which it was formerly connected is twelve miles eastward. The country between is part of the lava plateau.

From the sharp summit of Steptoe Butte the forest-covered mountains of Idaho are in full view. The junction between the once molten sea of lava and the ancient coast can be as plainly traced as one can follow with the eye the outlines of the coast of Maine from the summit of Mount Desert Island. Between the forested headlands the yellow wheat-lands extend far into the mountain valleys. The floors of the valley are of basalt, and the ridges between them of quartzite.

To the north, west, and south, to an observer of Steptoe Butte, the view is limitless. As far as the eye can reach on a clear, brilliant day there is nothing in sight but the vast level plateau, which extends to the horizon, and can be compared with nothing but the ocean. It is a stormy sea, for the surface of the plain is roughened by short hills, with level-floored valleys between. The horizon line is slightly undulating, like the sky-line at sea after a gale. The boundless plain, once a rolling prairie, without a tree or shrub, is now a patch-work of brown and yellow. The brown is the color of the ploughed soil; the yellow, the golden of grain-fields. Literally every acre in sight is under cultivation.

What impresses the stranger as a peculiar fact is that not a habitation is in sight, except near the base of the pyramid on which he stands. There are hundreds of homes amid the grain fields, however, but they are in the sheltered hollows, and hidden from sight.

There is not a stream or lakelet visible. The land is seemingly without water. The hill-sides are smooth and even. Not a trace of a rill-cut channel can be seen anywhere in the soft soil of the hill sides, or in the flat, even bottoms of the valleys.

On descending from our lookout, and traversing the rolling and moderately hilly surface of the plateau we find that the soil is as fine as flour, and that the plough moves through it as it would through so much meal. Not a stone, or even a grain of sand large enough to be visible to the naked eye, can be found in a day's search. This wonderful soil, the like of which no farmer born and bred east of the Appalachian Mountains has ever seen, is so porous that it absorbs every drop of rain that falls, and allows none to flow away to erode and wear the smooth surfaces of the hills. It is a remarkable fact that soil slopes having an inclination of twenty to thirty degrees are entirely without rill marks. The average annual precipitation is about seventeen inches, the greater part of which falls as snow during the mild winter season. As irrigation is impracticable, both on account of the absence of streams and the unevenness of the ground, it is evident that with such a small rainfall none of it can be wasted without endangering the harvest. Even when all the rain that falls and all the water furnished by melting snow is absorbed by the light, porous soil, the supply is not sufficient to insure an abundant wheat crop each year. The evaporation from ploughed fields during the summer season is less than when they are covered with growing grain. For this reason, as it seems, but one crop is taken from the land in two years. About one-half of the wheat-land lies fallow each year, and the rain of two winters is stored in the soil for the crop grown in alternate years.

The soil of the wheat-lands is dark brown, and almost black when wet, but at a depth of a few feet changes to a light yellow. This yellow subsoil is of essentially the same character and composition as the true soil, except that it lacks the organic matter, or humus, which is a precious inheritance from the centuries during which the plateau was a wild prairie land. Organic matter is now added to the soil by ploughing in the stubble of the wheat, but no fertilizers are used. Deep and rich as the soil is, there must come a time under the present system of cultivation when its more valuable elements, the potash, phosphoric acid, and lime, will have to be replenished.

It is an interesting fact that throughout the soil and subsoil of the wheat-lands not a trace is to be seen of the bright reds and yellows so characteristic of similar soils in warm, humid regions. The leaching of the soil by percolating waters has not progressed far enough to concentrate the peroxide of iron and enable it to impart its characteristic color to the residual product.

The subsoil in many places is from sixty to eighty feet deep. In fact, the average depth over many thousands of square miles is probably as great as the measures just given.

The origin of this truly wonderful soil can be easily traced to the disintegration and decay of the basaltic rocks which underlie it. At its base it passes downward, by invisible gradations, into decayed and loosened rock, and this again into solid black basalt. Chemical analyses of the soil and of the solid rock beneath show but minor differences. The soil was being prepared on the surface of the broad plateau, principally through the chemical action of percolating water charged with organic acids from the humus layer, during the time when Snake River was eroding its magnificent cañon.

While many cereals will grow well on the plateau of southeastern Washington, wheat is the only grain extensively cultivated. Apples and prunes also grow finely and without irrigation, and are remarkably large and rich in flavor, but the principal fruit supply of the region is obtained from narrow sheltered lands in the bottom of Snake River canyon. In that gorge, 2000 feet deep where it crosses the wheat-land plateau, the climate is almost sub-tropical, and peaches, pears, apricots, plums, prunes, apples, etc., of excellent flavor and of remarkably large size and perfection of form, are raised in abundance. It is claimed, and apparently without exaggeration, that every fruit that can be raised in the United States, with the exception of oranges, lemons, and bananas, can be grown to perfection in Washington.

The wheat of Washington is of many varieties, but the beardless or club wheat seems to be the favorite. Spring and winter wheat are both cultivated in about equal proportions. The grain is "soft" in distinction from the "hard" wheat of Minnesota and the Dakotas, but is in high favor among millers. Some of it is shipped to Minneapolis to be ground with the wheat of that region.

The wheat-fields are yellow and ready for the reapers by the middle of August in the western and more arid portion of the plateau, but near the mountains of Idaho the beginning of the harvest is delayed until late in September.

The fineness of the soil and the total absence of stones permit the use of the most improved farming machinery. Ploughs which turn several furrows at a time and the most efficient harrows, pulverizers, and reapers, are seen everywhere. The wheat is mostly harvested by machines of two types, termed "self-binders" and "headers." The former reap the grain and bind it into sheaves as they pass along; the latter cut off the tops of the grain and carry them to "header wagons," which are driven by the side of the reapers. These two types of modern reaping-machines are shown in operation in the accompanying illustrations. The loads of the header-wagons are stacked in the fields to await the steam threshing-machines, while the sheaves left scattered over the fields by the self-binders are brought together when the threshing is under way.

There is an absence of barns throughout the wheat-growing region, and the threshing is done in the open air, shelter not being provided for even the harvested grain. This improvident practice sometimes leads to disaster, as an autumn storm occasionally destroys the grain when it is sacked and ready for market. In this and many other ways carelessness and waste characterize the operations carried on in a region where Nature has been lavish with her blessings. The thrift and the comfortable homes formerly so characteristic of the sterile lands of New England are unfortunately absent from the rich wheat-lands of the far Northwest.

In Washington about one million acres of wheat-land are cultivated, of which over six hundred thousand acres are east of the Cascade Mountains and in the region occupied by the Columbia lava. The average yield for the entire State is from twenty-five to thirty bushels per acre. In southeastern Washington the average yield per acre is about twenty bushels. During unusually favorable years this average is increased by one half. In certain sections during unusually favorable years a yield of eighty bushels and more per acre has been reported.

Following the discovery that wheat can be grown with

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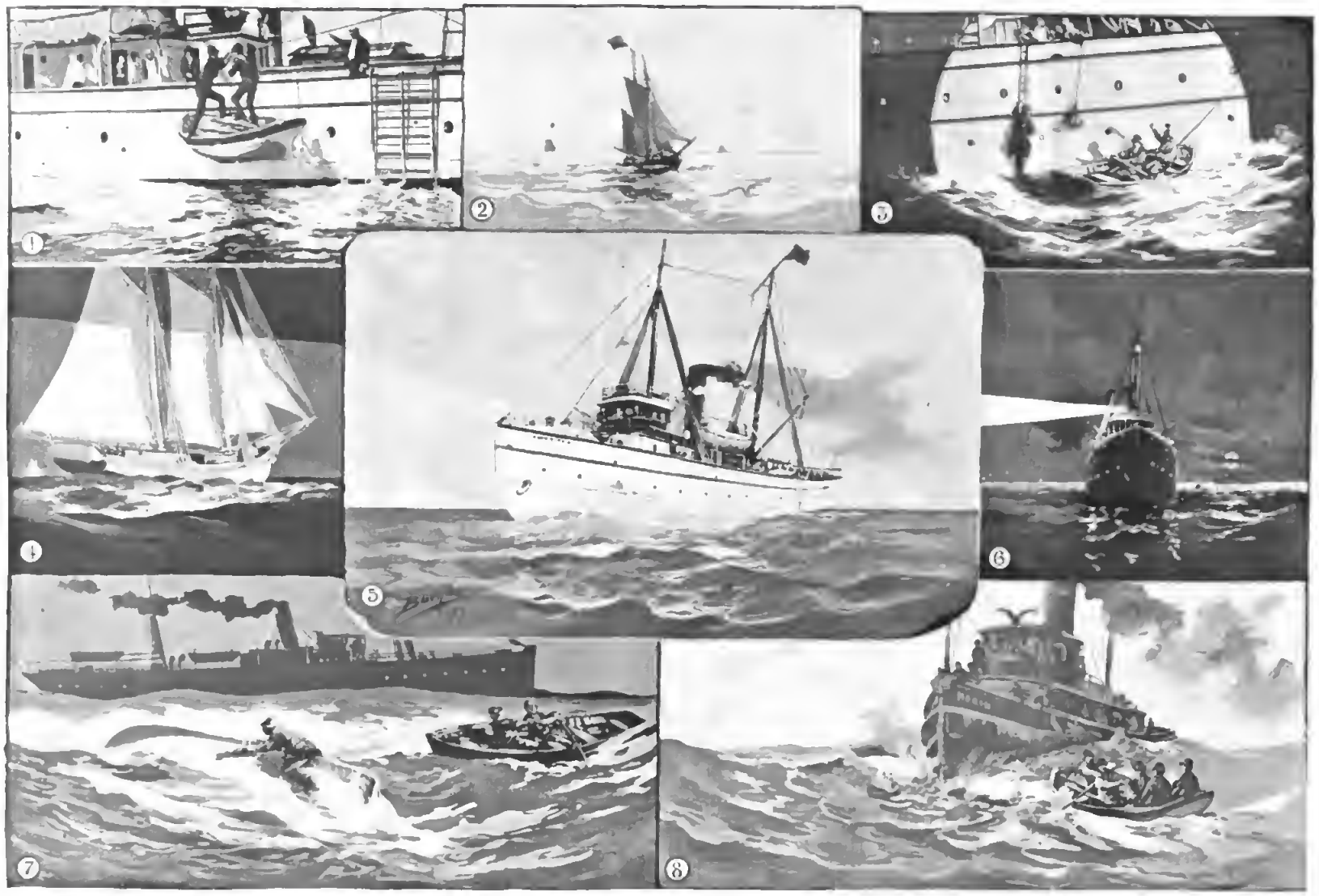

PILOTAGE OFF SANDY HOOK—ON BOARD THE NEW STEAM PILOT-STATION BOAT "NEW YORK"—DRAWN BY M. J. BURNS.—[SEE PAGE 739]

1. Hoisting a Yawl on Board. 2. A Pilot-Boat off Shore watching for Vessels. 3. The Pilot and his Baggage. 4. Picking up a Pilot-Schooner with the Search-Light. 5. A View of the Steam Pilot-Station Boat. 6. A Night View, showing Search-Light. 7. One of the many Dangers. 8. A good Chance for Home.

AN AFTERNOON CONCERT AT THE LAKE, PROSPECT PARK, BROOKLYN.—[See "This Busy World," Page 751.]

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profit and without irrigation on the broad basaltic plateau of Washington and neighboring States, there came marvellous developments in many other directions. Hundreds of miles of railroads have been built across the once desolate lava plains and through the sombre canyons. Numerous towns and hundreds of hamlets have sprung into existence.

The largest and most flourishing town south of Snake River is Walla Walla, situated on the banks of a bright clear stream that flows from the Blue Mountains. This substantial town of about five thousand inhabitants is the centre of an extensive and prosperous farming community, and is the site of a military post and of a State prison. It has little in the way of natural beauty to commend it, except the deeply sculptured hills to the south, which are yellow with wheat fields. Whitman College is there located, and although at present a small institution, strenuous efforts are being made to enlarge its endowment and greatly to increase its efficiency.

Walla Walla holds an important place in the history of Washington, for the reason that Marcus Whitman there established a mission in 1836, and founded the first white settlement in the State. It was from there the brave and far seeing missionary started on his famous and truly heroic ride across the continent, for many hundreds of miles a pathless wilderness infested with savages, to inform President Tyler, at the capital city, of the promise of the unknown land to the west of the Rocky Mountains. This journey, which saved to the United States a region of great natural wealth as large as France and Germany combined, and completed the symmetry of a nation, is one of the most thrilling pages in American history.

The fairest portion of the great plateau of Washington lies to the north of Snake River, and is drained by the many branches of the Palouse. This stream is believed to have derived its name from the French word *pelouse*, meaning greensward, lawn, etc., in allusion to the boundless rolling prairies that existed there before the country was settled by the white man.

The "Palouse country" is adjacent to the forest-covered mountains of Idaho, and in many ways is an attractive and beautiful region. As already mentioned in attempting to describe the characteristics of the land as seen from the summit of Steptoe Butte, it is a rich farming region. Many of the towns in this section of the State, such as Pullman, Garfield, Palouse, Colfax, Rosalia, etc., although at present suffering from the general business depression they have recently experienced in common with the entire nation, certainly have promising futures.

A thriving Agricultural College and School of Science is located at Pullman, supported in part by a generous grant from the general government. An efficient corps of energetic and capable teachers and investigators, under the leadership of President Enoch A. Bryan, is there striving to diffuse general culture and a knowledge of scientific agriculture among an intelligent and receptive community the resources of which lie in the cultivation of the soil. Much of the future greatness of Washington depends on the support, both financial and moral, that this promising institution receives.

The villages and towns of eastern Washington, as is the case generally in the Far West, have a crudeness and lack of individuality that would seem harsh and unæsthetic to many dwellers in older communities. Many of the people are wanderers who have drifted westward without definite intentions of founding permanent homes. Even the farmers partake of something of the restless, adventurous spirit of the cowboy and the prospector. The genuine frontiersman, who, like Whitman, braved many dangers for the sake of subduing a wild, unpeopled region, are fast passing away.

The finest and most prosperous city in eastern Washington, and the one for which destiny has in store a brilliant future, is Spokane—a city of about 25,000 inhabitants, situated in the valley of the river of the same name. This beautiful town has a solid basis for development and growth in its proximity to the wheat lands on the one hand, and to extensive mining and lumbering regions on the other. It has also an abundant and never failing water power. Near at hand are hoaline deposits of remarkable purity, already utilized in a crude way in the manufacture of pottery, and quarries of excellent granite. Two important transcontinental railroad systems, the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific, pass through the city, and are rivals for its commerce. The municipal buildings, schools, churches, business blocks, and private residences compare favorably with those of many Eastern cities like Hartford, Trenton, Harrisburg, etc.

The influence of events in the remote geological history of Washington on the industries and thoughts of the present generation is again well illustrated at Spokane.

Spokane River, like Snake River, has its sources in the mountains to the east of the basaltic plateau across which it flows on its way to join the Columbia. Like Snake River, also, the Spokane has carved a deep canyon in the horizontal lava sheets, which, however, is broader in reference to its depth than is the case with the greater canyon to the south. After the river had extravated its channel to about its present depth, as revealed in the wild gorge below the city of Spokane, there came a climatic change which led to the accumulation of deep perennial snow and the development of glaciers on the mountains of Idaho. This occurring the glacial epoch, when fully one half of North America was ice covered. The swift streams from the glaciers and snow fields among the mountains were flooded, and carried such great quantities of sand, gravel, and bowlders down their steep channels that the rivers into which they discharged, the grades of which were low, were unable to bear the deposit all away. The channels of the overloaded rivers became partially filled, and their task of rock cutting greatly delayed. The canyon of Snake River was filled in this manner to a depth of 300 feet, and that of the Spokane to a depth nearly as great. A similar episode is recorded of the canyon of the Columbia and of those of all its principal tributaries.

When the climate ameliorated, the rivers began the excavation of new channels in the deposits they had previously laid down. When the Spokane commenced this task it was meandering over the gravelly bottom of its partially filled valley and retained its course as it slowly sank in its deepening channel. As the river intrenched itself, it was lowered upon rock spurs projecting from the sides of its buried rock-cut channel, and was thus greatly delayed in the task of re-excavating. One of the ledges that the river discovered in re-excavating its valley is to be seen in Spokane, and caused the cascade which led to the birth and rapid growth of that city.

There are many other examples in the geography of Washington that might be discussed did space permit, which have had a definite and determining influence on the advancing tide of civilization, and illustrate the fact that a knowledge of the geography of a State is one of the surest guides for its proper development.

A HEAD OF WHEAT PRODUCED BY PERFECT ARTIFICIAL FERTILIZATION. THE HEAD TO THE LEFT IS THE FEMALE; TO THE RIGHT, THE MALE.

THE BREEDING OF WHEAT.

SCIENTIFIC research, investigation, and experimentation have done much to undermine some notions in regard to heredity. For instance, the recent investigations into the nature of the tuberculosis bacillus have shown that it is a communicable, not an inherited bacillus, so that the ancient belief that consumption is an inherited disease, a penalty of heredity, appears to have gone the way of many another fallacy.

Yet in heredity there is still left us by the scientists much that will not yield. And while certain scientific people have been disproving some statements as to heredity, others have been discovering new and striking facts related to the inheritance of racial characteristics. In the one field of moral and intellectual inheritance there is a harvest to be reaped which the mental or physical scientist may not garner in generations.

But it is not to attempt discussion of the ethical or religious elements of heredity that this paper is prepared, but to describe, from the writer's stand-point as a layman, an exhaustive investigation into plant heredity, and the development or the creation of new plant life. When, as in this instance, the plant life which has been yielding up its secrets is one whose yellow fruit is for the refreshment of the nations, then the interest in its past and future becomes yet more vivid. The breeding of wheat, the establishment of new species, the registering of these new species in what might not inaptly be termed a plant herd-book, the study of the characteristics and peculiarities of the children of these new species, the occasional startling suggestions of atavism or reversion, the return of long dead types—these and much more have been made prominent in the investigations which it is the purpose of this paper to describe.

The study of the fertilization, or the pollenization, of plants and flowers has been one of the most fascinating and profitable branches of modern botany. Indeed, it comes so close to the realm of biology that others than the botanist have been attracted to it. Cross-fertilization, the creation of a new species or the strengthening of an old one by mixture, has long been popular with nature, and man as well. Volumes have been written—exhaustive treatises, theses, text books, bulletins, and what not have found their way into print concerning this act, and no doubt a large amount of the information so spread broadcast over the world has stimulated interest in and won over to the scientific courses of the curriculum many who might otherwise have spent their college years at the genial hearthstone of the classics.

But the work which has been under way for the past ten years at the State Experiment Station in connection with the Minnesota State University, the agricultural college of that State, in the selection, the fertilization, and the breeding of wheat and other grains, has had for its object not so much the arousing of interest on the part of scientific men as the establishing of new species of wheat, so bred that they would be able to produce larger yields of the great food staple of the world. The wheat of the Northwestern States has been recognized for years as of a superior quality; but if by these investigations and by the establishment of new species of grains the yield of the wheat region could be increased by so much as an average of one-half bushel to the acre, the new species of wheat thus formed would take the place of the old, excellent as they have proved.

The investigations here been, so far, remarkably successful. Of course much of the work is experimental, but some of the results have shown phenomenal increases in yields by the new wheats created. If only a little of the increase shown in one or two of the new varieties created is maintained when the wheat is more fully tested in the fields of the Northwest, the results will be of vast importance. If one-half a bushel additional per acre were added to the wheat crop of the three States of North and South Dakota and Minnesota in an average year, five million bushels of wheat would be added to the harvest of those commonwealths in a single season. The indications now are that these investigations, which have been conducted at State expense and for the general good of all, will result in giving to the farmers of the great wheat regions new varieties of wheat which shall yield yet more abundantly when the rich noble harvests of the wide prairies are garnered for the grinding of the flour of the nations.

VARIATIONS IN LENGTH OF STRAW FROM THE SAME PLANT. HEIGHT OF HEAD ALIKE ON ALL STRAWS FROM SOWING ARTIFICIALLY.

Years must elapse in the cultivation of new wheats before definite results can be known. The data from which this paper is prepared are the result of some ten years of investigation and experimentation. When a new wheat is to be created, it must be a single kernel act—there is no such thing as any wide wholesale reproduction. The creation of a new wheat is the work of the deft fingers of one man, who, aided by the marvellous unknowable functions of nature, produces a living, even if unsentient, being—such a one as has never before quickened and sprouted and blossomed and ripened under the blue skies of summer. The single isolated act of breeding must be followed by the kernel's fruition, once this is accomplished, there lie before the creator, at the end of the season, a few golden hued grains—you could hold them all in the palm of your hand and have room to spare. It may be, most wonderful of possibilities, this single kernel shall become the parent of a noble race.

It is out of these few hundreds of grains that, if the type is of the proper grade of merit, marvellous harvests are to spring, that vast mills are to be supplied with millions upon millions of bushels of wheat, to pass out to the hungry world in great train loads of flour; it is from this handful of kernels may spring the prosperity of a nation. For, if this new grain life is to show its power of reproduction to be superior to that of the grains which have been in vogue, if it is to be more hardy and more rich and more prolific, all others must fall before it; in among the stalks of wheat no less than in the forum or in the modern marts of trade or among the present or prehistoric races of the earth the same inexorable law of the survival of the fittest must prevail.

There are hundreds of kinds of wheat the world over. Some of them are of little aid to commerce, either through inferiority of quality or paucity of yield. Many of them are of special fitness for their own region alone, and will not take kindly to other soils. One may thrive best on the wide plains of Hungary, another may ripen best under the fair skies of Greece, another, by the banks of Father Nile; still another and another and another may be best developed in different regions of great Russia.

While the great wheat fields of the United States have been yielding magnificently in past years, and while there have been few signs of impoverished soils in some portions of the vast wheat region of the Northwest, yet there are forces at work in the soils, in the climate, in the wheat seed itself, occasionally to reduce the yield and to lead to questionings as to the future. With the introduction of new types of wheat, tested by a number of years of planting, new life enters the veins of the harvest, sure to promote a healthier circulation.

The breeding process is very interesting. Out in the nodding grain you may see a young man—perhaps an advanced student in the college, or, if the task be an exceptionally delicate one maybe a professor from the institution. His work is to fertilize or to pollenize one wheat flower with another of a different type. The flower of wheat is self fertilizing, and the same process is constantly carried on over and over again, the type of wheat maintaining itself through the centuries. The grain of wheat

A WHEAT BREEDER AT WORK IN THE FIELD.

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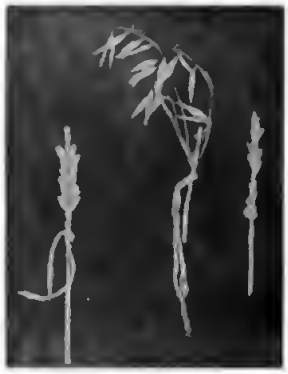

HEADS OF WHEAT (ONE OF OATS), SHOWING HOW THE KERNELS DEVELOP AFTER FERTILIZATION, ONLY THE STRONGEST FLOWERS BEING USED, THE OTHERS BEING CUT AWAY FROM THE HEAD.

which may be found in the swampy windings in some death home on the banks of the Nile will, if it has maintained its powers—as it is seriously claimed it may—germinate on some Western prairie, fertilize itself through its own flowers, just as its progeny would have done through all the years since the pyramids were builded, had it been given to the rich earth.

The wheat flower is what is called a perfect one, having all the essentials of reproduction within itself. The anthers, the small sacs filled with fructifying pollen grain, burst open, the yellow dust is sifted down upon the stigma, moist to catch and to hold the dust, germination takes place, a tubelike growth penetrates the stigma, grows down into the sac, or ovary, where the grain kernel is developed, and the new seed is formed. So great an authority as Henri de Vilmorin, of France, one of the greatest of the world's seedsmen, says that not once in ten thousand times does the grain of wheat result from pollen being supplied by another flower from the same or another plant. I shall not forget the wonderment which filled the fine face of this man, whose life has been spent in the midst of the largest seed industry of the world and in the agricultural service of the French government, when, in company with a party of World's Fair commissioners, representing the leading nations of the world, he looked for the first time upon the limitless yellow plains of the Dakotas when the harvest was ripe for the garnering.

But we must not wander from our young man in the field of grain. With delicate instruments he takes a head of the wheat which has just entered the flowering stage, cuts away the top and a part of the spikes at the bottom of the head, and leaves a dozen or so of the strongest flowers thus treated remaining on the head. This head will be of some well-known and vigorous type of wheat, grown from selected kernels. Another head from some other equally well known species is similarly treated. The kernels were planted in the spring, in single hills twelve inches apart each way, and they have been cared for with the most scrupulous attention, in order that they may develop into the sturdiest strength.

When the two heads have been treated in this manner the operator deftly removes the anther from one flower of one type of wheat, and breaking it open, sifts the pollen it contains down upon the moist stigma of the other flower, having previously removed the anther from this latter flower, so that self fertilization has been prevented. The operator has thus acted as an aid to nature, taking the two vital elements of reproduction, joining them, and adding thereby to the plants of the world a new life—most wonderful of acts. He has created, or aided nature to create, a new grain, with untold possibilities wrapped up in its delicate green home for the advancement of the commerce of the world.

This same process is carried on with a large number of plants of the same varieties of wheat, for, so delicate is the act of fertilization, and so liable is the operator to fail, even in the most skilful treatment, only a few out of the whole number treated can be expected to make a successful union.

All these wheat kernels are given numbers when they are selected for planting. These numbers they and their progeny hold through all the years of the experimentation. The numbers are recorded in a large book. Every step in the history of the family, through a term of years, is thus noted. It may be a decade before the full type-traits are known. Of course the greatest care is taken that there shall be no self fertilization, and the deftness of the student or professor, the more certain it is there will be no mistake.

When the work of fertilization has been completed, the head of wheat is wrapped about with tissue paper and tied above and below, so that no outside influences of any kind may be allowed to undo the work of the operator. The results show successful fertilization in from six to ten per cent. of the heads treated.

When once the product of the initial kernel of wheat is ripened and garnered great care is taken with it. It is carefully weighed and measured and its weight in grams is recorded in the book which is to hold all its history. It is a precious head of wheat which tops out this nodding stalk. Its possibilities are beyond the ken of men. The kernels are carefully threshed out, and the best, and only the best, kernels of the head are kept. The operator takes the product of the head in his hand and throws it across a blanket. The poorest grains will fall short of a given line, the best and heaviest ones will go beyond. This is the method pursued in, say, the second or third year; the first year the operator will trust to nothing but his sight and judgment and he picks out the best heads in one by one. All the inferior kernels are thrown away. The aim is to select only the most hardy and excellent of kernels for the planting. With great care the kernels are kept isolated for the next year's planting, happy the experimenter if there be propitious weather from germination to gaugering! And as the work progresses through the long series of years. Starting with a single kernel, the operator has long to wait until the increase from that single yellow particle is pronounced enough to be marked, but when that point is reached the increase will proceed with wonderful rapidity. Let us suppose that one of these new wheats which have been created, and which is a small way has been shown to be much superior to the wheats now in use, had the whole unfilled grain field of the earth before it, how long do you suppose it would be before this single isolated kernel would produce all the wheat used in the world?

In sixteen years, granting that but one crop were planted a year, and allowing the single kernel the whole wheat world for the development of its progeny, the single kernel would have multiplied into 76,886,718,750 bushels of wheat. The first year the single kernel would produce some twenty heads, say three hundred grains of wheat after the inferior ones had been thrown away. The next year the three hundred grains would ripen into enough to plant a fifteenth of an acre. The next year a twentieth of an acre would be planted, yielding two bushels of good seed-wheat. These two bushels would be sufficient to seed two acres of ground. Allowing that they would yield but fifteen bushels of good kernels that year, at the spring time of the fifth year there would be enough grain to produce a harvest of four hundred and fifty bushels. The next year the increase would be fifteen-fold, and from that point on the ratio is one of enormous progression, reaching nearly eighty billion of bushels at the end of the sixteenth year. These figures are not, of course, to be demonstrated in any actual experimentation, but they indicate the enormous possibilities of a new species of wheat when once it is found to be better than the wheats which have preceded it.

In addition to all the tests for larger yields, a careful record is kept of the flour-producing qualities of the wheat. All the nutritious constituent parts of a first-class wheat are of course at hand, and the new wheat is measured up alongside of this standard, in order to see, if it should prove to be a large yielder, whether it will be able to make a superior brand of flour. Substations have been established in the State where these experiments have been conducted, where, on a larger scale than would be possible at the college itself, the new wheats which are all the time being created can be tested in acre or ten acre plots, or even in still larger and more roomy quarters. The work began in the year 1888, under the direction of Professor W. M. Hayes, of the chair of Agriculture of the State university, and agriculturist in charge of the work of the agricultural college proper. He has given to the work much attention, and has added to his knowledge gained in much original investigation a strong desire to improve the wheats of the world. I am indebted to him for data in use in the preparation of this paper.

During the spring and summer of 1897 the wheats which have before been in a more or less experimental stage, because their cultivation had to be conducted on a very small scale, will be given more elbow-room, so to speak, at the substations, and will then speak for themselves. The results so far reached have shown that even the fine and rich wheat which has made the Northwest known the world over may be splendidly surpassed. Some of the experiments have indicated a yield of from ten to fifteen bushels per acre more than the wheats now in use, but this is deemed altogether too liberal an increase to be maintained in the field. It is not probable that any such increase will be noted when the new wheats are subjected to all the conditions with which the wheats now in use are obliged to contend; but if an increase of a half or a quarter of that amount should be shown—indeed, if, as has been stated, an increase of one-half a bushel per acre is established—the results will be of immense importance to the commerce of the world. The indications are that the increase in yield will be considerably more than the one half bushel per acre.

VARIETIES OF ARTIFICIALLY BRED WHEAT.

RESULT OF CROSSING THE BANNER TYPE (ON THE LEFT) AND THE CHEVALIER (ON THE RIGHT), SHOWING A MARKED IMPROVEMENT.

The possibilities of such a decade of investigation as this are enough to bewilder one. While the work of creating new kinds of this staple product of the world is attended with much that is of a peculiar interest, to scientist and layman as well, it is yet work of the most practical nature. It is not too much to say that it promises to provide one of the most important and valuable contributions which science will have made to the coffers of commerce.

W. S. HARWOOD.

THE STEAM PILOT-BOAT "NEW YORK."

THE steam pilot-boat *New York* went on "station duty" at the entrance to New York Harbor shortly after July 1. The advent of this boat in commission marks another change from the picturesque and dangerous to the practical and safe in this branch of maritime industry. It is the same change that has come over sea going commerce in general since sails began to disappear and smoke funnels and propellers began to take their places in the navigation of vessels.

The appearance of this pilot-steamship *New York* means as much to the commerce of the greatest port of this country as it does to the pilots themselves. It means a saving of time to outgoing and incoming ships, and it means a saving of life to the pilots themselves. There were 166 licensed pilots for New York Harbor up to November 30, 1895; these pilots were attached to twenty-nine first-sailing ships. The ships sailed where there seemed the most likelihood of intercepting incoming vessels. Some of them went as far in the east as Cape Sable and as far to the south as the Virginia capes. Frequently they sailed 2000 miles before getting a ship. The younger men in the business were daring. Sail was crowded on dangerously in racing for ships. No weather was too rough for an attempted boarding of a vessel. Frequently life was lost in these attempts, and often many a pilot-boat was blown on shore or disappeared forever in some terrible storm along the coast. Since 1853 no less than thirty-four pilot-boats and fifty-one pilots have been lost at sea.

This keen and dangerous competition came to an end on December 1, 1895. The pilots got together. They said that there was only a certain amount of work to be done and a certain number of men to do it. By requiring every man to do an equal share of work, the total receipts from pilot fees for the port could be divided equally, and the pilots could be assured of a reasonable income, and serious loss of life and great hardship could be avoided. It was decided to form an association, in which all the pilots should be equal shareholders.

This association bought up the twenty-nine sail pilot-boats, and retired all but about ten of them. It fixed three cruising stations to the east of New York Harbor, and three to the south. The most distant of these stations to the south was forty miles, off Barnegat, and to the east was thirty miles, off Fire Island.

Then it was decided to build the *New York* for station duty work. It is the duty of the *New York* to take off pilots of outgoing vessels and to house ten other pilots, each remaining a week, for vessels which may have missed the cruising pilot-boats on their way to port. The distinct advantage in having a steam-vessel for this work is that on days when there is no wind an outgoing vessel may not be delayed in sending off its pilot, and on days when storms rage the home station boat need not seek refuge, but will be able to weather the strongest gale.

The *New York* was built by the Harlan & Hollingsworth Company, of Wilmington, Delaware, from designs by the well known naval architect A. Cary Smith, the designer of some of the best-known yachts and steamboats in and about New York Harbor. She is 155 feet long, 28 feet wide, and draws 19 feet 7 inches of water. Her engines are of the compound type. She has accommodations for a permanent crew of about ten men, and room for a company of twenty-four pilots. She has a steam hoisting gear for the lowering of boats when pilots come aboard or are sent off. She has an elaborate electric plant, and her powerful search light has already been put to a practical test in the saving of the life of a man thrown overboard by accident. The illustrations by Mr. Burns depict admirably the life on the new boat, which is really a modest steamship, capable of going anywhere and weathering any gale.

It is probable that when the Pilots' Association gets out of debt, caused by the purchase of the sailing fleet, another boat like the *New York* will be built. It is necessary for such a craft to return to port frequently for coal, and hence the *New York* is kept at the home station. Her appearance marks the complete end of the "cruise where you like" system. Pilots for New York Harbor henceforth will cruise "on soundings" only.

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HARVESTING WHEAT WITH HEADING SCRAPER

Stevens Hall. Administration Building. College Hall. Ferry Hall.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE AND SCHOOL OF SCIENCE, PULLMAN WASHINGTON

HALF A MILLION BUSHELS OF WHEAT AWAITING SHIPMENT AT PULLMAN, WASHINGTON.

THE WHEAT-LANDS OF WASHINGTON.—[See Page 730.]

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DOWN THE COAST.

BY HAROLD MARTIN.

WE were seated amidships, and had made ourselves comfortable among the miscellaneous cargo scattered over the deck. Two or three miles to port was the dim line of the Yucatan coast, and to starboard the moonlit waters of the Gulf. The little steamer rose and fell evenly on the gentle waves, that rolled to the beach, to break in dull flashes on the sands. That night the deck house was filled with a crowd of pechiling Turks. Above the clanking noise of machinery, and the regular accompaniment of rushing water, rose now and then the higher tones of a woman's voice. Forward a stevedore was strumming a guitar, stopping at times to laugh with the sprawling men around him.

Bishop and I were representing rival hemp houses in the North. During the first few months following my arrival we had clashed, and the activity of one had forced the other to unwilling effort. But since we had made our combination, wherein we acted as one man, our ways had been easier and we had become good friends.

We were enjoying the quiet evening and cool air, after the heat and smells of Progreso, and had been joined by a man whose appearance had attracted our comment that afternoon on the wharf. He was tall and spare in figure, gray haired, and seemingly forty five or fifty years old. He was unmistakably fair, though his skin was dark as mahogany. He wore the Maya costume of white cotton, but set off with certain accessories of dress, such as necktie and shoes, that the Indians never affect. He spoke the coast Spanish perfectly, and we had been surprised to learn he was American. His English was pure and good, though halting and hard to utter. We had been speaking of the familiar coast we were passing, and Bishop had vainly tried to account for the strange fascination that had held him there for ten years. As the moons behind us waned, and the men on deck stretched out to sleep in the shadows of bulwark and bale, the new comer told us this tale:

His name was Begg, and back in '81 he first came down to Yucatan on business for a Northern house. During his second summer the yellow fever caught him while stopping a few days in a little village called Maxkanú. Maxkanú is like all the rest of those Indian villages—a broad plaza, with the crumbling yellow church and soldiers' quarters on opposite sides, and a few diverging streets of oval palm thatched huts, each in its garden of banana-trees and myrtle. Then four or five leagues of low hot country to the next one just like it.

The foreigner who falls ill of the fever down here has a hard time. The natives accept his ultimate death as a foregone conclusion, and leave him to fight it out alone. Small wonder the chances are against him. But the people Begg fell in with were different. From pure goodness of heart and pity they started to care for him; they swung him in a hammock and gave him local remedies. A daughter in the family made Begg her special charge, and nursed him tenderly. She must have been a good nurse, for, with all chances against him, she finally brought him through. During the delirious hours when the fever ran high, and through the long hot days of convalescence, Romana was always by his side. In her simple childish heart she pitied him at first, and before he was well she had fallen in love with him. During the days that he was growing slowly stronger, lying in a hammock swung in a corner of the garden, she would sing him Indian songs to her guitar, or busy herself with her simple household duties, stopping often to come to his side. He had been so close to death that even then the future seemed unassured and distant, and, swayed by the influences of the moment, he grew very fond of her. He knew he would soon pass out of her life, as he was to leave as soon as he was strong enough, and thoughtlessly, wanting only to make her happy for the present, he made love to her. The sweet dark face in the clinging robons, the tender, gentle hands, always ready to care for him, the graceful and slender body in the flowing draperies, all won his heart. He was doubtless moved by the romance of the situation, she had saved his life, and it seemed to him natural to love her in return. But when he was able to leave, the sorrow of that little Maya maid was indeed pitiful. She knew intuitively that all was over: his world was different from hers, he came from a land she had never even heard of, and his life called him back. His grief—for he had grown to love her more than he realized—was tempered by this thorough way out of a growing difficulty—that of his approaching departure. Clear reasoning showed him the mistake marriage with her would be, and he blamed himself for ever having made love to her. His last promise was to write her from the North, and his last recollection was of a loving, tear stained face.

Then he returned to New York. He had done well in the South, and was able to buy an attractive partnership. Times were good, and he prospered. He was a city man, born and bred, and settled down into the life he had interrupted by several years of wandering. In due course he became engaged to be married to a girl of his own class, she was sweet tempered and pretty, socially popular, and a fitting match for a rising young man.

He wrote to Romana from the North, first to tell her of his safe arrival; then other letters followed, and he grew interested in her simple and childish replies. She told him of occurrences in the village, about the death of a parrot he had given to her, and always of her love. He tried to write coldly to her, hoping her letters would stop, but bringing up her fair image to his mind as he wrote filled him with the old tenderness, and he often said more than he should. He would try not to think of this brown skinned, barefooted Indian girl, but the recollection of her sweet face, hoping against hope to see him again, would come, strive as he might to put it away. He resolved never to write her again, but with a letter in her queer handwriting would crowd in recollections of the old days, mingled with soft Spanish words of love. He would think of her sorrow as the days went by and still no answer came from him, and he could not help writing her again.

That year came the hard times, and business was bad all over the country. Firm after firm failed, and the failure of a certain bank carried him along with it. This was the beginning of his bad luck; older men with stronger credit re-established themselves, but everything Begg attempted turned out badly, and he lost his last dollar. Then his fiancée broke their engagement. Perhaps the failure had something to do with it, for she was an ambitious young woman. Matters now seemed as dark and hopeless to Begg as they had appeared bright but a few months before.

Then he would think about this country down here, and Romana. What difference did prospects and fortune make to her? He would think of the warm sun when the cold wind blew through his summer clothes. And one afternoon, down on the Battery watching the steamers clearing for the South, and with Romana's last letter in his hand, he decided to go. He collected an old debt, changed his money, and sailed the end of the week.

In his soberer moments on the way down he repented the move—it was cowardly and weak; but he drove these thoughts from him and only looked ahead to Romana, the warm sun, and the leaning palms.

He married her at once. He was starting on a new life, and wanted irrevocably to shut out the past and to bind himself to the new future. Then came the awakening to realities, he found one must earn a living, even in this lazy land, and that his rent must be paid as promptly in this country of tropical abundance as it would have to be in New York. He managed to get work on a near by hacienda, supplanting a Mexican named Lorenzo—a man of ability in his way, but a drinker. Lorenzo was an old suitor of Romana's, for two years he had courted her after the fashion of the country, but she would have nothing to do with him, she was waiting for Begg to come back.

So when Begg did come, and got first Lorenzo's girl and then his job, Lorenzo hated him well, and waited for

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his chance to vent his growing ill-will. Lorenzo was a man of some importance in the community, while Begg was a new comer, and generally looked upon as an intruder. The Mexican soon found his opportunity. For some days he had been lounging around the raspadores at the hacienda where Begg worked seeking to dissatisfy the peons. He knew this annoyed Begg. One day Begg lost his temper, and ordered him off the place. He did not go, so Begg threw him off, and accidentally broke Lorenzo's arm in doing it. That same evening Begg told Romana about the encounter, she was frightened at what Lorenzo might do. "Am I not good for three such men as Lorenzo?" said Begg, bravely enough; yet within an hour the soldiers caught him unawares and had him securely jailed.

He was kept in jail ten days, under close guard, and seeing no one. Then one night he was driven down to the coast, shipped on board a little trading schooner to San Pablo, and again at night and under guard conveyed to the penitentiary. All this had occurred without any hearing whatever, and no possible rumors was allowed him to communicate with outsiders. In the penitentiary he was kept at hard labor for nine years, with the most criminal element of the Mexican republic as companions. He could see the American steamers unloading in the bay, on holidays he saw the stars and stripes waving over the consulate, but never a chance had he of getting out word of his trouble. Such are the charms a foreigner runs down here when he incurs the enmity of a man like Lorenzo. Once he tried to escape, but almost died of a gun shot wound from a sentry. The years went by. Such an experience breaks a man's spirit pretty thoroughly. All hope of freedom left him, except through some outside and unforeseen agency. He had cut loose from all his Northern friends, none knew where he was, and none troubled to look for him, as there was only Romana. But she was ignorant of the world outside her own village; she had hardly heard of San Pablo, and never of a penitentiary, and, besides, Lorenzo was on hand to crush any effort she might make.

The jail to Romana was hardly more than a name. She remembered the confinement of some noisy reveller after the fiestas, and she expected to see Begg again any day. She was denied admittance to him, and this was Lorenzo's doing. Then one day he said to her, "Your man has gone back to the country where he belongs." Then they took her to the jail, but it was after Begg had been removed to the penitentiary.

Romana would never believe Begg had left her of his free will; something had happened which she to her ignorance could not understand, and she did not know what to do. But she could wait, and she fell back on this cure of her people for all things. It is more in the nature of these people to let matters right themselves than to take an active part in the righting. She soon had her little girl to occupy her, and this made the waiting easier. The village people said time and time again that Begg had deserted her, but her love and her faith were strong. "Hasta la hora de morir, te amaré," she would repeat to herself, as Begg had often said to her. "I have not learned that he is dead, so when he can he will come back to me."

When the penitentiary becomes crowded the authorities have a method of drafting into regiments doing service on the frontier batches of men whose offences are forgotten, or who, in their opinion, have been confined long enough; thus the new-comers are accommodated. On the frontier the convicts will serve a short term or desert. It is a convenient method, and gives the authorities a chance to throw the blame elsewhere in case of an investigation. This occurred to Begg. No one remembered where he had come from or what he had done, so after nine years of imprisonment he was shipped out into the army.

After a year with the regiment beyond Tekax, Begg was discharged. At first he hardly knew what to do, he had been so long cared for that he feared the necessity of independent exertion. He had no place to go. The old life in the North was so far behind him as to appear unreal, and he felt himself bound to the South. He was *sorry* to leave the regiment, and would gladly have staid had he been allowed. He was a good soldier, liked by his officers, and the life had been free compared with that of the prison. He hardly thought he would find Romana waiting for him, but to return and see was the only thing he could think to do.

So he beat his way back as best he could. In Maxhami he found them, Romana and his little girl, still waiting for him. They took up their life where it had been broken off. Romana had inherited a little farm from her mother, and Begg could hardly realize his good fortune, after the years of hard, hopeless toil. He was as a man dazed, and would sit for hours gazing wonderingly at his child, her resemblance to her mother carrying him back to the time when Romana had nursed him through the fever.

He heard nothing of Lorenzo, until one evening Romana told him his old enemy was in town. Begg was so broken in mind and body that he hardly realized the news. He did not know then that during all the years of his absence Lorenzo had tried all the means in his power to win his faithful wife.

One evening, when Begg had been back two weeks, Romana and he were sitting at the door of their little house, talking in the moonlight. Their little girl had fallen asleep on the floor behind them, and Begg stepped inside to lay her in the hammock. Just then the crack of a rifle rang out down the street. Begg sprang to the door. Romana had fallen in a huddled heap from her low bench, she moaned gently, her face in the dust, and the blood from a wound in her breast was staining her loose white dress. Down the street not a soul was stirring. Lorenzo had laid his plans to get away at once, and it was useless to follow him then. "Yo te he amado—hasta la hora—de morir," she breathed in Begg's arms, and passed away.

The shooting of Begg's wife occurred only three weeks before we met him on board the *Alfonso*. He had left his daughter with her grandfather, and started out after Lorenzo. He told me he had decided to go North; it was his country, and he had had enough of the South. He feared it would be hard for his little girl up there among white people, but Romana had been nearly pure mestiza, and their child was not very dark. He had one thing to accomplish, however, before leaving the country forever, and of this he spoke in a satisfied way.

We turned in soon after, Bishop and myself going down to the small cabin allotted to us, and Begg sleeping on deck.

Early next morning we were off Campeachy, it cannot be called a port, for we anchored out of sight of land, and to get ashore we must transfer to smaller boats.

It looked bleak out on the Gulf, already the wind whistled through the shrouds and the heavy clouds held promise of more to come. We changed with difficulty to the tossing *Mantee*, which was to take us in. A heavy sea was running by the time we anchored, three miles off the town. There were four passengers for Campeachy—Bishop and myself, Begg and a Mexican. The *Mantee* was to put out at once for deeper water, and we discussed the advisability of spending two days on her or risking a landing in the canoes alongside. The Mexican was nervous and excited; he wanted to go ashore, but feared the canoe trip. Begg had not spoken to us, he leaned against the rail and watched the Mexican.

We decided to go, and jumped into the wet, tossing dugout.

"Are you coming?" called Bishop to Begg.

"I don't know yet," came his answer.

It was nervous work in that canoe, but we gained confidence as we noted the skill of the natives in handling their narrow boat. We ran straight for shore over the big waves.

"Here comes the other canoe with Begg and the Mexican," said Bishop, looking back at the *Mantee*.

We went careering on toward the shore, now lying heavy in the trough, and then shooting forward on the top of a wave as the wind caught our rag of a sail.

Beyond the plunging, spray-covered *Mantee* lay a flat line of churned water, like a chalk mark under the black sky. Our men paddled hard, and from the crest of a wave we caught a glimpse of the crowd on the pier. Then we shot down between walls of rolling green water.

We just made the landing. Our canoe was hurled past the end of the dock, the light mast and sail were thrown overboard, and the Indians paddled frantically for the lee of the pier. Eager hands hauled us up. Then the squall broke, and drove everybody back over the old drawbridge to the protection of the city walls.

From above the gate the port comandante watched through the glass for the other canoe. An excited murmur broke from the crowd below him when she showed, bottom up, in the foamy mass of a breaking wave.

"How many were there?" cried the comandante. "Two? There they are, this side of the canoe, they're hanging on to each other, the one in white is trying to haul the other to the boat, he's got him by the neck, he's going under now. Why don't he—"

A fierce wall of white rushing water swept the two figures from our sight.

There was nothing to do, no boat could be launched in that sea. We crowded down to the beach where they would wash ashore. First came the two Indians, they had left the canoe and made for shore. They were used to the surf, and got a footing the first time they were thrown up. Then came Begg; twice he was washed up and drawn back, but the third time we caught and held him. He was unconscious and exhausted from his exertions, willing hands applied restoratives and led him up town to the comandante's house. The crowd waited anxiously for the fourth man; about twenty minutes later they caught his dead body, bruised, battered, and limp.

That same evening we met Begg in the plaza.

"How do you feel?" said I, "none the worse from your rough treatment, I hope."

"We're going back home now, the little girl and I," answered he, ignoring my question; "going just as soon as we can get off—"

"You told us last night you had something to do first," said I.

"Yes," said Begg, "but it's done now. Did you see them carry the body up? Well, that was Lorenzo."

RESTORING INDEPENDENCE HALL.

Even since the Revolution the group of buildings called "Independence Hall" has been a veritable beehive of toil and activity. The ancient rooms were occupied for one hundred and nineteen years by courts, county officers, and Philadelphia's executive and legislative bodies. Every few years has seen changes in floor plans, the destruction of walls, obliteration of fireplaces and decorations, walling up of windows, and cutting of doorways to suit the caprice or convenience of some official. A century of such depredations has worked changes that can hardly be imagined. For twenty-six years past Philadelphia's new City Hall has been building, a mile distant, and as its rooms became ready for occupancy one department after another migrated hither. When the local, civil, and criminal courts moved to their new home, about two years ago, Independence Hall was left untenanted. Then active measures were taken to undo a century's alterations, and restore the group of buildings to their "original" condition—that is, give them the exact appearance they had when the Declaration of Independence was signed. A few years will see the completion of the work, and then Independence Hall will be preserved for all time in practically the same condition it was when the great events of 1776 were enacted there.

It was a difficult task to formulate plans for the restoration of the buildings to their "original" condition. The official architect went to work in very much the same way as a physician makes a diagnosis of a medical case by noting a collection of trifling symptoms, or a lawyer constructs a chain of evidence from a number of apparently irrelevant links. The exterior appearance of the buildings was shown in numerous old prints, but there are very few pictures in existence depicting the interiors, which had to be restored from data obtained from histories, ancient reminiscences, from hearsay and memories of old men, and by sounding walls and tearing away partitions and flooring. The buildings were searched from foundations to roof trees to obtain fragments of information. The clay floors of the cellars were dug up to find whether or not there were traces of masonry that would suggest the ancient superstructure. Explorations in the garrets revealed old locks, bolts, and fragments of hearth tiling. As allusion to the decorations of an old mansion, copied after those of the State House, led to the reproduction of a fine Colonial arch. The investigations were conducted with all possible care and accuracy. Nothing was left to chance. In the absence of absolute proof, the new decorations were designed to be examples of the best Colonial architectural ornament. As a result, Independence Hall, when restored, will be as near its "original" condition as it is possible for man to make it.

The title "Independence Hall" is given to the group of buildings fronting upon Chestnut Street, extending from Fifth to Sixth streets, and looking out in the rear upon Independence Square. Although the signing of the Declaration actually occurred in one of the rooms of the central structure, the State House, the group has always been considered as an entirety. The State House, in the middle, with its simple but dignified façade and characteristic tower, which was reproduced in the Pennsylvania Building at the Chicago World's Fair, was first occupied in 1736. Here the Continental Congress met and the Liberty Bell was rung. At the corner of Fifth Street stands the old City Hall, finished in 1789, and occupied by the Federal Supreme Court when Philadelphia was the nation's capital. On the opposite corner, at Sixth Street, is Congress Hall, a building erected for the local courts about 1790, and used by the Federal Congress from 1790 to 1800. The House of Representatives was on the first floor, the Senate Chamber directly above it. Here Washington delivered his famous farewell address that marked his retirement into private life, and John Adams was sworn in as President. Between the corner buildings and the State House are two low rambling wings, landing the whole together into one group. These wings contain a great number of courts and offices, with quaint stairways, nooks, and corners. They have been condemned by architects as inartistic and unappropriate, and a source of great danger from fire. Should flames break out in any part of the group of structures they would probably spread through the wings and consume the whole.

Work is now in progress for the alterations of the exteriors of the buildings, which will be greatly changed in appearance. Unsightly brick structures connecting the main part of each wing with the nearest corner building have been removed, and the damaged walls redressed, and the old windows restored to their former places. Several other small projecting structures in the rear have also been demolished. The low wings which now are connected only with the central State House were built about 1813, on the site of two square buildings erected about 1735 and called "Province Hall," because they contained the offices of provincial Pennsylvania. These square buildings were connected to the State House by arcades on either side. Part of the present wings will be demolished, and the remaining portions remodelled by lowering their roofs, and altering the doors, windows, and masonry. Then arcades, through which glimpses will be had of the trees, lawns, and flowers of Independence Square in the rear, will be built between the remaining portions and the State House, so that the whole will reproduce the "Province Hall" existing at the time of the Revolution.

Very few changes will be made in the outward appearance of the State House, in the centre of the group. The main entrance, now marred by a modern arch with wooden pilasters painted to imitate stone, will be removed, and the plain doorway surmounted by a fan light restored in all its original simplicity. The heavy oaken doors with square panels, which have been hidden for years under the main staircase, will be replaced in their former positions.

During his explorations the architect discovered two old bracket street lanterns with glass sides and wrought-iron tops, and formerly illuminated with lamps burning tallow or sperm oil. Six of these lanterns were fastened into the front walls of the State House, between the windows and door. Four copies of the old lamps are being made, and the six will be placed in the positions formerly occupied by the ancient lenaeons.

The wood-work, spouting, chimneys, and the wooden balustrade along the roof have either been replaced or put in perfect repair.

The most important interior alterations to the group of buildings will be in the State House, although the old Senate-Chamber of Congress has been completely restored and the visitor's gallery replaced—it having been demolished many years ago. The State House is now in the workmen's hands. On the left, upon entering, is the Independence Chamber where the Declaration was signed. Its walls are panelled, and hung with portraits of the signers. Behind a brass railing are many of the desks and chairs used during the Continental Congress, besides several other interesting relics. In the centre of the hall is the Liberty Bell, placed in an elaborate glass and metal case. The restorations here will greatly change the appearance of the apartment.

Opposite the entrance door is the speaker's dais, as it was during the signing. On either side of this, behind the white wooden wall panels, are concealed the remains of two fireplaces, which will be uncovered and restored. Between the fireplaces and the corners of the room were originally two doors leading to the street. These will be opened and used as a means of exit. The floor is of modern tiles that have been worn into furrows by the feet of pilgrims. This pavement is to be removed and replaced with an oak floor, such as existed in the signers' time. In the corridor extending through the centre of the building the stone flagging, also worn into deep depressions by thousands of visitors, will be removed, and square terra-cotta tiles substituted. The large apartment on the side of this hall opposite the Independence Chamber is called the Judicial Room, because the courts held sessions there in the old days. It is now used as a museum, and contains many interesting paintings and curios. The restorations here will be similar to those in Independence Chamber, two fireplaces and doorways being unburied and restored.

Back of the main corridor is a lofty square hall in the tower, with staircases winding around the walls to the upper floors. The Liberty Bell formerly hung from the ceiling of this hall, suspended by a great chain of thirteen links. All the walls, balustrades, and decorations here are to be scraped and repainted.

On the second floor the most radical alterations of all have been made, and the arrangement of rooms entirely changed. As the present generation remembers it, the floor space was divided by a transverse partition into a large and a small room, with a low gallery, and atrociously bad decorations. The rooms were occupied by the city's legislative bodies. But this is all changed now, the Society of Colonial Dames having spent over $5000 upon the alterations. It was here that the allusions of old documents proved most valuable. It was proved that a long narrow banqueting hall had extended across the entire

front of the building, with a passage leading from it to the staircase, and that on each side of this passage or vestibule was an oblong room—one used by committees, and the other called a "council chamber." This former arrangement has been restored. At either end of the banqueting hall, and in both the other rooms, are fine Colonial fireplaces, discovered behind modern plaster partitions. The hearths are of square clay tiles and above them are handsome mantels, restored from fragments found imbedded in the masonry. Separating this room from the square vestibule is an arch copied from one in ancient Cliveden Hall, the mansion of Chief Justice Chew around which the battle of Germantown was hottest, in 1777. The architect found a record stating that Justice Chew had been so much pleased with the decorations of the State House, when completed, that he had the workmen duplicate them in his Germantown house. This was considered sufficient authority for a reproduction of the arch in making the restorations.

All the walls of these rooms are wainscoted, and the plaster is tinted a peculiar shade of yellow, known as Colonial buff. The architect succeeded in obtaining this color by copying the shade of the facings of Washington's military coat, deposited in the National Museum at Washington, D.C. The locks and quaint wrought-iron bolts on the doors are either the originals or accurate copies of them.

In the banqueting-hall a large plate of glass inserted in the new oak floor gives a glimpse of the original oak boards beneath. The oak floor slopes decidedly downward toward the centre of the building, and this led to the startling discovery, when restorations were begun, that, according to modern building principles, the old State House was not strong enough to stand alone. The floor of the second story had sunk almost twelve inches, and had been strengthened by placing eight wooden columns beneath it to hold it up. All further danger was avoided by placing iron trusses between the first and second stories.

Above the staircase hall, in the tower, is a small square chamber, obstructed with a frame of rough-hewn oaken beams. It was the belfry of the ancient building, and on yonder trusses was harnessed the bell which gave out its joyful tidings of liberty and independence, just one hundred and twenty-one years ago, to the listening world.

On each side is a small fireplace, scarred with many fires kindled by the bell ringer while waiting to the still watches of winter nights to toll out the Old Year and in the New—as the State House bell has done for years—or to sound the death-knell of passing statesman, or loud clamor on some occasion of national rejoicing. Perhaps he dozed as he waited, and the fire grew too hot, for there is a deep charred wound on one of the beams that is a reminder of an incipient conflagration which might have consumed the whole building.

Independence Hall is owned by the city of Philadelphia. It was built for the province of Pennsylvania, and passed to the State after the Revolution. Philadelphia bought it in 1816. The restorations are being made at the expense of the municipality, an appropriation of $50,000 having been made for the purpose. Philadelphia has always been noted—and sometimes jeered at—for the pertinacity with which she preserves her traditions of the olden time, but she deserves thanks for the money she is spending upon Independence Hall, belonging as it does to all the nation, and all lovers of freedom, whatever their race or creed.

ARA M. STERLE.

ST. JOHN'S DIAMOND JUBILEE CELEBRATION.

THE celebration of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee in London so overshadowed all the other demonstrations in the British dominions on that day that little has been heard of the minor rejoicings. In all the large cities, and in every colony where the British flag floats, there were of course patriotic exercises commemorating Victoria's long reign. It is well known that the United States sent the armored cruiser *Brooklyn* to England to participate in the great naval review, but it is not known generally that another of our war ships, the battle ship *Massachusetts* took part in a similar demonstration in British waters on this side of the Atlantic, at St. John's, Newfoundland.

The people of St. John's made elaborate preparations to celebrate Jubilee day. The Newfoundland colony has no part in the Canadian Federation, and perhaps for this reason felt that an unusual demonstration of loyalty was called for. There were two English and two French men-of-war in the port of St. John's besides the *Massachusetts*, which had been sent there direct from Boston, where formal presentation of the winged figure "Victory" had just been made to the battle ship on behalf of the State. On Jubilee day the men of war in St. John's dressed ship, and at noon fired the customary salute of twenty-one guns.

The night before there was an illumination on board the war ships, and a novelty in such naval demonstrations. The officials in charge of the celebration decided to serenade the jack tars and their officers. A band of music was placed on a large steam-launch, which passed slowly around each ship. "Rule Britannia" was played for the English ships, the "Marseillaise" for the French ships, and "Hail, Columbia," for the American ship. Cheer after cheer rang out from the crews of each of the vessels, and rockets and other fireworks were set free to heighten the demonstration. After the serenade the *Massachusetts* gave an exhibition of search light practice, which drew applause from the thousands on shore who had watched the evening's spectacle. The rays of the search lights are said to have illuminated the entire city.

MUSIC NOTES.

MADAME MELBA'S engagement to Mr. Damrosch's company for his season of 1897-8 appears a fixed fact. It is said that Mr. Ellis, now associated with Mr. Damrosch in his enterprises, is anxious to present to New-Yorkers some of the *ballets d'action*—brilliant and often admirably musical—which are made a specialty of the opera-houses of Vienna, Warsaw, and Milan, and rather less effectively at Paris. The experiment here would be expensive, but it has never been fairly and squarely made, nor such sights in a season given the expense and distinction really their due; and a manager here has yet to judge of how far the general public would be attracted by it if under operatic auspices. Representative two-act and three-act ballets of the type are *Excelsior*, *Sea and Earth*, *La Maladetta*, *Vienna Waltzes*, the exquisite *Doll-Fairy*, *L'Etoile*, *Coppelia*, and so on. An extremely successful and new one is in not less than four acts—the *Bride of Corea*, composed by Bayer, who wrote *The Doll Fairy*. Mr. Ellis states that he has engaged for Mr. Damrosch Madame Barna, a dramatic soprano, Thomas Salignac, one of last season's French tenors at the Metropolitan, has made a re-engagement with the Berlin tenor Krauss, and secured several other capable artists, in and out of Germany.

We have been hearing a good deal lately of the M. T. N. A.—the Music Teachers' National Association, recently convened in this city. The association was founded in 1871, under Theodore Presser, of Philadelphia. Its objects stated have been "mutual improvement by interchange of ideas, the broadening of the culture of music, and the promotion of fraternity among musicians"—though, by-the-bye, the last clause is no longer official, for some unknown cause. Aside from a general platform, the association aims at raising and keeping up standards and methods of musical teaching, at quickening the intelligence and the responsibility of teachers all over the country, at directing their notice to new and good methods of work, at improving the music in public schools, at fighting the battles for American music and musicians—and at much besides, including uniformity to whatever is worth any combatant's pains. The association has had long years and doubtful crises, but apparently their untoward influences largely are beaten away. Just when lamented as dead it has suddenly become very much alive.

E. I. S.

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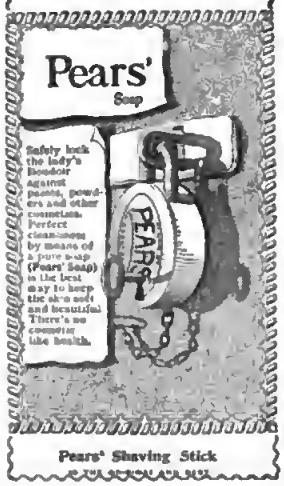

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THE EXPENSE OF FUNERALS.

URN FOR HOLDING ASHES.

IT is the most natural thing in the world to desire to do honor to the dead. Some Eastern peoples regard the dead with more consideration than the living, and in a certain sense worship their ancestors. Western people under the Christian dispensation regard the body of a deceased person merely as clay—clay worthy of honor, to be sure, but clay from which near ly all meaning has departed. But there appears to be the strongest kind of desire to hon or this dead clay, and this desire has been strengthened by custom, by poetry, and by religion. Funeral customs have become so firmly established that among poor people the expense of what is considered proper burial adds another pang to death. A thrifty and provident man whose scant earnings preclude any considerable savings, more frequently than not joins some society which undertakes to bury with decency and propriety the members who die. These societies are usually of the assessment kind, and whenever a member dies each living member is assessed from fifty cents to a dollar. This yields anywhere from one hundred to two hundred and fifty dollars, and this sum, whatever it amounts to, is paid to the dead member's family. The writer has been informed by a man who is connected in an executive capacity with two such societies that it is rarely the case that any of such money is left after the funeral expenses have been paid, but on the contrary, more frequently than not, the family pays from its savings or runs into debt so that greater honor may be shown to the merely senseless clay, from which all that was sacred or immortal has departed.

The independent poor in America have a deep-seated horror of being buried by charity, by the public authorities, or in the Potter's Field. They are therefore willing to make sacrifices while living to prevent this when dead, and the living do not shrink from contracting debts that the dead belonging to them may be buried in what they consider a suitable manner. And there is another peculiarity about the funeral expenses of the poor. They regard debts so contracted as debts of honor that must be discharged in preference to any others. The doctor who tried to save the dead person's life, the grocer who furnished supplies, the landlord who gave shelter—all these must wait till the undertaker's bill be paid.

In the neighborhood of New York city it is considered a poor funeral, even of a common laborer, that costs less than one hundred dollars. To the great majority of the readers of the WEEKLY one hundred dollars does not mean a great sum. But a laborer at $1.50 a day, if he find employment every day in the year except Sundays, can only make in that time $469.50. If one fourth of a year's earning go for the funeral expenses of a member of a laborer's family, it will readily be seen that the amount to live upon has been most seriously reduced. But the great cost does not bear hardly and seriously upon laboring men alone. Mechanics, artisans, clerks, and small tradesmen—indeed, all who live upon limited incomes—suffer serious hardship in defraying the costly expenses of what custom has decided that a respectable funeral should be. The laborer is not the poorest among the industrious wage earners, even though the aggregate of his wages be less than that of other classes. The laborer has a certain style of living—or lack of style, if you choose—while the others feel the necessity of housing, feeding, and dressing themselves better. This results in the clerk with a family and $1500 a year salary in a town like New York being about as poor as poverty itself. As it is in the matter of living, so it is in dying—the dead body must be buried in a style suitable to the condition of the person while alive; **and therefore the laborer with $400 a year can even better afford to pay $100 for the funeral expenses of a member of his family than the clerk with $1500 a year can pay $250 when death comes into his household.**

Singularly enough, **the funeral expenses do not increase** in the same proportion that incomes do. The funeral expenses of a man worth half a million dollars, unless his family were unusually fond of ostentatious and vulgar display, would not be likely to exceed a thousand dollars. This rate of increase it will be seen, is not at all in proportion to the increase in wealth from the day laborer to the prosperous merchant or banker. But there have been instances in New York city when funeral expenses have mounted high into the thousands. The poor man rarely owns a cemetery lot; indeed, in the older and more crowded cities he rarely owns a grave. Cemetery lots and graves in cemeteries vary in price just as city property varies in value. A corner lot on Broadway is worth so much, a lot of the same size in the interior of a block on Avenue C has another and very different valuation. In Greenwood and in Woodlawn some localities are more in favor than others, and there are avenues in these cities of the dead that correspond with Madison Avenue in New York and Beacon Street in Boston.

But each large city has more humble graveyards than those mentioned, and in such both graves and lots can be had for comparatively modest prices. The poor man who neither buys a lot nor a grave does not have the satisfaction of resting in lee even ever so small a section of God's Acre. He only pays to have a grave opened, and for the privilege of depositing his dead within the space devoted just as much to other remains—the remains of strangers more likely than not—as to his own. If there is anything sacred in the poetical idea of a man placed in his grave having gone to his long last rest, the sacredness seems to be somewhat disturbed by the idea that the grave is already tenanted before his body arrives, and is likely to have others after his repose begins. The practical idea, no doubt, presupposes that the deposited dead will be placed in virgin earth and remain undisturbed forever. But this condition does not obtain to any great extent even in many country villages. The writer knows of one graveyard in a village not more than thirty miles from New York, which, during a hundred and fifty years, has been buried over some three as four times. In old city graveyards a grave is not considered to be full until it has in it six bodies.

Many persons of enlightenment and healthy sentiment have thought for a long time that it would be a good thing from every point of view to reform burial customs so that the expense should not bear so heavily on the poor, and so that graveyards should not be a menace to the public health, as, in not a few instances, they now are. In the valley of the Schuylkill, from which Philadelphia draws its water supply, there are a great many graveyards, all draining into the watercourses tributary to the Schuylkill. Many diseases have been traced to the pollution of the water supply from these graveyards, and one wit has charged the inordinate family pride of Philadelphians to the fact that they were continually partaking of their ancestors in solution.

These reformers seem to be agreed that the most sensible method of disposing of the dead is by incineration, and within the past thirteen years twenty four crematories have been erected in the United States, so that dead bodies might be borned up with reverence and decency.

For exceptional deserving cases a whole cremation funeral may be arranged at a total cost of twenty dollars, but the regular charge for cremating a body will run from twenty five dollars to thirty-five dollars. Of course this charge must not be considered an offset to the ordinary funeral charge, but rather against that of the cemetery and grave diggers.

But when sensible people know that a coffin is to be immediately burned up, and discard the idea that it is to serve as the perpetual bed for the loved and lost, some of them will conclude that the five dollar coffin will answer quite as well as that which costs fifty or five hundred dollars.

The idea of incinerating the dead is spreading in America, but not very rapidly. Statistics recently published from *The Urn*, the organ of the Cremation Society, state that 1990 bodies have been burned at Fresh Pond—about 6000 in the United States. It is interesting to note that a little more than half of these were the bodies of Germans, and many more than half were the bodies of men. The average deaths in New York are about ninety daily; the incinerations do not number more than 300 in a year, so it will be seen that cremation has not yet become very popular.

When it shall have become again, as it was when Homer sang, a pious care the dead to burn, the poor will be relieved of a heavy burden, and those charged with the health of great cities will be released from a constant source of anxiety.

THE CHAPEL—FRESH POND CREMATORY, LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK.

FRESH POND CREMATORY, LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK.

THE NEW ADVERTISING.

NOWHERE has there been given a more notable response to the spirit of modern improvement than in the advertising pages of the current newspapers and magazines. Advertising itself is not a new thing, but its primitiveness of style was, until very recent times, a markedly persistent trait of it. In colonial papers, copies of which survive, we are struck with the limited space given up to business announcements, and the few businesses represented. The chief ones were the merchants, the booksellers, and those of the losers of bound-out servants and slaves. The proprietary medicine man had not then arrived, and the wave of the sarsaparilla and the baking-powders were unknown.

Modern invention, too, had not in our early time the thousands of things it now has to a splint—from pianos and bicycles to a multitude beyond the power to name, of smaller things. There were no pictures on the page to speak of, except those of the runaway apprentice with a pack upon his back, and a reduced house or ship, none of which was larger than a postage stamp or a small unrubricated initial.

How this paucity of features is now all changed! And it has been largely done within the memory of men, not yet old, who are now living. A look at any modern newspaper or magazine shows to day that the advertising pages bear a quite literary and artistic product. They were once a barren, unattractive waste. They are now a part of the humanities, a true mirror of life, a sort of fossil history, from which the future chronicler, if all other historical monuments were to be lost, might fully and graphically rewrite the history of our time. In the new poster development we have even set the wits of the best artists at work, while being true to their idealism and instincts, towards commercial ends.

There is no knowing where all this will stop, or what new aids may yet be invoked to make the attractions of the advertisement still more irresistible. But what is most to be noted is the charm which has come to the advertising pages. Once we skipped them, unless some pressing want compelled us to read, while now we read to find out what we really want.

"Our nature," says a writer who has discovered the new interest in advertisements, "everlastingly wants something." And it is not simply what we think we want, but "the great yearning, indefinite wants" that the advertising pages cater to by offering comforts, conveniences, and elegance in protean forms that creats this interest. Added to it, or re-coloring it, is the study of human nature that advertisements make possible. Except a few that do not, perhaps, deal quite frankly with the reader, or trip him up with a story whose beginning suggests something else than a deceptive conclusion, they are mostly as entertaining as the reading matter which is adjacent to them. "You are impressed," says the writer we have quoted, "with the genuineness and enthusiasm of these advertisers. They believe in their goods because they are good. And one after another they say, in between pages: 'Here is what you want, if not my good thing why, my brother advertiser's good thing on the next page. We live just to give you what you want.'"

One passes over the advertisements in the magazine or well-conducted paper as he might through a series of Oriental bazars, so much dashes there before the eye. To have all the gifts or goods they offer would be to live in the happy valley with Rasselas. To press the pages they cover, through the post office or by a personal call, is the nearest modern analogue to Aladdin's lamp.

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AMATEUR SPORT

LESSONS IN YACHTING like the lessons administered in the hurly-burly of daily life, are slowly learned when they accentuate the vanity of our ignorance. The complacent confidence with which the average mortal views the trend of the path he travels is to be disturbed by nothing less deranging than a wash-out.

For five years at least the annual yachting lesson has dwelt upon two important essentials—first, the virtual dependency of the healthful prosperity of American yachting upon the encouragement of the so-called small boats,—meaning, in sloops, anything below fifty feet racing length;—second, the need of club unity for co-operation in measurement, classification, and racing rules.

This year there is good evidence that the lesson has at last found attention.

THE YEAR 1897 OPENED auspiciously with the birth of the Yacht racing League of America, organized for the specific purpose of establishing a basis upon which co-operation in racing rules, measurements, etc., might be possible. The League did not secure the endorsement of the New York Yacht Club, but its sponsors were all-sufficient for its purpose.

The New York Yacht Club was perfectly consistent in rejecting the invitation to membership in this League, which meant subscribing to a movement modern yacht-racing has shown to be needful. The history of the New York Yacht Club shows that in nearly all modern race-rule making or modifying the club has played a secondary part. It has clung so persistently to time honored tradition as to become awake to the needs of the modern hour only after another club had supplied them. In rule making the New York Yacht Club is a follower, not a leader. Its prestige, as the respected and successful guardian of *America's* Cup, and in its annual cruise, there still remains ample justification in its description as the "premier" club of America; but in the modern adjustment of rules and conditions, and in actual yacht-racing, the New York Yacht Club is no longer the leader it was ten years ago.

Therefore declination to be of the pioneer supporters of the League was to be expected from the New York Yacht Club.

ON THE OTHER HAND, the Larchmont and the Seawanhaka-Corinthian yacht clubs have been most active in the general effort to solve some of the perplexing yacht-racing problems which have faced us in very recent years. The rules put forth by the Larchmont Yacht Club last autumn were most excellent, and formed the basis of the New York Yacht Club revision last winter. Of these the most important is the one limiting the draught of all yachts to be hereafter built:

The maximum draught of any yacht when in racing trim shall not exceed that specified for her class in the following table, exclusive of centreboard, except as hereafter stipulated, but this limit shall not apply to any yacht in existence at the time of the passage of these amendments when racing in the class in which she was classified prior to that time.

Type.	Class.	Reference draught permitted.
Schooner	A (over 90 ft.)	No limit.
"	B (not over 90 ")	14 ft.
"	C (not over 80 ")	13 "
"	D (not over 70 ")	12 "
"	F (not over 65 ")	11 "
Single-stickers and yawls	H (over 60 ")	No limit.
" " "	H (not over 70 ")	13 ft.
" " "	J (not over 60 ")	12 ft. "
" " "	B (not over 51 ")	10 in "
" " "	L (not over 43 ")	9 "
" " "	M (not over 36 ")	8 "

Yachts with draught exceeding that permitted may race in their class, but the excess shall, in computing their racing length, "be multiplied by two and added to the length of the load-water line," provided that excess is not more than ten per cent. of the limit.

THE REGATTAS OF THE SEASON emphasize the important part the medium sized boat is taking in our yachting. If the sentiment continues spreading, it may even lead to a return of those sport-giving 40-footers of six or seven years ago. Since the day of that inspiriting class, killed most absurdly by the 46 footers, we have gone the gamut of extremes. We have had 90-footers and 15, 20, and 30 footers, but the middle class, anywhere between 40 and 60 footers, as yet remains ignored. If we had filled the classes already established, instead of jumping from one to another, yacht racing would not now be languishing, with isolated yachts in forsaken classes. Perhaps pretty soon we may lose some of our vanity and acquire a little wisdom. Yachting would vastly benefit by the change.

Colonia, *Emerald*, and the thirties have up to the present time provided practically all there has been of regatta class racing. *Wasp*, *Queen Mab*, and the one 50-footer *Spee*, the fastest of the sloops, are not in the same class, but promise some interesting work on handicaps before the season is over.

Finky ale robbed the reunion of the Atlantic Club's regatta of their value. *Colonia* had been leading until near the finish, when *Emerald* got a favoring puff of wind and beat her. *Wasp* suffered similarly, *Spee* being the lucky one. In the Atlantic cruise *Colonia* and *Spee* had no boats of their class to sail against, and each secured a somewhat hollow victory.

THERE WAS NO DOUBT at all in the New York Yacht Club's regatta, and *Colonia* proved too swift a drifter for *Emerald*. *Spee* did not finish the course. Quite the most interesting, in fact the only interesting, feature of this regatta was the appearance of the old cutter *Bolonia*, which, with thirty-two minutes' allowance, was to race against *Vigilant*, the successful cup defender in '93. It was interesting, despite the disparity in types, because these two boats were the best representatives of their day and type, separated by a number of years and much yachting evolution.

Vigilant sailed in cruising rig; her boom had been shortened twelve and her gaff nine feet since her racing days, and there were but twelve instead of the forty men who formerly composed her crew. But even thus reduced in power *Vigilant* was so immeasurably faster than the fine old cutter that when the outer mark was reached *Bolonia* was about half an hour astern, and had been lost entirely before the home mark was sighted.

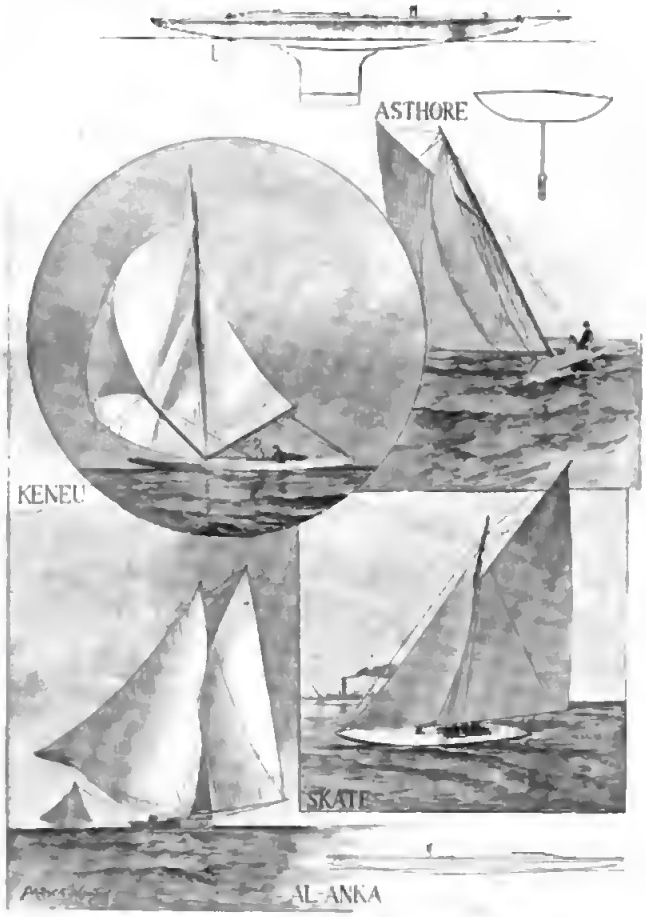
In the thirties Mr. Ellis's *Hera* took up its good work where it was left off last year, and won easily.

The Larchmont regatta furnished another opportunity for *Colonia* and *Emerald* to settle their differences. This time, in a strong breeze and considerable of a sea, *Emerald* was a winner by the narrow margin of 10 seconds. It was the best race of the early season, won by *Emerald* without an element of luck to favor her. *Spee*, as usual, made a pleasing though lonely exhibition. We wish other yachtsmen would follow Mr Hoyt, and build up this very excellent class, excellent for cruising as well as for racing purposes.

Queen Mab proves each season the advisability of putting money into a medium class. She has been racing every year since coming over on her own bottom, and though our "popular" class has ranged up and down, *Queen Mab* has been able to make a most creditable annual showing. In the Larchmont regatta she beat *Wasp*.

THE SEAWANHAKA-CORINTHIAN regatta was a most interesting event, for all the experimental measurement formula failed to entirely accomplish its purpose. It is practically impossible to harmonize such an assortment of odd sizes as compose our yachting fleet. And it is even more difficult to induce the average yacht owner to enter his boat unless he feels reasonably certain of having a chance to the winning. This may not be altogether sportsmanlike, but it is humanlike, and certainly yachtsmanlike in these lavish handsome days of steamer yachting and $1000 cups given with prodigal hands. But for the 15 and 20 and 30 footers of the last three years I declare it is hard to say what would have become of our sailor men. Around Boston there are yet plenty of the class, but hereabouts only the Seawanhaka-Corinthian and Larchmont clubs have saved the class from extinction.

IF THE SEAWANHAKA'S NEW FORMULA did not rectify many of the owners of the job lot of sloops, at least it provided some good sport and interesting comparisons. The fine old schooner *Irequois* made an excellent showing against that modern racing machine *Colonia*, taking difference in length and everything else into consideration, and *Queen Mab*, despite her years and somewhat out of (racing) date model, beat *Spee*, the latest racing creation, in the House Cup event. Perhaps the most surprising performance of the day was the good work of *Carmita*, which was brought



TRIAL RACES FOR THE SELECTION OF A CHALLENGER FOR THE INTERNATIONAL SMALL-BOAT TROPHY—THE MOST PROMISING OF THE AMERICAN 20-FOOTERS.

SHARK. MOMO.

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out several years ago at Boston by C. H. W. Foster, I believe, and was not enough of a success to be heard of very frequently. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., now owns her, and must have considerably altered her, for she made an exceedingly good race against *Syce*, nearly winning on corrected time. Her racing length is 72.13 against 68.77 for *Syce*. As it was, *Carmita* beat *Wasp* (73.15 racing length) a few seconds on corrected time and half an hour elapsed time. *Norota* and *Uvira* had an interesting struggle, the latter doing the course 1½ minutes faster, but losing on corrected time. *Gossoon* did not finish. It's a pity the rest of that good old class of forties cannot be resurrected this season. We need something to galvanize sloop racing into life, else there will be little enough of it, and that little not interesting. At present we have more classes than boats.

THE MOST INTERESTING RACE, however, between a modern racing machine and one of the older racers, was that between *Vigilant* and *Navahoe*, boat for boat, especially arranged by their owners, Messrs. Percy Chubb and Royal Carroll. *Navahoe*, it will be remembered, is the 85-foot sloop Mr. Carroll had built in '93 for the purpose of entering for the Royal Victoria, Cape May, and Brenton Reef cups on the other side. She raced much in British waters, but without success. *Vigilant's* achievements are recent enough not to require cataloguing. She is about ten feet longer than *Navahoe*. It was a good race, and *Navahoe* made it closer than any one supposed she would, losing by only 4 m. 2 s. In the same regatta—the Larchmont's Fourth of July celebration—*Colonia* evened accounts with *Emerald* (whose keel has been deepened), by beating her 2 m. 32 s. in a good steady breeze. In the 20-foot class *Skate* scored her third victory, *Momo* being second, *Al-Anka* third. Of the thirties, *Vaquero III.* (H. K. Duryea) proved by winning, and again on the 10th at Newport, that she has lost none of her '96 speed or been outbuilt. *Hera* was second. *Houri* (E. B. Hart, Jr.), in the 25-foot class, was another winner of '96 which held her form.

In the American Yacht Club's regatta *Houri* was again a winner. *Hera* turned the tables on *Vaquero III.*, and *Momo* (H. M. Crane) beat *Shark* in the special 20-foot class. *Syce* was the only representative of a class larger than the 36-footers at the American regatta, and she had a sail-over. Nevertheless, it was quite the most interesting regatta of the season; the well-filled smaller classes, from the 15 to the 36 footers, providing first-class racing.

AROUND BOSTON THOSE THOROUGHLY sport-giving Knockabouts have been providing some exciting racing, with several new claimants for the honors won by *Cock Robin* (C. H. W. Foster) last year; *Gosling* (North and Clark), *Mongoose* (A. D. Irving, Jr.), *Hazard* (H. M. Sears), *Cockatoo* (C. S. Eaton), and *Sally* (L. F. Percival, Jr.) being among them. *Cock Robin* held her own in the first meetings, but in the Burgess Club regatta recently *Gosling* got the start of the fleet and won easily. Boston knows more about small boat sailing than New York, gets more sport out of it, and develops more sailor men because of it.

One of the best products of the season is the Yale Corinthian Yacht Club, which has devoted itself to 15-footers, and shown some most creditable boat sailing. Of the club's fleet, *Lono* has made the best record, with *Yeld*, *Geisha*, *Lionise*, and *Drusa* following in order.

These college yacht clubs should have encouragement. So should the undergraduate yachtsmen. The Seawanhaka Corinthian Club has shown a most commendable example in this particular by very materially reducing for minors their initiation membership fee.

The club which encourages and attracts these young yachtsmen is wise in its generation.

MUCH SIGNIFICANCE ATTACHES to some of the results of the past month of golf, and to none more than those indicating the increasing good work of the younger class.

FENN'S MATCH WITH THE BOGIE MAN was the feature of the Knollwood tournament, among the first of the important summer fixtures, and although he failed to equal the record (79) of his intangible antagonist, the Southern expert did indeed supplant Mr. Herbert Harriman's figures (83) by doing the eighteen holes in 77 (42 out and 35 in), and thus giving Knollwood a new amateur mark.

Mr. Fenn seems to more surely approach his golfing possibilities against bogie than when meeting more material if less expert opponents. He was beaten earlier in the season at Lakewood by Tyng, and subsequently, on the Knollwood course, defeated by Toler, 5 up and 4 to play, in a thirty-six-hole match, Toler's winning score being 174. Fenn's total for the Knollwood thirty-six holes, when bogie opposed him, was 163. Against bogie Fenn did 77 for the course, against Van Etten, 90, and against Larocque, 84. He has a style somewhat after the "get-there" pattern which Tyng finds so serviceable, and is capable on occasions of playing really fine golf, but these occasions occur less frequently in match play.

After his play against the bogie score Fenn successively defeated Van Etten (90–94) and Larocque (84–90), the notable work in each match being done by his opponents, both of whom excelled expectations. Larocque lost his ball on the seventeenth hole, or the issue would have been much closer.

THERE WAS ABUNDANT EXCITING PLAY in the tournament, a large share being provided by the Harriman-Menzies match, which the former, by exceeding good golf, won by 1 up, at 85. They were even at the seventeenth hole, but Harriman won the last hole in 3 by a long and very clever putt. Mr. Menzies appears to be another player whose strokes are surer against bogie. Further excitement was created in the semi-final rounds by Messrs. Bowers, Reynal, Larocque, and Armstrong tying at 89, Larocque making the best single round in 38. Bowers won out of these four, but lost the White House Cup to Fenn, who beat him (85–94).

For the Knollwood Cup W. J. Travis, who the week before had won the Hempstead Handicap Cup at Meadow Brook, after twice tying with J. C. Rennard, upset all calculations, and carried off the trophy despite the formidable entry list. Travis did 167 gross—161 net. Both Toler and Fenn failed to get even a place, the latter doing as badly as 179, and the former, 177. Larocque did 192; Lynch, 194; and Reynal, 200—gross. The surprise of the event was the poor cards of those men who but a few days before had shown such excellent form.

The Knollwood course is much better than last year. Some new hazards have been added, the old tenth and eleventh holes merged into one, and the home hole lengthened by 200 yards, so that the playing length of the eighteen holes is now 4615 yards.

Dyker Meadow has also added three holes, giving nine, and a total playing distance of 2900 yards. But the greatest enlargement is at Ardsley, where nine new and very sporty holes have been added, giving this beautiful course now the regulation eighteen.

THE NEXT GOLFING SENSATION was supplied by the Baltusrol Club tournament, in which F. S. Douglas, a Scotch player from St. Andrews, but now representing Fairfield, was beaten by four disciples of the American game, viz.: Toler (81), Bowers (82), Fenn (83), and Tyng (85). Douglas's score was 86, just beating Armstrong, who had 89 to his credit. Travis continued in the good form revealed at Meadow Brook and Knollwood, and went the course in 92, beating Larocque (93), Lynch (94), and the inter-collegiate champion Bayard (94). Chauncey, who had been so successful at Dyker Meadow, was far down the list—in twenty-seventh place, in fact,—with a card of 109. This was all in the first round. In the second, Bowers beat Armstrong, Larocque beat Toler, Tyng succumbed to Bayard, Vanderpool defeated Fenn, and at the close of the day's play Toler, Fenn, Tyng, and Armstrong were out of the reckoning, and there were surviving only Bowers and Bayard to dispute ownership of the Governor's Cup. Bayard won after an exciting match (88–89). On the same day and course Toler and Fenn played off a second private match, and Toler won again by 79–81, establishing a new record for the links. Subsequently they played two more eighteen-hole matches at Baltusrol, Fenn winning one (80–81), and Toler the other (82–83).

BALTUSROL CLOSED ITS TOURNAMENT by an open handicap, which attracted a large entry list. Tyng won with a score of 85 gross, Toler taking second with 87, again beating Fenn, who was third with 88. T. H. Powers-Farr, who is one of Essex County's promising players, and the record-holder of his home course at 80, was fourth with a gross score of 93 and net card of 89. Bowers and Travis fell off in their work, doing respectively 93 and 95 gross. Armstrong also did 93 gross, and got eleventh place. Lawn-tennis was represented by W. A. Larned and H. W. Slocum, the former doing 110 and the latter 115 gross.

Tyng was not so fortunate a week later on his home course, Morris County, for he was defeated (93–95) for the Twombly Cup and the club championship by the young Princeton player W. D. Vanderpool. Tyng had won the cup two successive seasons, and success this year would have brought him its ownership. Vanderpool's form is very much better than Tyng's, and it is quite probable that as these young college players develop they will surpass a number of the older men, who have been fairly successful despite their several peculiar and individual styles.

THE STOCK-EXCHANGE HANDICAP, played over the Knollwood course, was notable chiefly as a means to the end of showing that W. S. Edey's work in the Knollwood May handicap presaged consistent progression. In the May handicap he had done the eighteen holes in 90, which for him was sufficiently good to create mild surprise among those that gave any heed to his play. In the Stock Exchange handicap he did 89 gross, his allowance giving him the winning score of 93. For the rest the tournament was not notable, and the play of some of the members of the first class was mediocre. Neither Toler nor C. B. Macdonald played good golf, doing 91 and 92 respectively. D. Chauncey did 87, and the scores generally were rather poor.

At Ardsley the return from Cannes of W. H. Sands and play for the Gould cup were simultaneously celebrated. But Mr. Sands was not among the joyful. The final match for the cup had been delayed that he might be of the participants, but neither Old World coaching nor the invigorating influences of the homeward voyage availed and he finished last on the list, doing 98. William Chrystie won the cup with a net score of 80, his handicap being 16. On the same day Sands finished third in the Class A handicap, doing 86, and losing to H. H. Curtis, whose allowance of 5 gave him a net of 81.

Ardsley has a membership of young men, whose golfing enthusiasm and persistent practice are beginning to be apparent in their general tournament work.

THE SEABRIGHT TOURNAMENT, the first week of this month, served to exploit another English golfer, W. G. Stewart, who had been previously heralded as the "best player now in America." Incidentally it also served to provide convincing evidence of the consistent and constantly improving form of S. D. Bowers, to whom we have already alluded as a promising player. The tournament extended over three days, and each day developed a surprise. Of the sixteen who qualified on the first day, Bowers and Larocque led with scores of 80 each; John Reed, Jr., had 82, Stewart, 83. Tyng, and Vanderpool, his Morristown conqueror, each had 88. H. H. Curtis (Ardsley) Toler and Butler Ames, of Lowell, had 89 each. D. Chauncey (91) and Travis (94) were down among the consolation cup eligibles, among whom 91 was the leading score, shared with Chauncey by Kneeland, Albaugh, and Duncan Edwards. The second was a day of triumph for Bowers, who, having beaten Toler 2 up, laid low Stewart, the visiting Englishman of high golfing degree, by 1 up. Stewart earlier in the day had, in beating Gray, made a record of 76 for the Seabright course, but on the same day this record was equalled by both Toler and Bowers in their match.

Tyng meantime having easily beaten his opponents, these two were left for the finals, which Tyng won (81 to 85) by very steady and at times excellent golf. Neither equalled his score of the opening day, and Bowers seemed quite off his stroke.

Bowers did better in playing his first-day tie with Larocque, winning by 78 to 89. Tyng besides winning the Seabright cup, captured the gold medal for the best gross score in the handicap which concluded the three days' tournament. He handed in a card of 77, the second best being John Reed, Jr., 78, L. E. Larocque, Jr., third, with 80; and D. Chauncey, who wrested consolation from Edwards by winning that cup, handed in the next best score, of 81.

THE IMMEDIATE PAST WEEKS in golf have been interesting largely because of the team matches. Some very good scores have been returned and several upsets recorded. Along the line of younger-player development, the record of S. D. Bowers, as one of the Otsego team in the Country Club of Rochester tournament, was most notable. Bowers did the course in 88, establishing a new amateur record, and Jasper Lynch did 89, also better than the old record. H. R. Sweny, one of the Albany team, did 92. These figures, and those at Seabright and Knollwood, should be borne in mind when the time comes, later, for considering the important tournaments.

The Rochester Country Club's tournament was given to exploit the Central New York Golf League's silver cup, and the success of the home club (Rochester) was surprising because of its comparatively recent conversion to the game. Nevertheless Rochester beat Otsego, 44–41, the latter team having the services of two such experts as Bowers and Lynch, who won their matches, but every other member of the team lost. Rochester played steadily and luckily. Albany was beaten by Otsego.

The Montclair Club also provided a surprise by its defeat of the Dyker Meadow team, 17–7, not the least startling feature of which was Daniel Chauncey's actual rout by A. Schroeder (98 to 106).

Schroeder is one of the improving players, springing up like mushrooms all around us, to jeopard the golfing equipoise of those familiar figures in the country club landscape, whom dignity and the guardianship of a record have unduly weighted.

To beat Englewood, Fairfield County did not require the services of its recently acquired Scotch member, Findlay Douglas. Of the Englewood team only H. W. Banks, the old Columbia College quarter miler if I mistake not, won his match, the final record being Fairfield 18 to Englewood 1.

Yet another surprise was that visited upon the Country Club of Westchester through its defeat by Baltusrol, 14–3. The Westchester team—W. H. Sands, D. M., J. B., and J. Harriman, and W. Kent—was before the match accorded the victory by the common consent of their fellow clubmen, which argues that few of those clubmen were familiar with the play of H. P. Toler, L. P. Bayard, Jr., H. Leavitt, W. Fellowes Morgan, and B. Hardwick, who made up the Baltusrol team. Kent was the only Westchester man to win his match.

CORNELL WILL NOT, I TRUST, be led into any claptrap advertising scheme of the "yellow journalism" in all this pother buzzing around our ears about international rowing. All the sporting world would like to see a race between a Cornell crew rowing the stroke pulled this year and an Oxford or Cambridge crew showing its usual form. But of course an English 'varsity or even college crew would not come to America. Only "yellow" lunacy would suggest it. We are the ones who are keen on a race, not the Englishmen. On the other hand, Cornell, as representative of America, has more than university traditions to maintain. She would be unwise to arrange a race for a distance less than four miles, or with any other crew than the Oxford or Cambridge 'varsity.

Nothing absolutely decisive in this absorbing question of strokes would be gained by a race with Leander or any other crew at Henley. We want no more sprinting races until an American 'varsity crew has been given a match at four miles. And we want no more racing of American undergraduates against English graduates of several years' standing, until two undergraduate 'varsity crews have decided the question of better stroke and crew over the course from Putney to Mortlake.

To arrange for such a race would mean sacrifices on the part of Cornell, for it must be rowed so early as April perhaps, but if it could be arranged, it would be the greatest aquatic event in the world's sporting history. If Cornell desires a meeting, the only course is to address a letter to each of the presidents of the Oxford and Cambridge boat clubs, signifying an intention of challenging the winning eight of the 'varsity race next spring. If an arrangement were made, it would necessitate Cornell's doing all her preparatory work in England, and that would mean two or three months and require a good bit of money. It hardly seems possible Cornell could afford this time. Perhaps the winning English 'varsity might be persuaded to come together again for a match race in June, but I doubt it. At any rate, this last idea is worth pursuing.

IT MAY BE THAT HARD LUCK has been a somewhat influential element in the English matches of the All Philadelphia cricket eleven, but the element most responsible for the at times decidedly mediocre showing seems to have been poor play.

"Hard luck" and the "uncertainties" of the game have been dragged forth so frequently by the Philadelphia cricketer past and present, in extenuation of unexpectedly indifferent performance, that the balm appears to have entirely lost its consolatory virtue. No one expected the Philadelphia eleven at present in England to win all of its matches; those thoroughly informed of the calibre of the teams to be met would consider Philadelphia doing magnificently if it won a majority of the games scheduled. To win about half the matches would be to make a fairly good showing. But of eleven matches played thus far, Philadelphia has won two.

The records of the different matches make it perfectly obvious that half the men of the eleven have been doing all the work, and several of the team playing poorly with disastrous consistency. And it is too bad indeed that the team could not give a better exhibition of its capabilities, for collectively and individually it is one of the strongest Philadelphia has sent forth. Once or twice during its present tour the eleven has equalled its best form. Philadelphia cricket elevens, as a rule, appear to have been unsteady and undependable in match play with foreigners, whether abroad or at home. The present team seems to be no exception.

CASPAR WHITNEY

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ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller.

City of New York, Finance Department, Comptroller's Office, June 30, 1897.

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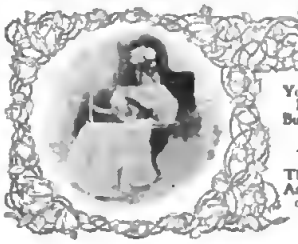

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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[SEE "COLONEL BOGIE," A GOLF STORY, BY GUSTAV KOBBÉ, PAGE 757.]

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(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

NEW YORK CITY, JULY 31, 1897

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THE PASSAGE OF THE TARIFF BILL.

THE tariff bill, which was finally completed in conference committee, out of the way, business will probably respond by a renewed activity, and the long-awaited prosperity will probably arrive. For some weeks there has been an atmosphere of hope, hardly more than that, among business men, and its source and inspiration have been the consciousness that the tariff bill would soon be finished and the worst known. Business has been waiting so long for a revival that it would not be strange if we should now have a period of prosperity greater than the country has known since the crash and ruin which followed the passage of the McKINLEY bill of 1890 and the SHERMAN silver act of the same year. The country is so rich, the outlook for the farmer is so favorable, trading has been so long suspended, that even this tariff bill, bad as it is, cannot probably prevent the awakening of the business activities of the nation. Indeed, if we are to have the prosperity hoped for and predicted, the prosperity that alone can prevent the election of a BRYAN House of Representatives next year, it will be because the tariff agitation is over for the time, and because the dickerers and log-rollers have at last completed their task of spoiling the people in behalf of the trusts and manufacturers.

It is a curious feature of the history of this tariff bill that its discussion in Congress has excited little public interest. The country has seemed apathetic. Apparently people were concerned mainly in its speedy passage, in order that they might know accurately the burdens which were to be imposed upon them, and might fix prices of their goods accordingly. There is no doubt that a good many friends of the protective tariff system regard this attitude of the country as indicative of the definite adoption of protection as the permanent policy of the government. There are signs that encourage this belief. In the first place, the Democrats in the House of Representatives chose as their leader a young man not only absolutely incapable of dealing with the question, but one whose opposition is not based on principle. Mr. BAILEY is a Democrat who, like TILLMAN, prefers to grab part of the plunder for his own constituency rather than to stop the stealing. The Populists and some Democratic Senators also manifest this readiness to participate in the benefits of protection. TILLMAN is not the only Southern Senator who sympathizes with McKENRY'S willingness to permit any outrage upon the professed principles of his party if the products of his own people are "taken care of." The enactment of the bill was attained with the aid and the connivance of men who have professed to be opposed to class legislation and to the whole system of taxing the public for the benefit of individuals. It is this betrayal which leads protectionists to believe that their policy is now definitely and permanently established.

We are inclined to think that they will speedily discover their mistake, that they will find that the apparent apathy of the country was due to a consciousness of impotence, that, instead of acquiescing in the protective principle, the country is more alive than ever to the essential immorality of tariff legislation; that there are deep-seated anger and a firm determination to punish those who are responsible for the greedy corruption which marked every step in the composition of this disgraceful and unclean measure. To suppose that the country acquiesces in the bill which has been produced at Washington is to suppose that it has become indifferent not only to the vicious practices which have been the fruitful parents of its various schedules, but to the reckless and shameless display of them. The great central fact in the history of this measure is the continued domination of the Sugar Trust over Congress. There is some pretence of dispute as to whether the House or the Senate was victorious in the final arrangement of the sugar schedule. But it matters little which scheme for increasing the profits of the Sugar Trust was adopted. The people who speculate in sugar securities have expressed their opinion of this legislation in Wall Street. The common stock of the Trust was selling at 110 when the work of making the bill was begun, and after the conference report was made the stock sold at 146. In other words, the "Street" assumed that the sugar schedule, as finally adopted, had added $15,000,000 to the value of the common stock.

For three years the Sugar Trust has legislated for itself, and has been able to tax the country for its own benefit, its agents in Congress being restrained only by fears of their constituents. What the Sugar Trust has done on a large way has been done in a smaller way by other beneficiaries of this tariff bill. The public interests have not been consulted by the public's representatives. Every tax imposed by this bill is in aid of a private enterprise, and the rate in nearly every case has been dictated by the beneficiary. The price of nearly every article in common use is increased by the act, except the products of the farmer, who cannot be benefited by a tariff tax. But the old ruse on the farmer has been again attempted, and while the government permits him to be despoiled by the manufacturers of cotton ties, cotton bagging, and every other article that he must use, it offers him the worthless gift of a tax on the products that he sells to England. The pretence has been that this log-rolling scheme of public plunder has had for its object the raising of revenue. But this pretence has now been abandoned, and even Mr. DINGLEY confesses that the predictions of increased income to be derived from this measure, which he made on introducing it, were untrue, while he now searches for excuses to explain the looked for deficiency of the current year. That the first effort of this Congress in dealing with the revenues should have been to equalize receipts and expenditures is beyond dispute. That this result should have been sought through retrenchment in expenditure will not be denied by intelligent men who have in mind only the best interests of the government. That, in the absence of the will or the courage to economize, taxes should have been levied that would certainly increase revenues, follows inevitably. But this Congress has insisted on continuing extravagant appropriations, and has voted down nearly every reasonable proposition that has been made to increase revenues. The session has been devoted to increasing the profits of private corporations and private citizens who are suspected of possessing a corrupt influence in Washington, and it matters not, so far as the immediate interests of the country and the fortunes of the Republican party are concerned, whether the suspicion be just or unjust.

Whatever else may be the outcome of this tariff measure, whether or not we shall be fortunate enough to escape the direful economic and political consequences that would follow the triumph of the silver men next year, we firmly believe that this measure will hasten the end of the protective policy. We do not believe that the country will much longer tolerate a policy that is hostile to commerce, which was spreading under the lower tariff; hostile to manufacturers, many of whom have enjoyed the benefits of free raw material, now to be taxed; hostile to the consumer; hostile to art and letters; and such a fruitful breeder of corruption that whenever a tariff bill is up, the Senate-house at Washington becomes a market. The end of all this must come, and the men who are responsible for this latest phase of the protection barbarism will go down before the just indignation of the country whose public opinion they have ignored or openly contemned.

THE ALASKA GOLD-HUNTERS.

THE reports of extraordinary discoveries of gold in Alaska are not only drawing thousands of men from points along the Pacific coast to the new gold country, but already the East has begun to send recruits to the new mining-fields. It is characteristic of the speculative nature of the American that he is willing to take chances of extreme hardship, and even of death, for the remote possibility of quickly found fortune. How remote that possibility usually is has been illustrated at the opening of every new mining country, and it has been proved again and again that the proportion of men who grow wealthy in mining is almost as small as that of the men who break the bank at Monte Carlo.

A few years ago California sent a band of argonauts to Australia, where some very rich gold discoveries had been made. Before they reached their destination discouraging reports began to come from the new gold-fields. These reports showed that while a very few men had grown enormously wealthy through the discovery of rich gold deposits their less fortunate associates had undergone fearful hardships without reward. Both water and food had been lacking, and men who had had little capital found themselves confronted not only with poverty, but with starvation. Government reports, based on a careful census, showed that the average production of the precious metal was something less than $300 to each miner for twelve months. In a country where supplies sold for extravagant prices, $300 a year was a starvation income. When from the aggregate the enormous takings of the few more fortunate miners were subtracted, it reduced the average for the less successful more than one-half.

A similar condition of affairs exists on the Klondike, if the reports which come by way of San Francisco and Seattle are trustworthy. Provisions are scarce and dear, hardships are great; the promising placer territory is limited, and already there are enough eager workers on the field to exhaust its capacity. Only the fortunate have returned to civilization, bringing their bags and boxes and cans of gold dust to prove the wonders of which they tell. The men who are fighting poverty and hunger beyond the Chilkoot Pass are still to be heard. Something of this experience is foreshadowed in the story of the man who has brought a substantial fortune with him to San Francisco after a struggle with disaster for three dreary years. But the glitter of the gold he brings, and not the shadow of his struggle with misfortune, will linger in the memory of tens of thousands of men whose hearts are yearning to day toward the new California.

SOME BARBARISMS OF OUR OWN.

IN too many parts of this country there is too little civilization. It is best to go farther and to confess that some communities in the United States are lamentably ignorant and barbarous whenever they come to deal with certain facts of life. This barbarism is not confined to any particular section of the country, but it has more frequent opportunities for displaying itself in the South than elsewhere, owing to the social conditions arising there from the presence of a great number of blacks freed from slavery only a little more than a generation ago.

The most serious blot upon our civilization finds its expression in the defiance of the law, and in the lack of that self-control which is perhaps the finest attribute of the civilized man. Occasionally there is something more: there is exhibited by the mob a thirsty love for blood-letting and for mangling the bodies of its victims, a passion for cruel mutilation which is generally supposed to be limited to the most ferocious tribes of Indians in our own country, and to some of the most untamed of the African negroes. The ferocity in mangling and the furious joy that is produced by the sight of blood are sometimes manifested, it is true, by others than admitted savages. The Spaniards, for example, are accused of barbarous brutality in their treatment of the Cuban insurgents. The Japanese are charged with horrible cruelties to the captured and wounded Chinese at Port Arthur, and one of the excuses offered for them is that the Chinese had been equally brutal. The Turks are known to be guilty of murder and of worse in Armenia.

Comfortable Christians in our own country and in the States of Ohio, Tennessee, Alabama, and Kentucky, as well as elsewhere, shudder when they read of the savages of foreign and un-Christian lands glutting themselves with blood and murder. Our Congress and State Legislatures tremble with horror and indignation at the accounts of Armenian outrages and of the starving and shooting of Cubans. They express their indignation in resolutions which upbraid Europe for tolerating the Turk, and they insist that the Spaniard shall cease to offend our susceptibilities in Cuba.

There is no hypocrisy in all this, for, as a rule, we are a law-abiding people and we are humane Christians, but whether the thing that is in our own eye be a mote or a beam, there is something there that ought to be removed before we pass any more resolutions about the thing that obstructs or diverts the vision of our brother.

The incident at Urbana, Ohio, had not been forgotten before lynching parties defied the law in other States, and now a negro has been most horribly killed—stoned to death, his body riddled with bullets and burned—in Tennessee, and within a few days of the first murder another negro was killed in the same lawless way in Alabama. In Kentucky a judge has liberated a confessed murderer on the ground, deliberately stated, that there is an unwritten law in Kentucky which permits the husband to kill his wife's paramour.

The mobs that kill negroes, and the communities that excuse the killers, are barbarous. The men engaged in the bloody work in Tennessee and Alabama are murderers, and should be hanged. If the communities permit them to go free, they are, to that extent, uncivilized communities in

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which passion is superior to the law. The judge in Kentucky is worse even than the lay offenders, for he has studied the law, knows, if he does not feel, its spirit, and is sworn to administer it fairly, justly, and thoroughly. Besides conniving at and encouraging murder, he has violated his oath, and if the community in which he lives were wholly fit to govern itself, he would be driven from the bench.

These are some of the instances which prove the statement made at the beginning of this article, that in too many parts of this country there is too little civilization. In view of them modesty would be becoming in the best of us. We may properly continue to shudder at the cruelty of Turks and Japanese and Spaniards, to deplore the brutality of the black savages of Africa and the red savages of America, but until we tame and civilize our own white savages, until we treat all illegal killing as really murder, and until we drive from the bench such judges as the man who has recently disgraced the State of Kentucky, we would best make up our minds that the tasks we leave at hand are so exacting that we have no time for interference in foreign countries or with strange populations, either through advice or annexation.

OUR INTERNATIONAL IRRESPONSIBILITY.

WE complain that foreigners do not understand us. In international affairs that is no wonder. In Europe a minister composes his despatches under a burden of responsibility which is almost crushing. As Lord DUFFERIN said in the speech last year in Paris in which he bade farewell to the career of diplomacy, if any one of half a dozen august personages "raises his voice above a whisper," a shiver runs over all the exchanges and through all the barracks of Europe. Consequently the august personages do not raise their voices above a whisper unless they mean something very serious indeed. Observe the studious moderation of the language of the ambassadors at Constantinople. They do not in the least "cry Havoc" even when they are actually preparing to "let loose the dogs of war." We, on the contrary, through our legislators, scream at the top of our voices even when we do not mean anything in particular, and the vociferous persons are immensely surprised when they are taken seriously.

It is humiliating to have our friends explaining abroad that we are not to be taken seriously. But that our orators and legislators do not intend to be taken seriously they take frequent occasion to prove. This was shown in a remarkable manner only a few days ago in the Senate. That body had taken action in the case of Cuba calculated to give great offence to Spain, and in the case of Hawaii calculated to give great offence to Japan. If the Senate was prepared to stand by its own action an increase of the navy, amounting almost to doubling it, was of the most urgent necessity. We were exposed, by the action of the Senate, to an attack upon both flanks. It was necessary for us to maintain at once on the Atlantic coast a fleet superior to that of Spain, and on the Pacific coast to that of Japan. Everybody knows that we are very far short of that condition of preparedness. And yet the Senate showed the irresponsibility and insincerity of its own previous performance by resolving that we should not have such a navy. For that was really the meaning of the refusal of that body to allow contracts for armor plate to be made at the price offered. It is possible that armor plate could be provided at a profit at $300 a ton, the figure beyond which the Senate declined to go, whereas the price charged was $425. It is said that this latter price is lower than that paid by England or France or Germany. In that case the showing that we could get armor plate for more than a fourth less would shed an interesting side-light on the iron and steel schedule of the tariff. But, however that may be, we must have armor plate at once and at any price if the Senate meant what its bellicose behavior seemed to mean. We were really at the mercy of the contractors, for the only alternative proposition to that of buying of the manufacturers at their own price was the establishment by the government of its own plant for making armor plate. That suggestion has been made before, in rather a speculative way. But this time, always assuming the sincerity and responsibility of the Senate, the question was not speculative, but intensely practical, and even vital. Battleships cannot in any case be improvised, but to postpone the completion of them until the government supplied itself with a plant for armor plate is like adjourning it without day. And nothing more practical was done than the bare suggestion in debate of such a mode of escape from the rapacity of the contractors. That is to say, the Senate, having invited war from two powers, refuses to make any preparations for that war. In this case the House has concurred in the action of the Senate, though it is true that the Senate is responsible for the creation of the threatening conditions. Is it any wonder that Europe does not know what to make of us?

PARTISAN MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT.

OF the arguments in favor of partisan municipal government, that recently published by ex-Governor ROSWELL P. FLOWER appears to have attracted the most attention. He admits that the failure of partisan government in cities has "in some instances been conspicuous and humiliating." But he affirms, on the other hand, that "some of the worst instances of maladministration have occurred under nominal non-partisanship." He fails, however, to specify such instances. He only says: "I believe that the net result of the non-partisan movement which elected Mayor STRONG has been of distinct advantage, in some respects, to the people of New York, but its merits have been manifested to the services of a few men who have conducted their offices with conspicuous fidelity and intelligence. As a test or demonstration of what constitutes genuine non-partisanship, it has been a failure." The mistakes committed by Mayor STRONG consisted, not in appointing to office persons who were party men, but in selecting for appointment men on account of their belonging to this or that party organization, instead of choosing them solely according to their fitness for the official duties to be discharged. And if Mr. FLOWER will candidly analyze the successes and failures of Mayor STRONG's administration, he will agree with the general judgment that in the different departments it succeeded in the same measure as the true principles of non-partisan government were faithfully observed, and it failed in the same measure as those principles were departed from. The most conspicuous success was achieved in the street-cleaning department, which was most conspicuously conducted in the non-partisan spirit. The failures it is needless to point out.

Mayor STRONG's administration therefore shows, not that non-partisan municipal government is impracticable, but that, in the present case, it has splendidly succeeded where it was fairly and consistently tried, and that the failures occurred where it was not. Nor does the fact that Mayor STRONG made some appointments for partisan reasons prove that when a ticket on a non-partisan platform has been supported by several partisan organizations, those elected must make partisan appointments. On the contrary, the experience of the last two years has demonstrated that Mayor STRONG's administration would have been stronger in public opinion, more harmonious, more effective in promoting the public good, more acceptable to the people and more apt to secure the triumph of the non-partisan principle in coming elections, if he had made no appointments on partisan grounds at all. By this time Mayor STRONG probably thinks so himself.

It is one of the favorite arguments of the advocates of partisan municipal government that such a government will be restrained from evil practices by the feeling that it is "responsible" to a party organization. This is a catch phrase. What does such "responsibility" mean? It means, generally, in the first place, that the heads of such a partisan government will be held "responsible" for putting the offices at their disposal into the hands of their party organization. It means, in the second place, as to the responsibility of the party to the public, that when such partisan officers, in doing all they can for the benefit of their party organization, offend the moral sense of the public and get into difficulty, the party organization will do all it can to cover up their misdoings and to help them out. The party organization will usually stand by the evil-doer if he has been "true" to it in the matter of patronage and other plunder, sometimes to the last extremity, sometimes at least until his case is absolutely hopeless and the attempt to sustain him would mean immediate party disaster. Such has been for many years the history of such party organizations as those we have to deal with in New York. If any such organization has held one of its leaders in office "responsible," with regard to his official conduct, it has been not for official misconduct ever so gross, but for permitting himself to be "found out." No fair-minded man will believe that this sort of "responsibility" to or by party organization can, under existing circumstances, be conducive to good municipal government.

Will, on the other hand, as Mr. FLOWER thinks, non-partisan municipal government, not holding itself responsible to a party organization, be without the necessary sense of responsibility? Here is a practical example. Of all our present city officers Colonel WARING is probably the most "independent" in sentiment. Few citizens of New York know to what party he belongs, or whether he belongs to any. If anybody should speak to him about his "responsibility" to a political party he would chuckle. But what sane person will say that Colonel WARING, as an officer of the city government, is without a proper sense of responsibility? He simply feels himself responsible to the people of New York and to the judgment of his countrymen for cleaning the streets of the city to the best of his ability. And there are other city officers animated with the same spirit and devoting themselves with the same fidelity to their duties. Now let Mr. FLOWER compare these men, whom he considers in a sense "irresponsible," with a majority of their predecessors under partisan municipal government with all the moral weight of their responsibility to party organization upon them—and where does he find the strongest sense of responsibility of the genuine kind? And which kind of responsibility serves the public best?

Nothing could possibly be more delightful than the string which Mr. FLOWER attaches to his plea in saying, "Behind any defence of municipal government by party, however, must stand the imperative condition that the party organization be intelligent, honest, and broad minded. Corrupt and incapable local organizations cannot give good local government and are a menace to party success in either State or national contests. But with clean men directing party effort, and insisting upon honest, faithful public service as a condition for rewards, municipal government is safe in partisan hands, and evils which have grown up under control by party need not exist." This is the longest joke of the season, considering the character of the party organizations we have to deal with in New York city—Tammany Hall under Boss SHEEHAN on the one side, and the Republican machine under Boss PLATT on the other. Yes, if Tammany Hall and the PLATT machine, or either of them, were or could be made party organizations unselfishly devoted to the public good, municipal government might be as safe in their hands as in those of any other set of virtuous patriots. But will not the mere suggestion of such a possibility provoke a general guffaw? Mr. FLOWER tells us that "partisanship in city government differs from non-partisanship in being a reflection of conditions as they exist—not as they ought to be." Well, will not then partisanship in our city government reflect existing conditions which are very bad? And are not good citizens in duty bound to strive for a change of conditions in the direction of what they "ought to be"? And could there be anything more hopeless than an attempt to effect that change by a transformation of Tammany or of the PLATT machine into devotees of good government?

Under such circumstances there is something of comedy in the spectacle of a company of sound-money Democrats meeting at dinner like the Pickwick Club to devise methods of attaining good municipal government by electing only "Democrats" to the city offices, and of "uniting" all "Democrats," Tammany included, to that end. These gentlemen seem to be haunted by a vague apprehension that any independent municipal movement may somehow hurt *their* party, whatever that at present may be. The droll confusion of this idea is mercilessly betrayed by Mr. FLOWER when he says: "A battle for tariff reform or for honest money might be lost, if party activity were reserved only for Federal elections." If this be true, might not likewise a battle for high protection or for free silver be lost, if party activity were reserved for Federal elections? And is not this even far more likely because independent action is most apt to weaken the *regular* organizations, which at present work, one for high protection and the other for free silver? Those gentlemen are no less at sea with regard to the municipal situation. Do they not know what everybody else knows, that if Tammany "unites" with them on a respectable Democrat for the Mayoralty and keeps Bryanism in the background for the time being, it does so only for the purpose of riding over a dangerous crisis, and of claiming the victory and monopolizing its fruits if the "united" Democrats win? Do they not see that by such an unprincipled "union" of sound money men and Bryanites as "Democrats," they would simply make themselves a more tender to Tammany Hall? If they really mean to serve the cause of good government in New York they cannot too soon join the independent citizens' movement and contribute their share toward keeping it in the truest sense non-partisan.

CARL SCHURZ.

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CHINESE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORERS AT MECHANICS' PAVILION.
Photographed by Weidner.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR COMMITTEE.
Photographed by Weidner.

THE FIRST MEETING OF THE CONVENTION AT MECHANICS' PAVILION JULY 7.
Photographed by Taber.

MECHANICS' PAVILION WHERE THE CONVENTION WAS HELD.
Photographed by Taber.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORERS BAGGAGE.
Photographed by Weidner.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORERS FROM ARMENIA.
Photographed by Weidner.

ARCH OF WELCOME AT MARKET STREET.
Photographed by Taber.

THE SIXTEENTH INTERNATIONAL CONVENTION OF THE SOCIETIES OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR, AT SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 7-12.
[See Page 766.]

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MR. FREDERICK MACMONNIES'S GROUP.

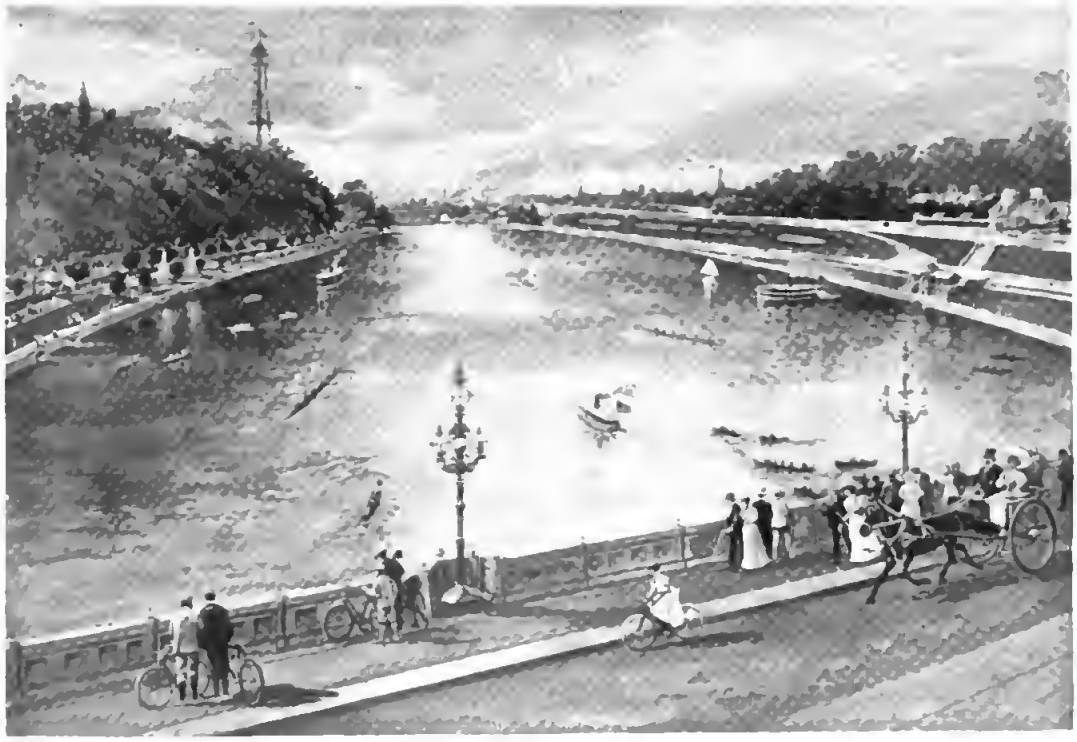
Mr. Frederick Macmonnies has forwarded from his studio in Paris a photograph, expressly prepared for Harper's Weekly, of his model sketch for a colossal group which is to adorn one of the entrances to Prospect Park in Brooklyn. The height of the group will be fourteen feet, and that of the pedestal on which it will stand nineteen feet. The general scheme of Park adornment, of which the group will be a feature, is being carried out by the firm of architects Messrs. McKim, Mead, & White, and is a further illustration of the fact that no city on this continent has a fuller appreciation of the real value of art to life than the City of Churches.

A study of the picture leads one to the conclusion that this composition will reveal the sculptor at the highest point of vigorous conception and mature execution that he has yet reached. We have known him to be possessed of an extraordinary feeling for texture, of perfection in drawing, and the power of expressing spontaneity of movement. He gave us an example of this in the "Bacchante," with its exquisitely natural spring, that is the triumph of minute observation and technical facility, for the pose is momentary, and no model can give more than a suggestion of it. But in this group of horses is a transition from the idyllic to the heroic, from a rippling rhythm of movement to a veritable explosion of action. Step by step Mr. Macmonnies has mounted the pedestal of his power, until now we feel that he is conscious of full maturity, and fairly revelling in his strength. His abullient vitality is contagious. It is impossible not to feel enthusiastic in the presence of a work so stirring—sufficiently classical, and yet aglow with that passionate young life that characterizes American civilization.

Evidently the camera, as so often, has played false with the subject, and made the hind quarters appear small in scale as compared with the horse's head and shoulders. But, having made allowance for this, one can enjoy without stint. What a magnificent crescendo of impetus in the action of the front horse, from the rigid thrust of the hind leg, which carries the weight, up to the spontaneous exultation of the arched neck! Then how confidently daring is that strong diagonal line formed by the rider and the horse's fore legs, which forces the interest back into the centre of the composition, and forms an attachment to the towering mass of the other horse! The picture, though necessarily a one-sided view, enables one to see with what judgment the sculptor has controlled the vehemence of his group, and kept its parts from starting asunder by the opposing direction of the horses' heads. Not the least admirable characteristic is the breadth and simplicity of modelling. The sculptor, whose work has often been so exquisite in detail that one had to pass one's hand over it to appreciate the delicate gradations, has here assumed unreservedly the big manner, subordinating mere line to vigorous contour, and antithetics of surface to imposing masses of light and shade.

Mr. Macmonnies has always been a prodigy among his fellow artists, and his work early won the admiration of the critics for its brilliant technique. It is good to see that a man can come through such an ordeal unspoiled, and grow to larger and larger effort, that the horizon of his purpose is widening, and each fresh example of his work is richer in significance, ampler in conception, and more matured in treatment. Charles H. Caffin.

MR. FREDERICK MACMONNIES'S GROUP FOR PROSPECT PARK, BROOKLYN.



THE NEW ESPLANADE AND DRIVEWAYS ALONG THE SCHUYLKILL RIVER AT FAIRMOUNT PARK, PHILADELPHIA.—[See Page 754.]

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LONDON.

July 1, 1897.

I continued, last month, to seek private diversion, which I found to be more and more required as the machinery of public began to work. Never was a better chance, apparently, for the great anodyne of art. It was a supreme opportunity to test the spell of the magician, for one felt one was saved if a fictive world would open. I knocked, in this way, at a dozen doors; I read a succession of novels, with the effect perhaps of feeling more than ever before my individual liability in our great general debt to the novelists. The great thing to say for them is surely that, at any given moment, they offer us another world, another consciousness, an experience that, as effective as the dentist's ether, muffles the ache of the actual and, by helping us to an interval, tides us over and makes us face, in the return to the inevitable, a combination that may at least have changed. What we get, of course, in proportion as the picture lives is simply another actual—the actual of other people, and I no more than any one else pretend to say *why* that should be a relief—a relief, I mean, as great as it practically proves. We meet, on that question, I think, the eternal mystery—the mystery that sends us back simply to the queer constitution of man and that is not in the least lighted by the plea of "romance," the argument that relief depends wholly upon the quantity, as it were, of fable. It depends, to my sense, on the quantity of nothing but art—in which the material, fable or fact or whatever it be, falls so into solution, is so reduced and transmuted, that I absolutely am acquainted with no receipt whatever for computing its proportion and amount.

The only amount I can compute is the force of the author, for that is directly registered in my attention, my submission. A hundred things, naturally, go to make it up, but he knows so much better than I what they are that I should blush to give him a glimpse of my inferior account of them. The anodyne is not the particular picture, it is our own act of surrender, and therefore most, for each reader, what he must surrenders to. This latter element would seem in turn, to vary from case to case, were it not indeed that there are readers prepared, I believe, to limit their surrender in advance. With some, we gather, it declines, for instance, to operate save on an exhibition of "high life." In others again it is proof against any solicitation but that of low. In many it vibrates only to "adventure"; in many only to Charlotte Brontë; in various groups, according to affinity, only to Jane Austen, to old Dumas, to Miss Corelli, to Dostoievsky, or to whomever it may be. The readers easiest to conceive, however, are probably those for whom, in the whole impression, the note of sincerity in the artist is what most matters, what most reaches and touches. That, obviously, is the relation that gives the widest range to the anodyne.

I am afraid that, profiting by my license, I drag forward Mr. George Gissing from an antiquity of several weeks. I blow the dust of oblivion from M. Pierre Loti, and indeed from all the company—they have been published for days and days. I foresee, however, that I must neglect the company for the sake of the two members I have named, writers—I speak for myself—always in order, though not, I admit, on quite the same line. Mr. Gissing would have been particularly in order had he only kept for the present period the work preceding his latest, all the more that *In the Year of Jubilee* has, to my perception, some points of superiority to *The Whirlpool*. For this author in general, at any rate, I profess, and have professed ever since reading *The New Grub Street*, a persistent taste—a taste that triumphs even over the fact that he almost as persistently disappoints me. I fail as yet to make out why, exactly, it is that, going so far, he so sturdily refuses to go further. The whole business of distribution and composition he strikes me as having cast to the winds; but just this fact of a question about him is a part of the wonder—I use the word in the sense of enjoyment—that he excites. It is not every day in the year that we meet a novelist about whom there be a question. The circumstance alone is almost sufficient to beguile or to enthrall, and I seem to myself to have said almost everything in speaking of something that Mr. Gissing "goes far" enough to do. To go far enough to do anything is, in the conditions we live in, a lively achievement.

The Whirlpool, I crudely confess, was in a manner a grief to me, but the book has much substance, and there is no light privilege in an emotion so sustained. This emotion perhaps it is that most makes me, in the end, stick to Mr. Gissing—makes me, with an almost nervous clutch, quite cling to him. I shall not know how to deal with him, however, if I withhold the last outrage of calling him an interesting case. He seems to me above all a case of saturation, and it is mainly his saturation that makes him interesting—I mean especially in the sense of making him curious. The interest would be greater if his art were more complete, but we must take what we can get, and Mr. Gissing has a way of his own. The great thing is that his saturation is with elements that, presented to us in contemporary English fiction, affect us as a product of extraordinary oddity and rarity: he reeks with the savor, he is bowed beneath the fruits, of contact with the lower, with the lowest, middle class, and that is sufficient to make him an authority—*the* authority in fact—on a region vast and unexplored.

The English novel has, as a general thing, kept so desperately, so nervously clear of it, whisking back compromised skirts and bumping frantically against obstacles to retreat, that we welcome as the boldest of adventurers a painter who has faced it and survived. We have had low life in plenty, for, with its sores and vices, its crimes and penalties, misery has color enough to open the door to any quantity of artistic patronage. We have shuddered in the dens of thieves and the cells of murderers, and have dropped the inevitable tear over tortured childhood and purified sin. We have popped in at the damp cottage with my lady and heard the quaint rustic bless his simple heart, commit himself for our amusement. We have fraternized, on the other hand, with the peerage and the county families and stayed at the fine old house till exhausted nature has, for this source of intoxication, not a wink of sensibility left. It has grown, the source in question, as stale as the sweet biscuit with pink enhancements in that familiar jar of the refreshment counter from which even the attendant young lady in black, with admirers and a social position, hesitates to extract it. We have recognized the humble, the wretched, even the wicked; also we have recognized the "smart." But save under the immense pressure of Dickens we have never done anything so dreadful as to recognize the vulgar. We have, at the very most, recognized it as the extravagant, the grotesque. The case of Dickens was absolutely special; he dealt intensely with "lower middle," with "lowest" middle, elements, but he escaped the predicament of showing them as vulgar by showing them only as prodigiously droll. When his people are not funny who shall dare to say what they are? The critic may draw breath as from a responsibility averted when he reflects that they almost always are funny. They belong to a walk of life that we may be humorous, but must never be serious, about. We may be tragic, but that is often but a form of humor. I seem to hear Mr. Gissing say: "Well, dreariness for dreariness, let us try Bloomsbury and Pimlico, especially as, in the first place, I know them so well; as, in the second, they are the essence of England; and, as, in the third, they are, artistically speaking, virgin soil. Behold them glitter in the morning dew."

So he is serious—almost imperturbably—about them, and, as it turns out, even quite manfully and admirably sad. He has the great thing: his saturation (with the visible and audible common) can project itself, let him get outside of it and walk round it. I scarcely think he stays, as it were, outside quite as much as he might, and on the question of form he certainly strikes me as staying far too little. It is form, above all, that is talent, and if Mr. Gissing's were proportionate to his knowledge, to what may be called his possession, we should have a larger force to reckon with. That—not to speak of the lack of intensity in his imagination—is the direction in which one would wish him to go further. Our Anglo-Saxon tradition of these matters remains surely, in some respects, the strangest. After the perusal of such a book as *The Whirlpool* I feel as if I had almost to explain that by "these matters" I mean the whole question of composition, of foreshortening, of the proportion and relation of parts. Mr. Gissing, to wind up my reserves, is guilty of an almost fatal abuse of colloquy; though I hasten to add that the abuse is so general a sign, in these days, of the English and the American novel as to deprive a challenge of every hope of credit. It is attended, visibly—that is, visibly to those who can see—with two or three woful results. If it had none other it would still deserve arraignment on the simple ground of what it crowds out—the golden blocks themselves of the structure, the whole divine exercise and mystery of the exquisite art of presentation.

The ugliest trick it plays, at any rate, is its effect on that side of the novelist's effort—the side of most difficulty and thereby of most dignity—which consists in giving the sense of duration, of the lapse and accumulation of time. This is altogether, to my view, the stiffest problem that the artist in fiction has to tackle, and nothing is more striking at present than the blankness, for the most part, of his indifference to it. The uncontrolled multiplication of talks is the last thing to strengthen his hand. Such an expedient works exactly to the opposite end, absolutely minimizing, in regard to time, our impression of lapse and passage. That is so much the case that I can think of no novel in which it prevails as giving at all the sense of the gradual and the retarded—the stretch of the years in which developments really take place. The picture is nothing unless it is a picture of the conditions, and the conditions are usually hereby quite omitted. Thanks to this perversity, everything dealt with in fiction appears at present to occur simply on the occasion of a few conversations about it; there is no other constitution of it. A few hours, a few days seem to account for it. The process, the "dark backward and abysm," is ready so little reproduced. We feel tempted to send many an author, to learn the rudiments of this secret, back to his Balzac again, the most accomplished master of it. He will learn also from Balzac, while he is about it, that nothing, furthermore, so intrinsic effect, so much discounts itself as this abuse of colloquy.

"Dialogue," as it is commonly called, is singularly suicidal from the moment it is not directly illustrative of something given us by another method, something constituted and presented. It is impossible to read work even as interesting as Mr. Gissing's without recognizing the impossibility of making people at once talk so much and talk with the needful differences. The thing, so far as we have got, is simply too hard. There is always, at the best, the author's voice to be kept out. It can be kept out for occasions, it cannot be kept out always. The solution, therefore, is to leave it its function, for it has the supreme one. This function, properly exercised, averts the disaster of the blight of the colloquy really in place—illustrative and indispensable. Nothing is more inevitable than such a blight when, antecedently, the general effect of the process has been undermined. We then want dialogue—want dialogue only. But, preposterously, it doesn't come—it isn't there. It has been fatally cheapened. There is no effect, no relief.

I am writing a treatise when I meant only to give a glance; and it may be asked if the best thing I find in Mr. Gissing is after all then, but an opportunity to denounce. The answer to that is that I find two other things—or should find them, rather, had I not deprived myself, as usual, of proper space. One of these is the pretext for speaking, by absolute rebound, as it were, and in the interest of vivid contrast, of Pierre Loti; the other is a better occasion still, an occasion for the liveliest sympathy. It is impossible not to be affected by the frankness and straightness of Mr. Gissing's feeling for his subject, a subject almost always distinctly remunerative to the ironic and even to the dramatic mind. He has the strongest, deepest sense of common humanity, of the general struggle and the general gray, grim comedy. He loves the real, he renders it, and though he has a tendency to drift too much with his tide, he gives us, in the great welter of the savorless, an individual manly strain. If he only had distinction he would make the suburbs "hum." I don't mean, of course, by his circulation there—the effect Ibsen is supposed to have on them. I mean objectively and as a rounded whole—as a great theme treated. I am ashamed of postponing *Ramuntcho*, for *Ramuntcho* is a direct result of the beauty of *Pêcheur d'Islande* and *Mon frère Yves*—in other words, a literary sensation of the most exquisite order. Perhaps indeed it is as well that a critic *should* postpone—and quite indefinitely—an author as to whom he is ready to confess that his critical instinct is quite suspended. Oh, the blessing of a book, the luxury of a talent, that one is only anxious not to reason about, only anxious to turn over in the mind and to taste! It is a poor business perhaps, but I have nothing more responsible to say of Loti than that I love him. I love him when he is bad—and Heaven knows he has occasionally been so—more than I love other writers when they are good. If, therefore, he is on the whole quite at his best in *Ramuntcho* I fear my appreciation is a sentiment almost too personal for this kind of exposure. I can give it no more coherent form than to say that he makes the act of tasting one of the joys that, as things mainly go, a reader must be pretty well provided to afford not to jump at. And yet there are readers, apparently, who *are* so provided. There are readers who don't jump and are cocksure they can afford it. My private conviction remains that they are wrong—that, at a time so imperfectly solvent, literally nobody can. I defy it not to tell somewhere—become a gap one can immediately "spot."

It is well to content one's self, at all events, with affection: so stiff a job, in such a case, is understanding or still more explanation. There is a kind of finality in Loti's simplicity—if it even *be* simplicity. He performs in an air in which, on the part of the spectator, analysis withers and only submission lives. Has it anything to do with literature? Has it anything to do with nature? It must be, we should suppose, the last refinement either of one or of the other. Is it all emotion, is it all calculation, is it all truth, is it all humbug? All we can say, as readers, is that it is, for ourselves, all experience, and of the most personal intensity. The great question is whether it is emotion "neat" or emotion rendered and reduced. If it be resolved into art, why hasn't it more of the chill? If it be sensibility pure, why isn't it cruder and clumsier? What is exquisite is the contact of sensibility made, somehow, so convenient—with only the beauty preserved. It is not too much to say of Loti that his sensibility begins where that of most of the fraternity ends. If, moreover, in effect, he represents the triumph of instinct, when was instinct ever so sustained and so unerring? It keeps him unfailingly in the matter of "dialogue," out of the overflow and the splash. It is a joy to see how his looseness is pervaded after all by proportion.

Henry James.

FAIRMOUNT PARK'S NEW ESPLANADE.

There is no healthier characteristic in modern American life than the care which is bestowed upon the extension of public parks and boulevards, and the utilization and enhancement of natural advantages. It is a complete refutation of the charge that we are occupied wholly in the pursuit of the dollar, and bespeaks even more than a hearty love of the beautiful, for it shows that our patriotism is large enough to include a solicitude for those who will come after us. The example set by the national government in the charming park system of Washington and the unrivalled grandeur of Yellowstone Park has been followed by all our big cities in a way that excites the admiration and envy of the Old World, where the conditions are not so favorable to extensive and systematized treatment. The picture on page 758 shows Philadelphia's latest accomplishment in this direction. The eastern and western banks of the Schuylkill River in Fairmount Park, stretching from the Girard Avenue Bridge southward to a point where the river leaps down a deep dam breast to tide level, has been reclaimed. What was recently an unsightly expanse of swamp and scrub has been converted, by filling, into a noble driveway, bordered by a sloping terrace fifty feet high, which is surmounted by an esplanade. Adjoining the driveways are "rambles," fringed with shade trees, for the benefit of pedestrians. The magnitude of the undertaking can be more appreciated when one remembers that the grade of the esplanade has been raised sufficiently high to carry it over the New York division of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and that an uninterrupted terrace sweeps from the Girard Bridge to the most beautiful part of West Philadelphia.

Some work still remains to be done. The steamboat landing is already connected with the drive and esplanade by broad granite stairways, but the old building is to be torn down and a handsome structure erected, which will be in character with the new surroundings. A historic landmark is also to be removed. The old Schuylkill Navigation Company's locks will be filled in, and the lock-house, built early in the century, torn down to make way for the lower driveway, which skirts the river, and at this point crosses over the hills and joins the esplanade.

As a specimen of landscape art this great work is very successful. The river, between its stone embankments, is now a stretch of ornamental lake, which, with the architectural features of the bridge, driveway, and esplanade, and the formal expanse of terrace, composes most agreeably against the leafy background of the park. As an addition to the boulevard system it will be an incalculable boon. These new driveways will connect, by way of Thirtieth Street Boulevard and West Philadelphia, with all the bridges crossing the Schuylkill River, and with the extreme boundaries of Fairmount Park, the Falls of the Schuylkill, Wissahickon, Germantown, Chestnut Hill, Roxboro, and all the handsome suburban sections bordering on the park. Along with the recently established park trolley system, which crosses the river midway between the east and west portions of Fairmount, this new esplanade, terrace, and driveway is one of the greatest undertakings the Park Commissioners have yet accomplished.

When shall we be able to chronicle that the Palisades are saved to posterity, and that the western shore of the Hudson has its driveway?

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THIS·BUSY·WORLD

ONE of the phenomena that we must expect as a consequence of the news that Herr Andrée and his balloon have actually made a start is a sudden stimulation of the propensity of the people of the Western States to see objects floating in the air. Already a report from the extreme Northwest has been in the newspapers which recorded the belief of some supposed observers that they had seen Andrée; but that must have been a premature flight of the imagination, since Andrée and his companions were due about that time at the north pole. It would seem that the gold miners of Alaska are as well situated as any one to claim an early view of Andrée and his craft; but their imaginations are working in a different direction, and they are less likely than idler people to sight a balloon that is not there. The proximity of a telegraph station seems to help watchers to believe they have seen something, and that aid the miners lack.

Boston gave Lieutenant Peary an enthusiastic send off on July 19. At nine o'clock in the morning there was a crowd of 2000 persons at the wharf to see the *Hope* start. She got under way amid volleys of cheers, and went down the harbor to the tooting of steam whistles. It will be remembered that her trip this year is only a preliminary voyage for the establishment of a colony in Whale Sound. Lost Whale Sound, on the northwestern coast of Greenland, several hundred miles beyond Upernavik, is pretty far north, and from there to the north pole is only a little trip of about a thousand miles.

Mr W. J. Ashley, who writes in the *Atlantic Monthly* about "Jowett and the University Ideal," falls into a discussion of the need that university professors should not be so constantly busied with teaching as not to have leisure for original research. In commenting on the advantages and drawbacks of Harvard in this particular he finds a good deal to lament, and even dares to enumerate as "still another danger" "the pecuniary temptation—hardly resistible by weak human nature—to repeat college lectures to the women students of Radcliffe."

This view of Radcliffe, as an institution that tempts Harvard professors to give time and energy to teaching women which should be devoted to work of real importance, is novel, and, objectionable as it may seem, it may have some reasonable basis. "To be sure," adds Mr. Ashley, perhaps by way of apology, "the present Radcliffe system is but a makeshift, and an unsatisfactory one."

The "Idler" of the *Evening Post* complains of the indisposition of the native-born American to continue in the sphere of life in which he is born—unless, indeed, it happens to be a satisfactory one. He grumbles because he thinks all the American boys seem to want to keep in the line of succession to the White House and, aspiring to the best jobs, neglect and too often despise those that are available. They don't like to wear liveries and they rarely make good servants, and the "Idler" chides them for their indocility.

But no amount of chiding is going to cure this American born disposition. It has its great drawbacks and inconveniences, and also its good points. Out of the millions who aspire to a more independent and remunerative vocation than their fathers enjoyed, a good many make a fair proportion of their dreams come true. That is the good point. The bad point is that some aspire too high for their strength and their intelligence, and wind up in a worse position than if they had been content with less.

After all, the race is usually to the swift; victory, in the long-run, is to the strong; and the superior people may be trusted to come to the top. Let us not worry unduly about the restlessness and bumptiousness of the native Americans. It is not really a bad quality in the atmosphere of a country that it makes all comers hope for the best. Events are stronger than homilies, and experience will teach its lessons even to the citizens of a republic. As the country fills up and habits become more settled, the propensity to migration will doubtless lessen, and we will all be somewhat more disposed to follow on in the parental tracks, and to stick to them until we have demonstrated a capacity for something better.

The new Yorkville branch of the New York Free Circulating Library thinks it has broken the library record for the quick development of a large circulation. It opened in quarters at Seventy-ninth Street and Second Avenue with 2000 books. Within two weeks its circulation for a single day was 556. It is adding to its stock of books, but still finds it difficult to keep any books on its shelves. In view of the extreme briskness of its business, the Yorkville branch discloses its eagerness to receive gifts of books. It gives notice that "any one who wishes to see an interesting sight will do well to visit 1523 Second Avenue in 'rush hours,' say 12 to 1 P. M., and in the evening."

In an article in the WEEKLY of July 3, about Paul Jones and his fight with the *Serapis*, Mr H F Keenan says:

> The family name of the great admiral was Paul. For some reason, never satisfactorily stated, Jones was added when John Paul, the latter, married Jean MacDuff.

A reader of the WEEKLY sends to us a clipping made last year from the Wilmington (North Carolina) *Messenger*, which gives the following account of the derivation of the Jones in Paul Jones's name:

> His real name was John Paul only, but he himself added the name Jones, in compliment to the Hon. Willie Jones, of Halifax, North Carolina, whom he visited in his youth, and for whom and his accomplished wife, born Montfort, John Paul entertained the greatest admiration and affection. It was on the recommendation of the Hon. Willie Jones that John Paul was commissioned a lieutenant in the United States navy, in December, 1775; and as he owed his commission to the State, and adopted the name of one of her most prominent citizens, he may be said, in so far at least, to be a North Carolinian.

Colonel Higginson's new American hymn, which, as set to music by Mr. C. C. Converse, first appeared in the WEEKLY, was sung from sheets furnished by Harper & Brothers on July 5, in Independence Square, Philadelphia, by the chorus of the Society of the War of 1812. It has since been published in sheet form by Oliver Ditson & Co., who pay royalties to author and composer. Mr Converse writes that he intends to assign his royalty interest to the societies of the Sons of the Revolution and of the Colonial Wars, which will doubtless be thereby stimulated to promote the adoption of the hymn as a national anthem.

In choosing the shore of Lake Champlain for his summer home Major McKinley shows himself a true fresh-water President, to whom the charms of the beautiful inland lakes appeal more strongly than blue fish, fogs and the salt smells of the ocean. Bluff Point, on Lake Champlain, where he has settled himself for the dog days, is on the New York shore, about an hour's sail from Burlington, Vermont. No doubt we shall hear as much of Lake Champlain for the next year or two as we have been used in years past to hear of Buzzards Bay. There is plenty to be said, and there are those who do not hesitate to say it. The residents of Burlington, for example, are ready at any time to declare, and to maintain by sworn depositions and comparisons, that their town commands the most ecstatic water view in the world. They compare the Burlington water front with the Bay of Naples, admitting a likeness, but claiming that they have the best of the comparison.

The Church of the Strangers, in Mercer Street, between Eighth Street and Waverly Place, was built in 1864 upon leased land belonging to the Sailor's Snug Harbor estate. Now the lease has expired, the congregation has notice to move, and the church is to be torn down to make way for a secular building. This is the church that Commodore Vanderbilt bought for $50,000 and gave to Dr Charles F. Deems. How the gift came to be made is an interesting story, which is well told in a biography of Dr Deems that was lately published. Dr Deems came to New York from the South, after the war, to start a weekly paper. In such time as he could spare from the somewhat engrossing business of publishing a new paper without capital, he gathered a congregation, largely made up of strangers, or new comers to New York, like himself, to whom presently he held forth regularly on Sunday mornings in a hall of the old University Building. He fell in after a time with Commodore Vanderbilt, who lived in that neighborhood, and the Commodore liked him, and finding that he wanted a church and intended to raise money to buy one, he bought the Mercer Street church and gave it to him as a personal gift. So for twenty-five years Dr Deems owned the church he preached in, though before his death he deeded it to trustees for his congregation. The congregation which he gathered still holds together, and intends to have a new building somewhere near the site of the old one.

Every one who cares anything about the Congressional Library is grateful to Librarian Young for his appointment of Thorvald Solberg, of Boston, to be register of copyrights. Mr Solberg was employed in the Congressional Library for thirteen years, but eight years ago went to Boston, where he has since been engaged in business. His appointment was urged by the Authors' Copyright League, and by many leading publishing houses.

The University Settlement Society of No. 26 Delancey Street rejoices in the prospect of a new five-story building, to cost $100,000, and to occupy a lot 67 feet by 80 on the corner of Rivington and Eldridge streets. In the basement of it is to be a gymnasium and swimming-bath; on the first floor, a branch of the Provident Loan Association; on the second floor, a library and a hall for dances, lectures, and other entertainments; on the third floor, club-rooms for grown people and play-rooms for children; and on the fourth and fifth floors, living-rooms for the resident workers. On top of all will be a roof garden. The architects of this building are stated to be Messrs. Stokes and Howells, both at present students of architecture in Paris, and the junior member of the firm the Mr. John Howells to whose successful studies allusion was made in the WEEKLY a fortnight ago.

Miss Jean Ingelow, who died in London on July 19, was not as continuous in her literary activities as Mrs. Oliphant, and has published little during the last fifteen years, but she was very well known and appreciated in this country, where not less than 100,000 copies of her poems have been sold and more than 35,000 copies of her prose writings. Her *Songs of Seven* are familiar in thousands of American homes. *Off the Skelligs* and others of her novels have been widely read. She was born in 1830, in Boston, Lincolnshire, England. Her father, William Ingelow, was a banker, her mother, a Scotch woman. Her home for many years has been in London, where she lived in Old Kensington, in a big brick house of the time of Queen Anne, standing well back from the street, with flowers and shrubs about it. Her first volume of poems appeared in 1863, and had an immediate success, running quickly through a score of editions.

Edward Charles Baring, Baron Revelstoke, senior partner of the banking house of Baring Brothers, who died in England on July 18, is interesting (like Steve Brodie) because of the great distance he dropped. He was born in 1828, and was admitted while still a young man to the family firm. It was a great firm, that had included some famous statesmen, among them Lord Revelstoke's uncle, Alexander Baring, Lord Ashburton, who in 1841 negotiated with Daniel Webster the so-called Ashburton treaty. Edward Baring, devoting himself to finance, became the head of the firm, and in 1885 was raised to the peerage. It seems, however, that his judgment did not always inspire confidence, since one of his partners, Mr Thomas Baring, so distrusted his schemes that he withdrew from the firm, taking his money with him. Between 1885 and 1890 Baron Revelstoke was a great power, with an income of $200,000 a year, a famous art collection, a magnificent country-seat in Devon, and a new and splendid town-house. Report at that time took note of the probability that he would be made a duke, and that his eldest son would marry the second daughter of the Prince of Wales. Suddenly, in 1890, came the slump in Argentines, which hit the Barings so hard that only the intervention of the Bank of England saved them from bankruptcy. In the course of several years they succeeded in paying off debts of $100,000,000, but meanwhile Lord Revelstoke came down to plain living on $15,000 a year, sold his new London house to Baron Hirsch, and sent his art collection to the auction rooms. It is a great story, the tale of the collapse of the Barings. Few chapters of financial history are more stirring or better reading.

The most satisfactory newspaper reading that offers in this season of languor and suspended energy are the stories of returning prosperity in the West. It is important to all the country that the West should feel a great deal better than it has felt for some years past, and every despatch that talks of great crops in Kansas, Nebraska, the Dakotas, Washington, and all the great Northwestern States gives comfort to Eastern readers. If there is such a thing as glutting the West with prosperity they want to see it done. At any rate, they want to see such a distribution of standard dollars in the uneasy States as may revive the interest of the people of those States in the exchange value of the dollars which they get. With the price of wheat in the eighties, great crops in the United States, and a great demand from foreign parts, there is reason to hope that the yearning for fifty cent dollars may abate from our midst.

Good reading, too, as far as they go, are the tales of the gold discoveries in Alaska. There are objections to all proposals to supersede gold by an increased use of silver, but no one seems disturbed by any possibility or prospect of an over-production of gold. More gold than the world knows what to do with is what the honest money man thinks he would just like to see, and every miner's pick that strikes a nugget seems to him a blessed implement and well employed.

The reports of the Ashburnham Library sale, which began in London on June 24 and lasted eight days, though of great interest to book collectors, is not of especial significance to other people. The Gutenberg Bible of the collection brought £4000 from Mr Quaritch, which was an advance of £800 on the purchase price. Biblia Pauperum, an original block book estimated to be of the fifteenth century, brought £1050. A Latin Bible dated 1462, the first printed with a date, brought £1500. Sixteen hundred and eighty-three lots brought $150,000. Their cost had been recorded, and amounted to $60,000, so the late earl who got the library together must be considered to have done a good stroke of business.

Doane College, in Crete, Nebraska, which celebrated this year the twenty-fifth anniversary of its foundation, has in several particulars an excellent title to notice and respect. It is satisfied with being a college and doing a college's work, and does not aspire to be a university. In the whole twenty five years of its existence it has only conferred one honorary degree, and that one (A. M.) went to a distinguished engineer. It has four buildings for general college uses, two dormitories, a library, and the only observatory in that part of the country. Last summer, when the schoolmaster was in such request among Western voters, it kept its library open all the summer for the benefit of students of the current political issues who wanted to learn how to vote. Its professors, too, took a hand in politics and did effective work for sound money and against Bryan, who is personally well known at Crete, and is said to have first made, at a Chautauqua conference held there, the speech which he afterwards repeated at Chicago with such dazzling results.

Lehigh University, like Johns Hopkins, is learning the inexpediency of having all its eggs in one basket. Lehigh's chief, if not its sole, means of support are securities of the Lehigh Valley Railroad, which have paid no dividends for three years past. The university can economize, and has economized even to the extent of closing its library and laying off its choremen, but it cannot live on nothing a year. It has asked the Pennsylvania Legislature for $200,000 to tide it over the hard times, and unless Governor Hastings sees his way to sign the bill making that appropriation, it may have to shut its doors and decline to receive the 600 students whom it expects next fall. It is thirty years since Asa Packer started Lehigh on its educational career, and its friends are exceedingly averse to having its activities checked.

Last week was Jubilee week in Utah. It is fifty years since—on July 24, 1847—the Mormon pioneers came down through Emigration Cañon in the valley where the waters of a lake flowed through a short river into an inland sea. The combination reminded Brigham Young of Palestine and the Jordan, and he accepted the valley as the Mormons' promised land. Of 4000 pioneers of '47, 650 are left. Each of them received last week a gold badge engraved with Brigham Young's portrait. The celebration, which was military, religious, historical, and social, began on July 20 and lasted through the week.

Utah, as will be remembered, is the youngest State in the Union, to which it was admitted January 4, 1896. Its population, of about 270,000, allows it to be included among the eleven States of which the total combined population is less than that of Greater New York.

The writer of a recent article in the WEEKLY on "Public Art in Cincinnati," names as one of the judges in the competition for decorating the new City Hall, "Mr Duveneck, the head of the department of painting in the schools connected with the Cincinnati Museum of Art." It appears that this is an inaccurate description of Mr. Duveneck, who, although he has taught a class in painting in the Museum of Art, has not been a teacher or officer of the schools which are connected with the museum. The principal of the faculty of the Art Academy of Cincinnati is Professor Thomas S. Noble, who went from New York to take charge of the school when it was founded in 1869.

The new building for the Botanical Gardens in Bronx Park, a picture of which was given in the WEEKLY of July 17, was designed by Mr. H. W. Gibson, of New York. The architects of the new public library in Erie, Pennsylvania, of which a picture was published in the same number, are Messrs. Alden and Harlow, of Pittsburg. Owing to an oversight the architects' names were not published with these pictures.

E. S. MARTIN

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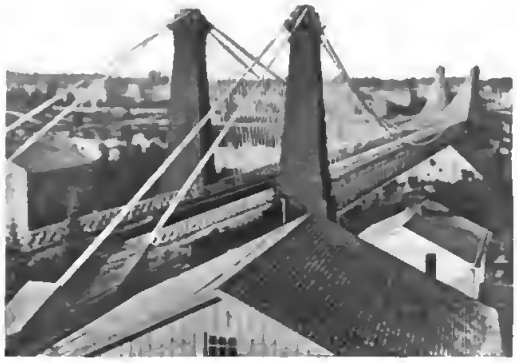

THE RAILWAY SUSPENSION BRIDGE WHEN FIRST ERECTED ACROSS THE NIAGARA GORGE.

THE FIRST BRIDGE ERECTED ON THE SITE OF THE UPPER SUSPENSION-BRIDGE.

THE RAILWAY SUSPENSION BRIDGE BEFORE THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE STEEL ARCH.

WRECK OF THE OLD LEWISTON BRIDGE.

UPPER SUSPENSION BRIDGE, TO BE SUPPLANTED BY A STEEL ARCH.

THE RAILWAY SUSPENSION-BRIDGE SHOWING THE NEW STEEL ARCH.

THE PASSING OF THE FAMOUS SUSPENSION-BRIDGES ACROSS THE NIAGARA GORGE.—[See Page 762.]

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COLONEL BOGIE.

A Golf Story.

BY GUSTAV KOBBÉ.

I

WHEN I discovered that I was really in love with Kitty, I went to see Marian. I had been in love with Marian two years before—not really in love, you know, only hopelessly—and we had remained fast friends. Every young man in our set had to fall in love with Marian, who had slid gracefully from one generation to another without seeming to grow any older. She appeared to have the fountain of eternal youth in her heart; and while those who had been girls with her were either heavy matrons or sour old maids, she was still loved and loving—in fact, perpetually engaged, not because she was enamored of every young chap who proposed to her, but because she was too obliging to say no, and had rather long, slender, graceful arms that seemed designed by nature to twine. Her affairs lasted sometimes a week, sometimes a month, rarely more than two. They left no scars on either side. She and her "exes" remained delightfully chummy. Indeed, she was so pleasantly good natured, so affable, so absolutely guileless, that mothers actually approved of her as a kind of preparatory school for their sons, while as a chaperon, to quote the very young men, "she was just the cheese."

She and Kitty were about as opposite as two human beings could be. Marian had a certain artistic slapdash, Kitty was trim to the last stitch. Marian was wholly feminine, clinging, and confiding; there was just a touch of the new woman in Kitty, a pinch of mannishness that meant "Keep off the grass" for any sentimental trespasser. And yet I was sure that underneath it all she had the most lovable of natures, the tenderest of hearts. She'd sail over a tennis-court like a swallow, and glide by on her wheel like a dream. But I was willing to stake my all that she'd love like a goddess—that, whoever won her, she would be wholly, passionately, exclusively his. But to win her—to own that little heart of hers that beat so gayly, to have it look right at you out of her liquid brown eyes, to know that the clear rush of crimson to her cheeks was for you, to feel that the bright smile with which she raised her face to you was for sheer joy that at last she had been beaten in a love set—how could I hope that I might be the lucky one to possess this sweet, clean, wholesome, well groomed, joyous creature, who no sooner saw a hand stretched out to catch her than she fluttered away with a laughing grace which made her the more bewitching to the baffled pursuer? Ought I not rather to take warning from Tom Foote's experience with her? Tom's father would have settled a million on him and another on her, and she knew it; but, just when he thought he had her, she clapped a hand on his shoulder, exclaimed, "What a jolly day for a race around the lake!"—this was at Southampton—leaped on her bike, and the last he saw of her the jimmiest pair of russet gaiters, a flash of steel, and a smile were vanishing 'round the corner. Tom, who's a regular leak concealing both himself and others, told me all about it. I felt sorry for him, and yet perhaps not so sorry as I might have, because, you see, I was cramming for my own "prelims" with her—practising up my tennis and learning to wheel; trying to persuade myself that I liked it even better than horseback riding—though I never did and never shall, for it's live flesh and bone and muscle I love to sit astride of and master. To control a spirited mustang, bronco, or thoroughbred—what gives you a greater sense of power, except perhaps the discovery that a rebellious, athletic little woman, on whom her own capacity for love has not yet even begun to dawn, is beginning to feel your hand?

I suppose she and Marian were such fast friends because they were exact opposites. At all events, I went to my old flame to find out if she thought my altar lamp would trim her wick to burn more brightly for me than for any one else. I was not surprised to find Marian engaged in tying a pink love-ribbon around a bundle of letters and an engagement ring which she was about to return. (Dear me! if she'd kept all her letters and rings, she might have started a paper-mill or a jewelry store.)

"Well, Jack," she said, when I told her what I'd called to see her about (having first helped her tie the love-ribbon in a bow by holding down the knot for her), "she respects you because you shoot and ride better than she does—she's had the brush and mask you won with the Sussex hounds mounted for her moon—and she likes you for never making love to her; but whether she'd like you if you did is a question she'll never answer any one but yourself. There's one thing you'll have to learn, though, as you won't stand a chance—golf."

"Golf!" I exclaimed. "Do you mean to say I'll have to walk around a field hitting at a quinine pill with a long stick?"

"Well, if that's your idea of golf," said Marian, "it isn't Kitty's," and drawing a letter out of her belt, she began reading it to me. You may imagine Kitty's enthusiasm from this sentence:

"'Driving is an art, iron-play a science, putting an inspiration.'"

At that time these terms were Greek to me, but I think the general drift was obvious enough. Then came what she called, "A Few Simple Rules for Beginners":

"'I. In order to play golf well you must begin by pronouncing it as if it were spelt goff.

"'II. Make a friend of Colonel Bogie.

"'III. Don't call a club a stick.

"'IV. Find out the smartest caddie, and try always to have him carry your clubs and make your tee for you.'"

"A regular tea-caddy," I remarked, parenthetically.

"'V. In lofting a stymie—'"

"Stop!" I cried. "I've studied Latin and Greek and have a smattering of Sanskrit, but this belongs to no language, living or dead."

Marian, however, was imperturbable. She continued:

"'VI. If you find yourself dormie—'"

"Marian," I said, "forbear. This sort of thing may do for Choctaws, but we are living in a civilized community."

"Golf does seem to have quite a language of its own," remarked Marian.

"I shall certainly write to the Committee of Ten suggesting that they allow it to be offered as a substitute for Greek at the entrance examinations for college. If this had only been permissible in my day I might have acquired the language; but now, while I shall be happy to assist some day in lofting Colonel Bogie, I shall let a 'stymie' severely alone—at least until I find out what it is."

And now Marian, inspired doubtless by my jealous reference to Colonel Bogie, raised her eyebrows, shook her head critically, and read, with equal emphasis:

"'Colonel Bogie is the most fascinating and popular man down here. I have a match with him every day—sometimes twice a day.'"

It had been my intention to deliver the packet of letters and the ring for Marian. I did nothing of the kind. I went home. I walked up and down my room, and smashed a grinning little red china devil that mocked me from my bureau.

II.

It is extraordinary how few men object to making fools of themselves in public. I can account for it only on the supposition that they do it unconsciously. I have often congratulated myself that when I made up my mind to play golf I decided to learn the game on grounds near my stables and kennels at Hill Top—one of those pleasing suburbs composed of husbands, wives, and babies. The ages of the babies ranged from one hour to five years; the ages of the parents, from twenty to thirty-five. Between and above these ages all was a blank. Family life was simple. Every morning at 7.28 the husband, still chewing the cud of breakfast (the wife at the window in a wrapper), calling a list of things after him which he was to bring home from the city in the evening), rushed from his house to the depot, boarded the 7.30 express just as it was moving out, and was projected through twenty one miles of back yards, odoriferous salt meadows, and a tunnel. At half past six in the evening he alighted again at Hill Top, or was gently deposited there at midnight (Saturdays only), in which latter case his efforts to give an air of verisimilitude to a bald and unconvincing falsehood were truly pitiable. During the day the wives pushed perambulators and conversed with one another about the babies therein—all this until golf struck Hill Top in some miraculous way, when, lo! it was discovered that nurse maids could push perambulators as well as mothers, that artificial foods for infants were numerous and superior, and that in the end it was more economical to have a seamstress finish up baby's dresses at fifty cents each than to wear one's own fingers and eyes out over them. As indicated above, I had a poor opinion of golf as a game, but I had to acknowledge that it had worked wonders for Hill Top.

Mothers ceased to walk with their hands stretched out in front of them as if they were groping for the handle

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of a baby carriage; midnight vigils became things of the past, for the male population of Hill Top got out as early as possible in order to meet the female population at the links. In the early history of the golf club a mother had appeared with a perambulator and a baby, whereupon the executive committee, composed of men and women, *and upon the motion of a woman*, passed a by-law that no one under eighteen years of age be admitted to the club house or links.

It was to these links I hied myself, in order to gain a few points about the game by following the play of others. When I stepped on the club piazza a person whom I took for a servant in livery, because of his bright red jacket, hurried toward me. Just as I was thinking how assiduous in their situations the flunkies of this club were, I recognized the features of the leader of the Hill Top's Four Hundred—or, rather, Thirty-seven. Then I recalled that Kitty, in one of the letters which Marian had forwarded to me (probably because of several enthusiastic references to Colonel Bogie), had written of the red blazers worn by golfers, and advised that I get one. "With his quiet tastes," she wrote, "he will doubtless find them rather *outré*, but I'm told they're the swagger thing from the Cheviot Hills to Land's End." I remember how that "I'm told" and the "Cheviot Hills" and "Land's End" riled me. Who told her? Colonel Bogie, of course, who probably, as his name indicated, was a Scotchman, one of those large-framed, heavily bearded, self-contained, middle-aged chaps—just the kind of fellow to impress Kitty. Yes, the reference to the Cheviot Hills and Land's End must have come from him.

Before my red-blazered friend reached me I had taken in the rest of the costume—his baggy knickerbockers, which looked as if he had cut the balloon sleeves off his wife's tailor-made dress and thrust his legs into them, and his rough plaid stockings, which were turned down at the top as if they were that much too long for him—from all of which I formed the opinion that golf costume was as weird as golf language, and, with the dangerous-looking clubs which I saw a caddie bearing in a bag, ought to be exhibited in the Museum of Natural History, among the spears, boomerangs, and feathers of the Fiji Islanders and other savage tribes. I little knew how comfortable I would find golf attire until I got into it—that is, into all of it but the Britishlike red blazer, which I never would wear, for my stables and kennels are right in sight of one of the numerous houses in which George Washington did his great sleeping act—Hill Top having been sliced out of a historic neighborhood.

My friend greeted me effusively. I was only a semi-resident of Hill Top, simply having my stables and kennels there because it was convenient to the city. This was my first visit to the Golf Club, and I suppose he wanted me to feel at home.

"Glad to see you," he exclaimed. "Sorry you didn't come last week, when we had our matches with Colonel Bogie. Of course the colonel beat us. He was nine up with the best of us."

This was a pleasant way for him to open on me, wasn't it? But fortunately he switched off on to professional players and told me about Willie Park senior, Willie Park junior, Willie Dunne, and Willie this and that, till it seemed that, willy-nilly, a professional golfer must be a Willie of some sort—except that my friend mentioned "Old Tom Morris" in a delightfully familiar way (as if he hadn't only just read of him in some book), and said he was the Dr. Grace of golf—so English, "don'tcher know!"

I now thought it was time for me to say something, so I remarked that it was a pity the links were divided by the railroad, as it marred their picturesqueness. He eyed me sadly, as one who needed to be born again and rebaptized in the faith, and said the railroad track was their best hazard and the location of the links had been determined upon largely because of it.

I thought this an opportune moment to watch two professional players who were about to begin a match, so I joined the throng behind them, first getting some points about the game from acquaintances so that I could follow it intelligently. The small square near the club-house with the box of dirt and the watering-pot was the first "teeing ground." From here there was a sloping descent, then a low stretch, and then a rise to a slab of soft turf. This was the "putting green," and I was told that in the middle of it was a hole, into which it was the object of the player to place his ball in as few "strokes," or "shots," as possible from the teeing ground. The first teeing ground and the first putting green were about two hundred and fifty yards apart, and constituted the first "hole." All told, there were fourteen holes, covering about two miles. The course was triangular, the home hole being near the club-house—so that the last shot as well as the first was made from near that point.

The two professionals were now on the teeing ground. Willie No. 1 held out his hands, which were tightly closed. "I call your right!" said Willie No. 2. No. 1 opened his right hand. In it lay a golf-ball. "You have the honor," he said. No. 2's caddie sprinkled the earth in the box with the watering-pot, put a pinch of it about an inch high on the ground, and placed the "globe" lightly on the apex. I had learned that it was an advantage to "have the honor," for if you "foozled" your opponent was apt to do the same, while if you made a long drive the chances were he would get rattled and "press."

No. 2's caddie handed him a "driver"—a long club with a short thick wooden head. Facing the "globe" squarely at right angles, holding himself loosely, his knees slightly bent, he began "*addressing*." After a preliminary swipe through the air, as if to limber up, he made two or three short passes in front of the ball. This was the "waggle." Then, with an easy sweep, he brought the club back over his shoulders. Down in the hollow was a low breastwork of earth—a "bunker." If the ball fell close to the face of this bunker the player would be obliged to use the "lofter"—a club with a slightly inclined iron head—to "loft" over the bunker, and could make only a comparatively short shot. There was a sudden sweep through the air, a sharp click, and the white ball sailed away like a bird. Now it described its downward curve. Would it clear the bunker? No! Yes! It struck the face, bounded over it, and rolled along to the foot of the further mound. No. 2 followed with a stronger drive, but "drew" to the left and into the "fog"—the longer grass outside the course. No. 2, lying short, now played the "odd" or third shot. It was his "approach," as it should carry him on to the green, where a "putt" or two ought to place him in the hole. He had a "brassie lie," his globe being poised on a bit of turf, a natural tee, whence, if he had had a long stretch of ground to cover, he might have made a long shot with his "brassie"—a club much like the driver. But as he was obliged to "approach" up the mound, he used his "mashie" to raise the ball. He succeeded in "laying" it on the "green," and "dead" for the hole. No. 1 was so near the mound he could not see the green, but a fluttering guide-flag gave him the direction. He made a beautiful shot, his globe dropping on the green, and rolling along until it stopped right between No. 2's ball and the hole.

"Now watch him loft a stymie!" said one of the spectators, as No. 2 gave a gentle wrist cut, and his ball, clearing No. 1's with a pretty little jump, rolled over the smooth turf and vanished in the hole, which thus was his, "one up"—he leading his opponent by one stroke. I now knew what "lofting a stymie" was, and I found myself wondering if the detestable Colonel Bogie could do it as prettily.

At the twelfth hole No. 2 was "two holes up," and this I was told made him "dormie"; for his opponent, if he won the next two holes, could do no better than "halve" the match with him. He did win the thirteenth, but lost the home hole by a stroke.

Close behind this match were two amateurs engaged in "medal play," in which the players score by the aggregate number of strokes around the course instead of by holes. There were also several "foursomes" or "doubles," as we would call them in tennis, the partners taking alternate strokes off the same ball.

Before I left the links I asked the winner in the professional match if he had ever played Colonel Bogie. Yes, indeed, and lost more often than won, but then the Colonel was wellnigh invincible. His score on these links was 61, and no one else had been able to go around in less than 63. I asked to what nationality the Colonel belonged. He looked at me, as much as to ask, "Are you really in earnest?" (I suppose he thought any one who was allowed to go at large should know what country had the honor of giving birth to such a distinguished individual—these golfers are so enthusiastic) before he answered, with a laugh:

"Scotch—like everything else that's golf."

But golf and Colonel Bogie had filled my heart with a jealous anger that was human, not simply Scotch; and it was with a wrathful determination to beat the Colonel at his own game that I left the links.

III.

It did not take long for me to have a short course of my own laid out, and mighty glad I was that my first efforts were not made in public. Instead of hitting the golf "globe" when I attempted to drive, I ploughed up the terrestrial globe for more than a foot behind it. After various vain essays I managed to touch the ball, but I only "topped" it, so that, instead of sailing gracefully into the air, it dropped a few yards from the tee, and ended its lugubrious career with a short roll along the ground. Again and again my efforts were failures. At first I felt like using strong language, then like giving up golf; but I remembered the story of the Scotch minister, who, finding that he could not play golf without swearing, gave it up—that is, the ministry. After a while, however, I did better, for I found that by keeping my eyes on the lower curve of the ball I could strike it there and give it the aerial flight which meant distance. My links were somewhat rough and had many "cuppy lies," the globe dropping into a little hole or cup in the ground. In this case you have to use one of the iron clubs, so that in making the stroke you cut away some of the earth behind the globe, and I became quite expert in these kinds of shots. I also had a number of bunkers and "approaches" up rising ground, so that I often brought the lofter or mashie into play. I had now succumbed completely to the fascination of the game, which largely lies in your confidence that your next stroke will be better than your last, so that the golfer is one of those blissful creatures who live in perpetual hope. There was no doubt, however, that I was improving, for I was steadily reducing my number of shots around the course. This added to my enthusiasm. A clean click of the globe was like music to me, and I came so much under the spell of the game that I found myself rattling off golf terms to people who had never seen a club, let alone held one to their heads. I even christened the latest litter in my kennels "Brassie," "Mashie," "Niblick," and other golf names (excepting Colonel Bogie), with the result that I disposed of all the pups at Hill Top in less than no time.

In order to find out how my game compared with the play at the local club, I engaged a caddie from there for an afternoon. On the very first hole I was struck with the marvellous score (marvellous, at least, for me) which I was making. True, I'd made some lucky hits, but I'd never played the hole in so few strokes. I kept a careful mental tally on the next hole, and found that the caddie deliberately deducted a stroke. Thus early in my experience I discovered that a "caddie score" is a combination of luck and lying. This being therefore an unsatisfactory method of gauging my game, I determined boldly to sally forth and challenge the best player in the Hill Top Club. I did so and beat him "five up." It seems this player was pretty well known as an amateur, and my victory was reported in the papers. But I had a more substantial reward in a letter from Kitty, saying that she would like to have me for her partner in the coming "foursomes" championship matches at the Matinecock links, and inviting me to stop at her mother's cottage during the matches. Yet, after all, there was a drop of wormwood in the cup, for she added: "Who knows but that you may yet beat the famous Colonel Bogie, who so far has proved himself invincible here."

I saw Marian before I went down to Matinecock. "Marian," I said, "I wish you would become engaged to Colonel Bogie and remain so."

"I would," she replied, "if I didn't think that possibly Kitty had a prior claim to him."

It was a cruel thrust, but perhaps I deserved it.

IV.

The Matinecock links are the most beautiful in this country, reminding one more of the famous St. Andrews links in Scotland than anything else I have seen this side of the "Western Ocean," as the sailors say. The very term "links" suggests the sea, for it means sand that has ceased from being blown, having found a clinging place in the roots of grass and heather, or a lasting shelter under grass, and Matinecock is ever swept by the salt wind, for the links lie where Long Island narrows between two broad bays, into one of which runs a point of land on arm whose hand deftly balances a tall, slender light-house, with the sea tossing beyond.

The links are a series of beautiful mounds and hollows, ribboned with narrow yellow sand roads, which in sunset lights I have seen change to a purple gray. Matinecock Indian caddies in red sweaters brightly dot the rolling green. Everything is aflutter—the grass, the low shrubs, the little guide-flags, and the ribbons and loose sleeves of the women, who here, as elsewhere, are among the most enthusiastic players, each striving to become a second Lady Margaret Scott. Golf is a "royal game," for kings have delighted in it; but on the Matinecock links one can not but give credence to the legend of its humble origin—a shepherd striking at stones with his crook—since nothing would be more fitting to the Matinecock landscape than a shepherd gazing seaward from "Ben Nevis," the highest point on the links, while his collie circled around the flock in the hollow, giving tongue at every straggler. Each hole is named. There are, for instance, the "Belfry," called from the pretty little shingle tower at the railroad crossing, where an Indian girl in red tolls a bell as long as a train is within the limits of the links; and the "Cloister," which has its name from the picturesque near-by residence of one of the officers of the National Golf Association, who is such a devotee of the game that he goes down to Matinecock in winter, to wander over the hills with his clubs and caddie. But with all its beauty I found it a coy course, with many cuppy lies in the sand, a perilous hazard in the railroad track, which had to be crossed no less than four times, tricky ruts and hoof marks in the sand roads, and, as if these were not enough, a number of artificial bunkers eager to catch up your globe and to give you a lofting stroke or two to get out. These were my impressions of the links from going over them the afternoon before the match to study the lay of the land.

Ours was to be the final match of the series, our opponents having made the best score so far. They were the "Rector" and a lady whom Kitty had just barely defeated around the ladies' course of nine holes. "If I could only get her to go around the men's course," Kitty had said, in telling me about it, "I could tire her out and beat her easily." And so she could, for Kitty is a stayer.

We saw the tall figure of our reverend opponent in rough Canada gray swinging along on foot ahead of us as Kitty was driving me over to the links the morning of the match. When we caught up with him she reined in the mare and asked if he would have a lift.

"I'm sorry," she said, "I can't offer you anything better than a *dead cart*."

"Well," he answered, "so long as you're one of the does, I don't object."

I suppose, if Colonel Bogie had said that, I would have been rasping, but with the "Rector" rattling it off I thought it a clever bit of repartee and laughed over it.

We passed a cluster of low picturesque cottages. Kitty told me it was the Art Village. A noted American artist has a studio there, and once a week the students bring their work to be criticised. Some of them passed us with slabs of canvas with three stripes of paint—a yellow one for the beach, a green one for the sea, and a blue one for the sky, though sometimes the blue was varied with pink—a sunset effect, I suppose. Kitty remarked that while a number of the students showed great cleverness, many of them worked most laboriously, putting in every blade of grass or leaf. A scene near the Art Village—an old barn and a corn-field—was their special victim.

"Yes," said the "Rector," "some pictures are too good to be true, but these are too true to be good."

"Anyhow," I added, "a person shouldn't paint or attempt anything in the way of art unless he has a call from heaven."

"Well," said Kitty, "I'm sure the sooner heaven calls some alleged artists the better for all concerned—except possibly the angels." She touched the mare with the whip, and we drew rapidly away from the barn and corn-field and a group of their torturers.

After getting into my golf clothes I lounged around the club house sitting-room, waiting for Kitty to appear. On the walls were a number of comic golf prints, one of them with a couple of verses after Goldsmith. Here they are:

> When lovely woman tries to volley,
> But finds too late that men won't play,
> What charm can soothe her melancholy?
> What game can turn her grief away?
>
> The means her spirits to recover,
> To still the jeers of those that scoff,
> To fascinate the tardy lover
> And gain his favor, is—to golf.

V.

Our opponents drew the honor, and the "Rector" being noted for his strong drives, his partner persuaded him to take the first shot. "Click!"—the match had begun. The ball sailed past the windmill in the hollow, and wasog-nalled by the "Rector's" forecaddie half way up the opposite slope, or two-thirds of the "Mews," as the first hole is called. Kitty wanted me to follow. But I insisted on her playing off for us, and I think my confidence in her pleased her. Something else I did also took her fancy. I had an open-face watch, and laying it on the ground I teed the globe on the crystal. A "scrape" or "schaff" would knock the watch into smithereens, but I knew what to expect of her.

Nothing could be more fetching looking than Kitty as she faced the globe in her golfing suit. She wore a crisp straw hat ribboned with the club colors, a buff waist, with loose showy sleeves that rustled and crinkled in the breeze, a rough grass-cloth tie in a jaunty bow, a russet belt, a short whip-cord skirt faced with leather, Scotch gaiters, and pointed tan shoes. Limber, wiry, and active, her eyes bright with the excitement of the moment, herself the picture of wholesome, eager youth, she addressed the globe. Her preliminary stroke made the air whistle, while her "waggle" was as graceful as the flutter of a bird. With a loose, free sweep she hit "sweet." It was not so long a drive as the "Rector's," but it was perfect for direction, dropping beyond the sandy road and where a long approach shot might lay it on the green. But, while I reached a corner of the green, the "Rector's" partner

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made a beautiful approach, laying him dead by the hole. It seemed hardly possible that we could do it in less than four to their three, but Kitty made a rapid straight putt into the hole (a "gobble," the "Rector" called it), so that we halved the "Mewn" in three—a capital score, by the way. They were "one up" at the "Belfry," and the best we could do was to halve the "Cuter." This green lies in a hollow, toward which the ground slopes from all sides; and Kitty, with a neat little slice, played a "hanging" ball so that it trickled down the hill, leaving an easy putt for me. After crossing the "Plateau," we were able to hitch off our opponents' lead and tie the score at the "Bastion." This is a short hole, only 157 yards. The teeing ground is perched on a commanding knoll, with a clear view of the flooded bays, the sand hills on the beach, and the gleaming sails of passing ships. Of course in playing you get hardly a chance to look at the lovely views from the Matinicock Hills, but you feel them without looking at them, and there is something exhilarating in the spaciousness with which this panorama of hill and hollow, sea and sky, bursts upon your inner vision. It gives added zest to the play, for you feel as if with every breath you were drawing brine and heather into your lungs. Yes, for ideal golf, give me the Matinicock Hills links!

I think it must have been brine and heather that inspired me to drive from the "Bastion" tee on to the green, and Kitty (whose putting is truly great) to draw a bead right on the hole and putt in in straight as a rifle shot. Our opponents, on the other hand, fooled into the bunker, and lost a stroke playing out.

We halved the "Holster," lost one to them on the "Long Acre," but won it back on "Sandy Mount," Kitty driving with the brassie instead of the driver, calculating that she could better play under the ball with the former and clear the railroad embankment, which she did, while our opponents struck the rise and bounded between the rails, thus losing their lead. We now worked up the long ascent over the "Windmill" and the "Brae" to "Ben Nevis," and down again over the "Knoll" and "Round Top," into the "Low Meads," to "Eastward Ho."

We had been playing with varying fortunes, yet wonderfully close, and here on the ten of the sixteenth hole they were three up. It was still anybody's match, but they were playing a strong game, and might hold their lead, or even increase it.

In driving from here the wind drew me to the left, and I lost distance, so that, although I made a lucky patch right on top of the little mound, which rises like a turfy pyramid from the level, and the ball bounded well up, it dropped almost against the bunker just beyond. But Kitty was equal to the emergency. Lying back against the face of the bunker, and bracing herself by thrusting her heels into the sand, she lofted with a strong wrist and forearm stroke. But for this we would have lost the hole instead of halving it with our opponents. But they were still three up, and only three holes from home.

"Peconic" lies from a high mound to a lower one, two hundred and fifty yards away by ground measure, but nearer in an air line. A strong drive should carry the player from the tee to the green—he should be "up" in one. The "Rector" was "up" in one, but so was I, and with the next stroke Kitty sidled us into the hole. Our opponents fooled two easy putts, and at the "Bell" they took four to our three, so that we began play on the "Home" hole tied.

This is a short hole, but almost entirely up hill, the green lying on top of a high mound near the club house. A group had gathered to watch the finish, for word of our close play had travelled ahead of us. Well up the mound were the four caddies perched on a rock.

The "Rector" made one of his grand drives, but no better than Kitty, who dropped our ball in line with his. His partner played the odd. Her approaches throughout the match had been beautiful, and she now prepared for a last effort. Both lies were cuppy, though not badly so. "Take a little earth, madam!" shouted the "Rector," and slicing into the ground half an inch behind the globe, so as not to play out too strongly and drop beyond the green, she laid it dead for the hole, amid the applause of the spectators and a shout of approval from the "Rector."

I knew that the crisis had come, and that the whole brunt of it rested on me. There lay the little white ball half way up the mound. Could I drop it on the green where one of Kitty's exquisite putts would roll it into the hole? I knew she expected no more of me. If I did that we would halve this match and have another chance. If my stroke was too short or too long we were lost, and I might as well pack up and be off. But I was thrilled with a wild, almost crazy hope.

I clambered up the thirty yards of rise to the green and examined it. I saw it was heavy, and that the ball would drag unless it had plenty of go to it after dropping. Then I placed my forecaddie in line with the hole and went down.

I can still see the picture before me as I looked up the mound before addressing the ball—the bevelled edge of the green, the red cap of the caddie just visible above the rise, the head and shoulders of the tall "Rector," the curving tip of the feather in his partner's Alpine hat, and Kitty, looking down at me from a high corner of the green with a smile of encouragement that inspired me with the determination to do or die.

I heard the click, I saw the ball vanish over the bevelled edge, and then I watched Kitty. She gave a little start, there was a shout, and a forward move from the onlookers, and then Kitty fairly flew down the hill toward me, and I felt her seize my hand and shake it as if she would wring it off. A moment later the "Rector" clapped me on the shoulder.

This is what had happened: the ball had dropped on the green, given two or three little leaps just as I had calculated, and then dragged slowly ("Oh, so slowly!" Kitty said) straight for and into the hole—and the match was one "one up," our opponents still having to putt.

That night I sat on the dunes with Kitty and watched the moon rise over the sea. I shall not tell you what I said to her and what she answered—but she did not "bike" around the bike this time; and next day, when we drove over to the links, we passed without noticing them the Art Village and even the "Rector" (the congratulated us as soon as he reached the club-house), because we were absorbed discussing a becoming costume for Marian, who was to be maid of honor.

While we were sitting on the club house piazza, Kitty said: "Jack, you ought to play Colonel Bogie. I believe you can beat him."

"I'm willing to try now. A week ago I should have liked to drive him from the 'Mewn' tee into the hole, and then to stop it up so he'd never get out!"

I spoke a bit hotly maybe. Anyhow, she looked at me with questioning surprise. So I said,

"Why did you want to mention him in every letter to Marian, and nearly drive me mad with jealousy?"

She didn't seem to quite understand me. Then a sudden light came into her eyes.

"How long do you think Colonel Bogie's been playing golf?" she asked, with a roguish smile.

"As I don't know him, I can't say," I answered, somewhat testily. "How long?"

"About five hundred years," she said. "Ever since golf began. He's as old as the game, you dear, delicious boy! Don't you know there's a 'bogie score' for every golf course? A professional goes over the links, makes up his mind what would be an extraordinarily good score for them, and that becomes the 'bogie score' for that links. There's been a 'Colonel Bogie' since the year one of golf. The 'bogie score' for Matinicock is eighty-one, and when we start out to do better we're playing against 'Colonel Bogie.' He's an imaginary character—an ideal golfer—like yourself!"

No one was about the club-house. The caddies were lounging down by the "Mews," and the juniors' annex was deserted. There was no one to see us but the sun, and he was, unlike myself, under a cloud. So I kissed Kitty.

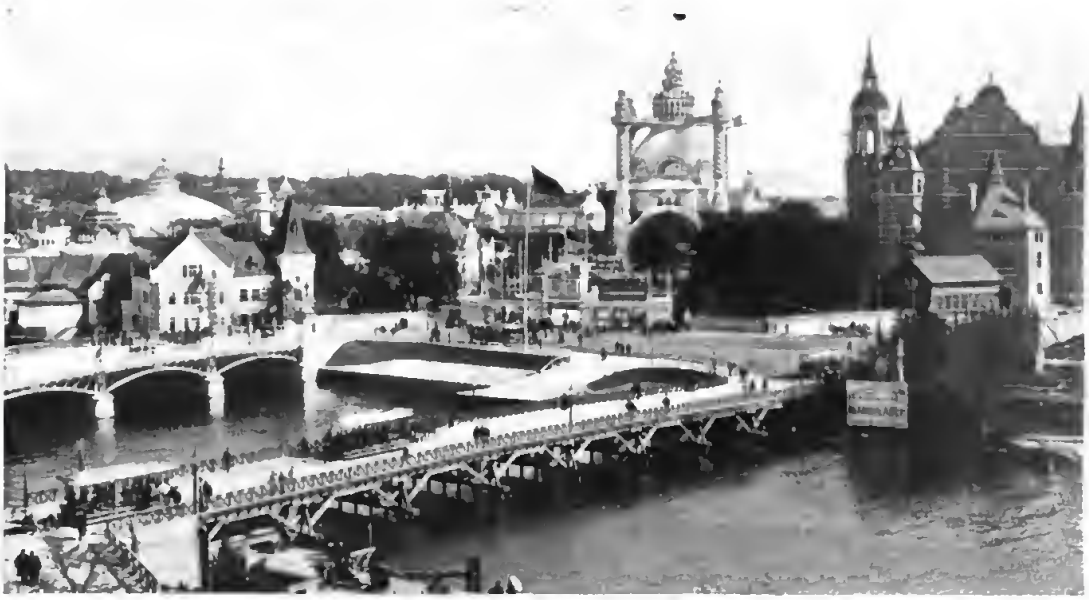
"THAT NIGHT I SAT ON THE DUNES WITH KITTY AND WATCHED THE MOON RISE."

MUSIC NOTES.

IT is midsummer nearly, but a new comic opera is being tried on the town, and tried on (of all places to give it a frame and to give an audience elbow-room) at the Madison Square Garden, in pretty nearly the unabridged auditorium. The title of the work is *Captain Cook*—which at once and amply hints at what may be its ground work and focal color—an to vegetation and complexion. The libretto is by Mr. Sneds W. Forman, the music by Mr Noah Brandt—both of San Francisco. Mr Forman's book is largely on effort to be humorous, but its humor, like the dusky faces of the natives in the chorus, is something monotonous and obscure. Mr. Brandt's score is much the best of the two essentials. It has ideas, and often a clever and graceful expression of them. In such a hall, however, it is scarcely fair to pronounce on what a composer has meant to do or has done. The opera is well enough sung by a large company, and the audience have the unusual advantage in hearing it that if they do not care for it they can retire to the other extremity of the hall, and neither see nor hear it.

There is a good deal in a name. But even with Mr. Seidl's devoted personal following unkindly deprived of the conductor's visible presence—thanks to London and Bayreuth—even with the Seidl Idiom and back after, his orchestra's concerts on the Madison Square Garden's roof are popular. Mr Neuendorff's programmes are more skilfully compounded than if they were the mere result of the Seidl prescription—formulas lately grown something too monotonous—and a fine range of grave and frivolous music varies their making up.

E. I. S.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE GROUNDS AT THE MAIN ENTRANCE
Photographed by Axel Lindahl, Stockholm.

Built in

A PART OF OLD STOCKHOLM,
Showing Group comprising a Laborer, Peasant Girl, Citizen, Boy, and Warder

A LAPLANDER BOY OF THE BETTER CLASS.
Photographed by K. Stets, Stockholm

THE CITY OF STOCKHOLM'S EXPOSITION BUILDING.

LAPLAND AND DALARNE PEASANTS DANCING AROUND THE MI

THE INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION AT STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN—PE

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THE OLD BELL-TOWER IN SKANSEN.
Interpothland 100 Years ago, and transported in Sections to the Exposition. Tower Bellman in the Foreground.

VIEW OF THE MARKET-PLACE, OLD STOCKHOLM.
Showing Group of Exposition Guards, Peasant Women, Shop-Attendants, etc.

UMMER EVE POLE—INDUSTRIAL HALL IN THE BACKGROUND.

TYPE OF SWEDISH PEASANT GIRL.
Photographed by F. G. Klemming, Stockholm.

THE FRONT OF THE FORESTRY BUILDING.
Photographed by Axel Lindahl, Stockholm.

LADIES' RECEPTION PAVILION AND TYPICAL BOOTH

OPLE AND SCENES AROUND THE FAIR GROUNDS.—[See Page 762.]

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CHILDHOOD.

When winter winds sound wild and shrill
  A tiny red flower blooms,
Its crimson burns on heath and hill
  Through deep hibernal glooms.

It smiles amid some bitter blast
  And when the fleet rains blow;
Where men stand stricken and aghast
  It flames with tender glow.

What *joy* of life thrills all its veins
  And curves its modest head!
See how it drinks the falling rains
  That flood some river's bed! . . .

A child is kin to such a flower,
  To its irradiant strife,
Which wins at last a precious dower,
  A loveliness of life.

A child—a little child—you say?
  Time is a sacred gage
To this unbroken soul whose way
  Leads to some golden age.

G. E. Montgomery.

THE SCANDINAVIAN EXHIBITION.

In the ghostly twilight, red and blue and white pennons flutter above a white floored circle—a dancing platform with green-painted seats arranged about its generous girth. An outer circle of rich green grass is patrolled by a thirteenth century warder in resplendent yellow and brown garb and bearing a savage pike, while beyond the grass plot stand thousands of people watching the dancers upon the platform.

It is half past eleven o'clock, you notice as you look at your watch; the midnight is fast coming, and yet you may recognize your friend easily away across the plaza, and as for the dim lanterns in their curious tin cages, they flicker away shamefaced in the presence of this queer powerful twilight. The sun did not go down until after nine o'clock, and he will soon be on duty again, long hours before these revellers have danced themselves out.

It is Midsummer eve in the city of Stockholm, and these thousands of people, and those quaint garbed fiddlers, and the queer old man with the key harp in his arms, and the hundreds of young men and women from the far away provincial places of Norway and Sweden and Russia and Denmark have come up here to Skansen to enjoy, even more than elsewhere in these strange lands, the delights of midsummer time. Skansen is one of the features of the World's Fair in this city, an open air museum of zoology, history, and ethnology, and present-day affairs as well, which has been incorporated for the time being into this exposition which is attracting so many thousands from all quarters of the globe.

It is quite enough to blind your eyes to watch these dancers, so wildly fast they whirl, the gallant now and again lifting his green bodiced partner from her feet, to bring her down a step or two further on in precise time with the music, while now the two change from the fierce mad polka they have been dancing to execute no end of graceful country figures, as the fiddlers play like mad and the crowd claps with delight. These peasant dancers have come from sea beat Gotland to the south, from Dalarne, from Haparanda, and the far north, and the nimble feet of a young girl from Lapland are beating the measures with the best of them.

Some of the women whirling past you in the dance have brilliant red dresses bound at the waist by a cardinal belt of red leather, above which is a gay bodice of green, and above its interlacings snowy rucking to the chin, a quaint filmy lace white cap above the yellow hair. The next dancer has the tall peaked cap, blue as her eyes, and bordered at its edge with a cord of vivid red, a bodice of crimson, a short skirt of blue black stuff, with an apron from bust to feet indescribably brilliant in reds and yellows and greens.

Her swainship wears a pair of elk skin knee-breeches, caught at the calf with a gay pink rosette, a coat of black reaching almost to his heels, its edge bordered with brilliant red, a wide brimmed, low-crowned black hat, and a vest so yellow it would put a canary bird to the blush. The dancer that follows him wears a mouse colored paletot, belted about the waist, with crossed strips of snowy white leather on the back from shoulder to hips, a pair of immense baggy trousers mouse-colored to the knee and black from the knee to the feet, a waistcoat of green figured silk and upon his head a queer black hat with enormous brim and around its crown a wide band of crimson satin ribbon falling below the brim in fantastic tassels.

So might one write indefinitely of the holiday finery of these peasants, the variety being wellnigh infinite. Everywhere about the grounds of this picturesque exposition you may see these quaint clad peasants, filling the plazas with fine notes of color, blending into the soberer garb of the city folk where the crowds gather thickest about the music stands, types of the bright free life of these lovable Norse yeomen, as yet untainted with the blood of the town.

I think the key note of this World's Fair is picturesqueness. You seldom see the commonplace. You may look in vain for such splendid buildings as those which adorned the World's Fair in Chicago, but you will not seek in vain for strangely picturesque features. The buildings are quaint rather than large, delicate in decoration rather than gorgeous, antique and picturesque in architecture rather than massive. Some of them, however, are of no mean size, and the central building, the building devoted to machinery and that given up to art, would not have seemed so diminutive even among the Chicago mammoths.

The exposition grounds are quite near the heart of the city, on a beautiful island, one of the seven on which Stockholm is built. The grounds are reached by electric launch, by street car, or you can take a brisk walk from almost any part of the city, so peculiarly compact it is, and be at the entrance gate in a half hour or less.

There is little attempt at electrical display—save in one rare colored fountain which plays late at night—for the reason that at ten o'clock, or even eleven, it is so light the electric display would fade sadly. Two features of especial interest may be reserved for complete consideration by themselves—Skansen, mentioned above as the place where the peasant folk have just held, at this writing, their Midsummer-day festivities, and Gamla Stockholm, or old Stockholm, a reproduction in most picturesque form of the city as it was known just a hundred years after the discovery of America—two of the most striking elements in the exposition.

The main building, or Industrial Hall, stands in the centre of the grounds, its queer cupolas visible from almost any part of Stockholm. It is crowded with the choicest that these northern countries can produce in the wide realm of industry—an epitome, widely inclusive, of all that is progressive and stable in their commercial life. Across a high white viaduct stands the great building devoted to the exhibits of machinery, while hard by it the art gallery, a long, handsome building, gives space to the best that the Northmen have done, and affords ample evidence of much of the best that has been done by the painters and sculptors of other lands. Then there are the tourist pavilion, illustrating with many a quaintly ingenious device the physical attractions and the sports of the north, the great museum, affording opportunity for extensive study into municipal, educational, and sanitary progress and history; the Fishery Hall, showing in compact form the phases of one of the most important industries of these sea girt lands, the buildings devoted to an exposition of the army and navy, the building of forestry, of mines, of horticulture, the electrical building, and so on, and so on.

At every turn you find the oddest pavilions, some of them in use as offices or restaurants or coffee-houses, some of them built by business firms from various cities to advertise their wares, and all of them interesting from an architectural as well as from a decorative stand point. An immense white candle, a hundred feet or more in height, rises in snowy brightness above an electrical display. A champagne merchant has a pagoda or exhibition hall built almost wholly of champagne bottles, through which the light falls in a mellow green upon the samples displayed, while another wine-merchant contents himself with a gigantic champagne-bottle, big enough to drown the woes of a viking giant. A curious reddish brown wood building, carved with many fantastic figures, holds all manner of toys for children, while near to it stands the pavilion of a perfumer and soap manufacturer, made in the likeness of a great barrel, with immense perfumery bottles at the four corners, the whole a delicate green in color. Queer shaped water kiosks—tiny buildings with Russian ornamentation—abound, where one may buy ices, ice-cream, or various mineral waters. The small buildings devoted to the police or the exposition employees are all built in the quaintest manner possible, with steep peaked roofs painted a bright green, and sides of red or brown. The chocolate cafés are dainty, and in some cases highly ornate. In one of them are life size figures of the King and Queen done in chocolate, sitting on chocolate chairs which rest on a chocolate floor upon a base of chocolate marble. The buildings of the various countries and of the city of Stockholm are all keyed up to the same note of picturesqueness. The Russian building is particularly peculiar, a gorgeously fantastic affair, with no end of interesting exhibits in the interior.

And amid all the odd, and in some few instances grotesque, displays there is yet a most delightful harmony. The colors of the buildings are in many cases brilliant, and so powerful is this northern sun at this time of the year, and so uniformly clear the air that all the striking hues of the buildings are accentuated, and the whole forms a picture one may never forget. I do not think any one can visit this exposition without having his imagination stimulated, and his love for the beautiful and picturesque—the one inclusive of the other—charmingly satisfied.

The grounds, especially near sundown, or say at 8.30 or 9 o'clock, are thronged. These thousands of northern people take life easily. There is no rush, no hurry, no bustle. The newsboy or newsgirl who accosts you on the street does so in a half apologetic manner, and modestly trots away if you decline to purchase. The drivers of the street car horses, the cab-drivers, and even the dray men down in the heart of the city conduct their various steeds in a manner to make one who has faced the deadly cable grip and the deadlier truck horses of lower Broadway thank fortune there are some people left in the world who would rather turn out than run over you.

The most expensive dinner you can buy on the exposition grounds, which is, say, ten to twenty five per cent higher than the regular city restaurant dinner, costs you, for all its manifold courses, three and one half kroner—ninety four cents. This includes the inevitable "smörgasbord," an initial appetizer, so to speak, consisting of anchovies, sardines, pickles, cheese, cold salt meats and some liquid stimulator of a more or less pungent nature. In a private dwelling this is served on a sideboard, to which the guests go and help themselves before sitting down to dinner. At the restaurants, however, the smörgasbord is served on the table. Then come soup, fish, meats of several varieties, with vegetables usually served upon the same large silver platter with the courses of meats, salads, and what not—a long array of edibles, excellently cooked, ending with dessert and coffee.

Since the exposition opened, on the 15th of May, to date, a little over six weeks, there have been just seven arrests for disorderly conduct on the grounds—surely a not bad showing, when thousands upon thousands of people have been here. The man who speaks no language but English may visit this exposition, confident that he will find his native tongue at every turn. As a young Brooklyn man said to me at dinner, "You can't get away from the English speech." And it is so, and I think the man who speaks English, especially if he be an American, gets quicker service, and is more carefully guided about by the guard, free of all tip suggestiveness, than the man from any other country. America is very close to these northern people, for when they have given two millions and more residents to America they must perforce have keener interest in one who comes from that land.

Of course there are many special days when there are particular attractions—as Midsummer day, and the last days of the present week, devoted to the men who represent the International Press Congress, journalists from all over Europe who are enjoying an outing in this far northern country. Nearly every day at present either the Crown Prince or the King, or both of them, visit the grounds, and walk about among the people, inspecting the exhibits in a truly American fashion. The King seems universally beloved, and you will find no Swede—at least I have found none—who is not intensely devoted to his sovereign.

It would not be easy to exaggerate the picturesque character of this World's Fair, nor would it be easy to estimate its importance to the countries represented, from either a commercial, an industrial, or an æsthetic standpoint.

W. S. Harwood.

Stockholm, June 27.

REBRIDGING NIAGARA.

Within a few months the great suspension-bridges across the Niagara gorge will be nothing but memories. One by one they are passing away and giving place to new steel arches. The railway suspension bridge has already been supplanted by an arch, and the contract has been awarded for another arch to take the place of the upper suspension bridge. The taking down of these structures is of more than ordinary interest, for they have always had place among the really great bridges of the world. Among many visitors they have no doubt excited as much admiration as the Falls themselves, and their spider web appearance will be recalled by travellers the world over. That both of these famous bridges should give way to a modern creation in a single year is a remarkable incident, and that the first to come should be the first to go is but an observance of the order of things which holds good in many other fields.

The usefulness of the railway suspension bridge, which was the first great bridge of its kind erected in America, and also the first bridge to span the Niagara chasm, has been ended. Its towers and cables have been removed, and the suspended portion is meeting the same fate. The charters for the erection of this bridge were obtained in Canada and New York in 1846. A means of communication was established between the two cliffs at the site of the bridge by a boy named Homan Walsh, who is still living, and who, while flying his kite, allowed it to settle on the Canadian bank. The kite string served to pull a cord across the river, which in turn was followed by a rope, and then by a wire cable. On this wire cable a car was operated as a ferry and to facilitate the building of the bridge. This cable-way was probably the first used in America, and was first operated on March 13, 1848. The car, or basket, is now treasured as one of the possessions of the Buffalo Historical Society. It is made of strips of band iron, and was designed by T. G. Hulett, of Niagara Falls.

Several years were consumed in building the bridge, so that it was not until March 8, 1855, that the first train crossed it. This first bridge was of wood, with stone towers. In 1880 the suspended structure was renewed in steel, and in 1886 the stone towers gave way to steel successors. This remodelling was done without any interruption to traffic, and was under the supervision of L. L. Buck, M. Am. Soc. C. E. As compared with the time it took to build the suspension bridge, it is interesting to note that the arch which has taken its place was erected within a few months, and is a much larger bridge. On its upper deck the new arch has double tracks for steam-cars, while its lower deck is taken up by a trolley track—the first to cross to Canada—carriageways, and walks. It is a graceful structure of large supporting capacity, and is leased by the Grand Trunk Railway.

The abutments for the arch that is to replace the upper suspension bridge are in place and the work of erecting the steel will commence in October, at the close of the summer business. This arch will be the fourth bridge erected on this site. It is this bridge that adjoins the State reservation. Previous to the erection of a bridge at this point crossing was made by ferry. The first bridge here was built in 1868, connection between the cliffs having been made by carrying a rope across on an ice bridge. The formal opening occurred on January 2, 1869.

This bridge was also of wood. In 1887-8 the suspended structure and towers were renewed in steel, completion being reached in December, 1888. On the night of January 9-10, 1889, Niagara was visited by a violent wind storm, which tore the entire suspended structure from the suspenders, and it dropped, bottom upward, into the gorge. That portion of the wrecked bridge lying on the débris slopes of the banks was removed, but the waters of the river still hide from view the greater portion of the fallen bridge. The controlling companies at once placed orders for another bridge, and in 117 days traffic was resumed across the new structure. As originally built, the wooden bridge allowed but a single vehicle to cross one way at a time, but when renewed in steel the structure was widened so that carriages could pass one another on the way. It is this bridge that is to give place to a second arch, for all it is less than a decade old. At this point the river is about 1200 feet wide, and the arch to be erected will be the largest in the world. Its proportions will be magnificent and graceful. It will have but one deck, the width of which will be about fifty feet. This will provide room for a double trolley track, carriageways, and walks.

An interesting incident in connection with the removal of the upper suspension bridge is that when it is taken down it will be conveyed seven miles down the river to Lewiston, and there rebuilt on the site of the suspension-bridge wrecked by wind on April 16, 1864, and never since replaced. On the occasion of a big ice jam the guys were pulled up on the bridge. During the pleasant weather that followed, those in charge of the structure neglected to replace the guys, and a high wind carried the bridge away. It is understood that trolley tracks will also be laid on this bridge when it is rebuilt.

This remarkable activity in bridge building on the Niagara border may be, in part, attributed to the electrical development thereabouts, for it will be observed that all the new bridges are to have electric railways, which will afford a novel means of connection between the Dominion of Canada and the United States, and make possible the viewing of the beauties of the Niagara gorge without leaving one's seat in a trolley car.

From an engineering stand point the bridge construction is thoroughly interesting, for to-day the gorge has three notable types of bridges—cantilever (Michigan Central), suspension, and arch.

Orrin E. Dunlap.

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"THE VINTAGE."*

A STORY OF THE GREEK WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY E. F. BENSON,

AUTHOR OF "DODO," "LIMITATIONS," "THE JUDGMENT BOOKS," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN Constantine looked at one of the fermenting barrels of wine on the fourth day, he saw that the crust of skins, stalks, and stones had risen to within six inches of the top, and was thickly covered with a pink, sour smelling froth. The fermentation was at its height, and it was time to mix the crust with the fluid again to excite it even further. In one barrel, into which the ripest fruit from the south corner of the vineyard—which lay more directly under the shelter of the banked-up stream—had been put, this crust had risen even higher, and almost threatened to overflow. The ordinary custom in Greece at this time was for a naked man to get into the barrel and stir it up again—a remnant, no doubt, of some superstition; but Constantine, though he still put the grapes of one vine in a basket for the birds to eat, did not think it necessary to make this further concession, but only stirred up the frothing mass with an instrument like a wooden pavior. The crust was already getting thick and solid, and it was ten minutes' work in each case to get it thoroughly mixed up again with the fluid.

From the seething surface there rose the thick, sour fumes of decomposing matter, heavily laden with carbonic-acid gas. One barrel leaked a little round the tap at the bottom, and was dropping on the floor. A little red stream had trickled down to the edge of the veranda, and he noticed that it was full of small bubbles like soda-water, showing that the fermentation was not yet over. He calked this up with a lump of resin, and then moved all the barrels into the sun for an hour or two, so that the heat might hasten the second fermentation, which naturally was slower and less violent than the first. The barrel and a half of fine wine, however, he did not touch; in these it was better that the fermentation should go on slowly and naturally.

That evening Mitsos went out fishing, as the work of wine-making was over for the present. In four or five days he would have to go over to Epidaurus to get the resin from the pine trees, but just now there was nothing to be done.

Though it was still early in the autumn, and as a rule the fine weather continued into the middle or end of October, the top of the hills above the further side of the gulf had been covered all day with thick, storm-boding clouds, and as sunset drew near, these spread eastwards over the sky. The sun, as it sank behind them, illumined the edges of them, turning them to a dark amber color, and after sunset the after-glow which spread slowly across the sky cast a strange lurid light through the half-opaque floor of clouds, and the night would soon fall dark, perhaps with storm. It was very hot, and the land-breeze blew but languidly, as if tired out with travelling over the broiling plain. But there was quite enough wind to send Mitsos's boat along at a good pace. He tacked once out into the bay for two miles or so, and then back more slowly to the head of the bay, for he was sailing within thirty degrees of the wind. It had grown quite dark on his first tack, and when he put the boat about for the second he had to keep a sharp lookout when he neared the land.

There were no other boats in the bay, and so he did not think it necessary to light his lantern in the bows. Against the dark sky and the dark water it would hardly have been possible to see the boat from more than twenty yards distant, and even then, if the thin white line of broken water at the forefoot had not caught your eye, or the regular subdued hiss as it cut through the sea fallen on your ear, it might have passed close and not been noticed. The second tack took twenty minutes, and at the end of this time he saw faintly the white glimmer of the sea-wall of Abdul Achmet's house straight in front of him. He wished to run up as close as possible to this, for then one tack more might take him across to the bay he was making for; and sitting with the rudder in his hand, he waited till the last possible moment before putting about. As he got close to the wall, however, the wind blowing from that quarter was intercepted by it, and the sail fell dead against the mast, and the yard swung straight, the line of white water faded from under the forefoot and the hiss of the motion was quenched. He got up for an oar, so as to pull the boat round again, when quite suddenly he heard the sound of a woman's voice from the terrace, singing. For a moment or so he stood still, and then his ear focussed itself to the words. She was singing a song Mitsos knew well, a song which the vine-tenders sing as they are digging the vines in spring, and she sang in Greek:

"Dig we deep around the vines,
Give the sweet spring showers a home,
Else the fiercest sun that shines
Lends no sparkle to our wines,
Sends no lustre to the foam."

He could not see the singer; all he saw was the circle of black night, the faint lines of his boat even blacker against it, and just ahead the white glimmer of the wall. The voice, low and sweet came out of the darkness like a bird flying through a desert—a living thing amid death. Mitsos stood perfectly still, strangely and bewilderingly excited. Then he took up his oar and turned the boat's head round, and waited again. But the voice had ceased. He felt, somehow, unaccountably shy, as if he had intruded into some other person's private affairs; but having intruded, he was determined to make his presence known. So just as the sail caught the wind again he answered the voice with the second verse:

"Dig we deep; the summer's here.
Saw we not among the eaves
Summer's messengers appear—
Swallows flitting here and there
In among the almond leaves?"

The boat bent over to the wind, the white line streaked the water, and then hissed off into the night again.

He sat down and let the boat run on by itself. He had never known that the common country song was beautiful till he had heard a voice out of the darkness sing it—a voice low, sweet, soft, which might have been the darkness itself made audible. Who was this woman? How did she, a Greek, come to be in the house of a Turk? Then, with a flash of awakened memory, he remembered the evening when he and Nicholas had sailed across together, how a man came up and struck a woman who was leaning on the sea-wall, how she had cried out, and said in Greek, "What was that for?"

The flapping of the sail against the mast roused him, and he looked up. The wind had died out, and he was floating in the middle of darkness. He had no idea where he was until he saw the lights from Nauplia where he least expected them—on the left of the boat and far away, instead of behind him. The boat, left to itself, had of course run straight before the land-breeze out into the mouth of the gulf. Meantime the breeze had died out, and he was miles from land. That did not trouble him much, fishing was a minor consideration, and spending the night in the boat was even less worth bothering over. He wanted one thing only—to get back to the white glimmering wall and the voice from the darkness.

A puff of hot air wandered by the boat, and the sail shivered for a moment and was still again. A veiled flash of lightning gleamed through the clouds over the Tripoli hills and was reflected sombrely over the sky, and a droning peal of thunder answered. A faint rim of light, like the raising of tired eyelids, opened over the sea, and he saw the ropes of his boat stand out sharp against it. Then suddenly there came from the hills a sound he knew, and knew to be dangerous—the shrill scream of a mountain squall from the mountains at the mouth of the gulf. He sprang to the ropes, and had the sail down just before it struck him, but in less than a minute the boat's head was driven round, and the white tops of little waves began to fleck the bay. He felt the salt spray on his hands and face, and laughed exultantly. This was what he wanted.

With a drunken joy in the danger of the thing, he ran up the sail, and in a moment he was tearing back straight for the wall. At the pace he was going the boat was quite steady, cutting through the waves instead of riding to them, and now and then one was flung over the bows like a white rag. Before long the wall appeared again, and he took in his sail, the water was already rough and was dashing up against it, but he let the boat drift on till he was within thirty yards of it. The rim of light over the sea had widened, and he could see the edge of the top of the wall quite distinctly, and, behind, the tall sombre cypresses in rows. But there was no one there. Just then the rain began, hissing into the sea like shot, and for a few minutes turning the whole surface milky white. Mitsos put up his collar and swore gently, and with some difficulty proceeded to put about. The wind was blowing hard ashore, and he had to take down the sail altogether and row. Even then he seemed hardly to be making way against the squall, and it was a quarter of an hour's hard work to get far enough from the shore to sail again. Then he fetched a long tack towards Nauplia, and from there he got home in one tack, sailing forty degrees from the wind. The surf was breaking rather angrily on the shoals near the shore, and he had to pass through a narrow channel, on both sides of which was shoal water not sufficiently deep to allow the boat to pass; but he had the light from his own house and that from the café opposite to steer by, and he knew that he could run in when they were in line. As he neared the shore he could see it was impossible to bring the boat round sharply enough, and he beat out again for a quarter of a mile, and approached the channel again. This time he was successful, and the boat ran past the tumbling white water on each side, safe into the smoother water behind.

His father was waiting up for him, and when his tall figure appeared in the doorway Constantine looked up with relief.

"Mitsos, you shouldn't sail on nights like this," he said; "the best seaman in the world might not be able to manage a boat on such a night. How did you get in?"

"It's easy enough when you get the lights from the house and the café in a line," said Mitsos; "besides, I was six miles out in the bay when the squall came down."

"That was an hour ago," said his father.

Mitsos walked to the door to close it, turning his back on Constantine.

"As much as that?" he said.

Constantine did not ask any more questions, and Mitsos went to make himself some coffee and get out of his wet things, for he was drenched from head to foot.

Two days after this the ordinary wine had cleared completely, and it was decanted into fresh barrels, for if it stood too long on the lees, or in contact with the skins and stalks, it would become bitter. The crust itself Constantine removed from all the barrels, and put into the still to make brandy. This only required one man to look after, and on the day Mitsos went to Epidaurus to get the resin his father employed himself with it.

The apparatus was of the simplest. He placed all the crust from the barrels in a big iron pot, under which he lit a slow charcoal fire. Into a hole in the lid of this, which screwed on to the body, he inserted a bent iron pipe, on to which he screwed another pipe made of spirals. A big wooden tub filled with water, through the bottom of which passed a third pipe, fitted at one end into the spirals which lay in the water, and communicating at the other with the glazed jar into which the spirit was to be stored, completed the apparatus.

The fire drove off the alcohol from the fermented crust of the wine, which distilled itself into brandy as it passed through the tube that lay in the cold water, and dripped out at the further end into the jar. Next day this would be distilled again to purify it further from any oily substances which might have passed the first distillation.

He finished the day's work soon after five, and having business in Nauplia, set off there at once, so that Mitsos, returning a little later from Epidaurus, found him out, and without waiting to get any food, he set off again at once down to the bay.

It was drawing near that moment when all the beauty of the day in sea, land and sky is gathered into the ten minutes of sunset. At this time of the year the sun set almost due west, through a low pass in the hills, and it was still half an hour above the horizon when Mitsos got into the boat. The land-breeze was blowing cool and strong, and his boat dipped to it gently, and glided steadily on the outward tack. Between him and the Argive hills hung a palpable haze of thinnest blue, but the whole plain slept under a mist of gold. The surface of the water, unruffled under the shadow of the land, was green, and burnished like a plate of patinated bronze, and the ripple from the bows broke creamily, and flowed out behind the boat in long featherlike lines. As the sun neared its setting the golden mist grew more intense in color, and the higher slope of the mountains turned pink behind their veil of blue.

The sky was cloudless from rim to rim, except just above the sun, where there floated a few thin skeins of vapor, visible against the incredible blue only because they were touched with red. Just as Mitsos neared the wall on his second tack the sun's edge was cut by the ragged outline of the mountain, and in ten minutes more it would set.

She, the nameless, ineffable she, was leaning on the edge of the wall, looking seawards. She saw Mitsos sitting in the stern of his boat, and guessed at once it was he who had sung the second verse of the vine-tender's song two nights ago. Guessed, too, that it was his boat which had passed close under the wall last night when the other women of the harem were there with her. She had not known till she saw him that she wished to see the owner of that half-formed boyish voice which had come so pleasantly out of the darkness, and now, when she did see him, she looked long. He, too, was looking, and her eyes made a bridge over golden air that lay between, on which his soul stepped lightly out to meet her.

The boat drew closer, and she dropped her eyes and began playing with a spray of rose that trailed along the top of the wall. She picked a couple of buds, smelt them, and then very softly she sang again the first verse of the vine-tender's song.

The boat had got under the shelter of the wall, and drifted closer so slowly that the motion was imperceptible. Mitsos was still looking at her, her eyes were still downcast. She sang the first verse through, and the first two lines of the second verse, and then apparently she recollected no more, for she stopped, and from the boat Mitsos sang very softly the next two lines. Still, without looking at him, she sang them after him, he finished the verse, and she sang the whole through.

From the bay the sun had set, but the mountains on the east glowed rosier and rosier every moment. All that Mitsos saw was a girl's slender figure wrapped in a loose white cloak, a hand that held two rose-buds, a face with eyes down-dropped, and eyelashes that swept the cheek.

"There is the third verse," he said.

Then she looked up and smiled at him, and her eyes were as black as shadows in the moonlight.

"I will learn that another night, if it be you will teach me," she said, "and this is for your teaching. Go, now; others are coming."

Half carelessly she threw into the boat the buds she had picked, and turned away.

Maria was married the next morning, and Mitsos went to the wedding. The bride and bridegroom appeared to him to be admirably suited to each other.

About four o'clock that afternoon Mitsos was just about to set off down to the shore, when his father appeared.

"We'll finish with the wine this evening," he said. "Come and begin at once, Mitsos."

Mitsos paused a moment.

"I was just going sailing," he said. "Can't we do it to-morrow?"

"No, it had better be finished now; besides, you can sail afterwards. Come, it won't take a couple of hours."

"Uncle Nicholas told me to sail every day," he began.

"And to obey me, Mitsos."

Mitsos stood for a moment irresolute, but his habit of obedience reasserted itself. "Yes, father," he said, "I will come."

The barrels in which the first fermentation had taken place had been thoroughly scoured with boiling water, and had quite got rid of the sour smell of fermented stuff, and the men were to decant the reinstated wine back into them. They filled each barrel again three quarters full, and into the remaining space they poured a portion of the fine wine, dividing it equally among each. To Mitsos the process seemed insufferably long and tedious. The sun had set before the barrels were filled, and it was dark before the work was over. Never before, it seemed to him, had the taps dribbled so dispiritingly. His father now and then addressed some remark to him which he barely answered, and after a time they both lapsed into silence. Mitsos knew that he was behaving abominably, and he thought that he could not help it. Perhaps she was there, perhaps—bewildering thought—she was even wondering why he did not come. How could he simulate the slightest interest in the wine of grapes when the wine of love was fermenting within him, driving him mad with those sweet, intoxicating fumes for which there is no amethyst?

At last it was over. No, he would not eat now. He would eat when he came in. Ten minutes later he was on his way. Soon his sail began to glimmer in front of him. Something, it looked only like a white shadow, was leaning on it, and as he drew nearer he heard again the voice singing low in the darkness—singing the common country song which had become so beautiful.

CHAPTER VII.

NICHOLAS got safely across to Corinth early in the morning after he had left Mitsos, and waited there a few days for a caique to take him to Patras. The work which the leading Greeks were preparing throughout the Peloponnesus was there in the hands of Germanos, the Bishop. Like Nicholas, he too had felt the cruelty and appetites of the Turk, and, like Nicholas, he was willing to wait for revenge until the whole scheme was ripe to the core. An agent of his had met Nicholas at Corinth, bidding him come, if he had a few days to spare, at once, if not, as

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 2118.

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"HALF CARELESSLY SHE THREW INTO THE BOAT THE BUDS SHE HAD PICKED."

soon as he could. Nicholas, however, had left Nauplia with the idea of proceeding on to Patras at once, and he sent the messenger back, saying he was on his way. It was not safe for him, however, to go by land. That he was suspected of being concerned in intrigues against the Turk he knew, and as his plans were now already beginning to be thoroughly organized, he wished to avoid any needless risk.

On the second day, however, a Greek caique laden with figs was starting from Corinth, and Nicholas went on board soon after dark. About midnight they started.

For a few hours a steady breeze drew up from the narrow end of the gulf, but it slackened and dropped between three and four in the morning, and daylight found them becalmed, with slack sails, some eight miles out at sea, nearly opposite Itea. To the north Parnassus had already "taken the morning," and stood flushed with red high above them while they still lay on a dark plain of water smooth as glass. On the opposite side of the gulf, but further ahead, Cytheae and Helmos, on the north side of which last winter's snow still lay beautifully in bars and bezants, had also caught the light, which as the sun rose higher, flowed like some luminous liquid down their slopes, wooded below with great pine forests.

Nicholas, who slept like a dog, lightly, and only when he had nothing else to do, was lying on deck, and only woke when the sun had risen high enough to touch the caique. The captain and owner of the boat, who had been all night in the little close cabin below, came on deck at that moment, and sat down near him.

"The wind has dropped altogether," he said. "We may be here for hours. Are you in a hurry to get on?"

Nicholas filled his pipe very carefully.

"I am never in a hurry," he said, "if I am going as quick as I can. I cannot make the wind, and so I am content to wait. You seem to have a good heavy cargo."

"A good heavy cargo," said the man. "Yes and it would have been half as much again if those devils had not seized a lot of it at Corinth."

"The Turks?" said Nicholas.

"Yes; port dues they called them. Much of a port is Corinth, a heap of stones tumbled into the water, and a rickety staircase."

"That is new, is it not? The harbor dues, I mean."

"Yes. Put on a month ago," said the man, "but if I hear right it won't be very old when it is taken off again."

"What do you mean?"

"They say the devils are to be treated as such. I spend my life on the sea, and don't hear much, but surely you heard what was being said at Corinth—that before a year was out we Greeks would not have these masters any longer?"

One of the crew was standing near, and the captain motioned him to go away.

"I don't like talking too much, especially before my own men," he said, "but I don't mind telling you. You will be landed at Patras, and you will go your way and I mine. I heard it at the café last night. Four Turks were talking about the arms which they say the peasants are collecting. They spoke of one Nicholas Vlitsis as a leader. They expected to catch him, though; they knew he was travelling to Corinth."

"The deuce they did," thought Nicholas. Then aloud, "Who is this Nicholas?"

"Nay, I don't know him," said the man. "I am from the islands. I thought you might have heard of him."

"From the islands, are you? From which?"

"Over from Spetzas."

Nicholas lit his pipe with a lump of charcoal and inhaled a couple of long breaths, silent but with a matter in balance. Then, looking straight at the man, he said:

"I am Nicholas, the man they thought they could catch. But they don't catch me, you know, for I am a clean and God fearing man, and I hate the devil whose name is the Turk. And now there are two ways open to you, one is to give me up at Patras, the other is to try and help me and others in what we are doing. For this will be no time for saying, 'I have nothing to do with this—let Turk and Greek fight it out.' You will have to take one side, and you had better begin at once. See, I have trusted you with my secret, because you may be of use to me. You come from Spetzas, and you probably know the coast of Greece as a man knows the shape of his boots and gaiters. We have got plenty of men to fight on land, and plenty to pay them with; what we want are little ships which in case of need will hang about the Turks, if they try to escape, and sting them as the mosquito stings the cattle in the evening."

Nicholas paused for a moment, and his face lit up with hate. "For it will be evening with them," he said. "A morning shall dawn, but night shall have overtaken them, and they will awake no more. Do you know what is the strongest feeling that ever grips a man's heart? No, not love, nor yet fear, but revenge. And if you had suffered as I have suffered, you would know what it is to be filled with one thought only—to see blood in the sunrise and blood in the setting of the sun, and feel that you have ceased to be a man and have become a sword. That is what I am, and I am in the hand of God. And by me He will smite and spare not. And when there are no more to smite, perhaps I shall become a man again and live to see peace and plenty bless a free people. But I know nothing, and I do not greatly care. Come now, what answer do you give me?"

Nicholas rose to his feet; the other had risen too, and they faced each other. There was something in the restless and intensely old this man with one idea which would not but be felt, for though we may miss our eyes brown and shrug our shoulders, enthusiasm remains the one driving force in the world, whatever engine it chooses to drive. And his companion felt it.

"Tell me more," he said, eagerly. "But wait a moment; here is the wind."

He hurried aft to give orders to the men. Far away on the polished surface of the water behind them, as smooth and shining as a seal skin, a line had appeared, as if the coat had been stroked the wrong way. In a couple of minutes the men were busy with the ropes, and two stood ready to slack the sheets of the mainsail in a moment if it was a sudden squall coming, and one stood at the tiller, for some cross current had turned the boat round, and it would be necessary to put about. Meantime the rough line had crept nearer, and behind it they could see the top of little waves cut off by the wind and blown about in spray. A couple of men had put out one of the long oars, and were tugging hurriedly at it to get the head of the boat straight before the wind before it struck them. But they were not in time; the wind came down with a scream, the boat heeled over, the leeward gunwale touched the water, and the mast bent; then at exactly the right moment the sheets were slackened for a moment to let her right herself, and then braced again, and in a few seconds they were scudding straight down the gulf almost directly before the wind, till with their increasing speed, it seemed to die down again. The water all round them was broken up into an infinite number of little green, white-fringed hollows, through which, at the pace they were going, they moved across as quickly as a skater on smooth ice.

Nicholas had carefully watched the handling of the boat during these operations, and he saw that the little crew of six men knew their work perfectly, and that they were quick and prompt at the moment when a mishap might easily have occurred. He never let slip the smallest opportunity which might some day prove to be useful, and he knew that for anything like united action it would be necessary for the Greek to have, if not command of their sea coast, at any rate the power to communicate with each other. The outbreak, as he had planned it, would take place in the Peloponnese, but to be of any value it would have to spread over the north. Patras and Missolonghi were within a few miles of each other by sea, but unless there was frequent communication by sea they would be powerless to help each other. To some extent both his fear and his hope were realized.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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MINERS ON THE SUMMIT OF THE CHILKOOT PASS

ENTRANCE TO A TUNNEL IN THE COMET MINE

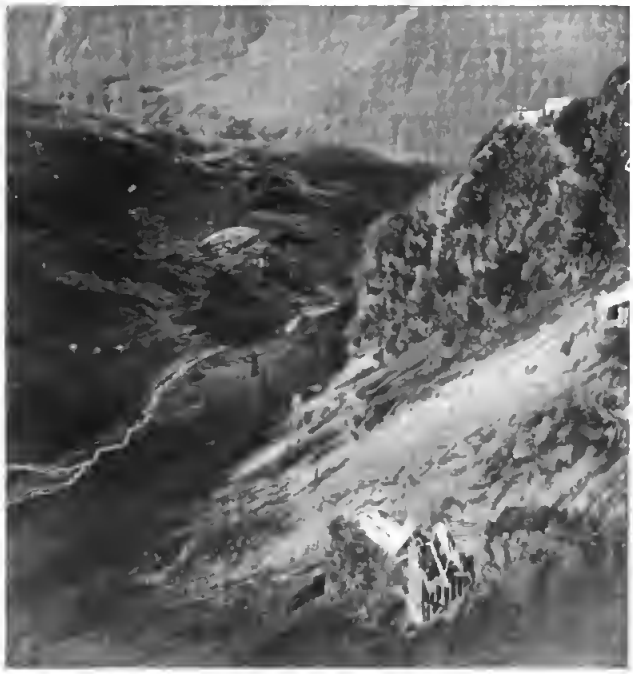
CAMP AT THE FORKS OF THE CANYON, DYEA

YUKONERS AT SHEEP CAMP

MINERS LEAVING JUNEAU FOR THE YUKON

LOG-CABIN CHURCH, JUNEAU

ASCENDING TO THE SUMMIT OF THE CHILKOOT PASS



GREAT QUARTZ-MINING REGION AT SEWARD CITY, NEAR THE ENTRANCE TO THE CHILKOOT PASS

THE GOLD DISCOVERIES IN THE KLONDIKE NORTHWEST TERRITORY—VIEWS AT JUNEAU AND ALONG THE CHILKOOT PASS ROUTE TO THE YUKON—[See Page 767]

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THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL GOLD-MINING CONVENTION.

BY WILLIAM ALEXANDER PLATT.

ONLY those who have actually attended a convention can tell whether it was a success or not. The details of proceedings cannot convey to the reader the atmosphere—the sentiment which affects the delegates and in some subtle way enables them to know whether their meeting has been profitable.

That the first—and last—International Gold-mining Convention was almost an unqualified success is the unanimous testimony of those who were present. In the number and character of the delegates present, in their wide geographical distribution, in the character of the proceedings, in the nature of the resolutions adopted and those suppressed, and, finally, in the whole tone and temper of the convention, there was that which was a pleasant surprise not only to the more conservative delegates, but even to the originators and promoters of the enterprise.

Several persons were referred to as the gathering as respectively the "father" of the convention. The truth seems to be that the idea of holding such a gathering was first suggested by Mr. Louis R. Ehrich, of Colorado Springs, that the idea was taken up by Mr. J. T. Cornforth and Mr. Irwin Mahon, of Denver, and that Mr. R. F. Hunter, of Denver, as chairman of the executive committee and head of the "steering committee" of the convention after it met, did more than any other one man to make it a practical success.

Mr. Ehrich's original idea was to hold an exposition, keeping it open for a month, and having for its prominent feature an exhibition of gold-mining machinery, including all the processes of reduction in practical operation. This plan would have called for a larger expenditure of money than the Denver people felt able to provide for at short notice; and so the idea was changed to a conference of practical mining men, who should meet for three days, and discuss methods, compare notes, become better acquainted with one another, and visit so far as they might be able, some of the gold-mining districts of Colorado, and become familiar with the conditions of the industry in this State by actual inspection.

The exposition idea, however, was partially carried out, for the Cripple Creek district and the Pike Creek district sent fine samples of their ores, and these were arranged in cabinets for the inspection of visitors. This feature will probably be much enlarged at the next meeting of the congress.

The convention was got together on comparatively short notice, and there was much doubt as to its success. A very large number of delegates were appointed from Colorado, and particularly from Denver, every organization of every sort in the city having apparently sent its quota, among them being a number of women appointed from the various women's clubs in the city. It was not generally expected, until the convention actually met, that there would be a large number of delegates present from other States, and it was a pleasant surprise when the roll was made up to discover that there were present representatives of twenty-six States and Territories in the Union and of seven foreign countries. The States east of the Mississippi which were represented were Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, West Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Illinois. The foreign countries were Venezuela and Mexico on this continent, and Italy, Denmark, Belgium, Switzerland, and Sweden and Norway in Europe.

The numerical majority of delegates were naturally from Colorado and the States and Territories adjacent, and these, if they had chosen, under the loose organization which prevailed at first, might easily have swamped the convention and turned it into a demonstration in favor of the immediate and unconditional free coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one. Those who remembered the silver convention of four years ago—the one at which Governor Waite made his noted "blood-to-the-bridles" speech—feared that this would be the outcome of the gathering. But the fear turned out to be groundless, and the delegates from Colorado deserve credit for their self-restraint.

The self-restraint of the delegates was indeed, the most striking feature of the proceedings. The "key-note" of the gathering was sounded by Governor Adams in his speech of welcome, when he said that this convention should show to the world that gold-mining is a business proposition, not a gambling venture. While he was unable to keep from referring to political matters, and showing very plainly that he would never be satisfied with anything short of sixteen to one, the speech as a whole was in striking contrast with Waite's of four years ago. The days of "blood to the bridles" Governors in Colorado are happily past. This key-note was taken up by the committee on organization, which recommended that politics be rigorously excluded from the proceedings, and that no State represented in the convention should have more than ten votes. Their report was adopted unanimously, and by adopting it the numerical majority of the convention surrendered their possibility of controlling its action.

The most remarkable exhibition of self-restraint, however, was in the emphatic rejection, twice during the sessions, of a resolution in favor of the free coinage of silver. This was first presented in the form of a minority report from the committee on resolutions by Mr. Guy of New Mexico, and was promptly laid on the table. Afterwards, at another session, an attempt was made to reconsider the vote, but the motion to reconsider was laid on the table by a large majority, and without the formality of a call by States. When one considers the fact that probably nine-tenths of the delegates were silver men, this action is something wonderful. It is the first time, so far as credibly reported, that a sixteen-to-one resolution has ever been defeated in any convention of any kind held in the State of Colorado. And it is all the more to the credit of the convention because it was done for the reason that it was considered out of order at such a gathering and not because the great majority of those present did not believe in the doctrine proposed by the resolution.

Excellent papers were read by half a dozen delegates on various topics pertinent to the purpose of the convention. Mr. Dern of Utah gave an account of the development of the Mercur district in his State, a thing was exceedingly interesting. The history of Mercur is a sample of that of more than one camp in the Rocky Mountain region. Twenty-five years ago it was a silver camp. It "played out" before 1880 and was deserted. In 1890 traces of cinnabar were discovered by a German prospector, and the claim was called by him Mercur—the German word for quicksilver. The quicksilver mine failed too, and it was not till late in the '80's that traces of gold were discovered and mining began in earnest for that metal. First the amalgamating process was tried on the ore obtained, but it was a failure. Then the cyanide process was attempted, but at first it proved a failure too, and it was almost by pure accident that the miners discovered that if they crushed their ore coarse instead of fine before leaching with the cyanide solution the results would be satisfactory. Since that discovery the camp has been a success, and in the last four years the Mercur Mine has paid to its owners three quarters of a million dollars in dividends.

This case is an illustration of the fact that many an old camp which has been given up as useless may, by the application of modern scientific methods, be made to pay handsomely. There are a great many mines now worked at a profit which under the crude methods of thirty years ago were abandoned.

Another paper of great practical value and interest was by Professor Lakes, on the geological conditions of ore deposits in the Rocky Mountain region. The first discoveries of gold were made in placers, and the placer miners skimmed the cream off the surface. Then the gold was traced to the veins, and for a long time it was thought that a true fissure vein was necessary in order to get gold. Later the igneous rocks were discovered to contain deposits. Then came the great discovery of the lead-silver carbonates of Leadville and Aspen, and finally the exploitation of the lavas thrown out by the old volcanoes of Cripple Creek. Professor Lakes summed up by saying that the igneous rocks are the friends of the Rocky Mountain miner, and it is only where they have been forced up by seismic or volcanic action through the overlying strata, and where the superheated steam and chemicals of underground action have worked upon them, charging them with deposits of the precious metals, that gold and silver are found. The surrounding strata may be archæan granite or carboniferous limestone, or anything between, but the igneous dikes and veins and fissures are the depositories of the precious ore.

An excellent paper on the Cripple Creek region was read by Professor Moore of that camp. Cripple Creek is of course one of the most remarkable camps in the world. Its ore is of exceptionally high grade—or perhaps it would be better to say that in connection with large bodies of low grade ore there occur veins so exceptionally rich that thus far it is practically only the high grade ore which has been mined. The Cripple Creek bureau of information at the convention had an exhibition there pieces of ore from the Independence Mine which runs 8000 ounces to the ton—one fourth pure gold. Of course this is rare, even in Cripple Creek; but a great many samples were shown which ran all the way from three to thirty ounces to the ton. Ore like this is treated either at the smelteries or at the chlorination works. The cost of treatment here is higher than by some other processes, but the results are satisfactory, and the ore is rich enough to pay the $8 to $10 per ton which these methods cost.

For low-grade ores the processes adopted are either concentration or cyanide. Concentration means the selection of the best part of the ore from the dross. It is effected generally by sizing—picking out by hand the pieces of about the same size which look promising to the skilled sorter, and then dropping these through a sieve, when the heavier come to the bottom first, and of course are the ones in which the heavy metal is contained. After concentration the valuable remainder is smelted.

In the cyanide process the mass of ore is crushed to a "mesh" from one quarter to three quarters of an inch in the diameter of the largest particles, and then placed in a vat, or tank, where a solution containing a small percentage—generally one-quarter to one-half of one per cent.—of cyanide of potassium is poured in, and the ore is thereby leached.

By these processes anywhere from seventy-five to ninety-nine per cent. of the value in the ore is saved. The cyanide process at Mercur, for instance saves about eighty-three per cent. of the value, at a cost per ton of about eighty cents. This process is particularly applicable to low grade ores of soft consistency. Smelting saves nearly all—say ninety-nine per cent.—of the value, but costs more per ton.

With the application of modern scientific methods the cost of production of gold is becoming a calculable quantity. Given ore of a tolerably uniform value and character, and it can be estimated with an approach to exactness just how much it will cost to get it out of the earth and treat it by one or other of the processes in use, and also what percentage of the ore value can be saved. The element of luck is becoming more and more eliminated. Especially in mines which contain large bodies of low-grade ore, the capitalist who puts in his money can calculate, at least as exactly as in the case of an iron mine or a coal mine, whether he can make a profit, and about how much that profit will be; and the value of the product is much more stable than in the case of the iron or coal mine, for gold is the standard of value, while coal and iron continually fluctuate.

It is in bringing facts like these to the attention of operators and investors generally, in demonstrating that gold-mining is a regular and legitimate business, in comparing notes as to methods and cost of production, in getting mining men better acquainted with one another, that a convention like this has a practical effect. Of its moral effect, as showing the practical acceptance of the existing situation of the mining man, who are resolved, since the world wants gold, to raise all of it they can and neglect silver comparatively for the present, and as showing also the possibility of a convention of mining men, a majority of whom are for the free coinage of silver, coming together in session for three days and attending rigorously to the business of the gathering, and suppressing all attempts to make political capital out of it—of this mention has already been made, and this alone would be more than a compensation for the trouble and time and money that were expended in bringing the convention together.

It was largely due to the effort to establish a bureau of mines and mining at Washington that the convention changed its name from the International Gold-mining Convention to the International Mining Congress. At the next session all sorts of mining will be considered. Whether this was a wise move may be doubted. Only experience can demonstrate the feasibility of a convention which shall undertake to consider all kinds of mining.

The next session is to be held at Salt Lake City, and in view of the environment it is reasonable to expect that the practical work of the convention will be largely on the same lines as that of the one just held.

"CALIFORNIA, '97"—A WONDERFUL CONVENTION.

BY REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK.

In some respects the sixteenth International convention of the societies of Christian Endeavor, held in San Francisco, July 7-12, was the greatest and most successful ever held. A total registration of over 26,000 Endeavorers, an attendance of 40,000 different people who had come to San Francisco expressly for the convention, an aggregate attendance at all the meetings of not less than 300,000, tells the story so far as mere numbers go, but how small a part of such a story figures can tell!

They do not tell of enthusiasms kindled, of devotion aroused, of patriotism stimulated, of loyalty pledged to God and the Church and the country, of friendships cemented, of hearts inspired by the call of duty. Yet these intangible results of the convention are the ones best worth recording, though they cannot be tabulated or so easily expressed in written characters.

But even in mere size this convention compared favorably with the great gatherings that have preceded it, though it was held on the westernmost rim of the continent, nearly three thousand miles from the center of the Christian Endeavor hosts. To be sure, one or two conventions have exceeded it in size—notably the Boston convention of '95, attended by more than 56,000 delegates. But when we remember the vast distances traversed, and that the immediate local constituency of the society is comparatively small, the attendance of 40,000 persons who had come from a greater or lesser distance to attend the convention was as remarkable. For days the Western railroads were blocked with such a traffic as was never known since the last golden spike at Promontory secured in its place the iron girdle between the East and the West.

Trains rolled into San Francisco twelve, twenty-four, thirty-six hours late, reporting that still scores of trains with thousands of passengers were behind them. The last of the excursionists did not reach San Francisco until three days after schedule time. As a railroad man on the Denver and Rio Grande said, with pardonable exaggeration, "You can walk on the tops of the Pullman cars all the way from Colorado Springs to Cañon City." Forty-two thousand passengers, we are told, crossed the mountains, of whom probably one-half attended the convention, the other half being excursionists attracted by the cheap rates.

Yet, though the throngs were so great and the consequent delay was serious, the railroads struggled with the congested traffic as well as possible, though if they had listened to and believed the predictions of the leaders of the society concerning the probable attendance they would have been better able to cope with the unexpected rush of business.

But even the leaders were surprised, and each State delegation of Endeavorers was nearly twice as large as was at first expected. However, I heard no complaints even from the most belated passengers; all felt that under the circumstances everything possible was done for their comfort and safety, and every newly arrived delegation declared that they had the banner train, the best company, and the most joyous time of all on the way.

The arrangements in San Francisco were all that could be desired. The numerous committees, numbering in all 2000 or 3000 young men and women, did their work most efficiently. Beautiful auditoriums with capital acoustic qualities were provided. The streets were gay with bunting by day and brilliant with electric light welcomes by night. A great arch spanned with electric-light devices spanned Market Street, with the dates, "Maine, 1881," "California, 1897," on either side. The Golden Gate Park was bright with flower devices in purple and gold, the California Christian Endeavor colors, telling of the city's welcome, and on every hand signals of gladness and greeting assured the visitors. The speakers who were advertised, among them many of the most eloquent divines of the country, were present almost without exception; the tide of joyous enthusiasm rose higher and higher with each succeeding day. The convention passed off without accident or flaw of any kind, and though now only a memory, it is an imperishable memory for all who enjoyed it.

What are the lasting results? They are not easy to formulate, but these are some of them. First, increased patriotism and love of country. To many youths and maidens this was their first long journey. They saw their own country under the most delightful circumstances. They spent from six to ten days crossing her broad prairies, climbing her rocky backbone, visiting, if only for a few brief hours, her great inland cities. Every mile was a lesson not only in geography, but in patriotism and love of country.

> My country, 'tis of thee,
> Sweet land of liberty,

will mean more to tens of thousands than it ever did before.

A second result was a destruction of unworthy sectionalism. From East and South and North and West they came. A thousand Endeavorers from Illinois, 150 from Texas, 800 from Pennsylvania, 300 from Kentucky, 600 from Massachusetts, 20 from Hawaii, 2 even from Alaska, etc., etc. There was no race line, no denominational line, no color line, no sectional line drawn. Maine and Tennessee, Vermont and Alabama, Canada and Oregon, toiled into San Francisco together, and when they got there they touched elbows in the crowded auditorium in the utmost fraternity.

Sectional prejudices cannot live in such an atmosphere, sectional jealousies wither and die. The evangelical denominations are every year entering more heartily into the movement. Many other countries besides our own and Canada were represented in the convention, for in

Great Britain, Australia, India, South Africa, and China the society is rapidly growing, while in Germany and in all other European countries a good beginning has been made. So that international as well as interdenominational good feeling is promoted. As some one said at the convention, "The Endeavor movement is an arbitration treaty of love and good-will between the English-speaking races that cannot be amended or rejected."

A third result was the creation of a religious atmosphere. For a week at least in San Francisco it was the popular thing to be a Christian. "For the first time in my life I feel as though I was in the majority," said an aged minister of the coast. The Sunday of the convention was one of the most quiet and free from crime ever known in the city of the Golden Gate. Everybody seemed to be going to church. Many pastors had to organize one and two and even three overflow meetings. The papers reported the parks and pleasure resorts comparatively deserted, and every place of worship crowded.

Fourth: the greatest and best result was the wider outlook, the spiritual uplift, the Godward glance of the convention. Every one who attended lifted up his eyes "unto the hills." He could not help it. It was a mighty object-lesson to the whole country. Here were 40,000 people, nearly 30,000 of them young men and women, who were willing to spend their hard-earned money and their precious holiday weeks in going to a purely religious meeting rather than to some vacation pleasure resort. A prayer meeting and a consecration service are more attractive to them than any combination of so-called amusements. Here is the great lesson of the convention: The Bible is not an obsolete book. The Gospel is not a discredited, powerless fable. The Church is not dying. The religion of Jesus Christ is the most mighty and regnant thing in this world to-day.

EARTHQUAKE OBSERVATIONS AT THE LICK OBSERVATORY.

BY EDWARD S. HOLDEN, LL.D.,
DIRECTOR OF THE OBSERVATORY.

I HAVE thought that a brief account of an earthquake shock recorded June 20, 1897, at the Lick Observatory might be interesting. The astronomical instruments of the observatory, in order to do their work properly, must remain in fixed positions. If they are moved, it is necessary to introduce slight corrections in the calculation of the results. In California we have many very slight shocks and tremors, and occasionally a shock as severe as the Charleston earthquake of 1886 (as, for example, the San Francisco earthquake of 1868, the Inyo County shock of 1872, and the Solano County shock of 1892). Most of these shocks are so light that they are not felt by any one who is moving about, but require a delicate instrument—technically, a *seismograph*—to detect them. In planning the instrumental equipment of the observatory it was arranged to install instruments of this kind, which would record the circumstances of an earthquake shock and also the exact time of its occurrence. Hence the astronomer, when he comes to calculate his observations, is on the lookout for changes in the position of his telescope such as might be produced by earthquakes; and as he knows the times at which all shocks occurred, it is easy for him to detect such effects. Our earthquake instruments were originally installed, therefore, solely as an aid to the accurate calculation of our astro-

FIG. 1.—The Ewing Seismograph for recording Earthquakes. The Instrument is so constructed that the Mass D is steady during an Earthquake. Hence the Rod C and the Pen A are steady. The smoked-glass Plate B, on the other hand, moves with the moving Earth, and the Pen A Writes on the Plate the true Record of the Excursions of the Earth. (See Fig. 2.)

nomical observations, for which purpose the time is the only needed datum. The instruments, however, do more than record the time. They give a graphic representation of the motions of the earth. The observatory prints each year in the *Publications* of the Astronomical Society of the Pacific an account of the shocks which have occurred in the past twelvemonth.

A very sudden and rather severe shock took place on Sunday, June 20, 1897, at about noon. Fig. 2 gives the trace of the motion of the earth (considerably magnified) as obtained by a seismograph (invented by Professor Ewing, of Cambridge, England), shown in Fig. 1. Such an instrument gives the trace in the horizontal directions only—east and west, north and south, not up and down—and it does not record the time. Other machines supply the missing data.

The Ewing seismograph consists, essentially, of two heavy pendulums joined together

FIG. 2.—Movement of the Earth recorded by the Ewing Seismograph at the Lick Observatory, June 20, 1897, at 12 h. 12 m. 30 s. (noon), magnified. The Trail commences at the Bottom of the Cut.

within a wooden box resting on a solid pier (see Fig. 1). The weight D is suspended by three wires and is very stable; the inverted pendulum F E is balanced on its points and is very unstable. They are joined together by a ball joint near E, and their lengths and weights are so proportioned and adjusted that the system is steady during a shock (within limits). No matter how much the pier and the wooden box may tremble during a shock (within limits), the pendulum D remains steady. Hence the rod C is steady, and also the pen A, which is part of it. The box and the little shelf B, on the other hand, are moving as the earth moves. A smoked glass plate on B will move under the steady pen A, and will record the true trace of the earth's motion, especially for light shocks. In heavy ones the limits are passed, and the whole system has a vibration of its own which falsifies to some degree the recorded motion of the earth alone. For all ordinary purposes, however, this exceedingly simple and ingenious instrument is entirely satisfactory.

On the day in question the pen was quietly resting on the plate (at the bottom of the cut, Fig. 2). The first few shocks were quite sharp and sudden, and the pen moved by quick jerks towards the northeast. The subsequent tremors and excursions are plainly registered in Fig. 2 (somewhat magnified), and can be followed by the eye. It is necessary to say, however, that the record is not quite complete on the western side, because the pen in its excursions here met a wire which was unintentionally left in its path and to a slight extent interfered with its movements. Still, the record is a good one, and it is quite instructive. If the machine were perfect, the pen should return, at the end of the earthquake, to very near its point of starting; but friction and other causes, some of which have been referred to, usually interfere to prevent this exact return in most *long* shocks, as they have in this one. One of the effects of a shock of this intensity is to produce nausea in those who experience it. The trace of the shock in Fig. 2 shows why this is. The motions of the earth are quite analogous to those of a vessel on the high sea. During our experience of nine years at Mount Hamilton there has been only one shock more severe than that which has just been described.

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ALASKAN GOLD-FIELDS.

WHEN Mr. Seward purchased Alaska for $7,000,000 it was thought he had bought an ice box. Alaska, however, has proved to be Uncle Sam's gold box, or strong box. The first dividend of Alaska was the seal skin, which speedily reimbursed the National Treasury with the cost price of the Territory. It would seem that time has been wasted in catching seals, as we are now told that gold may be had for the shovelling in the head waters of the Yukon.

Gold mining in Alaska is divided into the same two general classes that prevail elsewhere, placer and quartz, the former in gulches and the latter in the mountains. While the greater excitement prevails in regard to the placer Klondike region, some of the greatest mining operations of the continent are carried on in the coast region some sixty miles north of Juneau. Immense capital is invested in the coast mines about Seward City, operated mostly by the Rothschilds, D. O. Mills, the Newells of Boston, the Berners Bay Mining and Milling Company, under the direction of Colonel John F. Plummer, of New York, and others. The product of the Juneau mines for 1896 was $2,500,000—equal to the product of all the placer districts of the Territory.

Juneau is the key to the new Klondike region and the head waters of the Yukon. Those who are wise take this short though difficult route, and make their way over Chilkoot Pass to the lakes and head waters of the Yukon, thence to float down stream, instead of going upward from St. Michael. A glance at a map will show the proximity of the Juneau coast mines to the Klondike placers, across the border, in British possessions. It is possible that some day mining will be continuous from the coast to Klondike, quartz and fissure veins prevailing in the altitudes and placers in the gulches and stream beds. It seems anomalous that would-be miners should hurry through the richest gold fields in the world at Seward City in order to reach the lesser placers of the Klondike. But such is the notoriety of the placers that tenderfoot and old timer alike tramp unheeding over millions of tons of quartz veins of gold, situated convenient to the ocean, in order to reach a region almost inaccessible, and from which it is difficult and dangerous to take the product.

The Yukon Basin covers a vast area of the interior of Alaska and the adjoining Canadian territory. From source to mouth are vast treasure-beds, not only of untold millions of gold, but of coal, copper, marble and all metals, awaiting development. Recent explorations have developed the amazing fact that probably all of the innumerable tributaries of the Yukon carry flour gold, which increases in coarseness as one ascends to the sources. Fortunately the Yukon is navigable for most of its entire length, and its tributaries will admit of smaller and flat-bottomed craft. Of course, only the smallest fraction of Alaska, and even less of the Canadian territory, has been prospected. Nor have the prospected sections been thoroughly gone over, as yet.

Fortune-seekers report discoveries and fortunes almost incredible, and perhaps scarcely paralleled in the history of gold mining, even by the well-remembered scenes of the Cassiar and Cariboo. In 1893 only 300 people had penetrated the Yukon gold fields, increasing to 3000 in 1895. The past season has witnessed an influx of many thousands, attracted by the reports which have come back to civilization. Transportation facili-

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ties have been increased, and will doubtless keep pace with the march of the new ambitions. Too much stress cannot be laid on the warning that comes from the Yukon that only those who intend to engage in mining should make the journey. Professional men, clerks, bookkeepers, etc., will find no occupation. No one should go there without at least $500 in pocket, and stores of food and clothing. To all such, it may be said, a fortune awaits for two years of hard work.

The climate of Alaska is healthy. The winters on the coast in the vicinity of Sitka and Juneau are comparatively mild. Although excessively cold in the interior gold regions the air is dry, making the climate endurable with suitable clothing, shelter, and fuel. The summer season is short and delightful, with but little rainfall. The winters are almost dayless and the summers nightless. The mining season would ordinarily last from two to four months annually, but necessity has resulted in the method known as "burning"—that is, fires and tunnels, by means of which work is prosecuted during the winter. Pay dirt is stored on the banks of streams, and in spring is ready for the sluice box when water is released from ice. Climate is no longer a factor in Alaska mining. The Yukon region is at present one of the great game fields of the world, but the miners threaten to kill off the animals for food, and it is to be hoped that Canada and the United States will adopt timely measures of protection. The upper basin is productive of bear, moose, caribou, and small game; the streams have salmon, white fish, trout, etc. The lower areas abound in ducks, swans, geese, grouse, etc.

Forty Mile Post, Fort Cudahy, Circle City, Seward City, Juneau, and Sitka—the first three in the Yukon basin, the last three on the coast—are the principal mining settlements and centres. Circle City has a population of nearly 3000, with stores, hotels, etc. Fort Cudahy and Forty-Mile Post are in Canadian territory, and develop rapidly with the mining interests. All along the Yukon are native villages and small settlements of traders, missionaries, and Indians. The Yukon is navigable 1200 miles for large craft. After that many kinds of small craft may be used. Fort Cudahy is the present terminus of the steamboat line, although not at the end of navigation. The fare from Seattle *via* St. Michael to Circle City, Fort Cudahy, and Forty Mile Post is $150, which includes berths and meals.

CORRESPONDENCE FROM THE KLONDIKE.

DAWSON CITY, YUKON, NORTHWEST TERRITORY,
June 23, 1897.

DAWSON CITY, born last fall at the mouth of the Klondike, where it empties into the Yukon, will soon be one of the world's great placer camps. But for the difficulty of communication with the outer world it would be now. Discovered last August by a squaw man and an Indian, it was not until December, when a hole was sunk to bed-rock, that the great richness of the strike was known. Holes went down rapidly and $5, $10, $50, $150 to the pan were found on bed-rock, picked pans going as high as $500. Owing to scarcity of men, only a few hundred being here, comparatively little was done, as the men wanted to work on shares, though wages went up to $15 per day.

It was late in the winter before much was done, yet, despite this, about $1,500,000 was sluiced out of the dumps on El Dorado this spring, and about $500,000 out of Bonanza Creek—which was taken out by men who in the fall had not, many of them, money for a grub stake. Many of the locators have sold out for from $10,000 to $50,000, and the buyers will reap a fortune. The diggings are generally "drift," or winter diggings, the ground, eternally frozen, being thawed by fire, and pay dirt hoisted to the surface, to be sluiced in the spring. The winters are intensely cold, the thermometer going down to −70° at times. In the summer it goes as high as 98° in the shade, 115° in the sun, in the long June-July days.

The scarcity of "grub" is the constant dread of miners here, and should there be any great rush this fall, great suffering and starvation must result, as the companies cannot fill the demand, and it is a terrible trip to get out of the country in winter, and then only when well provisioned and with good dog teams. Next summer facilities will be enlarged, and any one coming here should wait until then. The gold territory is a large one, though such a gulch as El Dorado is likely never to be found again, and the Yukon will be one of the great gold countries of the world.

WILLIAM D. JONES.

DAWSON CITY, AT THE MOUTH OF THE KLONDIKE, ALASKA, JUNE, 1897

THE RUSSIAN CENSUS.

RUSSIA GROWING.

THE publication of the returns of the first "one-day census" ever taken in Russia reveals some very interesting facts, although the items are by no means all before the world. The first fact is the census itself, which is the first of any degree of completeness since 1851. In 1858 a partial but still somewhat unsatisfactory one was taken, but with that exception, reliance has been placed on estimates based in their turn on isolated censuses of cities and some provinces. This time, under the general direction of the vice-president of the Russian Geographical Society, 230,000 persons, including a large number of students, have been employed in the only satisfactory way to secure an absolutely accurate enumeration of the population.

The next fact is the steady and rapid growth of the population. The census of 1851 gave 67,380,645. Twenty years later the estimate was 85,685,945, in 1882, 102,880,320, in 1890, 118,018,187. The present census gives 129,211,113. Meanwhile the territorial additions have been of comparatively little importance, so that the increase may fairly be set down as the normal growth. This is more than double the rate in Germany, while France is standing aghast at finding that she has not grown at all—is, in fact, standing still. In this connection it is interesting to note that while in Russia itself there is much the same proportion of males to females as in the rest of Europe, in other parts of the empire there are far more men than women, so that the balance gives an exactly even proportion of each.

The third fact of special note is the growth of cities. In the past the chief strength of Russia has been in her rural population. There have been few large cities and few large towns. Now St. Petersburg has 1,267,023 inhabitants, and ranks closely with Vienna, and not so far below Berlin. Moscow has very nearly a million, Warsaw over 600,000, while among the 19 cities of over 100,000 are Tiflis and Baku in the Caucasus, as well as Kieff, Kharkoff, Riga, and others in Russia, and Tashkend in Asia. There are also 35 cities whose population is between 50,000 and 100,000, and 69 more under 50,000 but over 25,000. The growth has been very rapid. In 1891 Moscow had only 800,000, and in five years St. Petersburg has gained one sixth of her present population.

The first thought that comes in connection with these facts is that of the inherent vitality of the race. There is no immigration; the growth is natural, normal, and it indicates a marvellous power which must inevitably increase rather than decrease. What is to be the effect of this increasing power? Russia is to-day the dominant influence in Europe, not more by reason of the skill of her statesmen than by reason of the inherent force of her people. Setting aside her Asiatic provinces, she outranks Germany and Austria-Hungary combined by 26,000,000, while with the addition of the Steppe provinces she has more to call upon for defence than the whole Triple Alliance. The male population of European Russia alone, without taking Poland or the Caucasus, is almost equal to the entire population of the German Empire, while the proportion of population to territory, only eight per square mile, shows that there is ample room for even more rapid development in the future. Considered merely as a collection of individuals, it is easy to believe that before very long she will, or may, not merely overshadow but overawe and overbear the whole of adjoining Europe. With central Europe very nearly stationary and Russia growing at such a rate, it will be only a question of time when Russian rule will take the place of Russian influence.

The third fact, however, comes in as in some sense a counterbalance. The growth of cities shows that the Russian himself is changing. The zemstvo is giving place to the municipality, the mouzhik is becoming a citizen who no longer obeys blindly either the official or the nihilist leader, but reads and thinks for himself. Nihilism is in the background. Socialism is coming to the front, and strikes are succeeding to plots against the officials. Autocracy has not ceased. Administrative process is still in vogue. It is no safer now than it has been for men or women of high position to assert themselves in opposition to the established order, but this is on the surface. Underneath there is a movement, how strong it is as yet impossible to estimate, yet genuine, and in all human probability destined to increase, which will at some time assert itself.

Will this assertion be in the form of revolution? Is the France of a century ago to be repeated in the Russia of the next century? That is the question, whether spoken or unspoken, which is in the minds of all—Russians probably as well as those who look on with wonder and somewhat of dread, as one watches the incoming of a high tide. With all his stolidity, there is a strangely powerful element of imagination in the Russian. In what other country on the globe could such a self-immolation have occurred as when those misguided fanatics suffered themselves to be walled up alive, and held themselves so firm that when the bodies were exhumed it is said there were no traces of the death struggle? The wildest fakirs of India, the most ferocious votaries of the bloody Muharram in Persia, show no greater power of fanaticism than many of the sects of Russia, such as the skopsi or eunuchs, while the heroism of the Huguenots or of the victims of Diocletian was no more pure than that of many of the Stundists of the present day. This element, misdirected, inflamed with false ambition, aroused by evil men, might well spread like a scourge. It constitutes a great danger, and the future safety of the empire depends upon the way in which it is guided.

Fortunately there are indications that wiser counsels than have too often governed are coming into control. Proposals are under consideration for lightening the severity of the press laws, and while there is no change in the form of statement of law, the number of dissenters in prison is said to be rapidly diminishing. It is to be remembered, also, that the Church has a strong hold upon the people, and has never committed itself to that bitter opposition to reading the Scriptures which has been characteristic of most Roman Catholic governments. The problem for the Russian authorities is how to furnish opportunity for development, how to utilize the vitality of the race, and to keep it in line with the best interests of the nation. For this the first essential is peace, and the results of this census make more apparent than ever the reason for the absolute insistence by the Czar's government on the prevention of war. Every possible means must be used for internal development, meeting the changing conditions of a wonderfully growing empire. In view of these facts, it is scarcely surprising that the Christians of Turkey are overlooked, or that the friendship of a republic is sought by the most absolute monarchy in existence.

EDWIN MUNSELL BLISS.

WINTER DRIFTING ON EL DORADO GULCH, ALASKA

ON LONG ISLAND SOUND.

A rock-strewn shore. A distant wall of blue.
Blue sea with sails besprinkled here and there.
An anodyne of glory in the air
To one who, lying in an open boat
Looks up to other sails that softly float
Upon another tide of azure blue.

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

AMATEUR SPORT

When the lawn tennis season opened this year it looked as though the '97 standard of the American game would depend on the amount of development made by Whitman, Ware, Sheldon, and Driscoll, who comprised the promising younger element of last year. Gradually several of the older players have made their appearance, although there are still absentees, who are very unlikely to put in an appearance. Of the veterans, Wrenn, Larned, and Stevens are really the only ones who can be counted upon to play at Newport. Clarence Hobart will certainly not play in tournaments this year, and Carr Neel, Hovey, and Chace are probably out of the game. At all events, the present situation is not hopeful for the '97 attainment of American lawn-tennis. Wrenn and Larned are the only men playing who may be called first class, and Larned is very unsteady.

This first class representation, however, small as it is, will constitute the bulwark of American defence against the impending English invasion. And of this representation, Wrenn is really our only dependable champion. Larned has skill, and has made some highly praiseworthy records, but so many times after performing brilliantly he has failed to sustain the pace that we can only view him in the light of a hope which is as likely to be realized as not. He did well in England last year—well enough to be rated sixth—and reached the semi-finals at Newport, where he was beaten by Wrenn.

As for that promising younger set, it has only in part given evidence of adequately supplying the depleted first class. Driscoll has surpassed expectations, and Ware's performances in Canada seem to indicate that he will equal expectations. But Sheldon and Whitman have fallen much below the mark their '96 work suggested for the opening of '97.

Perhaps it will be interesting and instructive at the opening of the '97 season to publish the '96 official ranking:

Class 1—Over three-fourths of fifteen. R. D. Wrenn, W. A. Larned, C. B. Neel, F. H. Hovey.

Class 2, scratch—R. P. Fischer, G. L. Wrenn, R. Stevens.

Class 3—Receives one-fourth of fifteen. M. D. Whitman, L. R. Ware, G. P. Sheldon, C. H. Budlong.

Class 4—Receives one-half of fifteen. G. W. Lee, J. D. Forbes, W. M. Scudder, J. C. Neely.

Class 5—Receives three-fourths of fifteen. D. F. Davis, H. Ward, R. F. Davis, W. A. Bethel, C. P. Dodge, J. P. Davidson, A. P. Gaston.

Class 6—Receives fifteen. C. Craigie, R. Fischer, T. M. Edwards, R. H. Carlton, H. E. Avery.

A PICTURESQUE BIT OF LAKEMONT HARBOR.

Several Eastern players were not ranked because they played too seldom. Clarence Hobart, for instance, beat Wrenn at Orange early in the season, and did not play again. A. E. Foote won the New England championship, beating Malcolm Chace, but neither of them played thereafter. Driscoll beat Ware and Budlong in the Intercollegiate championships, and lost to Whitman.

Few Western and Southern men are rated because of the Ranking Committee's unfamiliarity with the players in those sections. That, however, is poor consolation to the individuals West and South, and not likely to popularize either the game or the Association. The Association should follow the example of the League of American Wheelmen and appoint sectional representatives and, now that classification has been attempted, sectional handicappers. Otherwise little permanent general good will result.

Thus the first ten players are R. D. Wrenn, Larned, C. B. Neel, Hovey, Fischer, G. L. Wrenn, Stevens, Whitman, Ware, and Sheldon, and, of these, four only are really first class, and but two of them are in active play this season.

The Southern championship at Washington was the earliest tournament of the year, and gave Thomas A. Driscoll the first opportunity of showing how much he has improved since he won the Pacific Coast championship, and defeated Ware and Budlong in the Intercollegiate championship last autumn. He met J. C. Davidson, one of the strongest of the Southern experts, in the first round, and defeated him handily in straight sets; and having beaten F. P. Warfield, he then encountered last year's Southern champion, J. P. Paret, from whom he also easily won in four sets.

The New England championship had several Western entries, notably O. T. Wilson, of Chicago, but both he and J. C. Belden, also of Chicago, were defeated in the first round—Kellogg, from the same city, surviving. Richard Hooker was the most formidable man to dispute Driscoll's progress, but his effort was unavailing: the Southern champion defeating him very easily in straight sets. Arthur E. Foote, winner in '96, being absent, Driscoll acquired, by default, another championship.

The Massachusetts State Tournament at Longwood had, as usual, a well filled entry list, with some excellent play resulting.

It served, too, to bring Holcomb Ward once more before the tennis world, and this time in the successful rôle of State champion, won by beating Ware in the finals and through R. D. Wrenn's default of the title. Ward has entered Harvard, and the chances are good that the ability which his occasional appearance has suggested as latent will now be fully developed.

THE LAKEMONT HARBOR FROM THE CLUB DOCK.

Ware met Whitman in the third round, and beat him with surprising ease—with such ease, indeed, it seemed as though Whitman were ailing. Neither Ware nor Ward was put to much exertion in their other matches.

The Metropolitan (N. Y.) championship provided some exceedingly interesting play between the second-class men. J. C. Davidson beat W. Gordon Parker, 6-3, 6-3, and R. P. Fischer beat J. P. Paret, 6-4, 6-4, in the second round. In the semi-final S. T. Millett created a mild sensation by beating Fischer, 6-4, 4-6, 6-4, though Davidson's conquest of Parker, 7-5, 6-4, was not unexpected. So also Millett's victory over Davidson, 6-4, 11-9, 7-5, which gave him the tournament, was on the cards, although the Southerner made an exciting contest of it.

Millett, with G. L. Wrenn, won also the doubles over Fischer and Parker.

The Middle States championship at Orange furnished quite the most interesting play, and was the first tournament to bring out any of the older men, Stevens and Larned and Millett being entered. One of the surprises of the early rounds was the success of J. P. Paret, who beat both Ware and Sheldon. Paret, although a greatly improved player over his form of a couple of years ago, has neither the form nor brilliancy of either of these two young collegians, his success being due to steady, consistent play, and therefore the more creditable.

Millett's light went out on the third day, partly because of his own poor play—his fielding especially being badly judged—and partly because Whitman put up a much stronger game than he had shown at Longwood, and smashed with exceeding accuracy. Ward's prospects were also cut short by Larned.

The semi-finals found Stevens and Paret, and Larned and Whitman, opposed. Neither match was close, and the ease with which Paret was defeated indicated after his victory over Ware and Sheldon a couple of days earlier in the week how wide apart are the games of the first class and that "coming" class on which hang all the hopes of American tennis in the immediate future. The prospect is sufficiently doleful to drive us all to golf.

Whitman hardly played well enough to make his match interesting, and Larned won with great ease, showing the best tennis of the week.

Stevens managed to prolong one set deuce in his match with Larned, but otherwise the latter had very little difficulty in winning with play that was always good tennis, and occasionally very brilliant. If Larned could only maintain his brilliant strokes he would have been a winner at Newport long ago. His winning Stevens scores were 6-3, 7-5, 6-1. Clarence Hobart, holder, defaulting in consequence of his father's death, Larned won the title without further effort.

Whitman did better work in the handicap singles, which he won, beating C. P. Dodge, who beat Eaton and Lyman for the consolation. H. Ward and D. F. Davis, both of Harvard, made a strong doubles combination, beating Larned and Stevens, who were an ill assorted pair but finally succumbing to Leo Ware (Harvard) and G. P. Sheldon, Jr. (Yale).

The Canadian championship served to rather brilliantly exploit Ware, who, if sustaining the pace he has recently cut out, may finally outrun his confrères and swell that diminished first class. We hope he may. His game is a thoroughly good one, he is a sportsman, and the first class is in dire need of re-enforcement.

Fischer's play was not up to the best form he has revealed on occasions, as may be judged by the difficulty (10-8, 7-5) with which he defeated J. P. Paret. And this is not to belittle Paret's game which, though having made most commendable advancement, is yet far below Fischer's. Whitman made rather a good showing, being opposed by comparatively easy men, until he met Ware in the semi-finals, and then he was outplayed at every point, Ware winning, 4-6, 6-1, 7-5. Fischer, who had not previously met a formidable opponent, beat Sheldon (6-4, 6-2) also in the semi-finals so easily that the Yale man appeared a novice in comparison.

In the final Ware defeated Fischer in straight sets, 8-6, 6-1, 6-2, and as R. D. Wrenn defaulted, he won with it the championship of the Dominion. Ware's play against Fischer was very clever and hard tennis, for though Fischer is not at his top form, he was sufficiently near it at Niagara to require good work to beat him. Ware subsequently won the handicap event, and with Sheldon, the Canadian championship doubles from Fischer and Whitman, 6-1, 6-4, 2-6, 6-3. Miss Juliette Atkinson, of Brooklyn, also successfully defended her title in the woman's singles championship. So the conquest of lawn tennis Canada seems to have been rather thorough.

Meantime an interesting if modest struggle was pending at Morristown, New Jersey, for the possession of the Morris County Field Club trophy. It was local in entries, and won by J. D. Forbes, who easily disposed of several opponents.

In the West the Chicago Club's annual tournament has developed a new claimant for Western honors in Kreigh Collins. He entered the tournament somewhat unknown, but made the notable record of playing through without losing a single match, defeating W. S. Boalt, L. H. Waldner, W. L. Myers, Harvey McQuiston, Norris Mundy—all of them familiar names in Middle Western tennis.

The interest of Chicago, indeed of us all, at the present moment, is centred on the Western championship singles and the United States championship doubles, which began Monday (July 26) on the Kenwood Courts.

Carr B. Neel now holds the singles, and the Neel brothers the doubles championship, but it is very doubtful if they will defend the doubles—though S. R. Neel is an entry for the singles, and Carr Neel, who is very much confined by his professional duties in Michigan, may spare time to defend his title. If he does, and has had any opportunity at all for practice, it is safe to say he will defend it successfully.

Unless Ware and Sheldon, who have gone West for the doubles, also enter for the singles, there will be no likely Eastern winners in the tournament. And very properly so. Of the Western aspirants for singles honors the most promising are S. R. Neel, Bond, Neeley, Waldner, Myers, Collins, and Evarts Wrenn. S. T. Chase, one time champion, and J. W. Carver, will neither of them enter. Among the local men, Collins, by his recent performance at the Chicago Club tournament, would seem to be a favorite, although S. R. Neel has perhaps a cleverer game, which hitherto he has not been able to sustain throughout a five-set match.

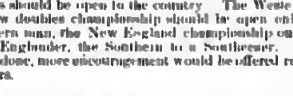
Entries are reported as numerous, but, with only a familiar name here and there, are unknown to the tennis world. One of these is D. Davis, from St. Louis, who caught R. D. Wrenn off form at Newport last year and beat him one set out of four. Belden, who has had so successful a career in the Northwest, is another. Even George Whitney, the Pacific coast champion, is said to be coming, but that very likely is mere rumor. Ware has a good chance of winning from any one of these men, and as would Sheldon if he had the form of last summer.

If the Neels do not defend the doubles championship, Ware and Sheldon will have an excellent opportunity of bringing that title back with them.

I should rather see a Western team win it, and if the National Association Committee does what is wise in this hour of lawn-tennis need, it will prohibit touring the country for championship trophies. Only national events should be open to the country. The Western singles or doubles championship should be open only to a Western man, the New England championship only to a New Englander, the Southern to a Southerner. If this were done, more encouragement would be offered resident players.

The lawn tennis event, however, towards which all American eyes are now directed is the Longwood (Boston) tournament this week. Through the entrance of the Britishers—Mahoney, Eaves, and Nisbet—the tourney becomes international, with R. D. Wrenn and W. A. Larned the mainstay of our hopes for American success.

The most expert of these visiting Britishers is H. S.



THE CLUB LAUNCH DELIVERING GUESTS TO YACHTS.

Mahoney, who held the All England championship in '96 (not was recently defeated for the title by a Cambridge University man, R. F. Doherty, in straight sets, 6-4, 6-4, 6-3, after the latter had beaten W. Baddeley in the semi-finals, 6-3, 6-0, 6-3. In company with Dr. Joshua Pim, the then English champion, Mahoney visited this country in 1895, and both played at Longwood meeting Hobart, Hovey, Larned, and Chace—R. D. Wrenn, in fact being the only absentee of our first class. The results of that meeting were, briefly: Mahoney beat Hobart, Larned,

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Hovey, and Chace; Pim beat Larned, Hovey, Chace—and Mahony twice. Pim was beaten by Hobart, who throughout the match maintained one of those brilliant streaks which have proved him invincible on occasions. Hobart and Hovey beat Pim and Mahony in the most brilliant doubles matches I have ever seen.

MAHONY'S FORM IS HIGH CLASS, and his play reminds one of that other high class British player, M. F. Goodbody, who, in '94, by beating Larned, won the All Comers at Newport, but was beaten for the National championship by R. D. Wrenn, the present champion. The Irishman's service is sure and well placed, and frequently he runs up on it, as Campbell used to do and Carr Neel does. Both in back and fore-handed play he gives a decided cut, not unlike the court-tennis stroke. He seems to prefer making returns backhanded, and is the strongest backhand player who has played in America. He keeps the head of the racket, on these strokes, higher than the hand, and the entire racket, in consequence, is about horizontal, whereas all our players maintain an almost vertical racket.

W. V. Eaves is also first class, and for several years has maintained a position among the best four or six of British players. In the All England championship this year he won his way to the final, meeting Doherty, who beat him two sets, 6-3, 7-5, and had him 2 love on the third, when Eaves, who was not well, defaulted. Volleying is the strong point in Eaves's game.

Nisbett is not so well known on this side, nor is he as strong a player as either of the other two. He is, however, of the first class.

There seems slight hope of a conqueror of Mahony furnished by the Longwood entries. If Larned could sustain one of those brilliant streaks he sometimes exhibits, he might beat Mahony, but not otherwise. On every day—six out of seven day—form Mahony is the better man. What Larned can do with Eaves remains to be seen; he has a chance of winning if he can play steadily. Stevens or any of the others do not seem to have a chance.

THE HONOR OF THE AMERICAN GAME on this occasion, as it will in every event this season in which the Britishers enter, rests upon R. D. Wrenn. He is the only man we have who plays a high class game and can be depended on to die in the last ditch. He holds the Longwood Cup and will defend it, meeting Mahony in all probability. Mahony is a stronger player than Goodbody, whom Wrenn defeated, and it must be remembered that he comes to us just after the English championship, fitted by a hard preliminary season. Our season, on the other hand, is but just begun, and Longwood will be Wrenn's first appearance this year in singles. The chances are certainly against Wrenn defeating Mahony at Longwood.

AN INVITATION TOURNAMENT, August 2, given by the St. George Cricket and Tennis Club at Hoboken, New Jersey, will follow Longwood. The contestants will be Mahony, Eaves, Nisbett, Wrenn, Larned, and Stevens. The scheme of play is that every American meets every Englishman, but the Englishmen and Americans do not meet one of their own nationality. In this way there will be an absolutely fair test between the two, with no wasted energy in matches not bearing directly upon the absorbing question of international supremacy.

With Longwood to tune him up, Wrenn is sure to play a stronger game on this occasion; perhaps he might even beat Mahony. But I do not look for him to be at his best before Newport, and then should Mahony win the All Comers—as there is great probability of his doing—Wrenn, I think, may be depended on to keep the United States championship in the United States.

MEANTIME THE ST. GEORGE CLUB, of which R. D. Stevens is the practical sponsor, is withholding no effort to provide good courts and attractive prizes for this very important tournament.

Following Hoboken, the Englishmen will rest until the United States championship tournament, which opens Tuesday, August 17, at Newport.

It is greatly to be regretted that the fact of there being three expert foreign players in our midst, seeking to carry our highest lawn tennis honors out of the country, is not sufficient to keep in active practice those Americans that have but just stepped out of the game. It is a pity, indeed, Hovey and Carr Neel and Malcolm Chace cannot find time and inclination to enter at Newport.

THE 20-FOOT FREAKS—one-raters, so called, and erroneously so—have had their trial races in Oyster Bay under the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Club auspices. The one which the committee considers the best all round boat will next month sail for the Seawanhaka Corinthian International Challenge Cup, which Mr. George Duggan's 15-footer *Glencairn* captured last year from *El Heirie*. Last year the match race was on Oyster Bay; this year it will be on Lake St. Louis, about ten miles from Montreal.

Up to the day of our going to press, there has been no official declaration of the committee's choice, but the four days of racing furnished rather convincing evidence of the superiority of *Momo*, and she is more than likely to be finally appointed to represent the club. Certainly *Momo* made the most consistent record for the week, and did the most uniform work. *Skate's* upset on the first day gave *Momo* that race, but *Skate* proved by her subsequent work that, although exceptionally fast in reaching, she is slow on other points of sailing. *Momo*, on the other hand, was a good second to *Skate* on that first day of wind and sea—close enough to get first handily when *Skate* turned over.

On the other days light wind prevailed, and on two of these *Momo's* success was emphatic. She attained the lead early and held it to the finish. In the fourth race a slight accident to her jib and rather poor handling were sufficient to lose her first place to *Al Anka*, which was well handled.

THE CLASS ORIGINALLY HAD TWELVE entries, but *Pioneer* and *Asthore* were failures as racing machines, and *Mary*, *Idea*, and *Vagary* sailed only a couple of times and then withdrew. This reduced the class to seven, and one of those, *Arauca*, cut very little figure in the racing.

Name.	Length Over all		L. W. L.		Beam.		Owner.
	ft.	in.	ft.	in.	ft.	in.	
Arauca (centreboard)	30	[illegible]	17	[illegible]	10	[illegible]	W. W. Howard.
Al-Anka (centreboard)	[illegible]	[illegible]	17	[illegible]	8	[illegible]	[illegible] Crane.
Kenen (centreboard)	[illegible]	[illegible]	17	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Montgomery Clark.
Montauk (fin keel)	30	[illegible]	17	[illegible]	[illegible]	11	Charles Olmstead.
Momo (centreboard)	30	[illegible]	17	[illegible]	8	[illegible]	[illegible] M. Crane.
Skate (centreboard)	30	[illegible]	17	[illegible]	8	[illegible]	Irving Cox.
Shark (fin keel)	30	[illegible]	17	[illegible]	8	[illegible]	

As a means to winning back the Challenge Cup perhaps these freaks will serve a beneficent purpose, and in time lead to the designing of something more worthy of the name of boat. But as for making any impression on naval architecture or in any particular suggesting a future class, they are of no consequence at all.

THESE BOATS ARE ALL CUT off substantially the same pattern—some flatter and broader than others, but all of them unsightly, with a depth of hull running from five to eight inches. The only praiseworthy feature of such a freak class is the demand created for good sailor men, and the consequent development in this direction. It takes good work to sail one of these pumpkin-seed things on its beam end, or even to keep it afloat on occasion.

The boats which raced for this international trophy last year and the year before were 15-footers, and I fail to see what practical advantage this year's 20-footers have over the smaller class. Their initial cost is more, twice as much—or, to be definite, the difference between $900 and $1500—it takes three men to sail the twenties, whereas two men could sail a 15-footer. The 15-footers were racing machines, and so are the 20-footers, the latter class being more unwieldy to handle, and more useless, if possible, at the end of their racing life. Of course the 20-footer is faster than the 15-footer, but comparatively there is no apparent increase in speed,—besides which a half-dozen 10-second runners will make just as exciting racing as the same number of 9¾-second men.

If as much fun can be had on $600 as on $1500, what is the sense in spending an extra $900, unless something is to be gained for the science of boat designing and building? This '97 class offers no such compensation. Moreover, greater cost lessens the number who can afford to join in the sport. There were nearly three times as many 15-footers last year as there were 20-footers this year at Oyster Bay.

A SMART SOUTHERLY GALE in the first trial stirred up Oyster Bay, drenched the crews, and buffeted the freaks mercilessly. Out of nine starters, three crossed the finish-line, accidents of various kinds having overtaken the other six. Those three were *Momo*, *Montauk*, and *Kenen*. *Skate*, which had done some excellent work in other regattas and is perhaps, with its ferry-boat bow, the ugliest appearing of the lot, led the fleet until three hundred yards from home, when too much canvas and a sudden puff of wind turned her over.

Fickle winds ruled on the day of the second trial, and though the course was meant to be a test of the windward and leeward qualities of the boats, the shifting breezes defeated the committee's purpose. Nine started, and all finished save *Al Anka*, which strained her mast. *Momo* again won, leading the fleet from the very first mark although being the eighth across the starting line. On the next to the last turn *Skate* caught *Momo*, and for one leg of reaching raced away from the fleet; but *Momo* subsequently overhauled and beat her on this her strongest point of sailing. There were only 6 seconds between *Momo* and *Skate*, while *Shark*—the third—was about 2 minutes behind *Skate*. The course was twelve miles.

THE THIRD OF THE TRIAL RACES was, to be truly Hibernian, a drift. Although it had no official conclusion, the committee calling the trial off because a finish was improbable, yet the day proved *Momo* the best under such conditions. Six of the twenties went to the starting-line, *Arauca*, *Vagary*, *Mary*, and *Idea* being among the missing. *Al Anka* led the drifting fleet for two legs, with *Momo* and *Shark* second and third, but when the committee postponed the trial *Momo* had crept into first and *Al Anka* gone to third, *Shark* being second.

Two races were sailed on the next day, Saturday—the fourth trial of the 20-footers in the morning, and the annual race for the Alfred Roosevelt Memorial Cup in the afternoon. And it was well for the International Cup committee it was so, else, after *Momo's* defeat in the last trial another series might have been considered necessary.

Momo, *Al Anka*, *Kenen*, *Shark*, *Skate*, and *Arauca* started in the morning, and on the first leg *Momo* parted the lashing of her jib, which, although repaired, delayed her enough to give *Al Anka* an advantage that she never lost. Having gained the lead on the first turn by 1 minute, *Al Anka* held it to the last, beating *Momo*, which was slowly and slovenly handled, by nearly 3 minutes. The rest of the fleet was distanced. *Shark* finished third, 7¼ minutes after *Momo*. *Kenen* was 6 minutes later, *Skate* 10 minutes behind *Kenen*, and *Arauca* 11 minutes after *Skate*. Outside of *Momo* and *Al Anka* the race was very uninteresting.

In the afternoon *Momo*, *Al-Anka*, *Shark*, and *Skate* sailed, and all did better, save *Al Anka*, which had some of *Momo's* hard luck of the morning; she twice parted her jib halyards. But the race was always between *Momo* and *Al Anka*, the others being outclassed. *Momo* assumed the lead at the start, and never lost it, crossing the finish-line finally 3 minutes before *Al-Anka*. *Shark* was third 5 minutes behind *Al Anka*, and *Skate*, badly beaten, finished last of the quartet, 6 minutes after *Shark*.

In the Memorial Cup race were also *Secret*, a centreboard sloop of modern type, and *Nameless*, a Gardiner 25-footer, but they were no match for the 20-foot racing-machines, *Secret* finishing about 21 minutes after *Skate*, or about 35 minutes after *Momo*.

The Seawanhaka Corinthian Club merits congratulation on having so practical and sportsmanly a committee as that which managed these races. Yachtsmen appreciate what these men are doing to nourish the interest in small-boat racing—which means developing yachtsmen.

THE LARCHMONT YACHT CLUB RACE WEEK, which had a brilliant ending on Saturday night, was even more entertaining than last year. And that is saying a great deal. To provide an entire week of racing in, in these dull days of yachting with their unfilled classes and lack of novelty, to accomplish what perhaps no other club than the Larchmont would even undertake. Yet from July 17 to 24, inclusive, there was interesting racing every day over the club course, and in the club house some kind of entertainment every night—music, fire-works, minstrels, or legerdemain.

There is some good reason, of course, for the success of the Larchmont Club. Several good reasons, indeed. Efficient officers—elected not because they have a long bank account or a big steam yacht, but because they are fitted to lead a progressive, growing club; practical, energetic committeemen—appointed because they know their business, no "chosen few" self ordained to "run things"; and the owner of the smallest sailing yacht given equal audience in the council-chamber with the opulent landsman whose private signal may float over a steamer and an entire fleet of launches.

These are a few of the reasons why the Larchmont Club entertains where others bore, why last year it was compelled to build a ninety foot addition to its club-house to accommodate an increasing membership, and why finally it holds more regattas in a season than any other club in the country.

Some others not so successful would do well to study the methods of the Larchmont.

CONSIDERING HOW IMPOVERISHED THE CLASSES seem to be this year, it was quite remarkable what interesting racing was had last week at Larchmont by the assembled fleet. In the large schooner class, *Colonia* and *Emerald* of course were the centre of interest; there were no others, in fact, of the same or an approximate class to compete with them. And indeed there will be none seen at any regatta this season, unless some yachtsman or club sufficiently appreciates the needs of the present situation to classify the schooners, and sloops too, according to the years of their construction, and offer prizes on that basis. Such deep-draught schooners as *Colonia*, *Emerald* (in her recently altered condition), *Amorita*, and *Quissetta* have, in their respective classes, put all the others out of the racing. Of the sloops, there was the new F. H. Hoyt *Syce*, which had been going from regatta to regatta without finding a rival, until H. M. Gillig bought *Vencedor* in Chicago, and had her sail plan enlarged for Eastern racing. *Vencedor's* racing length is 49.38 (*Syce* being 50.86), and she is the boat built by Berriman of Chicago last year to meet the Canadian *Canada* in a race for the championship of the Great Lakes. *Vencedor* was overbuilt, and much handicapped by the small amount of canvas put on her in order to keep within the prescribed racing figures. She was easily beaten by *Canada*. When properly canvassed she has given some indication of speed, but she is really untried.

SO FAR AS "COLONIA" AND "EMERALD" are concerned, the week's racing at Larchmont convincingly determined the faster boat. In the Atlantic and New York Yacht Club regattas *Emerald* had defeated *Colonia* once by fluky air and once solely on merit, but at Larchmont *Colonia*, in their duels, settled whatever doubt may have existed as to the supremacy. In the first meeting it was a wind jamming match, and although *Emerald* was over the line first and rounded the first mark a minute before *Colonia*, the latter eventually beat her 7 m. 51 s. A fine breeze and a little jump of sea were the conditions on the second meeting, and again *Emerald* got the better of the start, this time by 57 s. *Emerald* held her advantage until half-way to the first (windward) mark, where *Colonia* overhauled and beat her on that leg 1 m. 20 s. *Colonia* lost down the wind, but on reaching and working to windward she did the better, finally winning by 8 m. 41 s. The third race between the two resulted in a still more decisive victory for *Colonia*, the conditions being a very strong southwest wind and a choppy sea. *Emerald* crossed the starting line 1 m. 43 s. before *Colonia*. To the first mark *Emerald* held the lead, but on the thresh to windward for the second mark *Colonia* assumed the lead and never lost it, winning by 12 m. 30 s. On Saturday *Emerald* declining a fourth opportunity to meet *Colonia*, the latter had a sail over.

Syce very easily defeated *Vencedor* (about 10 minutes) in their first race, and on the second attempt *Vencedor* was disabled by carrying away her peak halyards. In the third race there was no accident, and *Syce* outsailed *Vencedor*, beating her 4 m. 8 s. Another chance came on Saturday, and again ill luck overtook *Vencedor*. She lost her spreader, but continued racing, and was beaten 10 m. 36 s.

Among the smaller sloops, *Acushla* and *Surprise* (Class M), and *Musme*, *Carolina*, and *Raccoon* (Class N special), provided some very good sport, *Acushla* winning once and *Surprise* once, while of its class *Raccoon* won every race (4) she entered—*Carolina* once winning first from *Musme* and twice second to *Raccoon*.

Houri again took the honors in her class (P).

The cat boat classes filled well and provided some exciting racing, those having wins to their credit being *Kit* (2), *Dorothy II.*, and *Udawng*, Class S, *Sequel*, *Win or Lose*, and *Presto*, Class T; *Minnetonka*, Class V.

A COLLISION DURING SATURDAY'S RACING resulted in the sinking and loss of one of these cats, *Dorothy*, and but for the prompt assistance of the regatta committee steamer one of her crew, who could not swim, would have drowned.

It is difficult to decide who is the fitter subject for the fool-killer—he who trifles with the "unloaded" gun, or he who, not knowing how to swim, yet ventures aboard a small boat as one of its racing crew?

The most interesting feature of the entire week, to my mind, was the handling of the boats in the small classes by their Corinthian crews. These little boats count more for the future of American yachting than all the steamers in Christendom, for they are owned and sailed by yachtsmen, sailor-men who have the sport's welfare at heart, know its needs, and distinguish between theory and practice.

Therefore are not the yacht clubs wise that welcome such members as these to the council chamber?

Resume of polo season deferred to next week.

CASPAR WHITNEY

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12th WARD: 170th STREET, between Amsterdam Avenue and Kingsbridge Road.

23d WARD: SPENCER PLACE, from East 144th St. to East 150th St.

23d and 24th WARDS: STEBBINS AVENUE, from Dawson St. to Boston Road.

24th WARD: OAKLEY STREET, from Mount Vernon Avenue to Verde Avenue.

ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller.

City of New York, Finance Department, Comptroller's Office, June 30, 1897.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT IN THE "CITY RECORD," commencing on the 13th day of July, 1897, and continuing therein consecutively for nine (9) days thereafter, of the confirmation by the Supreme Court, and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments, etc., of the assessments for OPENING AND ACQUIRING TITLE to the following named streets in the respective wards herein designated

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ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller.

Comptroller's Office, July 17th, 1897.

NOTICE: The Department of Docks will sell at public auction by Woodruff & Lewis, auctioneers, July 30, 1897, at 2 P. M., on the premises, paving blocks, flag stones, etc., on Bank, Bethune, and 9 13th Sts., and 13th Avenue. For particulars see *City Record*.

NOTICE: Estimates for repairing the platform at the foot of Seventh Avenue, Harlem River, under contract No. 586, will be received by the Department of Docks at Pier "A," Battery Place, N. R., until 12 o'clock noon, Tuesday, August 3d, 1897. For particulars see *City Record*.

NOTICE: Estimates for preparing for and building a new pier near the foot of Bank Street, North River, under contract No. 690, will be received by the Department of Docks at Pier "A," Battery Place, N. R., until 12 o'clock noon, Friday, July 30, 1897. For particulars see *City Record*.

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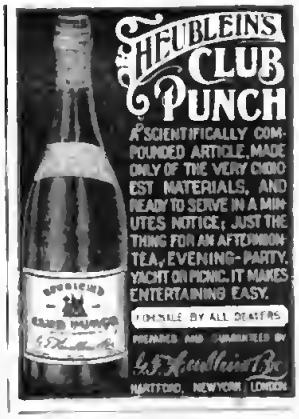

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XLI.—No. 2100
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1897.

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(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

NEW YORK CITY, AUGUST 7, 1897.

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HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK, N. Y.

THE CURRENCY MESSAGE.

AFTER much hesitation, and after many announcements, Mr. McKINLEY'S currency message was sent to Congress on the day of its adjournment. The House of Representatives, which is Mr. REED, at once passed the resolution providing for a commission, but the Senate treated the message with scant courtesy, adjourning without considering it, although the President had expressed the opinion that "this subject should receive the attention of Congress at its special session."

The message itself declared that as a bill providing for sufficient revenue had been passed by the House and Senate and awaited the signature of the President, the second question "of very great importance"—"the establishment of our currency and banking business on a better basis"—ought to be considered, and non-partisan commissioners appointed, whose duty it should be to study the subject, and "to make recommendations of whatever changes in our present banking and currency laws may be found necessary and expedient, and to report their conclusions on or before the first day of November next, in order that the same may be transmitted by me to Congress for its consideration at its first regular session."

We regret to say that there was an air of insincerity in all this—in the indifference displayed by Republican Senators as well as in the message itself—that excuses the belief which is entertained that the message was intended simply to encourage the country to hope that something was about to be done for the settlement of the currency and banking problems. It was perfectly clear, as soon as the message was read, that the Republican Senators had no intention of passing a measure authorizing the appointment of the commission which the President recommended. In reply to the arguments, questions, and gibes of Mr. LINDSAY, who wanted action; of Mr. ALLEN, who professed to want to consider the question; of Mr. TELLER, who evidently wanted to make mischief, and of Mr. BACON, who insisted that the Republicans should take the responsibility of refusing to act on the suggestion made by the President, Mr. ALDRICH cynically said that the Republicans were ready to accept the responsibility, while Mr. HOAR professed the belief that "no man in the United States expected action on the currency question at this session."

"Not even the President?" Mr. TELLER asked. "The President said nothing about it in his message to Congress," Mr. HOAR replied. Whereupon Mr. TELLER solemnly read to him the sentence which we have already quoted, to the effect that Congress ought to consider the subject at its special session. Mr. TELLER might have added that if the President had not expected action at this session, his recommendation that the commission might be appointed at once, in order that it might make its report "on or before the first of November," was nothing more nor less than an unseemly jest. Mr. HOAR had evidently not listened attentively to the reading of the message, and if he were talking from any knowledge at all it must have been the knowledge that the President had not supposed that the message would be taken seriously by the Senate. Besides, it is patent that no Republican Senator desired or expected action, and it is at least improbable that the President was ignorant of this attitude towards his project. He has been in constant communication with the Republican leaders of both Houses of Congress. If the newspaper reports are entitled to any credit whatever, and he must have known that his commission would not be authorized. The passage of the resolution by the House of Representatives was therefore a farce, for its failure in the Senate makes any commission, or any auxiliary and advisory body, an impracticable device, because a commission appointed next winter will be useless, if any measure of currency or banking reform is to be adopted by the present Congress; and we are inclined to think that if any reform is to be effected during Mr. McKINLEY'S term of office, it must be effected by the present Congress.

In view of the feeble and evidently hopeless manner in which Mr. McKINLEY has sought to obtain the consent of Congress to his method of beginning the necessary task of currency reform, the friends of sound money cannot refrain from indulging in regretful reminiscences recalling the frank and courageous energy with which Mr. CLEVELAND demanded and compelled the repeal of the purchasing clause of the SHERMAN act. It is evident from this message that the President has learned very little of the money question. He says, "The soundness of our currency is nowhere questioned." This is of a piece with observations made by him to delegations who visited him at Canton during the Presidential campaign, and, coupled with his failure to meet the expectation of his most intelligent supporters by making the money question tusked of the tariff the subject of first importance, leads inevitably to the conclusion that he does not fully comprehend the necessity of currency reform. The truth is that the soundness of our currency is seriously questioned, and that it is of the utmost importance that the doubt upon it should be removed by law. Whether this object can be accomplished by the present Congress is doubtful, on account of the character of the Senate, and the doubt is strengthened by the fact that the tariff bill finally passed the Senate because two silver Senators voted for it and seven abstained from voting. This is an ominous fact; and yet, in view of the present feeling of the country towards the Republican party, more in the way of currency reform is to be expected from this Congress than can be hoped for from its successor. At any rate, the attempt to reform our money system ought to be made, although now it must be made without the benefit of the study and conclusions of a commission of experts. Moreover, it must be made without the stimulating influence of a President alive to the demands of the true interests of the country, or fully conscious of the need of reform. It is to be hoped, however, that the Secretary of the Treasury will be able to make up for the deficiency in knowledge and earnestness that exists at the White House.

Our currency is sound for the moment because men pledged to the gold standard have control of it. It is not sound as a system, because an administration pledged to the free coinage of silver could force the country to a silver basis under laws now on the statute books. Mr. CLEVELAND maintained the gold standard by increasing the public debt. Under like circumstances, by refusing to borrow money, Mr. McKINLEY might send gold to a premium, and range the United States with Mexico and China as a silver country. In view of such a state of facts it is folly to talk of our currency as sound.

Mr. McKINLEY will probably make the money question the principal subject of his message to Congress next December. He cannot then recommend a commission. He has lost that opportunity, and he has lost it by his own fault. He must recommend a measure, and it is to be hoped that, whatever that measure may be, he will urge its adoption with more zeal and courage than he has yet shown in dealing with this subject.

THE SPEAKER'S POWER.

WE have said, in the leading article of this issue, that Mr. REED is the House of Representatives. The power that he wields was never better shown than during the session which came to an end on the 24th of July. During that session the House did what the Speaker commanded, and refrained from doing what he forbade. The tariff bill was passed after a perfunctory and unilluminating debate. The House was then ordered to do no business, and it obeyed. On the last day of the session, in a few minutes, a resolution was passed authorizing the President to appoint a currency commission. There was never seen in this country and in Federal politics such an exhibition of individual power as the present Speaker is exercising. CROKER used to exercise such power in Tammany Hall. PLATT exercises such power over the Republicans of New York. Mr. REED'S dominance is that of the "boss" manifested in the hall of the House of Representatives as CROKER and PLATT have manifested it in the primaries and conventions and in the government of the State of New York. There is no longer any real deliberation or any real debate in the House of Representatives. Some speeches are made there—for the Speaker permits a little oratory, in order that his followers may maintain the semblance of self-respect—but the fate of important bills is generally settled in the Speaker's room when the order for their consideration is drawn.

Perhaps this present tyranny of the Speaker and this suppression of the House of Representatives is not wholly an evil, galling as it must be to some of the members to submit entirely to Mr. REED'S will. Before Mr. REED applied his crude and masterful methods to legislative proceedings the House was practically at the mercy of the minority, and when the minority wished, it could absolutely prevent the transaction of business. Reform was undoubtedly needed, and Mr. REED'S absolutism will probably lead to the adoption of rational methods, which he is apparently incapable of devising or even appreciating, for he is not an adept in parliamentary law.

Change must come sooner or later, for the present position of the Speaker is intolerable in a democratic government. The House should be able to transact business, but it should reach conclusions only after deliberation. Mr. REED has destroyed deliberation, which is the most important function of the legislative body; for it is better to deliberate and reach no conclusion than to obey implicitly the Speaker or any other individual. Mr. REED passes whatever bills he desires, and defeats whatever measures he opposes. This state of things not only makes the House of Representatives ludicrous, but is an ever-present threat of wholesale corruption and of wild and extravagant legislation. Suppose, for example, that a scoundrel or a fool sat in the chair and possessed the power which Mr. REED wields!

THE KAISER'S DEFEAT.

IN the course of his brief and tumultuous career, the defeat which the Kaiser has felt most keenly is doubtless that which has befallen, in the Prussian Diet, his bill to limit the right of public meetings. He cannot be very happy about his foreign affairs. A man whose chief joy in life is to impose his will upon other people must be in a rage over such a signal failure as Germany has met with at Constantinople. After cheerfully admitting at the outset that Germany had less interest than any of the powers in the Eastern question, he set out to manage that question quite in his own way. He desired to blockade the Greek ports and to bombard the Piræus. He insisted that the Turk's depredations upon Greece should be limited only by the Turk's sense of moderation and propriety. In each case he yielded with an extremely bad grace. Upon the latest question he had, at last accounts, scarcely yielded yet, but was encouraging the Sultan to stand out for the payment or guarantee of the indemnity before evacuating Thessaly.

These disappointments cannot have benefited his temper. But the effect of them cannot have been anything like as infuriating to him as the rejection of this bill, which internal evidence indicates to have been his personal handiwork. It was the most reactionary measure to which he has committed himself and his unfortunate ministers. His object is to restore the Prussian monarchy to the place which it occupied under FREDERICK the Great, in point of absolutism, and to reduce all Germany to the same kind of subjection to which FREDERICK reduced "the Mark of Brandenburg." It is undoubtedly a great grief to him that his power is not so unchallenged as that of his "great and good friend" the Czar. He entirely overlooks that the Czar is a successful anachronism only because the Russian people are a "survival," and that it would be necessary to degrade the German people in order to exalt their Kaiser to the pitch of his own romantic notion of what a Kaiser ought to be. He has not followed the ancestral pattern very intelligently. If he had he would have remembered that FREDERICK the Great tolerated libels upon himself with perfect equanimity, and that it was he who said, "My people and I have struck a bargain: they say what they like, and I do what I like." Perhaps his successor might get more of his own way if he adopted a similar policy. But that was the policy of a strong man, and the Kaiser's procedures are those of one weak and hysterical. The prosecutions of the last year or two for the offence of *lèse-majesté*, which he has revived, are doubtless more numerous than those of his grandfather's whole reign, and they exhibit him as living in a state of singularly suspicious curiosity which is altogether silly and contemptible. "I believe they talked of me, for they laughed consumedly."

The bill authorizing the prevention of public meetings at which the government might be opposed or criticised seems to proceed from the same diseased vanity which prompted the prosecutions for *lèse-majesté*, rather than from any real public policy. Whatever was its motive, the Kaiser made no secret of his personal interest in it, and set all the generals and colonels whom he has ordered to become parliamentary orators and constitutional statesmen at work in its behalf. He depended, apparently, upon Prussia to set a good example of "loyalty" to the other states of the empire, and certainly the prospect of getting such a measure through the Prussian Diet seemed fairer

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than that of getting it through the German Reichstag. Yet he has been beaten, and, as he will be sure to put it, flouted and defied on his own ground and by his own immediate subjects. What makes the defeat hardest to bear is that there is not in the Prussian legislature a single deputy elected as a Socialist.

The whole business is scarcely conceivable "in a land," as Mr. GLADSTONE puts it, "where freedom is indigenous, familiar, and full grown." That the Kaiser's defeat should be hailed with special satisfaction in England was to be expected, so thoroughly has he succeeded in getting himself disliked there. What probably touches him more nearly is that this "Prussian mutiny" will hearten up the Würtembergers and the Bavarians and the Saxons, whose jealousy of Prussia, very nearly eliminated, as a factor, from imperial affairs under BISMARCK and the old Emperor, he has managed to revive and foment into a hostile and formidable force in German politics.

THE "WEEKLY" AT THE KLONDIKE.

No recent event has excited such intense and wide spread interest as the discoveries of gold on the Klondike. We learn from our correspondents in the States of California and Washington that the enthusiasm manifested along the Pacific coast has been equalled only by that which, nearly fifty years ago, filled the gold-mines of California with eager multitudes from all parts of the world.

The illustrated articles that appear in this issue of the WEEKLY give an account of the accidental finding of vast treasures of gold on the little river which runs into the Yukon. The illustrations that accompany them are among the first that have reached the East from the new gold fields. Other illustrations and other articles presenting the experiences of miners in the Klondike region are on their way, but so important is the subject, and so interesting is the promise of what is likely to occur during the coming winter, that the WEEKLY has sent into this region a special correspondent, who will furnish it exclusively with articles and pictures setting forth the life of the mines, the difficulties of the roads to them, and the real value of the discovery. It will be a long time before the readers of the WEEKLY will be able to hear from our correspondent, but when his material reaches them we are sure that it will be of the most valuable and interesting character.

JAPAN AND HAWAII.

MINISTER HOSHI, acting under instructions from his government, has addressed another able communication to Secretary SHERMAN on the subject of the proposed annexation of Hawaii to this country, and its included threat to the interests of the Japanese subjects who are in the islands.

If it were for the advantage of the United States to annex Hawaii, as it most assuredly is not, we should be prepared to proceed to the completion of the pending treaty whether Japan liked it or not. But we should also be fair and honorable in our dealings with the imperial government, as well as ready for war. We should be prepared to define the rights and privileges which Japanese subjects on the islands should enjoy under the government of the United States, and to protect San Francisco with battle-ships. The Japanese government has a right to complain of bad treatment at our hands, and we should right the wrong that has already been done, whether through a broken promise or a misunderstanding. If, after that, there be trouble and we insist on taking Hawaii, we should have armor plate enough for our three ships now in process of construction. If there is to be a serious international quarrel on this subject, the side of this country should not be tainted with even the appearance of bad faith, nor should the Pacific coast be at the mercy of Japanese gunboats. Some assurance should be given to the Japanese government that will eliminate from the unpleasant situation the slight chance of a war in the Pacific, for which Congress has refused to prepare.

Moreover, assuming that we are to proceed further in this annexation folly; that we are to change the historic policy of the republic, we would better not invite too much trouble. We have the best of reasons for believing that at present Japan has no expectation of going to war with us on this issue, but if we are really to become a power in the Pacific we ought not to cultivate enmities in that quarter of the globe, or else we ought to make ready to meet the consequences. As we are not prepared to fight, the sooner the administration considers the subject and makes it up with Japan the better. The difficulty, such as it is, should be amicably settled before the meeting of Congress in December, for it is not compatible with our true interests that a delicate international situation should be at the mercy of the light-hearted gentry who so recently aided to their utmost to embroil us with several countries, and then declined to grant the means with which to defend ourselves.

On the whole, doubtless, the best way out of our trouble with Japan would be to consult our own interest and drop Hawaii.

OBSTACLES TO CURRENCY REFORM.

THE main obstacle in the way of an effective currency reform is the cowardice of the politicians.

There is hardly any authority on financial science outside of political circles that does not insist upon the withdrawal of our government paper money, or at least upon a gradual diminution of it, as a prerequisite of the establishment of a currency system which is to furnish a trustworthy guarantee of the maintenance of the gold standard, and thus to insure the confidence of the business community. Various plans are now and then proposed by such authorities which are designed to accomplish this object in a circuitous way and call it by different names, while, as to the greenbacks, substantially aiming at the same thing. The accumulation of silver in the Treasury, the dangers threatened by the free-silver movement, and the alarms we have already experienced, have in this respect created necessities which otherwise might not exist, at least not in the same imperative form.

On the other hand, there are multitudes of men in active politics who, while honestly wishing to maintain the gold standard, and while painfully sensible of the perils caused in the past by the pouring of greenbacks into the Treasury for redemption in gold, as well as of the possibility of the recurrence in the future of such perils in times of business distrust, still nervously recoil from any remedy of which anything looking to the direct or indirect retirement of the government paper money or the substitution of bank notes for Treasury paper forms part.

Why is this? Because there is an apprehension prevalent among the politicians that the people are fond of the greenbacks; that they see in the retirement of the government paper money a substitution of an interest bearing for a non interest-bearing debt, and thus an increase of the public burden; that they dislike the banks, anyhow; and that they abhor anything that looks like contraction. And because they believe the people to entertain such notions, politicians, especially members of Congress, in most instances anxiously accommodate themselves to the popular prejudice or even foster it, lest they lose their popularity and their chances of preferment, or lest their party be weakened in popular favor.

It is this timidity in the assertion of personal convictions running against strong adverse opinions, this craven cowering before prejudices thought to be popular, this pusillanimous selfishness which will rather compromise with error than run a risk in fighting for the truth, that makes so many leading politicians of the ruling party shrink from looking the currency question manfully in the face, and put off the day for taking hold of it as if it were a surgical operation involving, as to themselves, a question of life or death. It is this moral poltroonery that inspires—of course not all—but very many of the arguments advanced by sound-money Republicans in favor of maintaining the greenback circulation in any event—arguments sometimes so piteously illogical that they can be explained only on the hypothesis of nervous agitation.

That a good many "people" do entertain a certain traditional fondness for the greenbacks, or do dislike banks, or do fear contraction, or do disapprove of the retirement of the government paper money on the ground that it would mean the substitution of an interest bearing for a non-interest-bearing debt, is unquestionably true. But are these notions stronger or more popular than was during the first years after the civil war the notion that the government bonds should be paid off in depreciated greenbacks? Are they stronger or more popular than was during the early seventies the notion that the people could be made rich by multiplying the mines of irredeemable paper money, that the resumption of specie payments meant contraction of the currency, that this contraction by way of resuming specie payments would ruin the debtor class, and that it must therefore be prevented at any cost?

It is well remembered that a very large number of the politicians of both parties, and among these men of very prominent standing, fell in with the demand for the paying off of the national bonds in depreciated greenbacks for no other reason than that they were afraid to confront what they believed to be a powerful current of popular sentiment, which it would be dangerous to resist. And it was a pitiable spectacle to see such public men invent all sorts of specious arguments to justify that kind of repudiation. It is also remembered that whereas that repudiation scheme was boldly put in the true light before the people, the people were found to be far more honest and wise than the pusillanimous politicians had believed them to be, and that the supposed irresistible current of popular sentiment for the payment of the bonds with depreciated paper money dissolved like a mist in the sunlight; whereupon most of the public men who had been weak enough to advocate it against their true convictions grew heartily ashamed of what they had done and devoutly wished to have it forgotten. It is likewise remembered that when the time for the resumption of specie payments had come, ever so many politicians of both parties, and again many in high public place, vociferously protested against it on the ground that the people fondly clung to the blood-stained irredeemable greenback, that they were fiercely opposed to any sort of contraction, and believed the resumption of specie payments to be the most oppressive kind of contraction. Again those politicians devised all sorts of artful pleas and indulged in high sounding figures of speech in aid of what they believed to be an overwhelming current of popular opinion, and again, when more courageous men frankly advocated sound financial principles before the people, the people turned out to be far more intelligent and far more desirous of doing right than the politicians had given them credit for. Again the people put the politicians to shame.

Has not the free silver coinage movement taught us the same lesson? Who can doubt now that the silver craze would never have appeared so formidable had not the politicians, and among them influential party leaders, who ought to have known better and many of whom did know better, tried to propitiate what they believed to be an overwhelming popular sentiment by "doing something for silver," thus creating the impression that they believed the silver men to be substantially right? Did they not thus greatly strengthen the silver craze? Would not that craze have been confined to narrow limits from the beginning if the politicians who knew better had at once confronted it with sound arguments and straightforward appeals to the good sense and the honest instincts of the classes? And were not such arguments and such appeals crowned with success as soon as they were vigorously tried, in spite of the awkward fact that most of those who at last made them had to eat their own words in doing so?

What reason, then, is there for fearing that an open, bold, and energetic advocacy of a sound currency reform before the people would be less successful? Can it not be conclusively shown by facts and figures that the legal-tender notes, such as they are, have cost the people infinitely more by the commotions, and uncertainties, and distrusts, and disasters their relation to the Treasury has caused, than the interest on the same amount of bonds would have cost; that they have thus proved an immensely expensive sort of currency; that contraction is not hurtful but beneficial when it consists in the retirement of redundant currency not needed by the business of the country; that the banks are, in our economic organism, not only a useful but an indispensable agency of exchange; and that by a well-devised system of government regulation and supervision bank currency can be made and kept quite as safe as greenbacks, and far more elastic, that is, far more responsive to the needs of business? If members of Congress, instead of timidly taking it for granted that the people will never consent to any currency reform involving the withdrawal or curtailment of the greenback circulation or an enlargement of the facilities of the banks, would manfully go among their constituents, candidly explaining and arguing the utility of such measures, and sturdily fighting adverse prejudices, they would in most cases soon find that the people are as sensible and upright with regard to this matter as they have proved to be with regard to the maintenance of the national honor in the payment of government bonds, the resumption of specie payments, and the repulse of the silver craze. Thus the terrifying bugaboo would disappear, and the main obstacle to a sound currency reform would disappear with it.

What is needed in this instance, as in many others, is a leadership that does not with nervous trepidation bend to every breeze, and obsequiously run alongside of every current of erroneous opinion showing any signs of strength, but a leadership that leads, a leadership that has faith in the intelligence and virtue of the people, and courage to appeal to them.

CARL SCHURZ.

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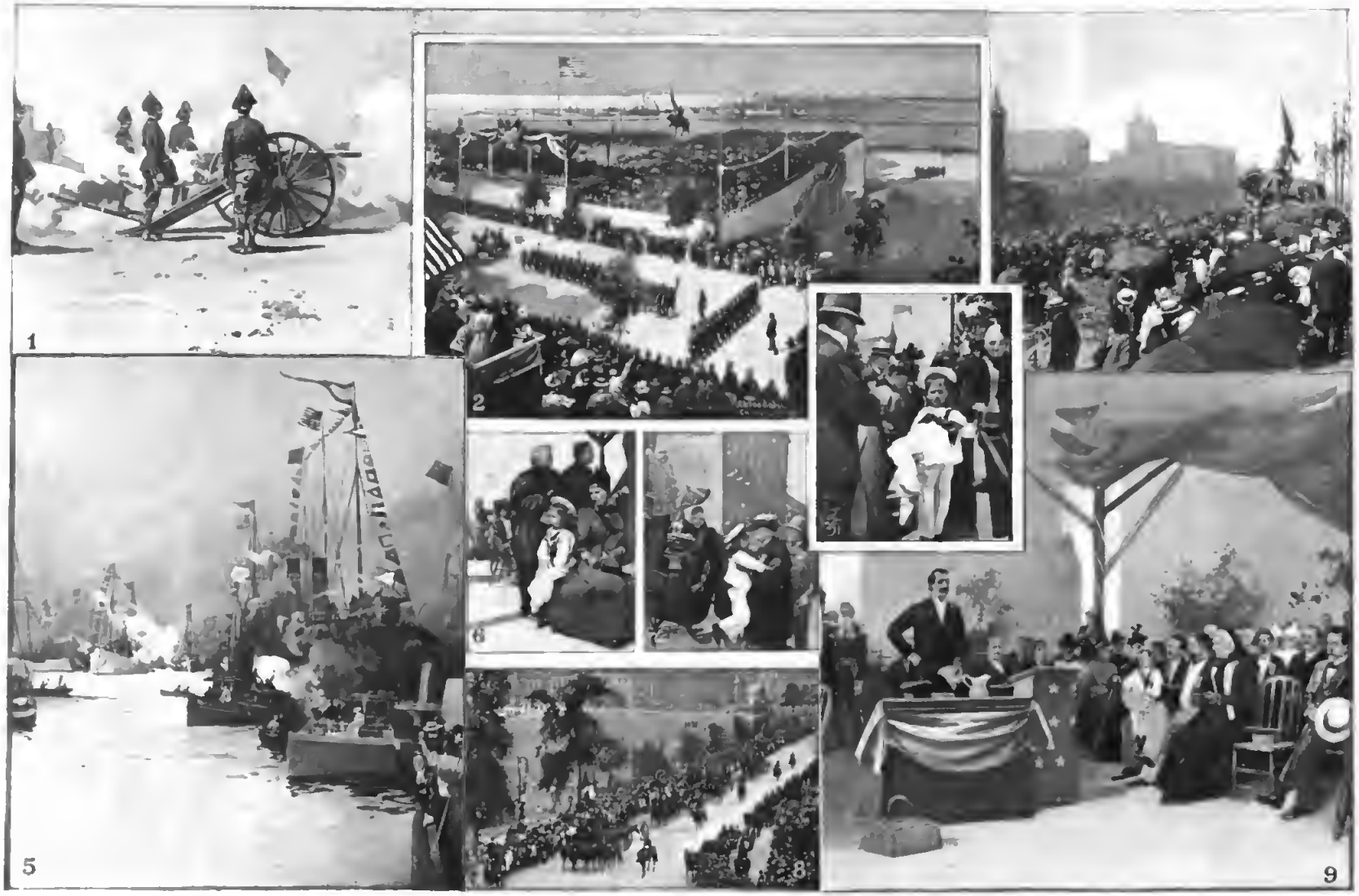

THE DEDICATION OF THE MONUMENT TO GENERAL JOHN A. LOGAN, LAKE FRONT PARK, CHICAGO, JULY 22.—DRAWN BY H. REUTERDAHL, AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

1. United States Artillery firing Salute at the Unveiling. 2. The Thirty-first Illinois, Logan's old Regiment, passing the Reviewing Stand. 3. "Jack III.," Grandson of General Logan, who pulled the Cord that unveiled the Statue. 4. Shortly after the Unveiling. 5. The Naval Parade on the Lake. 6. On the Grand Stand. 7. Arrival of Mrs. Logan and Party. 8. United States Artillery. 9. Governor Tanner delivering his Speech of Acceptance.

THE EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF GENERAL JOHN A. LOGAN.—AUGUSTUS ST.-GAUDENS, SCULPTOR.

UNITED STATES CAVALRY.

ILLINOIS NATIONAL GUARD.

THE DEDICATION OF THE MONUMENT TO GENERAL JOHN A. LOGAN, LAKE FRONT PARK, CHICAGO, JULY 22.

THE DEDICATION OF THE LOGAN MONUMENT IN CHICAGO.

This has been an eventful summer for the bronze population of the Chicago parks. A few weeks ago the bust of Beethoven, presented to the city by Mr. Carl Wolfsohn, was unveiled with appropriate ceremonies in Lincoln Park. Still more recently the colossal figure of Christopher Columbus, which, with mincing air and mildly deprecatory gesture, has been confronting a startled public since the year of the World's Fair, was deposed from its pedestal upon the Lake Front Park, and ignominiously carted away, "darkly, at dead of night," to reflect gloomily upon the pride of the past and the melting pot of the future. And now, erected upon a site a little to the south of that upon which Columbus so lately stood, the superb equestrian statue of the late General Logan, dedicated to the public on the 22d of July, challenges the attention and compels the admiration of all on-lookers.

Almost immediately after the death of the great volunteer soldier a committee was formed for the purpose of providing a suitable monument to his memory. An act of the Illinois Legislature was obtained, appropriating $50,000 for this purpose, and about half as much more was raised by private subscription. The committee were well advised in engaging the services of Mr. Augustus St. Gaudens for the work, and in leaving him free to devote to it as long a time as he should find necessary. As the result of this wise procedure, the eminent artist has given no less than ten years to the formulation and working out of his conception of what such a monument should be, and has produced a masterpiece of sculpture that must rank among the very highest of his own achievements, and may fairly be classed with the great equestrian figures of the past—with Falconet's famous statue of Peter the Great in the Russian capital, with Schlüter's impressive statue of the *Kurfürst* in Berlin, even with Verocchio's magnificent statue of Colleoni that has so long stood before the church of San "Zanipolo" in Venice.

The illustrations that accompany this article must be left to speak for the statue in detail, but a few words may be said of the occasion in Logan's life which it represents. The date of the dedication was the thirty-third anniversary of the day upon which, to quote from the oration of Mr. George R. Peck, "John A. Logan was born to immortality." On the 22d of July, 1864, at the battle of Atlanta, when the death of McPherson had left the Army of the Tennessee almost panic-stricken, Logan sprang into the breach, seized the colors, rallied the wavering columns, and led them on to victory. This was the greatest moment of his life, and it is the spirit and the passion of this moment that Mr. St. Gaudens has sought to perpetuate. Resolution, courage, a daring almost reckless, all the characteristics that should be united in a martial figure of the finest type in the hour of supreme opportunity—these are the ideas that the sculptor has embodied in enduring bronze. The subject was a difficult one, made particularly so by the standard which the soldier holds aloft, but the mastery of his material is so triumphant that the art of the sculptor is concealed; the problems that beset him do not appear to the observer, and the dominant impression is that of life, intense, rich, and unconstrained.

The site, too, of the monument is well calculated to enhance its effectiveness. Facing Michigan Avenue Boulevard, it is in full view, for nearly a mile, of that thoroughfare, while it has the Lake Front Park and Lake Michigan for a background. The colossal figure stands upon a granite pedestal, which is itself supported by an artificial mound. The park in which it stands is just at present, like many other parts of the city, "in the making," and it takes a certain power of constructive imagination fully to realize how it will look in a year or two. The breakwater, which now runs north and south at a distance of several hundred feet from the shore, will before very long be the eastern boundary of the park, for the intervening space will be filled in and sodded. The railway tracks, now an unsightly streak in the landscape, will run below the level of the new made land, and the depression which they occupy will be spanned by ornamental viaducts. When this work shall have been completed, Chicago will have a mile or so of as fine a water front as any city may boast, while the sky line will be broken by other monuments and buildings. The Art Institute is already there, and the Field Columbian Museum will probably be transferred to a new home on the Lake Front before many years.

The dedication of the Logan monument was made a gala occasion by the city authorities and the committees of arrangement. A public holiday was declared, and the

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streets presented a very festive appearance. In the display of decorations, the crowds of on-lookers, and the interminable procession the great sound-money demonstration of last October was in many ways suggested. The local lines of transportation were taxed to their utmost capacity, and the streets of the business section were packed with people—happily not perspiring very much, for a cool lake breeze tempered the ardor of the midsummer sun. Of distinguished guests there were not a few. President McKinley had been compelled at the last moment to forego his intention of being present, but his cabinet was represented, as were the administrations of a number of neighboring States in the persons of their Governors. The Governor of Illinois was the only distinctly unhappy man in the parade. He has allied himself so unmistakably with the corrupt and degrading elements of political life that even the decorum of an occasion like this did not restrain the public from an exhibition of its contempt. While others were cheered, he was jeered, and the hisses that greeted his appearance in the ranks were not of a nature to contribute to his self-satisfaction.

The military bodies that made up the greater part of the procession numbered nearly twenty thousand men, and included about one-fourth of the standing army of the United States. The encampment of these regulars in Washington Park presented a very picturesque appearance, and recalled the exciting days of 1894, when the troops were summoned by President Cleveland to enforce the law of the nation against the rioters. Probably the most interesting feature of the procession was provided by the presence of some hundred and fifty of the veterans of Logan's own regiment. The men who had followed their leader to victory at Atlanta were the ones to whom the statue made its most direct and genuine appeal, and it was with no perfunctory emotion that they looked upon the features of their general when his little grandson pulled aside the flags in which the monument had been draped. The Confederate army was also represented by a small contingent of veterans, mindful of the fact that it was largely through Logan's influence that a monument to Southern heroism stands to-day in one of the cemeteries of Chicago. Finally, a word should be said of the array of yachts and steamers that was lined up on the water side of the park, and that added not a little to the effectiveness of the demonstration.

The day, as a whole, witnessed a fine outburst of the patriotic consciousness, and gave unmistakable evidence that the spirit still lives which preserved the Union a generation ago. The central figure of the ceremonies was Logan the soldier, and whatever one may think of the politician that he was before and after the war, there is no doubt that as a soldier he displayed the qualities that command the admiration of the masses in all ages. To the soldier, then, this tribute was paid; and not alone to the individual singled out for apotheosis, but to the idea for which he stood—to the spirit of patriotic devotion which impelled thousands of others like him to offer their services to the cause of their country.

William Morton Payne.

THE HEIGHTS AND THE DEEPS.

This is the summit, wild and lone
  Westward the Cumbrian Mountains stand
Let us look eastward, on mine own
      Ancestral land

O sing me songs, O tell me tales,
  Of yonder valleys at my feet!
She was a daughter of these dales,
      A daughter sweet.

Oft did she speak of homesteads there,
  And faces that her childhood knew.
She speaks no more, and scarce I dare
      To deem it true,

That somehow she can still behold
  Sunlight and moonlight, earth and sea,
Which were among the gifts untold
      She gave to me.

William Watson

FOREIGN NOTES.

FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW

Berlin, July 10, 1897

The average German, and particularly the German official, regards American public life as very corrupt, and marvels that we can make material progress under such conditions. We are always ready to admire the thoroughness of German governmental work, but there is a sermon that might be preached from a few such texts as the following.

Yesterday I was sailing my little Yankee canoe *Caribee* up the Havel, towards the home of Queen Luise. The wind was dead aft, and I was indulging in day-dreams about the "meet" of the American Canoe Association, when a lock barred our way. A big sailing barge happened to be going through, so we slipped in under her counter, emerging on the other side. I was requested to pay fifteen pfennigs, or three cents, to the men who had worked the lock. This I did cheerfully, and was about pushing off, when these told me I must go and announce myself to the "Schleusenmeister," Lock Superintendent, who lived some distance from the water, and was too great a man to come down and meet the passing craft. I objected to leaving my little daughter alone in the canoe, and offered the man a tip to go and call the official down and hurry me off. But the well-drilled lock-men looked aghast at my temerity, and said that such a proceeding was unheard of, and therefore impossible. So I put on shoes and coat, made *Caribee* fast, and walked away to the official's house, where I rapped at the door, but received no answer. So I rapped again, and receiving no answer, I opened uninvited. There sat a portentous elderly gentleman in uniform, with a cap on his head. He roared to me that it was unnecessary to rap before entering. I roared back that I was a stranger, unfamiliar with the customs of the country. He was a kindly man, but had been trained in the barrack room to roar instead of to speak like a civilized man.

His room was furnished with printed placards all over the walls, each placard forbidding some one from doing something. On the table was a pile of tracts by the famous ex-court chaplain Stoecker, better known as an anti-Semite than as a missionary amongst the water-side population. I begged permission to take one, and he roared assent. The tract preached about meekness and love to one a neighbor. Whether these tracts were meant for the officials or for the bargees I did not ask. The officials needed them most.

Here is the conversation, as I recall it:

Caribee. "I beg to announce that I have a pleasure-boat here."

Official. "Show me your certificate."

Caribee. "I have no certificate."

Official. "Yes, you have. You must have one, I tell you—you could not pass Spandau lock without one."

Caribee. "But I did pass that lock—carried my boat around."

Official (looking severe). "That was contrary to regulations. I must make you out a new certificate, and you will have to pay for it."

Caribee. "But if I did not pay at the last lock, why should I pay here?"

Official. "It is ¶ 17, chapter 97, section 45," etc. (the rest I forget). He pulls down a big book, and commences thumbing it.

Caribee. "Don't look any more. I would rather pay the fine than waste time, for the wind is favorable."

The official then gets two printed forms, with much space to be filled in. He enters my name as master of the ship, then asks, "How many in the crew?"

Caribee. "I have no crew, only a little daughter of twelve."

He enters the daughter as "crew," and then says, "What is your tonnage?"

Caribee. "There is no tonnage; the boat doesn't weigh but eighty pounds."

Official. "But I tell you there must be tonnage. The official report calls for tonnage, and I can only tax you by tonnage. I shall put you down as five tons."

Caribee. "But that is not true; *Caribee* does not weigh five tons."

Official. "I can't help that. Officially there is no barge less than five tons, and you must pass as five tons or not at all."

Caribee. "Very well, then; rather than go to jail, I'll call it five tons."

I thought this was letting me in for a heavy fine, but of course I had no option but to obey the law. The lock-master wrote slowly. I signed my full name in duplicate, so did he. Then he pulled out a big official seal and stamped both the papers—one, he said, was for the government, and one I might retain as my receipt for the amount I was about to pay for this official document.

I tried to look at ease, but held on to the office desk with some perturbation of spirit, for I had brought only a small amount of silver with me. I held my breath as he solemnly pronounced the amount I was to pay:

"One pfennig—one-fifth of a cent!"

And so for this does the Prussian government pay the salary of a gorgeously uniformed lock-master, and for this does the poor bargee have to waste precious hours while his cargo is arrested in transit. For me it was amusing—a new experience in a holiday tour. But think of what it means to commerce that for the sake of one-fifth of a cent, which does not cover the cost of printing the form, a canal-boat is forced to tie up, and its captain compelled to kotow to an official who is worse than useless, for he impedes trade! This makes me think that government can at times be too thorough.

Some day my canoe may be rated at five tons on the strength of this certificate—hence this explanation.

One Monday morning I paddled up to a water-side inn on the Havel between Berlin and Potsdam. I found the landlady in tears, and she confided the following to me.

Her nephew had come out from Berlin Sunday morning to spend the day with them, and he had started with a beautiful fat goose, which he carried in a basket. He was a Berlin lad, had never been in Potsdam, and knew nothing of its feudal laws, which to-day persist in taxing food-supply.

However, he reached the Potsdam station safely, and also passed all the way across the town on his way to the inn, which lay a mile or so beyond. But as he was passing the town gate, an official with a sword at his side called on him to halt and show what he had in his basket. The lad obeyed, and said he had a goose, which he had bought in Berlin, and was taking to his aunt, who lived outside of Potsdam. The official arrested the lad, locked him in prison, kept him there all night, and released him on the following morning with no satisfaction at all. The police even charged the boy for an alleged meal which never had been consumed.

The boy had given the address of his parents in Berlin, and that of his aunt, within two miles of Potsdam. He was a well-dressed, decent lad, and absolutely innocent, for he had brought the goose from Berlin, and was obviously taking it away from Potsdam. Yet, in the most brutal manner, this lad was locked up, without any opportunity of communicating with his people, and the goose was confiscated.

That lad will vote the Socialist ticket at the next election.

So much for a customs official and a canal lock-master. Now for the street policemen. In Cologne last week a young lady walking home was suddenly arrested without explanation, and ordered to come to the police station. She was much frightened, but obeyed, knowing that there must be a mistake, and that to stop and argue with the policeman would call a crowd together and make a scandal. The house of her parents had to be passed, and there she told the policeman that he might satisfy himself in regard to her identity. But he refused to do so, and ordered her on. She demurred, and he seized her violently. But she struggled so well that he alone could not move her on, and so two more policemen came, and by violence forced her along the street. A crowd collected, and as she was recognized as a well-connected young lady, an effort was made to deliver her out of the hands of the brutal officials. Her mother had been called, and made frantic efforts to release her daughter, but the three policemen used violence upon the mother as well as upon her daughter, and finally the young lady was lodged in jail. When the father came home he rushed to the chief of the police, who of course ordered the young lady set free. She is now ill in bed from the effects of this violent treatment, and has completely lost the use of her speech.

This story may be matched in New York or London, but I doubt it. The important feature in connection with it is the fact that here the citizens do not make much of it. The papers hush it up, at the instance of the police, and the brutes guilty of this outrage, so far from being punished, are probably transferred to some other town or possibly promoted. In England or America such an outrage would occupy the public mind for weeks. Indeed, it is only a few months ago that the British Parliament was forced by the pressure of public opinion to take up the case of a shop girl who had been arrested by the police on Regents Street. No physical violence was done to her, yet public sentiment was aroused from the mere doubt as to whether she or the policeman had spoken the truth. The London young lady had no facilities for establishing her respectability, as had the outraged young lady of Cologne.

New Germany is most thoroughly governed, and her officials receive perhaps lower pay than those of any other country. In general, Germans are proud of the honesty and industry of the official classes, yet, with the vast multiplication of official posts since the founding of the German Empire, Germans persist in being dissatisfied. They persist in colonizing every other country than their own. They amass fortunes in foreign trade, and then, instead of settling in Berlin or buying a castle on the Rhine, they turn English and astonish Park Lane, or they call themselves Alsatian, and take their bank accounts to Paris.

Government organs in Germany denounce Radicals, Liberals, Socialists, as "unpatriotic," and they insist that the government should be more severe in suppressing Liberal newspapers and seditious orators. To the officials most nearly concerned I beg respectfully to recommend a canoe cruise along any canal or river. In such a cruise they will have their eyes opened to strange things. They will see why Germany is to-day drifting into socialism and revolution—not because the government is bad, but because there is too much of it.

Poultney Bigelow.

MUSIC NOTES.

In the early years of the Casino, the epoch of its famous successes, New Yorkers—not to speak of the misguided suburbanites who come into New York on a summer night—could always enjoy an entertaining and yet informal musical show, no matter how high the heat record. First, there was one or another comic opera or an operetta. There was Strauss, or Millöcker, or Lecocq, or Lacombe, Genée, Offenbach, or Jakobowski to hear. *The Brigands* and *Erminie* and *The Grand Duchess* were not less well sung nor mounted the worse because the month was a midsummer one. And then, the operetta over, came the little supplementary hour of concertizing up on the roof, with a handful of good players in the band, and pleasant programmes of a dozen numbers, nothing else except starlight and sipping and chatting. And so went the evening by. How soon and fatally was this kind of a stage entertainment of a really musical kind, this unambitious notion of a roof garden, lost to sight! Dear to memory it certainly is, in thinking of the noise and inanity and Bowery glare forced on the attention of evening auditors nowadays. The summer-night high-class concert does not take its place for many people, and, besides that, it has never been quite happily housed, nor roofed, in all New York. We are not in luck, and we shall not be so until one manager or another refers back to us the older, simpler, more refined and homogeneous kind of show for the midsummer town. There were uninteresting operettas and inferior casts in the ancient times. But men and women of the average refinement and musical ear went even to them and away from them with a sense of coherent musical enjoyment; and they have no successors.

Mr H M Hirschberg, who is the manager for Madame Marcella Sembrich's coming concert tour in this country, announces that Madame Sembrich will be the soloist at the first of the Hotel Astoria subscription concerts.

The less said in print of the contentions and reconciliations of singers the better. It is, however, of interest, possibly of professional importance (in looking forward to our coming musical season), to note that the warfare between Mr Jean de Reszke and Madame Nordica is accomplished. There have been formal courtesies and apologies. Madame Nordica, in especial, has published almost a document of retraction. As nothing except the Greco-Turkish war and the Jubilee has been of such vast consequence in the eyes of both hemispheres as this melancholy struggle, a general feeling of relief will settle down over our stock market, our health boards, our religious societies, and social circles at large. Madame Nordica, it is to be added, sought and made the reconciliation. In view of her recent illness after her exertions her motto seems to have been peace with peritonitis. Her severe illness, fortunately, is now a thing of the past, albeit several German newspapers published her obituary.

At hand is the annual neat volume of bound programmes of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's work of a season. There are the accustomed enlivenments to the mere bills of the music in the way of Mr Apthorp's analyses of compositions, or those rather juicier interpolations that fill up the "Entr'acte" section. The season of 1896–7 was the Orchestra's sixteenth. Mr Paur is the fourth conductor that Mr Higginson's undertaking has had since it was started on a career of exceptional success and exceptional favor for an American scheme of its sort. The list of instrumental works new to Bostonians until the concerts recorded in this book include several of more or less interest quite unfamiliar here. Bizet's "Jeux d'Enfants" Suite, op 22; Bourgault-Ducoudray's "Burial of Ophelia," a descriptive fantasy; "Lenore," a symphonic poem by another French musician of some note, Duparc; Rimsky-Korsakoff's Oriental serenade, "Sherzad"; an arrangement by Kretschmar of Gluck's "Don Juan" ballet music, and the same arranger's version of a Symphony in C by Dittersdorf; and the new symphony by Mrs H H A Beach, entitled "Gaelic," a new example of that remarkable Boston musician's individuality; and the second intermezzo in Schilling's *Ingwelde*, a German opera that has lately stirred the placid waters of its composer's musical world. The orchestra represented one hundred composers in its year's work, and it was assisted by nineteen soloists. The composers most drawn on were Wagner, Beethoven, Brahms, Mozart, and Dvořák.

E I Stevenson

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THIS BUSY WORLD

The separation of Brown University from its president has been much discussed and clamored over. Dr. Andrews's resignation takes effect on September 1. On that day the corporation meets and will act upon it, and of course may possibly decline to accept it. There is an edifying diversity of views as to whether the corporation of Brown has acted wisely. It will be remembered that it voted, at the Commencement meeting, to request of President Andrews, at that time absent in Europe, "a forbearance, out of regard for the interests of the university, to promulgate his views" as to the expediency of coining silver into unlimited dollars at 16 to 1. Dr. Andrews's reply was that he could not gratify the corporation in this particular, even if he wished to, "without surrendering that reasonable liberty of utterance which my predecessors, my faculty colleagues, and myself have hitherto enjoyed, and in the absence of which the most ample endowment for an educational institution would be of little worth." There is no doubt that Dr. Andrews's silver sentiments have worried the friends of Brown acutely and have been temporarily detrimental to the interests of the university. There is not much doubt, either, that it has been Dr. Andrews's position as President of Brown University that has given his views most of their influence and importance. No wonder the corporation has chafed! Dr. Andrews, however inadvertently or unintentionally, had put it in a false position.

The incident illustrates the intensity of men's convictions on the silver question. An analogous case was that of the attitude of some of the authorities of Toronto University towards Professor Goldwin Smith, whose views on annexation are so objectionable to many Canadians. Only questions of the most searching consequence can create such situations as that at Brown, or as that which Dr. Smith relieved by declining Toronto's degree. None of the men who are concerned with the embarrassments of Brown have wanted to make trouble. It is the extraordinary situation that has been to blame, and the most desirable solution of the difficulty would have been what we are all hoping for, the disappearance of free coinage as a vital issue.

Meanwhile there is already some premature speculation as to Dr. Andrews's successor. The University of Rochester, like Brown, an institution of strong Baptist affiliations, is without a president, and has been trying to induce Professor Benjamin Ide Wheeler to come to it from Cornell. Now Rochester fears that Professor Wheeler will be called to Brown. But the late able and popular president of Rochester is still disengaged. If Brown accepts Dr. Andrews's resignation, why should it not call Dr. Hill?

It seems to be matter for expert opinion whether the predicament of Lehigh University in being without visible means of immediate support is the fault of its trustees or its misfortune due to hard times. Since the death of Asa Packer the trustees of the Packer estate have managed the Lehigh Valley Railroad, as well as the university and the Packer charities. During the last three years some of the Lehigh Valley stockholders have been dissatisfied with the management of the road, and have tried to induce the trustees of the estate to sell their interests and let the road go into the control of a new management. But the trustees have held on, until finally they have had to go for help to Mr. Pierpont Morgan. Persons who take a hopeful view of Lehigh's prospects say that if business only revives, the property which still remains to the estate will much more than suffice to take good care of the surviving Packer heirs, the university, and all the Packer charities.

Meanwhile the appropriation of $150,000 by the Pennsylvania Legislature, approved by Governor Hastings on July 27, will enable the corporation to keep the university going for the next two years, and by that time, it is to be hoped, it will again be able to take care of itself.

Mention has been made in this department of the expedition of Professor Libbey, of Princeton, to New Mexico, and of his purpose to scale the rock near Albuquerque, called the "Mesa Encantada," and find out whether it was true, as related, that there were remains of an ancient village on its top. The professor reached the enchanted table rock safely, and on July 23 shot a line over it with a life-savers' coast-guard cannon. By means of the line he scaled the rock and investigated its surface. He found nothing to confirm the romantic story that there had once been an Indian village on it which had been cut off by an earthquake from the plain below. All that indicated that men might have been there before was a monument of rocks, which may have been piled up by human hands. The professor will not have much to show for his pains, but at all events he has had his fun for his money. He went on an interesting errand and has accomplished it.

The present month will see an extraordinary hobnobbing of American, British, and Canadian scientists. The forty-sixth meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science begins at Detroit on August 8, and lasts a week. The sixty-seventh annual meeting of the British association begins at Toronto on August 18 and lasts until August 25. It is the second time the British association has held its annual meeting away from home. Thirteen years ago it met at Montreal. The times and places of the meetings of the two associations this year have been so arranged as to make it easy for members of either association to be present at both meetings. To the same end is an arrangement by which the meeting of the British association, to which usually only its own members are admitted, is to be open to members of the American association on payment of certain fees. About 300 British scientists are expected at the meeting in Toronto.

The will of Miss Rosalie Butler, who died on July 17 at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, contains a bequest of $50,000 to the State Charities Aid Association of New York. Miss Butler, who was the eldest daughter of the late Charles E. Butler, who started the law firm which has come to be that of Evarts, Choate, & Beaman, was for twenty-four years one of the wisest and most devoted workers among the city institutions of charity in New York. In 1872 a committee of volunteer visitors for Bellevue Hospital was organized, of which she became the secretary. This committee, which presently became the New York County visiting committee of the State Charities Aid Association, was notably instrumental in introducing radical reforms at Bellevue and other city institutions, of which Miss Butler's reports form an edifying record. One of its early achievements was the organization of the Bellevue Hospital Training School for Nurses. In 1885 Miss Butler became president of the committee, and she continued to serve in it until last year.

Very early in the morning on July 28 an orderly and well-conducted fire destroyed the Spring House at Richfield Springs. The old hotel, so widely known, was a big wooden building, and had about two hundred and fifty persons in it when it caught fire, but it burned slowly, as a well-managed hotel in a village duly supplied with water should burn, and all the guests, including the Mayor of New York, got safely out and had ample time in which to save their effects. Part of the burned building was seventy-five years old. Very few American summer hotels that are still fashionable can show an equal antiquity.

No news at this writing of Herr Andrée! The messages which were supposed to have come from him by carrier pigeons are all pronounced bogus. It is thought that if he has succeeded in crossing the pole he will first be heard from from Alaska or Siberia. Extreme interest is felt in Europe in his expedition, and even in America, where we are supposed to be so busy getting ready to be busier, we can spare time to read his story if only he can bring it in.

When Mr. Wanamaker was Postmaster-General he put on the market three sizes of postal cards. Under the rule of succeeding officials less solicitous to meet the public taste, two of those sizes have become obsolete, and only the biggest survives. The little blue postal card, the best-looking of the lot, was favored by many patrons of the post-office, who have lamented its disappearance. They will be glad to know that the department, in ordering a new lot of cards, has contracted once more for two sizes, and that if the smaller size proves popular it will continue to be kept in stock.

The Queen's Jubilee produced at least one good poem. Rudyard Kipling's "Recessional" is edifying both to the ear and to the spirit.

Mr. Clarence A. Seward, who died at Geneva, New York, on July 24, was very well known in New York as a lawyer, a man of affairs, and a social leader. He was born in New York in 1828, but lost both his parents when very young, and became a member of the family of his uncle, William H. Seward. He grew up in Auburn, was graduated at Hobart College, studied law in Auburn, and came from there to New York with Samuel Blatchford, with whom he formed a partnership, out of which grew the firm of Blatchford, Seward, Griswold, & Da Costa, and later that of Seward, Guthrie, & Steele. Judge Blatchford went on the bench, and eventually was appointed a Justice of the United States Supreme Court, but Mr. Seward continued to practise law until his death. Besides being a distinguished and successful lawyer he was active in politics and social life. He was Judge Advocate of New York State under Governors King and Morgan, and Assistant Secretary of State under President Johnson, having been appointed immediately after the attempt to assassinate Secretary Seward. Mr. Seward was vice-president of the Adams Express Company, and for the last seven years had been president of the Union Club. He was fond of society, a brilliant talker, a collector of books, and a lover of music.

These are the names of the twelve architects who were successful in the preliminary competition for the New York library building: J. H. Friedlander; Haydel & Shepard; H. Hornbostel, George E. Wood, & George C. Palmer; Howard & Cauldwell; Lord, Hewlett, & Hull; Clarence S. Luce; Paris & Schroeder, and Francis L. Ellingwood; Roos & Weber; W. Wheeler Smith, associated with Walker & Morris; C. W. & A. A. Stoughton; James E. Ware & Son; Whitney Warren.

Eighty-eight plans were submitted in this first contest. Six of the above successful competitors will be selected by a committee of the trustees of the library to compete in the final competition with six other architects or architectural firms to be selected by the committee. The winner in this last competition, which will be decided in November, will be the architect of the new library.

That disagreeable joke about St. Swithin's day has had a great run in the newspapers this year. St. Swithin's day is July 15, and the old rhyme says:

> St. Swithin's day, if thou dost rain,
> For forty days it will remain;
> St. Swithin's day, if thou be fair,
> For forty days will rain nae mair.

The rhyme was constructed to suit the climate of England, where we are taught to believe that a month of rainy days in midsummer makes no very great difference. It has no true application to any part of the climate of the United States. This year it has been lugged into use to account for the miserable and persistent sloppiness of the latter part of July. To have it rain day after day, hopelessly and gloomily, as though the plug were out of the celestial reservoir, is bad enough in town, where it gives people low spirits. But in the country, dear, dear, what a calamity! To be a farmer, and to have a wheat-field where the grain stands cut and in sheaves under leaden skies, which drizzle on it for the better part of a fortnight, is a desperate mischance. What the farmers of New York State alone have lost by the wet harvest, which has made their new-cut grain sprout and their standing wheat rust, the newspapers will tell us. It will be a great sum, for the crops were unusually heavy. It is hard to bear with untimely weather that makes one's labor go for naught, and gradually filches away the profits that were spread before the farmer's eyes and seemed already safe in his pocket. It takes a well-disciplined spirit to bow patiently under a dispensation of that sort, in which even the most pious mind finds unwelcome evidence of the mysteriousness of the plans and motives of Providence.

The latest periodical attempt to secure the release of Mrs. Maybrick has resulted no better than its predecessors. British official opinion on the subject of Mrs. Maybrick's deserts seems to be fixed for all time. This last effort, made through Ambassador Hay, aimed to obtain at least some modifications of the conditions of her imprisonment, but it accomplished nothing. British justice can be firm on occasion, and on occasion, again, as was shown in the investigation of Cecil Rhodes, it can swallow as great a camel as the necessities of the case compel.

A London despatch reports a falling out between Lady Henry Somerset and the British Women's Temperance Union. Lady Henry, it seems, sent out a circular to the presidents of the branch associations asking them not to oppose petitions against the renewal of the contagious diseases acts for India. Her request was almost universally disregarded, and finding her advice unacceptable, she has resigned the presidency of the Union. Why a British Temperance Union should concern itself for or against the restriction of contagious diseases in India does not appear, and possibly Lady Henry's objection to the petitions was that they meddled with what was outside the Union's province.

It is pointed out by his Honor the Mayor of Philadelphia that in the article in the WEEKLY of July 24, about the restoration of Independence Hall in Philadelphia, Mr. Steele has credited the Society of Colonial Dames with labors and expenditures in altering and restoring the rooms on the second floor of the old building which should have been credited to the Philadelphia Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. It was the members of this latter society that restored the rooms at a cost of over $5000.

The provision of the new tariff law that returning travellers may bring in, duty free, no more than one hundred dollars' worth of personal effects purchased abroad seems not as yet effectual to keep vagrant Americans from coming home. The passengers of the *Majestic*, who arrived on July 29, and were the first to experience the rigors of the new law, seem to have submitted peacefully and in some cases with good-humor. To the dispassionate observer it seems doubtful whether the business of getting large quantities of clothes in England and France and trying to bring them through the custom-house without paying duties has ever been worth what it has cost. The effort has been apt to involve evasion and deceit, as well as more or less bribery, and economies bought at an expense of integrity must always, to some minds, seem dear. Under the new law it would seem that every traveller can tell accurately what he owes duties on and what not. One hundred dollars' worth of his foreign purchases comes in free, the rest pays duties. There is less debatable ground than there has been, and many nice questions, as whether a coat or a gown that has been tried on has been worn, will cease to be discussed.

It is reported that Lady Aberdeen's scheme for raising about a million dollars in Canada, to endow, as a Jubilee memorial, a Victorian Order of Nurses, fell surprisingly flat, receiving very little attention and less money. The plan was a good one. The nurses were to receive fixed salaries, and were to be available for the care of the sick in sparsely settled districts and of the sick poor in cities, and were to attend cases at moderate fixed charges in families of small means. But though the plan was mothered by the Governor-General's wife and got as good a start as authority could give it, Canada looked coldly on it. The explanation, as given by a correspondent of the *Evening Post*, was that it conflicted with countless local Jubilee schemes which captured all the loose Canadian cash, that it proposed to benefit western Canada, a labor which eastern Canada feels disposed to leave to the government, and finally that Lady Aberdeen, its originator, is not popular in the Dominion. She is too clever and too advanced, it seems, for the Canadians, too much interested in "movements" and great topics, and organization and sociology, and not enough in etiquette and raiment. Lady Aberdeen is a serious-minded woman who wants to do things that are worth while, whereas Canada, it would seem, would prefer for the Governor-General's wife a dame who wanted to have fun and knew how. A professor in petticoats seems not at all to be the Canadian ideal of a mistress of Rideau Hall. Canada is comparatively old-fashioned and does not seem to care to be advanced. If Lady Aberdeen's field had included Chicago, she would doubtless have been better understood, better appreciated, and better backed.

Mrs. Helen Watterson Moody, who writes in *Scribner's* about the Woman Collegian, says that "ten women shut in together will worry one hundred times as much as ten men shut in together," and for that reason she thinks it an imperfection in girls' colleges that they bring their pupils into such a constant proximity that the girls tend to wear one another out. Mrs. Moody has heard that "one of the advantages of coeducation is a distinct lessening of the emotional and nervous strain among the women students." She does not know why, but for some reason "there is certainly less nervous tension, morbidity, and self-consciousness among college women associated with men than among those in the women's colleges." It has long been recognized that it was not good for man to be alone, but there is some novelty about this suggestion that it is still worse for woman. Perhaps after all, there is an instinct of self-preservation at the bottom of the widespread disposition of womankind to break into the men's colleges. Mrs. Moody believes in a division of labor, and also in methods of education which shall recognize that what used to be called "woman's work" is not yet obsolete. She does not openly proclaim that woman collegians should be taught, among other things, how to cook, but she gives grounds for believing that she holds that opinion. One of the faults she finds with the college woman is that it takes her longer after graduation to get clear out of college than it does her brother. None the less she thinks that college education does the college girl good, only it does her the most good after she has ceased to have it on her mind.

E. S. MARTIN.

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VIEW FROM THE ENTRANCE.

VIEW OF THE ATRIUM AND GALLERIES.

INTERIOR OF THE NEW CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART

THE CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART.

In the new home which has been provided for the collection of works of art formed by the late William Wilson Corcoran, and added to by gift, loan, and purchase, there is at last an opportunity for intelligent and profitable study. The architect has made excellent provision for the essential requisites of space and light, and by treating the interior with a dignified and broad simplicity, has secured for the exhibits a noble setting.

The bronze entrance-doors, in the centre of the longitudinal façade, open into a vestibule, from which marble steps ascend to the atrium. This, as the name implies, is open to the skylight, and is flanked by two halls eighty-five feet in length, which communicate with smaller rooms; the whole floor, with the exception of a part devoted to the board-room, library, and office, forming an impressive sculpture gallery. Here are displayed the very complete collection of casts from the antique, the smaller but fairly representative collection of replicas of Renaissance sculpture, and a magnificent array of Barye bronzes, said to be the largest in existence.

Around the atrium stand forty Doric columns of Indiana limestone, surmounted by a gallery, from which rises another "order" of columns—in this case Ionic—which support the roof. From this gallery extend the various rooms occupied by the paintings and exhibits of cloisonné, porcelain, and glass, and electrotype reproductions. The collection of pictures includes a large number of portraits which possess great historical interest, and in some cases artistic merit. For the rest, the motive of the collector was rather to buy what pleased him than to compile a representative collection. The old masters can be counted by ones and twos, there is no example of the Italian Renaissance, and of American works only a sprinkling, and these, with a few exceptions, not representative of our best achievement. Still, Washington is the Mecca of the people, and the influence of these galleries far reaching and good, and the increased accommodation will no doubt stimulate a growth in the collection itself.

MR. H. O. TANNER'S PICTURE, "THE RAISING OF LAZARUS."

When an artist's sense of responsibility to himself and his times prompts him to put his technical skill at the service of a great theme, he wins our respectful attention. Such a one is Mr. Henry O. Tanner, whose picture "The Raising of Lazarus" was exhibited in this year's Salon. In pleasant contrast to many Salon exhibitors, Mr. Tanner has not relied upon mere extent of canvas or been contented to make only a clever exhibition of craftsmanship. His picture is comparatively small, but its seriousness of intention very marked, and though the youth of the artist is said to betray itself in the execution, its general excellence is attested by the fact that the French government has bought the picture.

Not the least interesting fact in connection with the picture is that Mr. Tanner is a colored citizen of the United States, who has studied his art in Paris under Tony Robert Fleury and Bouguereau.

"THE RAISING OF LAZARUS."—From the Painting by Mr. H. O. Tanner, purchased by the French Government for the Luxembourg.

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OUR FRENCH NEIGHBORS—SCENES ON THE ISLAND OF ST.-PIERRE, MIQUELON

1. A Cabaret. 2. A Street Scene in St.-Pierre, showing the Town Crier. 3. A characteristic Street Corner in St.-Pierre. 4. Monument on the Route Iphigénie. 5. Old Guns on Galantry Head. 6. The Harbor in Winter. 7. On the Quay

OUR FRENCH NEIGHBORS.

BY ALBERT LEE.

From a scenic stand point, the elements could not have conspired better to offer us a striking picture upon our entrance into the rock bound harbor of St.-Pierre. The view was truly theatric, and all the more so because it burst upon us so unexpectedly. Since early morning we had been steaming along at half speed over a glassy sea through the dense Northern fog, where no sound but our own hoarse warnings broke the oppressive stillness, when, suddenly, from out the very heart of the cloud banks burst a fierce uncanny moan. Involuntarily we sprang from our chairs and leaned over the rail, peering into the nothingness ahead of us, and soon again we heard that same mysterious sound. It came apparently from nowhere, wafted over the water to us with a trembling, sobbing rhythm. It was like a hoarse cry of distress, the wail of some giant child of the North lost in the fog, and crying aloud for help as it wandered along over the vast ocean wilderness.

"That's the fog-horn on Galantry Head," said a fellow passenger, presently, and as he spoke the weird noise was repeated, this time much more distinctly and nearer. We could tell from the direction of the wake, that our ship had changed her course and was heading toward the warning note.

Presently the surface of the sea rippled gently, and a light breeze that had sprung up from over Newfoundland way cut a rift in the mist. We looked up, and there, dead ahead of us, not three ship's lengths away, rose Galantry Head, bleak and perpendicular, with the breakers licking up at its base like flames about a yule log. Tiny little white light house on the crest of the cliff gradually drew itself clear of the enveloping fog robe, and the great horn below shouted fiercely again just as the steamer beat to her helm and swung clear of the seething waters out into the narrow channel between Colombier and the dangerous Chaudière.

The friendly breeze had now so freshened that with its increased strength it brushed away the fog, and as the mist curtain lifted before us, we found ourselves gazing upon one of the quaintest scenes we had ever beheld. Picture to yourself a town of about ten thousand souls nestled near the top of some noble Alpine mountain, far up above the timber line, where there are no trees or bushes or verdure of any kind, nothing but bare rocks that tower a thousand feet or more above the slated roofs and the church steeples. Then let your imagination raise the sea up to the very edge of this Alpine village, slot the tortuous outer harbor with surf smitten boulders, place here and there a little white light house clinging to one of these slippery pedestals, and crowd the inner basin with hundreds of luggers, barks, and brown sailed fishing schooners. Such is St. Pierre. It is a mountain town in mid Atlantic.

The island on which it is built is about twelve miles in circumference, a sheer rock of porphyry that juts up from the bosom of the ocean with no vestige of vegetation upon its face to tempt any one to land there. Yet upon this sterile rock is a thriving little French city, full of French mirth and life, and all the wealth of its inhabitants is pulled up out of the sea on hooks. The appearance of the place, with the gay tricolor of France floating from every pole, is thoroughly European. It looks totally unlike any other town in North America. A Frenchman has one way of building a house, and no matter where he goes, whether north or south, Miquelon or Madagascar, he builds his house in just that way. And when you see it you know that a Frenchman lives there and you can almost smell the *pot au feu*. From the deck of the vessel the buildings of St.-Pierre appeared to be of stone, but in reality they are constructed of wood or brick covered with stucco. This sort of exterior gives an air of solidity to the place and the whole town looks as though it had been pinated on that rock to stay.

There are three entrances to the harbor, none of which is very safe, but the main ship-channel lies between Galantry Head and L'Isle aux Chiens. This passage is so narrow that in some places the deck of an incoming ship is splashed with spray from the breakers on the surrounding rocks. Nevertheless, the local fishing smacks bob in and out through it by day and by night, seemingly heedless of their peril, and it is a fact that, except in time of severe storms, few accidents are reported. The inner harbor is protected by a low jetty, and is called the *Barachois*. It is framed with stone quays and wharves, and is capable of sheltering several hundred schooners when the weather is so rough as to keep the fishermen within shelter.

At one of these stone quays we landed. We were greeted by a crowd of contented and healthy-looking French fisher-folk, the men dressed in blue trousers and gaudy shirts, the women in short dark frocks and neat white caps, almost everybody shod with wooden sabots or with rope soled canvas shoes. A stout *gendarme*, with a long sword and endless gold braid, stood in the front rank, paternally watching to see that none of the small boys and girls fall into the water, but, to our surprise, there was no *douanier* on hand to rifle our baggage officially. It seems that so few strangers ever visit St. Pierre that it is found unnecessary to have a *douanier* meet the fortnightly arrivals of land baggage, so we were allowed to step ashore unmolested, and our walk across the quay was not hindered or hampered by a swarm of men and boys clamoring to carry our satchels. The good people made way, and although they gazed upon us with some curiosity, this seemed really more like a cordial display of interest than an evidence of vulgar surprise at our appearance.

The island of St. Pierre, although the smallest, is the most important of the Miquelon group and is the only one possessing a harbor. The other islands are Grande Miquelon, Petite Miquelon (more commonly called Langlade), and half a dozen neighboring rocks that have been dignified with long names. These isolated and barren islets are all that is now left to France of her once vast North American possessions, and the British even grudge her this foothold in the New World. John Bull would welcome any occasion that could arise to justify him in seizing St. Pierre. And it would be an difficult task, either. Newfoundland is only fifteen miles distant as the crow flies and within six hours after a declaration of war a British cruiser from St. John's or Placentia could swoop down upon the unprotected village and blow it into a dust-heap before the French could mount a gun. For, by the Treaty of Utrecht, it was stipulated that the islands should not be fortified, and that no more than fifty soldiers should be kept there, these to be in the nature of police rather than as a garrison. There are half a dozen old muzzle-loading cannon, of the Nevers model of 1835, mounted on a rock that juts out into the harbor, but they are absolutely useless for anything but noise and pyrotechnics, and even so the cannoneer takes his life in his hands every time he lights the fuse. For the mere sake of this man's safety the French set up a modern gun on the Pointe aux Canons, a few years ago, that they might properly welcome their war-ships without precipitating a funeral. But the British heard of it, and soon a cruiser steamed over from Halifax, and a naval officer came ashore, with his hat in his hand, and gave the Governor the assurances of her Majesty's most distinguished consideration, and politely called his attention to the prohibitive clause in the treaty. A few days later the gun was dismounted, and it is now dauntless rusting in the cellars of the *Gendarmerie*.

The Treaty of Utrecht not only ceded the Miquelon group to the French, but also gave them the right to cure and dry fish on the west coast of Newfoundland between Cape Bonavista and Cape Ray—a region which has ever since then been called the "French shore," and which has become more familiar to us of late through the disputes it has caused, and through the lengthy discussion recently held in the British Parliament as to whether lobster is a fish or not. The French claim that their right to catch, cure, and dry fish on the Newfoundland coast necessarily includes the privilege of building huts and drying places on this shore, and the Newfoundlanders, taking the opposite of the argument, display the earnestness of their convictions by consistently tearing down every French built hut or shanty they come across. As a result there have been many serious encounters between the rival islanders, and to maintain even approximate peace, both the British and the French governments are obliged to keep a fleet of war ships in that neighborhood for nine months in the year. By international agreement the officers of these vessels are empowered to settle all disputes arising among the fishermen, and not infrequently the professional assistance of the ships' surgeons is called into service.

The principal industry of St. Pierre, however, is cod-fishing, and it is prosecuted on an elaborate scale. Perhaps the dispute over the lobster's piscatorial identity has placed him somewhat in disrepute with the St. Pierreese, for at the present day the lobster fishery is not even considered important enough to receive mention in the official reports of the colonial government. On the other hand, these reports for 1899 show that the exports of cod to France and to foreign countries amounted in that year to 26,075,047 kilos, besides 561,149 kilos of cod liver oil. The latter commodity is not the medicinal oil that we are familiar with, but a coarser kind used for tanning, and is manufactured by allowing the livers to decompose in open vats until they reach a liquid state. Almost every fisherman's hut on the outskirts of St. Pierre and at the fishing settlements on the other islands has two or three of these vats near by, and the foul stench that arises from the decaying cod livers, together with the thousands of

flies that gather to the feast, would make the locality uninhabitable for any except those who have been brought up in the midst of such conditions. Yet, to our surprise, we found St. Pierre a remarkably clean and sweet-scented place for a fishing town. We expected that the acres of drying places in and about the village would make the atmosphere rather unpleasant, but this is not in the least the case. There is no odor from the drying places, and those liver-vats that I have spoken of are excluded from the city limits by a governmental ordinance, and our only experience with the unsavory industry was when we visited the little settlement at L'Anse au Savoyard, situated about three miles from St. Pierre, at the end of the Route Iphigénie.

In a place where fishing is practically the sole industry of the community, and where intercourse with the outer world is restricted to the fortnightly visits of the mail-steamer, it is natural that the only topic of conversation and the one question of general interest should be fish. We became aware of this very soon after we had landed. We took a stroll through the narrow streets—which have no sidewalks and are more like lanes between low houses—and had hardly turned the first corner when we were upon a drying place dotted with piles of cod that looked like hay stacks and crowded with women and boys who were laying the fish out to dry in the sun.

As fast as the cod are caught by the fishermen off the Banks, they are opened and cleaned and stowed away in salt. As soon as the schooner is loaded the men return to St. Pierre and sell their catch to the large exporters, or, if they are in the employ of one of these, they land the catch directly at a drying place. A drying-place consists of several acres of land covered with flat stones exposed to the sunlight. The drying process is slow, and requires a great deal of handling, since the fish must be collected and stacked under tarpaulins as soon as fog or rain comes on, and then laid out in the sun again (like the family washing) as soon as the skies clear. The men who catch the fish, and the women and boys who work in the drying places, come over from France every spring in government transports, and return to their homes again in the fall in the same manner. The majority are from St. Malo, Dieppe, and Fécamp, but many come from the Basque country, in the south of France. It is said that Basque fishermen knew St.-Pierre as early as 1604, and were the first to establish a fishing settlement there. But wars and treaties kept these Miquelon Islands seesawing for ownership between the French and the English for so many years that it was not until 1816 that the islands were finally turned over to France for good and all, with the same treaty stipulations that were made at Utrecht in 1713. During these two hundred years the British destroyed St.-Pierre at least half a dozen times, and carried the French inhabitants off to Nova Scotia and Cape Breton as prisoners. And as many times the French king recovered the islands and returned his subjects to their charred and ruined homes. And just as sure as war occurs again between these two nations will British ships once more enter the little harbor and seize the colony in the name of the Queen (or the King, as the case may be), and this time there will be no return of it to the French.

In order to encourage them to their greatest efforts, the home government offers bounties to the colonists on almost every conceivable industry. There is a bounty of one dollar on every dory built in the colony, and a whole schedule of bounties relating to the export of cod. The average, however, is about four dollars for each quintal (112 lbs.) shipped from the islands.

There are probably not more than twenty horses on the islands, the local beasts of burden being oxen and dogs. Wagons drawn by anywhere from one to six black dogs are common sights in the streets. The ox teams are used for the heavier work, and are in charge of Basque teamsters, who wear quaint hats and brilliant sashes, and use strange and terrible oaths as they prick their beasts with cruel steel-pointed goads. When the day's work is done the Basques and Normans and Bretons gather in the cafés—of which there must be half a hundred in the little town—and drink their absinth or *eau de vie* or Madeira until they are officially notified that it is time for them to go to bed. This notification is given by a drummer, who passes through all the streets every night at ten o'clock, beating a loud tattoo, at the sound of which most of the cafés and *cabarets* are compelled to close. A few are allowed to serve their customers until eleven o'clock, but woe betide the innkeeper whose place is found open by the *gendarmes* after that hour!

An early morning counterpart of this primitive drumming curfew is the town crier, who makes his rounds with a bugle, and announces the arrival of fish-laden schooners, or an auction sale of hay, poultry, eggs, or vegetables. As there is no grass grown on the island, the hay is brought over from Newfoundland in small boats. The thrifty Newfoundlanders also bring over eggs and vegetables and firewood, for of course the St.-Pierrese can raise none of these necessities themselves. And so the bugler serves the purpose of a daily newspaper, making the announcements that people in other communities find in the advertising columns of the press. The only public prints at St. Pierre are the *Feuille Officielle*, which contains nothing but official announcements, and *L'Egalité*, a weekly journal whose space is largely taken up by the *feuilleton*.

For a small place, St.-Pierre probably has more government than any other community on earth. There is a governor sent over from France, and he is assisted by a private council of his own selection, and by a general council elected by the colonists. There is an elaborate judiciary system; a department of maritime affairs, a marine court, departments of the interior, of finance, of religion, of public instruction, of fishing, of colonial posts; a board of health, a chamber of commerce, a custom house, bureaus of pilotage, charities, general inspection of ships, a superintendent of roads, of docks, of houses, and countless other officials and official institutions. There are a cathedral, a convent, a colonial hospital, with trained physicians sent out from France, and there is a club where the merchants gather in the evening and talk of fish until the atmosphere fairly reeks with cod.

In addition to all this two European cables land at St.-Pierre and pass on thence to Cape Cod and to Sydney, Cape Breton. (About the only foreign inhabitants of the island are the English cable-operators and a few American merchants.) Thus, thanks to these two cables, in spite of being geographically almost out of civilization, St.-Pierre is pretty well in touch with the entire globe, for press despatches are continually passing over the pattern track in both directions. Of course no one is supposed to see—or to remember, if he does see—any of the messages that come up out of the ocean on one side of the island and dive down into it again on the other. Nevertheless, news of events of great moment cannot be suppressed. The people of St. Pierre were probably the first in America to know of the murder of President Carnot. The startling message suddenly trickled out of the siphon recorder in the busy cable office, and the operator who received it quietly called the manager. Contrary to all rule and precedent, the manager took the message as it passed on to Cape Cod, and went with the news to the governor's house. Half an hour later the entire colony knew of Carnot's death, and little St. Pierre had her flags at half mast an hour or more before the Western World was aware of Santo's crime.

For rugged scenery St. Pierre may well be commended to the traveller. The rocks that rise up back of the town, lichen covered and moss grown, reach their greatest altitude in the Pain de Sucre and the Grande Vigie, about a thousand and twelve hundred feet high respectively. From these eminences the shores of Newfoundland are plainly seen. When it has been foggy and the mist is blowing away, leaving the air clearer, the bold shores of the opposite coast seem to rise up out of the water and to move up closer to St. Pierre. It is an optical illusion which the natives say betokens rain. The path leading up to these heights is somewhat rough as soon as the town is left behind. It passes over Calvary Hill, where rises the tall crucifix, such as may be seen in almost every French fishing village, then it crosses the highway that leads to L'Anse au Savoyard, and tangles itself up in the rocks and mosses of the mountain. The panorama of the bay and harbor from the Pain de Sucre is grand, and the silence of the region is impressive. Far below lies the busy little port, and dark-sailed luggers may be seen moving in and out among the rocks, yet on the mountain top there is no sound. Langlade and Grande Miquelon lie over to the north—barren islands with abrupt shores, but less mountainous than St. Pierre. A sandy beach, about three miles long, binds these two greater islands, and along that bar lie the bleaching ribs of hundreds of vessels that have gone ashore in the storm, where they thought there was a passage between the islands. Probably the most picturesque spot on Langlade is the Cap Percé, a sort of natural arch of rock, which juts out into the ocean, and is tall enough to admit of a schooner's passing beneath it.

The mail-steamer remains in port long enough for the active traveller to see all these things, but not long enough for him to satiate himself with the charms and delights of the quaint old village. The hospitality of the inhabitants is unsurpassable. Few of them speak a word of English, but they are all *désolé* that they cannot do more for their visitors. If we had accepted every glass of wine that was offered to us during our brief stay in the town we should have been carried away hopeless inebriates.

And so the time passes rapidly. The evenings are pleasant in the odd little cafés, where buxom waiter-girls serve the best of Madeira and sherry, brought over in sail-boats direct from Spain. And then there is the delicious French cooking of Madame Costa's *pension*, and Madame Costa herself and her two daughters, who sit in the doorway and talk of the great outside world they have never seen. They marvel that you are not Canadians, and they cannot conceive that, being Americans, you should not come from Boston, which to them is a synonym for United States. They wonder why you travel so far to see such a very little town, and when you tell them that to you the place is attractive and picturesque, they shrug their shoulders and say, "*Mon Dieu! St.-Pierre ce n'est pas grand'chose!*" Perhaps, madame, but it is worth a visit.

FURTHER REMINISCENCES OF OLD NEW YORK.

BY CHAS. H. HASWELL, C.E.

THE favor with which my recital of customs and incidents in my *Reminiscences* of this city, 1816 to 1860, has been received induces me to present the following additions, which at the time of my writing I omitted to give as fully as I should have done, in order that the customs and conveniences of the period given might be recorded in evidence of the difference existing between the past and present periods. And there were also some customs omitted, they not occurring to me at the time of former writing, and I now essay to furnish them.

Under a militia law existing during an early period of the *Reminiscences* all citizens within certain periods of age, with the usual exceptions of clergymen, physicians, etc., were annually summoned to present themselves at the rendezvous of the regiment within the precincts of which they resided, for inspection, armed and equipped according to law, viz., with musket and cross-belt sustaining bayonet and cartridge-box, where they were duly registered and subsequently ordered to appear for parade, when they were formed into companies and marched to a convenient location, where they were formed into a regiment and paraded (not marched) up town to some favorable location for manœuvring, usually Potter's Field (subsequently Washington Square). As there were no requirements as to uniformity of dress, it frequently occurred that some facetious person, unmindful of the dignity of his position as a defender of the State and country, would array himself fantastically, to the annoyance of the officers and the amusement of the spectators. On one of these occasions a well-known person, whose store was at a corner of Burling Slip and Water Street, appeared in a dress so offensive to the captain of the company that he detached and detailed him as a guard on the Slip, with directions to remain there until the return of the company; to which the culprit replied, "Burling Slip shall be here when you return, or I'm a dead man." On a holiday in the fall of the year it was quite customary to organize a parade of mock soldiers, on which occasions the ingenuity of the participants was exercised to present themselves as ridiculous and grotesque as was practicable, the animus of the exhibition a desire to render the militia law ridiculous. In illustration of the character of said parades I have a vivid recollection of seeing, on one of these occasions, one of the members bearing on his back a bird-cage tenanted by a tom-cat, and labelled "One day's ration."

In reference to the effects of the discharge from our sewers upon the water of the North and East rivers, and the presence of fish prior to their construction, I should have included porpoises, sharks, and shoals (not schools, as usually written) of mossbunkers.

Contoit's Garden, before referred to, even up to the period of its close, was the only place that was visited by ladies and gentlemen to partake of ice cream, which was a veritable article, and very much unlike that which is now furnished. As it would have been quite impracticable to furnish silver spoons to parties occupying a dimly lighted and singly occupied box (as the enclosure was termed) before the introduction of gas-light, the ordinary pewter spoons were necessarily furnished, and ladies in visiting the garden were in the habit of bearing silver spoons with them. In the matter of dress for both sexes, matronly ladies when in full dress very generally wore turbans on their heads, with a jewelled pin in front, and gentlemen carried coloured handkerchiefs, usually a red and spotted one, and never, except when in full dress, a white one. Negresses very uniformly wore upon their heads bandanna kerchiefs in turban fashion, and never, even *inter se*, were they termed "ladies."

The absence of street stages, subsequently termed omnibuses (and which led to an extended controversy between both American and English writers as to whether omnibi was not the proper word), except one to Greenwich village and one to Harlem, rendered local travel, visiting, and school attendance very onerous. The late Hamilton Fish resided in Stuyvesant Street, the brothers Macbrair in Middle Road, above Twenty-third Street, and they all walked down to 57 Franklin Street (one half of the building is now standing); and I, when entering upon my profession, daily walked from Warren Street to the foot of Cherry Street and back, reporting myself at 6 A.M. in seven months of the year, and at 7 in the other portions.

In consequence of the absence of any substitutes, post-office letter-boxes, or any public or private facility, a person living in the extremes of the city, even at Greenwich, Bloomingdale, Yorkville, Manhattanville, etc., having to post a letter, had to proceed with it to the post-office in William Street, corner of Garden (Exchange Place).

A London editor, in noticing my book, expresses himself in a very complimentary manner, but records his surprise at the absence of reference to painting and arts—a criticism that can readily be responded to. Thus, in the early periods referred to, with the exception of the portraits of the Governors of the State and Mayors of the city, Generals Macomb and Scott, Commodores Decatur and Chauncey, and Captain Lawrence, there were not any public paintings in existence; and with the exception of those in the Rotunda referred to at p. 270 there were no others open to the public, and not any private collection of sufficient extent to invite a request to visit them.

Of private galleries I recollect or knew of but the one of Des Brosses Hunter at Hunter's Island; those of Messrs. Aspinwall, Belmont, Harper, and De Wolf were of a much later period. As to other forms of art, we had none, with the exception of the monument to General Montgomery in St. Paul's Church; Captain Lawrence's column in Trinity Church Yard, at the corner of Lumber (now Church) and Rector streets, since removed and replaced with a monument on Broadway; George Frederick Cooke's in St. Paul's Church Yard; and the City Hall, which to this day is unsurpassed in the integrity and harmony of its proportions and design.

In giving a detail of the deficiency of conveniences in the early period referred to, I omitted giving proper significance to several. Thus, the modern bath room in houses and its attendant convenience, were wholly unknown until after the introduction of the Croton water in 1842. Elevators in buildings for individuals, with the exception of one in the Fifth Avenue Hotel in this city in 1859, the first one, were not known.

It was not until many years after the early period embraced in these records that spring beds were introduced; the custom, except in a few cases in the city, but universally in the country, was to use feather beds.

Of the hotels and their equipments and conveniences, compared with those of a later period and even within the term assigned in these *Reminiscences*, the differences are so many and so great that they are well worthy of record.

Thus, there were not any elevators, and hence the transit to the upper stories of one was a severe operation to both guests and servants. In the deficiency of annunciators, it was necessary to lead a wire from each room to a bell in the office, and that its announcement might readily be observed, they were attached to the walls of the office, and being held by a curved spring, their vibration when pulled from above designated their number and that of the room from which they were vibrated.

It was told of Mr. Stetson, one of the late landlords of the Astor House, that when he was in the office of the Tremont House, in Boston, he became so familiar with the sound of most of the different bells, some fifty or more, that he would promptly designate the number of them when sounding without looking at them.

Noticing in a recent publication that the number of policemen in the city has been increased so as to number over three thousand, I am of the conviction that when the number was but twelve, criminals were more than proportionally less in number than they now are to the present number of policemen. It was not until about 1850 that policemen were detailed to attend public assemblages, and not until some years later to be present at private entertainments, etc.

The sidewalks, with the exception of a great portion of Broadway, were mostly laid with brick, frequently with a width of flag-stone in their centre, and in the absence of street sewers, rain and snow water from the roofs of buildings were led over the sidewalks to the street gutters, rendering the former either wet or slippery with ice, according to the temperature of the weather.

Shop and store keepers were without carts of delivery, hence all purchases were either borne home by the purchaser or delivered by a boy. Of book-stands and of newspaper stands there were none.

Parlors of dwellings were devoid of all articles of furniture and accessories except those of utility, as carpet, hearth rug, centre table, chairs, sofa, lamps, candlesticks, looking-glass, and piano, and the walls with some family portraits. Ottomans and lounges had not yet been introduced, and *tête-à-têtes* and bric-à-brac were unknown.

"THE VINTAGE."*

A STORY OF THE GREEK WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY E. F. BENSON.

CHAPTER VII.—(*Continued.*)

HALF an hour later he and Kanaris, captain of the boat, were breakfasting together, and Nicholas was explaining to him exactly what the weakness of the movement was and how he could help. He wished him, he said, to continue to exercise his trade for the sake of appearances, but always to be ready at a moment's notice. When the outbreak took place it was certain that many of the Turks, especially those on the sea coast, would try to escape by sea. This must be stopped. They were not going to embark on any polite diplomatic war; for them war meant destruction on one side or the other. He told him in detail how this means of escape was to be cut off, as will later appear, and as he unfolded his bloody plan Kanaris's heart burned within him, and he promised in the name of God to help him to gather the red vintage of their oppressors.

About mid-day the wind went down and they lay becalmed again. But Nicholas, who, as he had said, was never in a hurry when he was going as quickly as he could, felt that his time was not being wasted in the least. Kanaris was the head of a big clan at Spetzas, and for generations he and his had been seafaring folk, men of the wind and wave, and the contingents he might raise would be valuable. Nicholas promised, if possible, to come to Spetzas himself before the year was out, but he said that his hands were very full and he could pledge no certainty.

They lay tossing about for three hours or more, for the wind of the morning had roughened the narrow sea, which so quickly gets up under a squall from the mountains, and the great green billows came chasing each other down from the east beneath a brilliant autumn sun, which turned them into living, rejoicing things. The boat, lying low in the water with its heavy cargo, reeled and rolled like a drunken man, alternately lifting up its sides, ashine with the sea, over the crest of a wave, and burying itself again in its trough. The sun drew out from the crates of figs their warm odor of luxuriance and autumn, which hung heavily round the boat, but every now and then a puff of wind would come and blow it all away, letting in the salt freshness of the sea.

By four o'clock, however, the wind, still favorable, sprang up again, and on they went towards the sunset, the black mass of the boat parting and burrowing through the waves, and throwing off from its sides sheets of spent foam. As the hours went by Kanaris felt more and more the fascination and power of this strange man, and after dinner they sat together in the stern watching the heavens reel and roll about them and the tip of the mast striking wildly right and left across a hundred stars. Nicholas sat on the taffrail, balancing himself exquisitely to every movement of the boat, and talking in his wonderful low voice of a thousand things. For no one knew better than himself his own strength, and how individual it was; and the success of his efforts at present had been, like the love which Mitsos bore him, the result of his personal power, which could fan into a flame the smouldering hatred against the Turks, which might have smouldered forever had it not been for him.

Germanos, the Metropolitan Bishop of Patras, had just got up next morning when his messenger came back, having travelled through the night, to announce Nicholas's coming and also to report the same talk in the cafés which Kanaris had heard. The Bishop smiled to himself at the idea of anything unforeseen happening to Nicholas, and told his servant, whom he implicitly trusted, to let it be widely known that Nicholas had been taken and killed.

"For," as he said, "the Turks will be delighted to believe that, and men always succeed in believing what they wish, and all Greeks who have ever heard of Nicholas will know that it is one of those things which do not happen. Tell them I am ready for breakfast, and let a room for the poor dead man be got ready."

Germanos was a splendid specimen of a Greek of unmixed blood, now nearly or quite extinct. His family came from the island of Delos, which the Turks had never troubled about, and they only married with islanders. He was rather above middle height, and his long black cassock made him appear taller. In accordance with Greek rite, neither his hair nor beard had ever been cut, and the former flowed black and thick on to his shoulders, and his beard fell in full rippling lines down as far as his waist. Though for three or four years his life had been one long effort of organizing his countrymen against the Turks, the latter had never suspected anything of the kind, and he intended to take the fullest advantage of their misplaced confidence in him.

Though Germanos had not trodden the world as widely as Nicholas had done, he was, nevertheless, what we should now call a man of the world, shrewd, witty, and educated. And Nicholas, too—though for the sake of the great cause he would have condemned himself cheerfully never to speak to a man of his own rank and breeding again—found it a pleasant change after his incessant wanderings among peasants, to mix with his own kind again. His few days with Constantine at Nauplia, it is true, he had enjoyed, for it was impossible not to be happy when that apostle of happiness, the little Mitsos, was by, and Constantine too was often salt of the earth. He only arrived in the evening just before dinner, and they sat down together as soon as he had washed.

"I have got hold of a good man I think, to-day," said Nicholas. "I told him he might come and talk to you to-morrow. I would have brought him with me, but he was busy with his fig cargo."

"My dear Nicholas, you are indefatigable. I don't believe there is a man in the world but you who would wake at dawn on the gulf and instantly set about making a proselyte. Why did you think him promising?"

"From what he said about the Turk and the new harbor dues at Corinth."

The Bishop frowned.

"New harbor dues! It is time to think of harbor dues when there is a harbor."

"So he said," answered Nicholas. "Apparently they simply seized a lot of his cargo."

"We are commanded," remarked Germanos, "to love all men. I do not know whether I love the Turk, but I am certain I do not like him. And I hope it will please G[illegible] as many as possible of his kind to the kingdom of the blest or elsewhere without delay. I say so in my prayers."

[illegible] in Harper's Weekly No. 2130.

Nicholas smiled.

"That sounds rather like an ecclesiastical quibble," said he. "You pray not for their destruction, but for their speedy salvation. Is that it?"

"To 'love all men' is a hard saying. I find that I have to try and adapt it to the exigencies of our position. I am quite certain that the removal of that nation will be for the permanent good of mankind. What does the Psalmist say? 'I will wash my footsteps in the blood of the ungodly.'"

"As far as I can learn, the ungodly were expecting to wash their footsteps in my blood at Corinth," said Nicholas, "but they behaved thoroughly characteristically. They expected me twenty-four hours after I had got away."

"How did things go at Nauplia?"

"Better than I could possibly have expected. I found the very man, or rather boy, I wanted in my young nephew."

"How old is he?"

"Eighteen, but six feet high, and the foot of a roedeer on the mountains. Moreover, I can trust him to the death."

"Eighteen is too young, surely," said Germanos. "Although you can trust many people to just short of that point, they are the most dangerous of all to work with. I could sooner work with a man I could not trust as far as a toothache."

In answer Nicholas told him of the test to which he had put Mitsos, and Germanos listened with interest and horror.

"You are probably right, then, and I am wrong," he said. "But how could you do it? Are you flesh and blood, and a young boy like that?"

"Yes, it was horrible," said Nicholas; "but it was necessary. I knew by it that he was one in a thousand. He did not turn a hair."

"What do you propose to do with him now?"

"That is what I came to talk to you about. It is time to set to work in earnest. He must go from village to village, especially round Sparta, and tell them to begin what I told them, and to be ready."

"What did you tell them to begin?" asked Germanos.

"Can you ask? Surely to grind black corn for the Turk. You say you are collecting arms here?"

"Not here; at the monastery at Megaspélaion. Many of them have been bought from the Turks themselves. There is a sting in that. The monks carry them in among the maize and bamboo stalks. Father Prihetes was met the other day by a couple of their little Turkish soldiers, who asked why they were carrying so many bamboo stalks, and he said it was to mend the roof. Bamboo stalks would make a capital roof."

"Yes, the monastery roof will want a deal of mending," said Nicholas. "Do you suppose they suspect anything?"

"Certainly, but they have nothing to act on, besides, I would be willing to let them search the monastery from top to bottom. Do you remember the chapel there, and the great altar?"

"Surely."

"The flag-stones under the altar have been taken up and a hole made into the crypt. The door into the crypt which opens from the passage in the floor below has been completely blocked up and covered with the panelling which ran along the passage and continues in the library. It was taken away from behind the case in the library and patched into the crypt hand. It is impossible to detect it. Mehemet Salih, the new Governor in Tripolitza, was there only last week and examined the whole place."

"That is good," said Nicholas. "Your doing, I suppose. How many guns have you?"

"About a thousand, and twice as many swords. In another month we shall be ready. Megaspélaion is a far better centre than this at present as it is so much nearer Tripolitza. That is where the struggle will begin."

"Who knows?" said Nicholas. "When we are ready we will apply the match at the most convenient spot. Personally I should prefer—" He stopped.

"Well?"

"It is this," said Nicholas. "It is no gallant and polite war we want. We do not want to make terms, or treaties, or threats. We want to strike and have done with it—to exterminate. I should prefer, if possible, striking the first blow either at Kalamata or Nauplia. Then the dogs from all round would run yelping into Tripolitza, as it is their strongest place, and so at the end there would be none left."

"Exterminate is no Christian word, Nicholas. The women and the children?"

"The women and children," said Nicholas, rising and pacing up and down the room, "what are they to me? Once when I was an outlaw I spared them—yes, and spared the men too, only sending them riding back with their faces to their horses' tails. But did they spare my wife and my child? If there is a God in heaven, I will show them the mercy they showed me."

Germanos was silent a few minutes, and waited till Nicholas had sat down again.

"Will you drink more wine?" he asked. "If not, we will sit on the balcony; it is hot to-night. I think you are right about striking the first blow somewhere in the south, so that they shall go to Tripolitza. I had thought before that it would be better to strike in two or three places at once. But your plan seems to me the better. Come outside, Nicholas. We have talked of this enough for to-night."

Germanos's house stood just out of the town, high up on the hill which was crowned by the castle, and from his balcony they could see the twinkling lights in the fort below, beyond the stretch of dark water, and dimly on the other side of the gulf the hill above Missolonghi shouldering itself up in the faint black distance. The moon had risen above the castle behind them, and turned the whole world to silver and ebony. Cicalas chirped in the bushes, and the fragrance of the southern night came drowsily along the wind. Every now and then a noise would rise up for a moment in the town, shrill in its height and die away again.

A boy brought them out coffee made thick and sweet in the Turkish manner, and two narghilehs with amber mouth-pieces and brazen bowls for holding the coarse cut tobacco. On each he placed a glowing charcoal ember, and handed the mouth-pieces to the two men. For a while they sat in silence, and then Nicholas spoke:

"It will be no time for mercy. I shall go where my vow leads me, and I have vowed to spare neither man, woman, nor child. I will show them the mercy they showed me, neither more nor less."

"God make you merciful on that day, as you hope for mercy!" said Germanos. "For me, I shall not be a party to any butchering of the defenceless. There will be plenty of butchers without me. A battle has to be fought; it must be so, it cannot be otherwise. Fight and spare not, but when the fighting is over let the rest go out of the country, for we will not have them here. But their blood shall not be upon my head. I will not make myself no better than a Turk."

The two narghilehs bubbled in silence again for a few minutes, and at last Germanos broke in with a laugh.

"The Turks all think you are dead," he said. "I told Dimitri to let it be widely known that you had been killed at Corinth. It is just as well they should believe it; that sleepy old Mohammed Achmet was here this afternoon, and he regretted it with deep-seated enjoyment. They seemed to know all about you here."

"They don't know me by sight," said Nicholas, "and as I am dead they never will. It is possible it will prove useful to me."

"As you say, it may prove useful. What are your plans for to-morrow? We will do what you like. It might be useful to you to see Megaspélaion. We could get there in a day if the wind held to Aigion. They have, as I said, a curious little crypt there which is worth a visit."

Nicholas smiled.

"It is impossible for a man to see too much," he said, "just as it is impossible for a man to pretend to know too little. I would give a small fortune to have a face like my brother-in-law Constantine, for it is as a mask in Carnival time, behind which who knows what may be? Yet Mitsos obeys him as—as he obeys me."

"Perhaps Mitsos has not fallen in love yet. That sometimes causes ruptures."

"The little one in love would be fine," said Nicholas. "He would send the whole world to the devil. Why, shouting is the strongest passion he has known yet, and he does it as if all the saints were watching him."

"I hope some of them are," remarked Germanos, "and that they will especially watch him when he is inclined to send the whole world to the devil. I hope Mitsos will not think of including me."

"I will warn him when I see him next time. I shall go on there, I think, in November. I must get back to Maina first and see my cousin Petros Mavromichales, who is the head of the clan, and find out if the clan are prepared to rise in a body. But we shall want Mitsos most, I expect, by sea. That man Kanaris was handy enough with his boat, but I could back Mitsos to sail against him in any weather."

"Ah, that fire-ship is a horrible idea of yours, Nicholas!"

"Horrible, but necessary. We can't have supplies of arms and gunpowder coming in to the Turks by sea, and there must be no escape out of the death trap which we will snap down on them. And now let me tell you all that is in my mind, for it may be we shall not meet again till the vintage is ripe for the gathering."

Kanaris had finished his unlading the same evening, and he readily consented to take Nicholas and Germanos as far as Vostitza, a fishing village lying some four miles from the mouth of the gorge at the top of which stands Megaspélaion. Here the Archbishop and Nicholas would get mules, and reach the monastery the same evening. Vostitza, with a fair wind, was not more than four hours from Patras, and on arriving there the Archbishop went straight to the house of the Turkish Governor, from whom he procured mules, and to whom he introduced Nicholas as his cousin, and the three talked together awhile, discussed the idle rumors that were going about concerning a movement against the Turks among the Greeks, and found certain comfort in the undoubted fact that Nicholas had been killed two days before at Corinth. He was a turbulent, hot-headed man, said the Archbishop, and did not value the blessings of peace. His cousin also had met him—a quarrelsome, wine-bibbing fellow. He could have had no fitter end than the brawl in a wine-shop.

They stood talking an hour or so while their mules were being procured, and Said Aga was much relieved to find that Germanos laughed at anything being on foot among the Greeks. True, there had been disturbances lately, a Turkish tax-collector had been killed at Diakophton, three miles from Vostitza. Had they not heard? The news came yesterday.

"Alas for this unruly people!" said Germanos. "How did it happen?"

"I hardly know," said Said Aga. "It was the usual story, I believe. He had taken to himself a fresh woman, and the husband killed him. The man has fled, but they will catch him, and he will suffer and then die. For me, I shrug my shoulders at these things. We Turks have certain customs, and the Prophet himself had four wives, and when we are lords of the country we must be obeyed."

"True," said Nicholas, "quite true; and we must submit. It is not the will of God that all men should be equal."

He caught Germanos's eye for a moment.

"I am glad that you think there is nothing in these rumors," went on Said Aga. "The Greeks would hardly be so foolish as to attempt anything of the sort. But the rumors are somewhat persistent. It was even said that the monks at Megaspélaion were collecting arms; and my colleague, Mehemet Salih—a very energetic man, who is soon to be in charge of Tripolitza—thought best to make an inspection of it. But he was quite satisfied there was no truth in it."

Germanos laughed heartily. "That is a little too much," he said. "You may, at least, rest assured that we priests of God are men of peace. Our mules, they tell me, are ready. A thousand thanks, Excellency, for your kindness."

They rode in silence for some little way through the straggling village street, paved with big uneven stones. The villagers were all out in the fields for the fruit har-

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HAWAIIAN HOTEL.

HOSPITAL GROUNDS
DATE-PALMS

PRESIDENT DOLE'S HOUSE

DR McGREW'S RESIDENCE

W. A. Rogers.

JUDICIARY BUILDING.

THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS—SCENES IN HONOLULU AND THE ISL

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ND OF OAHU.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers from Photographs.—[See Page 780.]

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vent, and the rough, shaggy haired dogs keeping watch in the deserted house yards came rushing out, barking and snarling with bared teeth at the sound of the mules, with their tinkling bells and iron-shod feet grating on the cobbles as they passed. The mule boys paid little attention to their noisy menaces, though now and then some dog, more savage or less wisely valorous than his fellows, would come within stick distance, only to be sent back with better cause for crying than before.

But in ten minutes or so they got clear of the village, and taking one of the field roads, struck across the plain towards the mouth of the gorge, about five miles distant. The grapes were not yet so far advanced as at Nauplia, and would not be ready for gathering for six weeks, but the fruit harvest was going on, and under the fig-trees were spread coarse strips of matting on which the fragrant piles were laid to dry. A few late pomegranate-trees were still covered with their red waxlike blossoms, but on most the petals had fallen, and the fruit, like little green glazed pitchers, was beginning to swell towards maturity. The men were at work in the vineyards cutting channels for the water, and through the green of the fig trees you could catch sight every now and then of the brightly colored petticoat of some woman picking figs, or else her presence was only indicated, where the leaves were thicker, by the dumping of the ripe fruit on to the canvas strips below. The sun was right overhead before they struck the mouth of the gorge, and the heat intense, even the cicalas were silent for an hour or two. But as they approached the gorge a cold wind blew down from between the mountains crags, bearing on it the voice of the brawling torrent which is fed by the snows of Cyllene and Helmos, and never runs dry.

Here the country was given up to olives and wheat, and occasional clumps of maize near the bed of the stream. The oleanders were still in flower, and their great clumps of pink blossom marked the course of the river. Another mile took them to the ford, on the other side of which the road began to ascend through the ever-narrowing gorge. Further up they found it impossible to keep to the course of the stream, the road had been washed away in places, and leaving it on their right, they turned up over a steep grassy stretch of moor, sprinkled here and there with pines. Looking back, they could see below them the hot luxuriant plain they had left, sleeping and palpitating under the blue haze of heat, and further off the shimmering waters of the gulf. As they ascended, the vegetation changed, pines entirely took the place of the olives, and the grass, all brown and dead from the summer's heat below, began to be flushed with green, and studded with wild campanulas and little blue gentians throbbing with color. Then, descending again, they passed along the upper slope of the cliffs above the gorge, and saw before them the deep sheltered valley stretching up to Kalavryta, a land of streams and a garden of the Lord.

The sun was already near its setting when they joined the main road leading up to the monastery from the valley, and they struck into a train of some half-dozen mules laden with long bamboo stalks, the tops of which brushed along the ground behind. Two of the monks from the monastery were in charge of these, and when they saw who it was with Nicholas they stopped and kissed the Archbishop's hands. As they moved forward again, he said:

"I see you are carrying bamboo stalks, my sons. From where did they come?"

"From Kalavryta," said one. "We have six mules laden with them."

"That is good. Observe, Nicholas, how fine these bamboos are. They seem to be a heavy load. The monastery roof, they say, wants mending."

The younger of the two monks smiled.

"A great many things want mending, father!" he said. "We are making preparations for mending them."

Nicholas, who was in front, checked his mule.

"And have you black corn?" he said. "Good black corn for the Turk?"

The monk shook his head.

"I do not understand," he said.

Germanos smiled back at Nicholas.

"A roof for the monastery first, Nicholas," he said. "There will be time for the black corn when the roof is mended. And now, my son, I will ask you to go forward quickly and tell Father Priketes, with my salutations, that my cousin and I will arrive very soon. We shall stop with him for a day, or it may be two, for we wish to superintend this mending of the monastery roof, and see that it is well done for the glory of God."

Another half an hour's quiet riding brought them in sight of the monastery, which from the distance was indistinguishable from the face of the cliff against which it was built. Hundreds of lights shone from the narrow windows, row above row, some from the height of all its twelve stories twinkling a hundred feet above them, as if from cottages perched high on the cliff, others larger and nearer, from the windows of the sacristy and library. To the right stood the great gateway, about which several moving lanterns showed that the news of their coming had already reached and that preparation was being made to receive the Archbishop. As they got close they could see that the monks were pouring out of the arch and taking their places in rows on each side of the terrace leading up to the gate. In front of them stood the novices, some mere boys of fourteen or fifteen, but all dressed alike, and all with long uncut hair flowing on to their shoulders. In the centre of the gateway a tall white-haired figure stood, Father Priketes, who helped the Archbishop to dismount, and then knelt to receive his blessing. Germanos paused a moment as he entered, and said in a loud voice to them all:

"The peace of God be upon this holy house and all within it, and His blessing be upon the work"—here he paused for a moment—"upon the work you are doing."

Nicholas was already known to Father Priketes, but the latter looked as if he had seen a ghost when he caught sight of him.

"We heard you were dead!" he said.

Nicholas smiled.

"I am delighted to hear it, father," he said. "Do not destroy the idea, if you please."

"I see your repairs are going on steadily," said Germanos. "We passed some laden mules on the way. Nicholas wished to see what you were doing. He is—how shall I say it?—our overseer, we are the workmen. He will tell us when the work must be finished. Let us go at once to the chapel, my brother, and thank St. Luke, your founder, and the Blessed Virgin that they brought us here safe. That is the first duty of a priest of God."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HAWAII NEI.

Oh, the fascination of the Isles of Hawaii!

Wherein does it lie? Many a traveller has tried to tell of it, but has succeeded in leaving his listeners only with a vague idea in which mosquitoes, lightly passed over but yet undisputed, and a home mail that comes seldom enough to make "steamer day" an event, remain uppermost in the mind which cannot grasp the elusive something that lies not in the climate, nor in the people, nor in the scenery, nor in the life, but may combine a little of each and something more besides. And this subtle attraction, this indefinable charm, which makes us always think of *Hawaii nei* with a stir at the heart caused by a never-dying *aloha* for the sunny, beautiful land, is felt even before we set foot on its shores.

We are conscious of it as we glide through the still blue waters into air that grows more balmy and more delicious. Hawaii, with its internal fires, home of the volcano; Maui, with its extinct crater and its lofty awe-inspiring mountain, Haleakala (House of the Sun), and Molokai, the leper island, with its long bleak outline and sad associations, are left behind; Koko Head, the extinct crater at the extreme end of the island of Oahu, is passed; slowly we sail by picturesque Diamond Head, curving its long length against the sky, seeming, in its majesty of outline, its calm still dignity, and its sturdy demeanor, to hold an everlasting watch over the valleys and hills of Honolulu, lying at its feet, and at the same time proving a delight to the heart of Oahu, whose sentinel it is, by its ever-changing beauty of tone and color. Past the cocoanut-trees that wave along the shores, past Manoa Valley, the home of the rainbow, and finally past "Naval Row," with its men-of-war anchored in imposing array in the harbor that looks far too peaceful and lazy and quiet to need them, except for social advantages. And then up to the wharf near to the crowd waiting for the arrival of their favorite ship, *Australia*. Japanese, Chinese, Portuguese, Hawaiian, American, English, French, German—what nationality is not represented?

The white duck suits of the men, the pretty light muslins of the women stand next to the *kimono* of Japan, the blue blouse of the coolie, and the *holoku* of the *lei*-bedecked dusky belles of Hawaii.

> The waves, as they break on the sand,
> Sing *Aloha* and old on to land.

And "*Aloha*," "*Aloha*," "*Aloha oe*," is shouted from the wharf with the same warmth of welcome, whether it be in the musical native voice with soft accent or in the straightforward American tones that bend each syllable to a basis of equality.

And "*Aloha*" is shouted back from the upper and lower decks of the now slowly advancing *Australia*.

Nearer and nearer draws the big ship.

"Hello, Jim, glad to see you back," calls a stout, good-natured looking man, pushing his way through the crowd. "What's the news?"

And every ear is strained to catch the latest happenings shouted from the hurricane deck, and everybody seems just as good natured and careless and light-hearted, whether it be news political, the latest event in sporting circles—upon which there is sure to be many a bet—or some disaster out in the busy world, of whose cares and troubles they have been in blissful ignorance since the arrival of the last mail.

The cordial greeting, the hearty grasp of the hand by the hospitable resident, his interested fluttering concern for the stranger, live in the recollection, and follow him, with a happy sense of future good, to the hotel whose broad verandas look out upon algeroba and banyan trees, luxurious brilliantly flowered vines of magenta, yellow and scarlet, and graceful royal palms.

After dinner a soft native melody lures him into the lawn, filled with guests in evening dress.

The yard, the pavilion, in which the musicians are gathered, and the verandas are elaborately festooned with Japanese lanterns, whose gay lights lend a fairylike aspect to the scene, the rays of a moon of tropical splendor filter down through the branches of the trees and illuminate the people and carriages, assembled in large numbers outside the grounds, for the beloved band never fails to attract an appreciative audience at the different squares where they play on each night of "full moon week."

"*Aloha oe, aloha oe*," the refrain of the plaintive air comes floating in, and insensibly the chatter on the veranda dies away, and each one is animated by his thoughts—sad, sweet, gay, retrospective, or speculative.

"*Aloha oe, aloha oe*." Oh, the moonlight, and the melody, and the careless mirth, and the soothing softness of *Hawaii nei*. And then a dance in the *lanai* to wind up the evening.

The *lanai!* What would Honolulu be without its *lanais?* The meaning of the word is a lean-to; and the original *lanai* was an addition with a shutting roof, covered with banana leaves. It has developed.

"I am going to build a new house," said a charming if impractical owner of a lot at Waikiki, the beach of Honolulu. "My *lanai* will be sixty feet long and forty feet broad, and it is going to extend right over the sea, so that I can lie in my hammock and look way out over the vast expanse of blue waters and see no land between. It will be like a glimpse of Venice."

"But what if a *kona* comes, and the waves wash up into your *lanai* and the force of the storm undermines its props?" suggested a practical friend.

"Oh, I don't think it will, it must not, that's all," said this lady of Waikiki, who was born in New England, but who had imbibed the spirit of Hawaii, and took more interest in the light canoe of the bounding surf than in the steady and respectable old *Mayflower*.

"And the bedrooms and your dining-room, how have you planned them?" asked Miss Practical.

"Oh, the bedrooms will be around—somewhere," answered the lady of Waikiki, vaguely. "And luckily we can bathe in the sea—bath-rooms are so expensive, and our meals, of course, we will have in the *lanai*, out in the fresh, beautiful air, and we will never go into the house excepting to sleep."

Yes, the houses of Hawaii are now built around the *lanais*. It is in the *lanai* that one lives, and the rest of the house makes but little difference.

The road to Waikiki is a dream of the bicycler's heart. From the city of Honolulu to its beach, a distance of five miles, the rider has a straight, hard, broad road, upon which the dust at the worst and driest of seasons is but light, and then a dip in the warm salt water, in which he can stay for any length of time without danger of chill, or else the beautiful shady roads through Kapiolani Park may lure him on, for the fresh trade-winds which softly blow through the summer months make wheeling a pleasurable and possible pastime.

During the winter the south wind, which the natives call "the sick wind," occasionally takes the place of the lovely trade-breezes that the islander looks upon as his right. It is then that one feels depressed, languid, unable to think or to work or even to plan a pleasure party. It is then that the new-comer falls a victim to the "bochon fever," another name for the blues. It is then that the striped day mosquito, more vicious than his brother who only comes out after dusk, is rampant, and kid gloves must be tightly closed in glass jars to prevent their spotting; it is then that the hair of the girls becomes limp, and the desirable "fluff" is not to be attained; it is then that appetite fails, and the residents, as they wipe the perspiration from their brows, begin to plan a trip to the States, their thoughts turning longingly to the winds and fogs of San Francisco. But with the return of the "trades" all this is forgotten, and the days fly away merrily, and, alas! all too fast.

In this pleasure-loving and hospitable land one form of entertainment follows another, and enjoyment seems to be the aim and object of existence. Dances on the men-of-war, picnics to Pearl Harbor, yachting on the Healani and the Hawaii, *luaus*, moonlight boating and bathing parties, dinners, lunches, yes! even the ubiquitous "tea"—what form of pleasure-seeking is not known to Hawaii? But at Hawaii's "tea" the celebrated Kona coffee is served, and he who drinks of this coffee of the islands forgets all woes, no matter how potent. And to all kinds of entertainment, formal or informal, one is bidden by the telephone—the telephone of a system complete, perfect, and so little inclined to hurry its messages as it ought to be consistently with the general order of things. To be cut off in the middle of a sentence is an aggravation almost unknown. Love-making, gossip, repartee, politics—everything goes through the telephone. Prudence is never learned, and everybody confides in "Central" as if he were a fond parent.

The *luau* is still a popular attraction, and differs little from the native feast of former days. Then the viands were spread upon the ground, which was first strewn thickly with *ti* leaves, but now, to accommodate our less easy style of dress, tables are more often used, although the table-cloth is still of *ti* leaves and ferns.

There are plates, but no knives or forks. This, however, disconcerts no one who has ever been to a *luau* before. Each end of the table is graced by a roasted pig, and all along the centre there are ohelos, mangoes, bananas, and oranges. Among the ferns rest many small boiled crabs, making, with the green leaves, a pretty combination of color. There are calabashes everywhere, some filled with *poi*, some with the milk and meat of very young cocoanuts, and some with *koele palau*, a pasty substance of sweet potato and grated cocoanut mixed, as appetizing as it is indigestible. Deposited about are many mysterious looking bundles tied up in *ti* leaves, which keep the contents of *lawalu* fish or chicken steaming hot, and have the added advantage of exciting curiosity as to the contents. *Lawalu* fish or *lawalu* chicken is delicious. It is cooked in an *imu*, or earthen pit underground, after being tied up in *ti* leaves, and thus all the juices and flavors are preserved.

After a few attempts, it will be plain to the foreigner that *poi*, a blue gray paste made from pounded taro, fermented, is an acquired taste, and he may resolve to postpone the acquiring, although to be a *kamaaina* (a child of the islands) one must like *poi* and must learn the dexterous twist of the wrist which causes the paste to adhere to the finger in a neat compact lump, easily transferable to the mouth.

Eating from the same calabash as one's neighbor may seem a trifle odd, and the snakelike squid is discouraging. A dish of pale sickly looking little shrimps sometimes appears. One marvels at their lack of color, and wonders if the roseate hue that they should share is all concentrated in the crabs, then some of them will move, even squirm, and the dread truth will dawn upon one. They are a rarity, and much in demand. At the end of the feast finger-bowls are passed around, and they are no obscurity.

Then the Kanaka boys play their irresistible native tunes on *ukulele*, guitar, and *taro patch* fiddle, and the guests lounge around in hammocks and reclining chairs, with brightly colored, sweet smelling *leis* around their necks, lazily chatting and laughing, or humming the familiar airs as the Kanaka boys accompany their stringed instruments with their sweet voices. Occasionally one of the boys, animated by the unrivalled swing and rhythm and marked cadence of a favorite *hula*, may jump up from his seat and dance a few steps of the *hula*, the modified form of the dance, while the circle around accentuate the time by clapping their hands.

No *luau* is ever given without the decorative *lei*; it may be made of carnations or the fragrant *maile*, or gardenias—in fact, any and all flowers can be used in the *lei*, but the *lei* of roses is seen no more. The beautiful rose-gardens of Honolulu are now a matter of memory alone, for the Japanese rose-bug has destroyed all the handsome bushes.

The *luau*, like all good things, comes to an end, and then "Hawaii Ponoi," the national hymn, the signal for breaking up. Then for light wraps or often none, and the drive home through the delicious evening air, fragrant with magnolias and stephanotis, and, for those who live at Waikiki, the cooling dip in the sea before bed, and a dreamless refreshing sleep. The *luau* is dear to the foreigner, but what is it to the natives with their love of fish and *poi?* They will spend a week's earnings at the fish-market, and with their happy carelessness give no thought to the morrow. When cholera threatened Hawaii, in 1895, there was indeed *pilikia* among the natives, for the harbor and taro patches were poisoned with cholera germs, and both fish and *poi* were *tabu*. *Pilikia* expresses any phase of trouble, from its most serious and pathetic aspect to the momentary disarrangement of a *ukulele*

string; perhaps no other word was coined because all troubles are troubles for the moment, and none live in the Hawaiian heart.

A joyous, shiftless, warm-hearted, generous race, if lazy and untrustworthy withal. The women lounge around, making *leis* for sale, the men fish and work about the wharves—and they hire the Chinese and Japanese to attend to their household duties.

The men are stately and well formed, and the carriage of the women is the admiration and envy of their white sisters.

They are tall, and would appear too stout in any but their Mother Hubbard style of dress, but they hold themselves superbly, and walk with an indescribable grace, holding the train of their *holokus* well up, disclosing spotless petticoats and their shapely bare brown feet and ankles. In spite of their *insouciance* they are highly superstitious, and the *kahuna* can do with them what he will. He possesses the powers of priest and doctor combined, and has "prayed to death" many a poor Kanaka, who simply gives up and fades away when he hears that a *kahuna* has a lock of his hair and is chanting the *mele* to bring about his end. Pele, the goddess of the volcano, may be appeased, and a live pig is often thrown into the volcano as an offering to induce her to stop the flow of lava, but nothing is ever attempted to divert the fell purpose of the *kahuna*.

"*Kahuna* pray to die, *makepepelikia*; no can live; medicine no good; *ae kahuna pau* pray, I die!" they will answer, with calm conviction, to all arguments.

It is not to be wondered at that the goddess Pele is worshipped as well as feared by the Kanakas, for who can watch the fiery seas of Kilauea and not feel a wondering awe and a recognition of some tremendous majesty of force and power?

Hawaii, with your fountains of molten lava, your winding forest of thirty miles of tropical splendor, your pretty little town of Hilo; Maui, with your view of sublime beauty from the summit of Haleakala; fertile Kauai, "the garden island," with your rice and sugar fields, your beautiful bay of Hanalei, with its surrounding green hills, and your famous "singing sands"; and Oahu, with your dainty, gay little capital, Honolulu—ah! it is hard to sail away and leave your balmy, beautiful, hospitable shores. Hard to leave, and made all the harder by the genial, warm-hearted, half merry, half sorrowful farewells; by the band stationed on the wharf playing alternate sad and lively airs, by the last offering of the fragrant *lei* with which those departing are laden, by the very fact that the whole of Honolulu assembles to wish God-speed to the good ship about to sail.

The gong sounds, and the immense crowd on the decks seems to melt away and only the passengers are left, looking like animated flower gardens as they stand, festooned with their floral wreaths, and wave good-by.

"*Aloha oe, aloha oe*." "The band boys" seem to throw additional pathos into the tender melody. A pretty girl loosens a *lei* from the heavy mass around her neck, and throws it to a naval officer standing on the edge of the dock. "*Aloha!*" she calls, as it falls at his feet, and judging by his radiant expression, he attributes to that *aloha* the warmest meaning of which it is capable. "*Aloha oe, aloha oe*." The plaintive strains follow the now fast-receding ship.

The crowd is thinning out on the wharf; up through the streets saunter the people by twos and threes, the men return to their business, the women drive off in their carriages, the naval officers return to their ships or escort the girls through the town to tennis, tea, or wherever it may be. Honolulu returns to its usual serene tranquillity,

The world forgetting, by the world forgot,

until next steamer day. RICHARD HAMILTON POTTS.

AN ARROGANT MAID.

A Story of the Cumberland

BY EVA WILDER BRODHEAD

"Looks like Marciny Shadoan," said one of the men lounging about the steps of the store at the head of the lane. The others, rousing from afternoon lethargy, cast speculative eyes up the stony road, between the tall wayside weeds of which a figure was rapidly advancing.

"She ain't just the kind of person you'd be apt to take fer some'n else!" remarked the storekeeper, smoothing his hair and hastening to roll down his shirt sleeves.

"Well, no," returned the miller, blowing a dust of flour from his hat. "Best favored girl in the county. A little darker complected than I like, and awful prim and proud—" He broke off to say, with engaging cordiality, "I hope you're right well, Miss Marciny. Mighty pretty weather we're havin'."

The girl to whom he spoke lifted a pair of dark soft eyes, and smiled with condescending graciousness as she picked her way along. A frilled white sun bonnet arched demurely above the parting of her dense black hair, and in the midst of the flapping muslin ruffles her dark, richly tinted face was like the golden heart of a colorless rose. Holding her print skirts a little aside, she turned quickly into the lane and cast a swift glance toward the school house, a gray little structure just beyond her, in a mist of cedars.

"School's been dismissed half an hour," she murmured, rather nervously. "I hope I'll find him by himself. I don't reckon he'd be keeping anybody in till now—low as the sun's getting!" and she looked along the west, which was pale with a declining light. A soft amber tone brooded over everything, touching the blunt spire of the church to wan gold and yellowing the slant roofs of the village. Here and there between the small old houses this chrome tint struck vividly upon a patch of autumn corn-field, turning the piles of fodder into heaps of bronze armaments.

A ridge of sienna-burnt trees and bushes grew at the further side of the road. Below this, far down under the tall cliff on which the hamlet stood, the Cumberland River made way, silent and unseen for its distance and the close wood of the cliff's edge. The tinkle of water that forever took the ear came from an underground stream which broke from the dark mouth of a little cave just below the brow of the bluff. In winter, when mountain currents were high, this stream had volume enough to glaze the whole cliff side in a continuous sheet of silver. Now, however, it was just a thread of crystal, tangling the rocks in a glittering woof, and catching a glimmer of green from the moss and ferns of the heavily wooded steep.

Its murmur was as unimpressive to the villagers as the ticking of a clock. Marcina Shadoan was not aware of hearing it at all as she walked up the grassy lane, passing three or four little box houses which crouched by the way in weedy yards. An old woman who sat knitting in a doorway looked up over her glasses at the sound of Marcina's stiff skirts.

"Why, howdy?" she said, dropping her work into her broad blue lap. "Where you travellin', Marciny? You look fresh as a rose just blowed!"

"I'm going up yonder to the school house," explained the girl, pausing. "He hasn't gone home yet, has he—the schoolmaster?"

"Not yit. He's awful studyous, Marciny. Don't ever go home till nigh onto early candle-lightin'. For a right good-lookin' young feller, pink cheeked and yeller headed like he is, he ant'n'y do set more store by book l'arnin' than I ever see eheled. 'Tain't natchel; and it's wearin' on him, too. He's only ben teachin' here for two weeks, and he's growed paler and peakeder from day to day. I was passin' remarks to Mis' Calder about it only yistiddy—he boards with her. I told her he needed a good dose of quinine. But d'hw! she said she wouldn't dare to say a word to him. She says— But what was you goin' to see him about, Marciny? Has Jimmy ben actin' up agin? He's a awful scourge on schoolmasters, that boy is!"

Marcina, having taken off her bonnet, flirted it round by its long strings. "Jimmy got sent home this morning," she admitted, while a deep crimson mounted to her swarthy cheeks. "He wasn't bad, though. For a boy rising twelve, he's the sweetest disposition I 'most ever saw, if he is my brother. But he's full of tricks—spirited as a young colt. Maw died when he was only three, Mis' Hitn, and paw's left him to me, and I've never had the heart to lay a hand on him. Not that he's needed it! But maw would have governed better, maybe. Anyway, the new schoolmaster don't understand him, and he's went and sent him home, and told him to *stay* home. And all because the poor little soul brought three field mice to school in a box and let 'em loose! I'd rather paw wouldn't hear of it. He might turn in and peel a rod for Jimmy. Men are so easy put out! So I'm going to explain things to the master, and get him to take Jimmy back. I've never had an introduction, but I've seen him passing, and he looks real pleasant. I *know* he'll take Jimmy back when I've explained."

She smiled and dimpled, and abstractedly patted a loose strand of her glossy hair into a ringlet on her brow. The old woman drew in her withered cheeks.

"Look a here, Marciny," she quavered. "You better not take any airs along of you. He's a terrible uppity young man, Mis' Calder says. Comes of a mighty fine family down near Howena. Mis' Calder heard from a cousin of hers down there that Mr. Henning didn't aim to mix with us folks here any more'n he *had* to. His maw told Mis' Calder's cousin that her son wrote back that there was no one in town he keered to 'sociate with, 'cept it'd be the preacher. And that he was just as glad it was so, becus he aims to study right clost, so's to git a big school in Somerset next year. He 'lowed Greenston was just a bridge over, and he didn't mind the folks here bein' common kind of folks, without no hankerin' for readin' matter. I tell you this, Marciny, so's you won't put your foot in it by bein' too up-headed and high-handed in dealin' with him. Better be just as humble as you know how."

Marcina's bonnet had fallen from her hand. Stooping to reach it, an angry light glinted in her eyes, and she bit sharply at the soft redness of her lip. Her nostrils dilated as she glanced toward the school-house, and her velvety brows met in a stormy black line.

"Humble!" she breathed. "I'm not much used to bein' humble! And when it comes to his 'sociating with such poor, common folks as live in this town—well, there's one of 'em that would scorn to know him! Yes, 'm. I'm glad you mentioned to me what kind of person he was. I was going to be real polite and pleasant—him being a stranger and all that. *Now*—" She caught her breath and menaced the clump of cedars with an ominous eye.

"Now, Marciny," expostulated the old woman. But Marcina had whisked out of hearing and was majestically mounting the school-house steps.

The schoolmaster was sitting at his desk, with a big book spread out before him—a book labelled *Elements of Pedagogy*. He was not reading it, however. His face was buried in his hands, and there was a sort of helpless, hopeless laxity in every line of his slight young figure. This was his first season of teaching, and he had begun it with glowing enthusiasm. He had stated, in a paper read before the teachers of Pulaski County, that "to direct the aspirations of youth and shape his pliant intelligence was a sacred privilege." He still believed this, but vaguely and uncertainly now, for his theories were falling about him like ashes from a crater.

In the same paper he had contemptuously referred to the ferule as "the emblem of those barbaric times when brute force was thought necessary to the enforcement of discipline." Whether or not he still held by this tenet he was even less assured, having thrashed the same boy six times in two weeks.

It was a most distressing experience for Henning. That it had been equally distressing for the Shadoan boy he was by no means sure, for the Shadoan boy was as amiable as he was mischievous, and he took his floggings with a composure so admirable as to leave the schoolmaster in some doubt as to their efficacy. As he thought the matter over in bitterness of heart, the young man concluded that his own self-respect was the thing that had suffered most. He had renounced his principles; that was the sting of it. He had given up enlightened modes of correction for the simple system suggested long ago by Solomon. It was poor comfort to feel that though, in the course of the ages, Solomon had been much cried up as a person of high intelligence, his methods of discipline had failed with Jimmy Shadoan as utterly as any of the modern means which Henning had tried upon the boy.

"I are a miserable failure!" he said to himself. "I am unworthy of my calling—altogether unworthy!" He gave a groan under cover of his hot hands, and then started at the sound of a step hard by.

His tragic moment seemed to have had a spectator. As he lifted his flushed face he saw a young woman standing quite near his desk and surveying him with what appeared to be haughty displeasure.

"I've come to see you about my brother," said Marcina, distantly. "I don't think you understand him. He's the best child in the world if he's handled right. I judged I'd better explain this to you, so's he could start in school again to-morrow. He'd oughtn't to be losing anything."

Henning stared. Marcina's tone was cold and hard. She faced him with uplifted head and compressed lips. The beauty of her face, with its dark, alien aspect, was such as to make Henning dimly recall what he had read of Egypt, and the dusk-eyed daughters of the Nile garmented in the same dull blue which this girl wore. Marcina had crushed her bonnet into one wrathful hand. Its string trailed limply downward. In this uncertain light it might have been a great lotus, with long pliant stem. In the rush of the fancies she evoked Henning thought of palm-fringed floods of turbid water, and sweeps of pale sand, and piles of antique masonry, and sphinx faces as inscrutable as her own, though somewhat calmer.

"If it's all right I'll be going," said Marcina, a little disturbed by the schoolmaster's silence and the dazed look in his eyes.

"If—"

"If it's settled about Jimmy. He's a real forgiving disposition, and don't bear you any ill will. If you'll just tell him you're sorry it happened, and that you'll try to understand him better after this, why you won't have any trouble with him. I reckon I'll be going. Good-evenin'."

She nodded frigidly and swished her blue skirts through the door. Henning sat gazing after her. "She proffered her modest request as if it was a blade," he pondered. "But what beauty! what—" he fetched up to think out some way of receiving Jimmy back without a total and final loss of dignity. It was not an easy problem. It grew less difficult, however, as the dark face of Jimmy's sister became more and more definitely a factor in Henning's calculations.

When the matter was actually accomplished, and Jimmy's black head once more bobbed restlessly among the less alert heads in the school room, Henning found himself wondering just how soon he might expect to see Marcina and receive her thanks for his leniency regarding Jimmy. He particularly wished to see her again, if only to discover that she was infinitely less lovely and interesting than his fancy painted her.

It was with this object that he granted permission to the women of the village to hold in the school room some sort of bazar, for the benefit of something or other, into which he did not inquire. Marcina would assuredly be present. And Henning had a pleasant sense of expectation as he brushed every curl out of his light hair in honor of the occasion, and carefully tied on his blue neck-cloth and brushed his long black coat.

He felt quite contented with himself and life and its prospects as he set out and strode along the dark road up which a wintry little wind was whirring. And as he hurried along he framed several ingratiating remarks, calculated to impress Marcina favorably.

A low red moon peered confusedly over the cliffs. It seemed to give forth no light whatever. About the cedar-hedged school house the darkness was particularly intense.

"They'd ought to hev a lantern out!" grumbled some one, stumbling past Henning in the lane. "But what kin you expect when women runs anything?"

A streak of pallid silver struck outward from an opening door, and Henning saw that the school room wore a surprisingly gala effect. Eight oil lamps, hanging in reflectors, picked out ochreous tints in the battened walls and pine floor and low benches. Their rays also brightened a long table, set forth in heavy glass-ware, and still heavier crockery, and brilliant bouquets of paper flowers. Numbers of girls in starched white cotton frocks sat sedately about the walls, adapting their goodly proportions to the lowness of the primer class's bench. About the doorway a throng of young men and boys stood silent and apathetic, with hands that hung red and heavy, and boots that gave off a weird bluish glow. An odor of coffee came from the little cloak room, in which a number of the village matrons could be seen bustling to and fro.

In a corner beyond the teacher's desk a little bower of cedar and pink paper roses had been established for the sale of lemonade, and as Henning glanced round he saw Marcina in the group of girls below this flowery arch. She seemed to be dressed in white. He could see only her shoulders and the back of her head. She had her hair in a nest of black braids, and a stem of scarlet geranium was thrust behind one ear.

She was talking very amiably indeed to the station agent from the railway town three miles away. As Henning approached, however, this engaging cordiality was not extended to him. Marcina nodded coldly, and went on conversing with the station agent. Henning felt abashed and indignant. He reddened, and turned away and sat down beside the preacher's daughter, a very white young woman, with eyes that were innocent to the verge of blankness.

"It's the most curious thing I ever knew of—her conduct!" he said to himself. "After I'd gone out of my way to take her brother back into favor! She's a capricious, shallow creature, whom it would be folly to try to understand."

But though Marcina's insolent demeanor might be below the effort of comprehension, Henning was unable to dismiss the thought of her. No matter how disdainful she was, she haunted his perceptions continually. And in order to give himself the pain and pleasure of seeing her, he laid aside the *Elements of Pedagogy* more frequently than was consistent with high ambitions and put on the blue tie and long coat and went forth to such social gatherings as were likely to include Marcina.

At these affairs he was a prominent and honored guest, much deferred to and sought after by the daughters of the village. But Marcina never deferred to him in the least. Nor did she simply ignore him. There was a conscious element in her way of avoiding him which did much to reassure Henning that she was acting from a natural antipathy less than from a sense of resentment. He had offended her. That must be it. And hoping to clear away whatever dark misunderstanding lay between them, he said to her once, at a village dance, "I'm afraid I've

vexed you in some way." Marcina regarded him with frozen eyelids.

"What makes you think so?"

"Oh, because you're so kind and sweet to every one except me." He spoke with warmth, and there was a perceptible tremor in his voice as he added, impulsively: "I feel your unkindness more than any one else would, for I care for you more."

Marcina turned her head swiftly, and he saw a deep rose-color rise in her cheeks.

"Well," she said, in a deep, unusual tone, "we can't help our likes and dislikes."

Henning started and paled. Then he drew himself together and squared his chin.

"No," he said, sadly. "That's the pity of it."

When she glanced up again under her black, thick lashes, he had gone away; and after that rural parties saw nothing of him.

November came, ushering in continuous drizzles, which toward the end of the month merged into rains. The village wore a dark and sodden aspect as the river rose and logs thickened in the current. The single road and lane which constituted the thoroughfares of Greenston lay thick in the red mud. The cliff side emerged from its summer veiling of green and showed a stern and awful face behind the gray outpour of the cave stream, now beginning to swell with winter rains.

"I ben inside that cave as fur as a mile," Jimmy Shadoans informed Henning one afternoon as they went down the lane together. "Me 'n' Joe Bailey walked in along the ledge that runs just above the water. We could of gone further, only Joe wanted to come out."

"Yes?" said Henning, absently, thinking how much like Marcina's Jimmy's eyes were—except, indeed, for their expression. For Jimmy was quite fond of the master by this time. They had settled their differences long ago; and Henning had discovered that there is no government equal to the self government which a pupil can exercise when he becomes really affectionate in his feelings for those in command. "Yes," said Henning, "old Joel Hicks was saying the other day that his father, who was the earliest settler hereabout, used to tell queer tales about that cave—something about Spanish buccaneers and buried silver and that sort of thing. He always vowed that there was money hid away under the ledges above the cave stream. All nonsense, probably!—old crany lore. Well, here's my domicile, Jimmy. *Bonjour*."

The next day but one, as Henning was returning from school, on the edge of dusk, with the *Elements* under his arm, he saw a woman hurrying down the lane through the stiff wagon ruts. She had a shawl on her head, but the face glimpsing from the folds made Henning's heart execute an almost painful leap.

"It's a shame," she burst out, breathlessly, "to keep a boy in so late as this, without a snack to eat since breakfast!—and he's studied up right close of late, Jimmy has. But you never understood him. You never tried—you never—"

"Are you speaking of Jimmy? I haven't kept him in. He hasn't been to school to-day at all," cut in Henning.

Marcina's lashes sprung wide. She stared at him almost wildly. Then a flush of shame rose in her dark young face.

"Oh," she murmured, brokenly—"oh, he never played truant before—never! never!"

"Joe Bailey was absent too," meditated Henning, with a troubled air. "They're great chums. I suppose they're together." He and Marcina were walking along the hard roadway side by side. At the gate of the Calder house Henning paused.

"If I can do anything—" he began.

Marcina drew the shawl more closely about her miserable face. "You can't do anything," she said, going on.

That night as the schoolmaster sat over his books ruminating upon Marcina's unhappiness, he heard Mrs. Calder lumbering up the stairs.

"SHE FACED HIM WITH UPLIFTED HEAD AND COMPRESSED LIPS."

"Oh, law me!" she panted, appearing breathlessly in his doorway. "If that Jimmy Shadoans ain't the beatenest contrapshun you ever seen! What would you reckon he's ben up to now? I jest heard of it this minute. Seems he never got home from school to-day, and Marcina thought he might be over to Bailey's. And lo 'n' behold, Joe Bailey was missin' too. And whilst Marcina and Mis' Bailey stood discussin' of what they could of got to, why, Joe's little brother he bu'st out crying, and said he knowed but dursn't tell. He promised to keep his mouth shet, he said. But after his ma'd slapped him a right smart lick, he blarted out that Joe and Jimmy had went explorin' up the cave stream, and 'lowed to fetch back a bull pensel of gold money that was hid away up there some'r's. And with that Mis' Bailey and Marcina—well, the next I heard was the hull town a-runnin' to the cave, and they tell as the stream's rose clean over the ledge, and—" She was talking to emptiness, for Henning had snatched his hat and was running down the stairs.

Outside it was dark as pitch. Here and there a swiftly waving lantern dashed its bobbing flame along near the ground. Sounds of voices rose high and discordant, and once a woman's cry rang out in a long wailing intonation.

Henning parted the bushes above the cave and looked down. Among the loose rocks below a crowd of villagers stood clamoring and gesticulating. The lantern rays cast up their excited faces in strange effects of shadow, and defined the dense gloom which lurked about the sheer cliff side, and made an appalling crimson of the gushing cascade. The maw of the cave, bearded with wintry vines all hoar with froth, yawned darkly below Henning's feet. He could see Mrs. Bailey, sustained by two women, flinging her arms wildly about her head and wailing. "Oh my boy! my Joey! Oh he's gone! I'll never see him no more! Oh don't you speak no comfort to me! Ain't you heard 'em say the ledge is three feet under water? 'Twas fify as a bone this mornin' when I looked in as I drawed water from the spring yonder. Oh Lord! Oh—"

"Hush now, Mis' Bailey! They're fetchin' the boat. There they come up the river path with it right now—Jones's skiff. Don't ye take on so. They'll row right into the cave and git the boys out."

"They're drownded long ago!" cried Mrs. Bailey.

The schoolmaster, letting himself down the cliff by means of a sapling, caught sight of Marcina crouching motionless against the side of the cave. Her dark braids dabbled their unbound ends in the water, and her face was prone in the sharp wet rocks. Once she lifted it wildly, and Henning was terrified at its grayness, its drawn lips and set eyes.

"If there was only more men here!" cried some one. And Henning remembered that, in consequence of an expected rise in the Cumberland, most of the men of the town were away working on the booms at the head waters. Those who remained came presently into sight, carrying a light skiff up the stony path. The storekeeper's head rose first into view; and as he set down his end of the boat, his mother rushed upon him.

"You ain't goin' to row that boat, Abel—the onlest boy I got, and me a widder! Them boys is past he'p. There's three foot of tide over the driest spot in the cave. No one knows what whirlpools and water-spouts is in that awful place. No, Abel! You ain't goin' to resk your life!"

"I'd as lief go—" began the miller; but his wife shrieked and clasped him.

"You got four little children, Hiram! Let them go as hain't no family. There's Mr. Henning taking off his coat now—and John Marks."

"We got no one but ourselves to think of," said Marks. "Altogether now!" They heaved the boat over the rocky lip of the cave and into the water.

Henning, with the oars in his hand, stepped up after it, past the wet, shelving rock on which Marcina knelt. She had risen, and as Henning neared her she staggered forward and caught at his sleeve with stiff fingers.

"Wait!" she panted, in a piteous kind of whisper. "Oh wait till I tell you—till I tell you—"

"When I come back," said Henning.

But she cried out: "When you— Oh, you may never come back—that black dreadful place! And I've been so mean to you—so— But I want you to know I've only been putting it on. It's hurt me like death every time I've give you a sharp word. For I—yes, I've cared—I've loved you! Yes, in spite of your saying there was no one here you wanted to 'sociate with. And the more I've loved you, the worse I've remembered what you said—" Her voice was only half audible in the roar of the water and the loud tones of the throng. But its faintest murmur bore straight to Henning's heart.

"Oh, Marcina! If ever I said anything so foolish it was before I had seen you. And since then— But Marks has the oars set. I must go—"

She gave a faint sob, and tried to take her clinging hands from his arm, and failed, and so laid her forlorn fair face upon them and wept outright. Henning looked around to summon some woman to his aid. But a new disturbance had arisen in the crowd. A cry rang up. And from the press of the throng a dark little figure leaped toward the schoolmaster and Marcina, crying out: "What's the matter with her? What you doin' to my sister to make her cry so? Marciny, I'm here—"

Marcina turned. Henning had caught the boy by the shoulder in a grasp like iron.

"It's you? What in the name of— We were just going up the cave stream to look for you. Where did you come from? How—what—"

"We 'ain't been near the cave," said Jimmy, smothered in his sister's arms. "We aimed to, but we met a feller that offered us a job of catchin' staves down in the shallows—the tide's a-sweepin' 'em out of the boom by hundreds. So we went and rowed down there in Joe's dug-out. We 'lowed we could splore the cave any day, but 'tain't often you git a job at catchin' staves."

"Oh, Jimmy! what torment I owe you!" cried Marcina, between two hugs. And lifting her brimming eyes to Henning, she added, "I'm going to ask you to punish him."

"I can't do it, Marcina," cried Henning. "I owe the scapegrace too much happiness."

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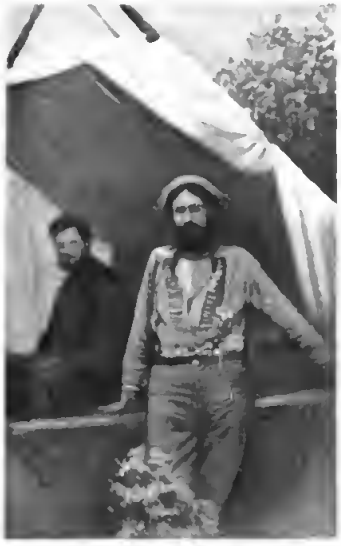
THE YUKON NEAR SALMON RIVER.

FIRST WORK ON A YUKON PLACER CLAIM

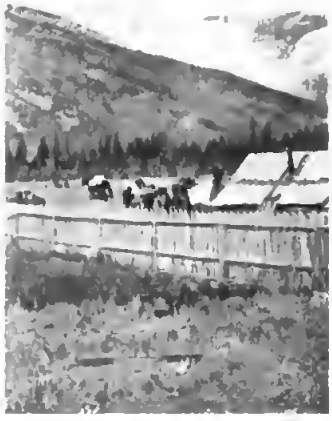
A TYPICAL PLACER CLAIM, SHOWING CUT, SLUICEWAYS, AND TAILINGS.

MINERS IN CAMP NEAR LAKE BENNET
From Photograph taken last spring.

BOATS AT THE HEAD OF LAKE LABARGE.
Ice good on Labarge two Weeks after it breaks in the Lewis River.



TENT LIFE ON A PLACER CLAIM, GLACIER CREEK, FORTY MILE DISTRICT.



A PACK TRAIN ABOUT TO LEAVE DYEA.

STEAMER "ALICE" LEAVING CIRCLE CITY, JULY, 1898, WITH PASSENGERS HOMEWARD BOUND

THE GOLD DISCOVERIES IN THE KLONDIKE, NORTHWEST TERRITORY.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. D. VAN WAGENEN.—[SEE PAGE 791.]

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THE KLONDIKE MINING-CAMP.

San Francisco.

THE romance of the gold hunters in California in 1849, of the finders of millions or millions of gold and silver in the Comstock Lode of Nevada twenty years later, is surpassed by the stories of the lucky men who during the last two weeks have arrived at San Francisco and Seattle with thousands of dollars in nuggets and gold dust, washed out from the fabulously rich placers of the Klondike district in Alaska. In California pioneer days men crossed the plains in great caravans, the journey occupying three months. Peril there was from Indians, and from snow and cold in the fall, should an expedition be belated; but the Donner party, which was snow bound near the summit of the Sierras, and some of the survivors of which indulged in cannibalism, was the only large party that met great disaster. The Alaska trip, on the other hand, is full of danger from starvation, exposure, and a climate that is often deadly to the strongest men. Not one of the returned miners with whom I have talked in the last few days attempted to minimize those dangers. All unite in saying that the risks, the hardships, the fearful cold of winter, and the equally fearful humid heat of the short, fierce summer cannot be exaggerated. In winter the mercury frequently falls to 70 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit, while in summer the snow melts in a week, the mercury jumps to 95 degrees in the shade, clouds of steam rise from the thawing earth, and swarms of huge mosquitoes and gnats settle upon every living creature. Many men who can endure the dry cold of winter are permanently invalided by the moist heat of summer. What makes this enervating air more fatal to health is the enormous surface of water that is exposed to the fierce sunlight. The air is dense with vapor, and the slightest exertion produces extreme lassitude. It is then, also, that the monotony of the diet of bacon and beans has an evil effect on the constitution.

The Klondike River, as which the new placers were discovered, lie in the British Northwest Territory, two thousand miles almost directly east of St. Michael. It is fifty-two miles from Forty Mile Post, which is the nearest large station. From Juneau it is six hundred and fifty miles in a northwest course. Dawson, the headquarters of the new diggings, is at the junction of the Klondike and Yukon rivers. The population last June is Dawson was 1000.

The discovery of this new northern Bonanza was an accident, as mining discoveries usually are. An old Yukon miner, George Cormac, who had lived for twenty years under the arctic circle, and who had made little money in all this time, went up to the confluence of the Klondike and Yukon rivers to fish for salmon, which usually run in large quantities in the Yukon River at that point at the end of spring. He arrived at the place in June, 1896. The salmon did not run, and hence he had recourse to prospecting in the creeks that empty into the Klondike a few miles above its mouth. He knew that this territory had been prospected by experts, and that their decision was that there was no gold in paying quantities north of the Yukon, and especially in the British possessions, where he then was.

He travelled up the Klondike three miles, then made his way through tangled thickets up a little stream with precipitous sides. He had two Indians with him, and the three set to work to prospect in the primitive Yukon fashion—that is, they cut wood, set fires every night on the ground to thaw out the frozen gravel, and each day dug out of the prospect hole the loose earth which was thawed down not over twelve inches by the fire. In this way, in about ten days, they reached bed rock at a depth of fifteen feet, when Cormac was astonished to pan out from the loose dirt near bed-rock from fifty to one hundred dollars in coarse gold to the pan. By this time his provisions were nearly exhausted, so he sent an Indian to Forty Mile Post, fifty two miles away, for supplies, he remaining on the ground to prospect further. He also sent a note to several of his friends in Forty Mile Post, telling them of his discoveries. Several men responded and came up, took up claims, and began to prospect; but it was not until nearly three months had passed before any one came in with an adequate supply of provisions, and with tools to work the claims properly. These men soon took out several thousand dollars' worth of gold-dust, and it was the return of two of this party to Forty Mile Post, late in the fall, which led to the unprecedented gold rush to this little camp. Not fifty able-bodied men out of a population of 1500 were left in the camp three days after this gold dust was brought in.

With the mercury 50 degrees below zero, with snow covering the ground in every direction, the party packed their household goods on sledges, and with dogs and by hand they pulled these sledges over the ice of the Yukon and over the snowy fields until they reached the junction of the Klondike and Yukon rivers, where there was a small settlement gathered around a little new mill operated by Joe Ladue, one of the old Alaska Company's traders. The party pushed on to the creek where Cormac had made his big discovery, and which they promptly named Bonanza Creek. This and the neighboring creek, called El Dorado, were promptly staked out in claims, and work was begun immediately. At first, in the delirium of this gold excitement, there was a prospect of fatal quarrels over the location and the extent of the claims which each man could take up, but luckily the Northwest Territory official surveyor, William Ogilvie, was on the ground, and his suggestion to reserve the two creeks and to give each man the allotted space under the British mining laws was accepted. He promptly surveyed the territory, and each claimant received 500 linear feet, extending across the width of the creek. In this way some men obtained claims 1000 feet wide, but the great majority received allotments about 600 feet wide.

The news of the extraordinary find spread with great rapidity down the Yukon, and in a few weeks most of the old mining-camps for 1000 miles down the river were partially abandoned, and the few people who had been working in mines that paid from $4 to $20 a day arrived at the new bonanza. Around Ladue's old mill sprang up a town of tent and shanties, which Ladue named Dawson, in honor of the original British surveyor who mapped out all this far northern territory. The Alaska Commercial Company sent in all the provisions that it could gather up from its stations, but most of this food did not reach the camp until the following spring. There would have been actual famine in this little remote mining district had not one man had the foresight to bring in food. This was Clarence Berry, a young farmer from Fresno County, California, who had been mining with indifferent success on the Yukon for two years. Luckily he had $3000 worth of provisions when the news came of Cormac's rich strike, and he added to this another $1000 worth, which he bought at Forty Mile Post. With this large supply he was enabled to keep alive the 500 or 600 men who were working in the camp until the Alaska Commercial Company was enabled to bring in further supplies. No one had any money, so Berry sold his goods on credit, taking in part payment shares in sixteen different mines on the creek. In this way he was enabled to help out his companions and at the same time to acquire interest in these mines, which in another season will make him more than a millionaire.

The curious feature of the development of this camp is that it should have remained for six months unvisited except by men already on the Yukon. As early as last January, William Ogilvie's official reports of the extraordinary richness of the pay dirt in these claims reached Ottawa. Because Ogilvie was a surveyor and not a miner, all the experts in Canada as well as in this country pronounced his reports wildly exaggerated. Even as late as last March reports also came out to Juneau, brought by William Carr, the regular mail-carrier, and these also were discredited by the great majority of mining men in Alaska and in this country. It was not until spring opened and men returned with sacks and cans of gold-dust as practical proof of the richness of this district that the rush actually began. Then every steamer to the north from Seattle and Victoria was crowded, and every one who could leave Juneau or St. Michael took an outfit of provisions and started for the camp.

The great excitement, however, did not reach the Pacific coast until July 14, when forty miners arrived at San Francisco on the steamer *Excelsior*, bringing with them nearly a half million dollars in gold dust and gold nuggets. These men had been in the Yukon district for various periods extending from ten years to a single twelve-month. They represented every trade and occupation, and the amounts that they brought down carried from $5000 to $150,000. To one at a distance it seems like a fairy tale to hear of men who had been mining for several years and making no more than their board suddenly enriched in five or six months with fortunes sufficient to last them the remainder of their lives. Every one who read the first reports brought by these miners fancied that there was wild exaggeration in their tales. But I have talked with a dozen of these men, and all have told substantially the same story. They do not minimize the hardships or the trials which they had to undergo, nor do they say that every one who goes to the Yukon will return with a fortune. But they all agree that since the great discovery of gold in California by Marshall, near Sutter's Mill, and the rush which followed that discovery, there has been no mining discovery in the world which promised such liberal returns to the poor man as this Alaskan gold-field.

One returning prospector, J. O. Hestwood, of Seattle, told, to my mind, the most remarkable story of all these prospectors. He had mined on the Yukon for three years. The first year he contracted the scurvy from living exclusively on salt pork and beans, and was brought out of the territory almost in a dying condition. With spirit enough he returned the next season, but his claims paused out only a meagre living. Then he returned to California and delivered a series of lectures through the State on the resources and the wonders of Alaska, illustrated with stereopticon views. In this way he made enough money to furnish him an outfit, and he was at Glacier Creek near the Klondike when the news of the discovery came. He promptly packed up his belongings, and was among the first to reach the new camp. He took up a claim, but the prospects did not please him, and as others were disappointed in sinking their first shafts, he abandoned the camp and started down the river. His boat broke down, and he was compelled to return on foot to the new mining district. By this time pans of dirt ranging from $500 down to $125 had been found in several claims, and he at once proceeded to develop his property. He worked throughout the season, hiring a couple of men to help him.

The processes of mining, as described by him, are probably the crudest known to the world. On the banks of these creeks miners dig a prospect hole, ranging from fifteen to twenty-five feet deep, until they reach the pay dirt and bed-rock. These prospect holes, as I have said, are sunk laboriously by thawing out the frozen gravel. Each night a big fire is built, and it is permitted to burn until the next morning. Then the thawed-out gravel is shovelled out and thrown into large heaps on the bank. When the shaft is sunk to a depth of about six feet a windlass is rigged up, and the dirt is brought to the surface in buckets. No attempt is made to wash out this half frozen dirt until the next spring. When the miner reaches bed-rock he works along underneath what is called the pay streak. This streak averages all the way from one foot to three feet in width, and the nuggets and gold dust are found in a tenacious blue clay, precisely as the best gold was found in the early placers in California.

The richness of this pay dirt may be appreciated when it is said that Mrs. Clarence Berry, the wife of the man who made the richest clean-up in the camp, was accustomed to visit the dump of dirt at her husband's claim every day, and with a sharp stick to dislodge from some of these half frozen circle of dirt which showed traces of yellow metal. In this way she actually picked out by hand during three months nearly $3000 in nuggets. One of these nuggets that she obtained from a frozen clod is valued at $250, and resembles in shape and size a medium sized potato.

When the spring came, and the water rushed down through the creeks, the miners were all prepared to take advantage of it. They had built sluices of the most primitive style, but although they had no quicksilver, they were enabled to save the greater part of their gold because of its weight. In the sluices, at distances of six inches, they built little riffles of wood, which caught the gold as the water brought the mingled earth and metal down through the sluice. Mr. Hestwood estimates that they saved ninety per cent. of all the gold in the earth. Another remarkable feature is that this pay dirt, laboriously thrown up on the banks of the creek during six months of the hard winter, was all sluiced out within two weeks. The clean-up, as miners call it, of the claims on the Bonanza and El Dorado creeks averaged $5000 and upwards. It is an equally remarkable fact that not a single miner of the 500 who staked out claims on Bonanza Creek drew a blank. Every one had at least $5000 in gold-dust at the end of the season.

It would require columns to give any adequate description of the exceptional features of this mining camp under the arctic circle. Everything is of the crudest description. Material, tools, and all supplies are extremely costly, far beyond the cost even in such remote desert camps as Coolgardie in Australia. During the winter flour sold at $60 a hundred pounds, bacon sold at from 50 cents to a dollar a pound. Dried fruit, which is absolutely indispensable in the miner's dietary, sold at a dollar a pound. Rubber boots were quoted at $25 a pair. Mackinaw jackets were $25 each. Board of the rudest kind was $3 a day. Miners' wages were $15 a day for ten hours work, or $1 50 an hour for shorter time. The men lived in mere log huts, plastered over the top and chinked between the logs at the sides with moss. They heated these cabins with sheet iron stoves which are prepared expressly for the Alaskan trade. They dressed in heavy flannels, with outer clothing of bear-skin and wolf-skin. They were enabled to work out doors throughout the winter, except when the mercury fell below —60°, but they were forced to take great precautions to guard against perspiration, as any moisture on the exposed skin led to dangerous frost bites.

When the spring came they suffered even greater hardships than in the winter, for the sudden heat was terribly enervating, and the clouds of mosquitoes and gnats made life a burden. No portion of the face could be exposed without attacks from these pests. It is the humid heat of the Mississippi Valley which comes suddenly upon this arctic region as soon as the snow melts. This humidity is due mainly to the large bodies of water which lie in every direction. Every creek, river, and lake is filled with muddy water from the melting snow, and the powerful rays of a torrid sun fill the air with vapor, which is deadly to all except the strongest persons. From the talks that I have had with the returned miners, I think a recent statement of Dr. Willis Everett, of Seattle, is not exaggerated. He made a topographical survey of the Klondike district for the government, and he says, "I have yet to see a man who has remained in that country for two years and retained his health."

Of course all warnings in regard to the dangers and hardships of this life in Alaskan mining regions will have little weight with young and vigorous men who contract the gold fever. The prospect is now that next spring will see a gold rush into this far northern land which has never been paralleled in the history of the world. The two transportation companies are making great preparations for this expected rush, and there will no doubt be provisions and other supplies at this new mining camp next summer sufficient for 40,000 or 50,000 people. The two routes are radically distinct. One is by steamer from San Francisco or Seattle to St. Michael, and from that port by flat bottomed river steamers up the Yukon. This trip consumes forty days. The other route is by steamer from San Francisco or Seattle to Juneau; from Juneau by small steamers to Dyea, and from that point by land over the Chilkoot Pass, then by lakes and small rivers to the Yukon.

This trip consumes about thirty days, and is extremely severe and very dangerous if taken too early in the spring or too late in the fall. Over this route, however, three quarters of those who go into the Alaskan fields will travel, as it is far cheaper, and one is enabled to take a more liberal outfit than by the sea route.

From a private letter I have gained the information that when the steamer *Excelsior* returns from her next trip from St. Michael she will bring in the remainder of the miners who have decided to return to civilization for the winter. The steamer will also bring between five and six millions in gold dust and nuggets.

George Ramsay Fitch.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

Tacoma.

THE gold nuggets brought down from the Klondike by the sixty-eight miners who arrived by the steamer *Portland* on the 17th have this noteworthy characteristic, which all old miners remark at once—they are rough, and some of them have jagged edges. "They haven't come far," these old miners say, "the mother lode is not far from where they were found." This seems probable, for they were all found in two small tributaries of the Klondike which these miners themselves have named Bonanza and El Dorado creeks. The first "strike" was made on Bonanza Creek and when fifty-one claims five hundred feet square had been located on it, so much of it was taken that those who had not been lucky enough to secure a claim before these were taken thought what was left was not worth taking, and so went on to the next tributary above.

There were three in the first party that explored El Dorado Creek. Clarence Berry, who first struck gold on the Bonanza, seems to have been alone. But when the news of his marvellous find reached Circle City, three hundred miles down the Yukon, the rush in his direction was immediate. Some walked the whole three hundred miles, others went by the usual mode of travel for those who have the means, which is by boats propelled by poles. The next boats of the two trading companies that ply up and down the river as far as the confluence of the Pelly, which is 1850 miles from the deltas, brought new recruitments. When the new arrivals found their predecessors panning out dirt that yielded all the way from a few dollars to $900 per pan, all of course wanted claims, and the supply on Bonanza Creek was soon taken.

The claims on both creeks appear to be equally and fabulously rich. Over ten thousand dollars has been taken out from a single "box length," which is 12×15 feet in size, and is so named because a length of sluicing is twelve feet, and a miner can shovel dirt into it from an area seven and a half feet wide on either side. The rich ground is found at bed-rock, as it always is in placer mining and pockets have been found that yielded over $1000 in coarse gold. Single pans of gravel frequently yield $100 to $200 and one washed out over $800. Usually this rich gravel lies in a narrow streak, and the streak is followed from one box-length to another.

Whether more than one streak will be found on any claim is not told yet, as development has not gone far enough. Berry, the first locator on the Bonanza, who is among the returned millionaires, has only worked 130 box-lengths on his claim, and he has brought down $130,000—$1000 to the box-length as far as he has gone.

I have said that all the miners who have made this wonderful find, or profited by it, are tenderfeet. A few incidents which occurred at the dock when the steamer landed, or shortly after, will show how thoroughly this is true. Nels Anderson, of Seattle, borrowed $400 from an acquaintance in the summer of 1895 to go to the Yukon. He left a wife not very well provided for to take care of herself and several small children. This she did successfully, and paid the interest on the $400 besides. She was at the wharf to see the steamer arrive, knowing nothing of the good fortune awaiting her except from rumor, which said that the returning gold hunters had "struck it rich." She certainly had reason to hope this was true, and that her husband had had some share of good fortune. One of the first to come down the plank after the ship had been made fast was Anderson. He carried a stout and very heavy bag in either hand, and just behind him was a friend with two more. These bags and Mrs. Anderson were put into a waiting hack and the party drove home. The bags contained something over $112,000.

Another of the argonauts also a Swede, carried his chest, as many did, to the express office. He wanted to send it "to the government at San Francisco." Asked if he knew how much he had, he said: "I tank I have twenty thousand five hunner dollar." When his sack was put on the scale the clerk told him he had nearly $42,500, and his eye brightened at the news. When asked if he would have a receipt for the value, or by weight, he said he would take it by weight.

A boy not over seventeen took his nugget to a bank, sold them for over $7000, and took the first train for Portland. He said he owned a claim and could get all the money he would ever want out of it. He was not going to return, however, until what he had brought down was all spent. This promised not to take him long, as he bought a box of cigars for the crowd to whom he told his story, and on the train he bought all the newspapers the newsboy had that mentioned his name, and distributed them among the passengers.

Four days after the steamer arrived a colored woman took $17,500 to a bank and opened an account, after taking $500 in cash. She said the gold had been brought down by her husband, who was going back as soon as he could, and she would go with him.

William Stanley, of Anacortes, left his wife only $20 when he went north two years ago. Since then she has supported herself by her own work, sometimes by picking blackberries in the woods. As soon as he could reach the telegraph office after landing he wired her the welcome news that he had brought back $90,000.

That the new fields are as rich as these miners say there can be no doubt. They present incontestable proof of it in the form of nuggets that vary in size from a pin head to a $5 gold piece, with occasional ones that are much larger. If there is finer gold in the gravel, they have not taken pains to save it.

How extensive these placers may be nobody can yet tell. Their full limit may have been reached, but this is not probable, for good claims have been worked for four or five years past on Miller Creek, a tributary of Sixty Mile Creek, which comes into the Yukon about as far above the Klondike as Forty Mile Creek does below. There are good claims on other tributaries of the great river in this neighborhood, so that the field promises to be an extensive one. But if there are so many exceedingly rich claims than those already located, these will yield an immense sum. Those who have come back say that those who have remained have more gold already secured, several times over, than they brought away, but the owners do not intend to bring it out until they have secured more.

Governor Mackenzie, of the Northwest Territory, now on his way home to Regina, believes that the Klondike is richer than the Cariboo proved to be, and $25,000,000 in coarse gold were taken years ago from the bed of Williams Creek alone in that district.

Mr Van Wagenen of Seattle, like Colonel Carr, a lawyer by profession, has twice made the trip old Dyea. The mountain range to be crossed is about 4000 feet high. Goods are still packed over it with difficulty. The descent of the river is made on rafts or in boats, each Argonaut constructing his own. There are two points between the point of departure and the Klondike where the passage is difficult, and even dangerous, because of rocks and rapids. At one a portage of about seven hundred feet is always made. The remainder of the way is smooth sailing, when the river is not too full or too shallow.

It is reported that wintering in Alaska is not so unpleasant as might be supposed. The long nights are depressing, but the air is bracing, and one feels always full of vigor and ready to undertake any enterprise. The temperature frequently ranges below −40° sometimes below −60°. Prospecting is done only in summer, mining in winter.

In its upper part the Yukon runs through a mountainous country, and all its tributaries flow into it through narrow and tortuous valleys. Below Circle City it is a broad flowing stream, with a wide and marshy valley. Some of its tributaries in this part enter it through valleys of considerable width. Steamers with flat bottoms and shallow draught ascend it for perhaps five hundred miles above the Klondike. Navigation of it closes early in October and opens late in May. As the head-waters are much farther south than the mouth, the break up begins in the upper river and tributaries, and the ice packs and crushes its way toward the delta.

The few river boats are wary of being caught on the way by an early freeze, as that would mean certain destruction when the break-up comes in the spring.

C. A. Snowden.

AUGUST.

Dull, dozy days when life is in a swoon,
And spring's quick pulse is of glad hours gone by;
Where, after nightfall, the broad harvest moon
With mellow light beams from the tranquil sky—
Stirred only by the whippoorwill's late cry:
When lake and runnel—O, so mildly—meet,
And to the shade we turn from dust and heat,
Forgetting all of June's rick riotry.

How like the midway mile-post of our life
Are all these shows—August's environment;
The stilling of the billows of high seas
Whereon flotillas move, and argosies
Sail calmly by, now placidly content—
Perhaps to symbol this was August meant.

Joel Benton.

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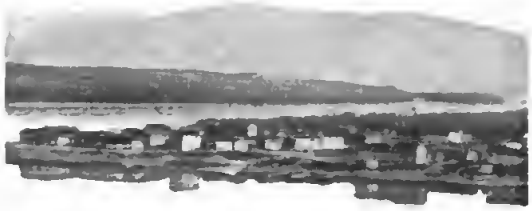
MINERS WITH THEIR BOATS CROSSING LAKE LABARGE ON THE WAY TO THE KLONDIKE.



VIEW OF FORTY MILE POST FROM THE NORTH SIDE OF FORTY MILE CREEK.
Indian Mission in the Distance.

TOWN OF JUNEAU, THE STARTING PLACE FOR THE CHILKOOT PASS ROUTE.—Photographed by Tabor.

THE GOLD DISCOVERIES IN THE KLONDIKE, NORTHWEST TERRITORY.—[See Page 798.]

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AMATEUR SPORT

THE FEATURE OF THE PRESENT POLO SEASON is the unexampled improvement of the second and third class players. Perhaps the dependency upon these classes, in a majority of the tournaments, for the principal sport of the meeting has to a degree emphasized their improvement, but that does not change the fact that the betterment of their skill is decided and material. And no section has provided more evidence to support this statement than Philadelphia. Hitherto teams have journeyed to Philadelphia's annual tournaments with almost certain conviction of victory; they may have even done so this year, but the same confidence is not likely to be enjoyed on another trip Philadelphiawards. There has indeed been a veritable polo boom this summer roundabout Philadelphia, and we are glad to see their sportsmanship in persistently sticking to the game, despite repeated defeat, finally and substantially rewarded. Rosengarten came near befouling that clean sportsmanly record by introducing some of the manner of play he occasionally employed while a member of the University of Pennsylvania football eleven. But the Association promptly fined him, and would have suspended him from play for the year, only that a strong appeal for clemency was entered in his behalf.

I make this statement with deliberation, and for the purpose of warning polo recruits that they will not be permitted to introduce ruffianly tactics into a game which has always been played in a clean, sportsmanly manner.

THE CHIEF REASON PHILADELPHIA LAGGED in polo development was accounted for by there being only one team, that of the Country Club, and but a few men who practised steadily. With the organization last year of the Devon Club, a rival and a considerable number of new players were put into the field. Devon may be said to have awakened Philadelphia to the possibilities of the game, and though the greater number of the season's honors have been won by the Country Club, Devon has had its fair share, and revealed splendid team play. Added to sudden activity was an exceedingly low rating on the handicap list, which also had its influence in the early season successes of the Philadelphia clubs. The last revision of the handicap raises about every member of the Philadelphia teams. In the Devon Club, Snowden is raised from 2 to 4 goals; Kendrick, from 3 to 4; Zeilin, from 0 to 1. In the Philadelphia Country Club, Groome and McKean raised from 1 to 2; Strawbridge and Smith, 1 to 3; Lippincott, 1 to 4; J. F. McFadden, Rosengarten, and Kennedy, 2 to 3; and George McFadden, from 0 to 3.

A study of the new handicap and the résumé of the season's tournaments is sufficiently convincing of Philadelphia's great improvement in the game.

The Philadelphia Country Club has won the Alden, Association, Blizzard, and Morrell Cups, and Devon has won the Meadow Brook Cup.

NOWHERE ELSE IS THE IMPROVEMENT in play so marked, but around Boston (Dedham and Myopia) it has been considerable. Dedham, in fact, is playing one of the most systematic team games seen this year. Its record at the Meadow Brook tournament, where, of four matches played, it lost but one, and that because the ponies were worn out, was notable. If the team's back hit the ball a little harder and moved a bit quicker they would do even better. The last handicap revision raises the Forbes brothers from 4 to 5 and cuts Foster from 6 to 5.

The Myopia's second team is another of the lower class which promises to provide some surprises later in the season. Fay is captaining the team this year, and already they have put on a spurt which has pushed the first Myopia into the hard team game it lacked last year. If no cups fall to second Myopia's lot they will at least enjoy the satisfaction of having driven their first team to play that comes very near being of championship quality.

AT MEADOW BROOK AND Rockaway the first teams are not so strong as last year; Meadow Brook's second team is not very formidable, but Rockaway's second has had the services of W. Anson, an Englishman, and has played some very fair polo. As a matter of fact, however, first-class polo material is scarce at both Meadow Brook and Rockaway this year, and unless the future develops some the standard of play at these two clubs will be lower than it has been for years. In their present form neither of them would be a match for Myopia.

Meadow Brook thus far has had the services of neither Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., nor Columbus Baldwin, and without them Meadow Brook will not be in the championship reckoning this year. W. C. Eustis and Benjamin Nicoll, of last year's team, are playing, and August Belmont has been doing some good work for a man who has been so long out of the game. It is possible that both Hitchcock and Baldwin will play later.

ROCKAWAY IS IN ABOUT the same predicament, only she has no hope of regaining her lost stars, Foxhall Keene and J. S. Stevens, and there are none of equal skill to take their places. Conover has been showing excellent form, and bids fair to make a first class No. 2; so also R. T. Francke has improved, but Albert Francke has fallen off somewhat. Beyond these are no first-class possibilities among the '97 candidates. Anson was promising, but he will be going back to his ranch. Cowdin has been playing his usual high class game. Made up as they are at present, Rockaway is good enough to beat Meadow Brook, but if the latter acquires the services of Hitchcock and Baldwin, Rockaway will hardly hold its present supremacy.

Of the first teams, Myopia is certainly to-day outclassing any of the others, notwithstanding Agassiz and Shaw have both been cut from 5 to 8 goals handicap. Their work has shown great improvement over that of last year, which, though individually brilliant, lacked systematic team work. This year Myopia I is playing a team game, and its members are better mounted. Norman has replaced Fay, and is a stronger man.

WESTCHESTER HAS THE MAKING of a good team, if there were less uncertainty over the playing of the club's best two men—J. M., Jr., and L. Waterbury—and regular practice obtained. There are polo possibilities in these two young men that will put them in the front rank. The two Waterbury boys, S. Mortimer, and Stowe, of Rockaway and elsewhere, have played together as the Westchester Polo Club, and, with Beeckman replacing Stowe, the quartet has represented the Country Club of Westchester. Neither Beeckman nor Stowe fill E. C. Potter's (who, by the way, is practising a little, but will not play this year) place at back, and Mortimer is a long way from first class, but with steady work the team could make a very creditable showing, either at Newport or at Brooklyn, in the championships. They made a splendid record throughout the Rockaway tournament, finally winning the Cedarhurst Challenge Cup from Devon by a quarter-goal, in one of the most exciting games of the season.

WHILE THE TOURNAMENTS THUS FAR, as a rule, have not shown high class play—the Dedham Cups tournament being the exception—yet the games have all been interesting, and some of them exciting—the notable ones being the two between Philadelphia C. C. and Rockaway II., and between Rockaway II. and Devon—all at Philadelphia; between Dedham and Westchester, and Dedham and Rockaway II., at Meadow Brook; between Essex and Philadelphia C. C., Westchester and Rockaway II., Rockaway I. and Meadow Brook I., and Westchester and Devon—all at Cedarhurst; and between Myopia I. and Dedham, and Myopia I. and Myopia II. The feature of the last game was the excellent form and dash of Myopia I. A study of these scores will prove interesting.

Résumé of polo season to date:

Brookline, Massachusetts, May 22

Dedham (A. and W. C. Forbes, Foster, and Warren.)		vs.	Brookline C. C. (Holmes, Shaw, Norman, and Fay.)
Goals earned	10		Goals earned 11
Handicap	1		
	11		
Penalized	½		
Total	10½		

Westchester, New York, June 1.

Meadow Brook I. (W. C. Eustis, Vinget, Roby, and Nicoll.)		vs.	Westchester C. C. (Mortimer L. and J. M. Waterbury, and Beeckman.)
Goals earned	17		Goals earned 8
Penalized	1		Handicap 0
Total	16		Total 8

IN FRONT OF THE ROCKAWAY HUNT CLUB HOUSE.

IN THE GAME

APPROACH TO THE ROCKAWAY HUNT CLUB HOUSE

J. M. Waterbury, Jr. L. Waterbury. S. Mortimer E. E. Stowe

WESTCHESTER TEAM.

R. S. Strawbridge. George McFadden. G. W. Kendrick, 2d. C. S. Snowden.

DEVON TEAM

Westchester, New York, June 4.

Meadow Brook		vs.	Rockaway II. (Savage, Alsop, Conover, and R. Francke.)	
Goals earned	8		Goals earned	12
Penalized	½		Handicap	6
Total	8½			18
			Penalized	½
			Total	17½

ALDEN CUP.

Devon, Pennsylvania, June 10.

First Event.

Philadelphia C. C. (Lippincott, Kennedy, Rosengarten, and J. F. McFadden.)		vs.	Devon (Snowden, Kendrick, G. McFadden, and Altemus.)	
Goals earned	8		Goals earned	9
Handicap	4			
Total	14			

Final.

Philadelphia C. C.		vs.	Rockaway II.	
Goals earned	2		Goals earned	10
Handicap	10		Penalized	½
	12		Total	9½
Penalized	½			
Total	11½			

POLO ASSOCIATION CUPS.

Bala, June 12.

Final.

Philadelphia C. C.		vs.	Rockaway II	
Goals earned	6		Goals earned	15
Handicap	10		Penalized	½
	16		Total	14½
Penalized	½			
Total	15½			

VALENTINE CHALLENGE CUP.

Devon, Pennsylvania, June 26.

Final.

Devon (Strawbridge replacing Altemus.)		vs.	Rockaway II. (Stone replacing R. Francke.)	
Goals earned	3		Goals earned	14
Handicap	9		Penalized	½
	12		Total	13½
Penalized	1½			
Total	10½			

MEADOW BROOK CUPS.

Meadow Brook, Long Island, June 29.

First Event.

Meadow Brook I. (Belmont replacing Roby.)		vs.	Dedham.	
Goals earned	6		Goals earned	6
			Handicap	4
			Total	10

Second Event.

Devon		vs.	Rockaway III. (Hazard, Stott, A. and L. J. Francke.)	
Goals earned	6		Goals earned	9
Handicap	7			
Total	13			

Third Event.

Rockaway I. (Alsop, Conover, Cowdin, and R. Francke.)		vs.	Philadelphia C. C. (Smith, Rosengarten, Kennedy, and Altemus.)	
Goals earned	10		Goals earned	3
			Handicap	14
			Total	17

Fourth Event.

Rockaway II (Stevenson, Savage, Myers, and Story.)		vs.	Meadow Brook II. (Magoun, J. E. Laurie, Jr., Stevens, and Stone.)	
Goals earned	7		Goals earned	8
Handicap	3			
Total	10			

Fifth Event.

Dedham		vs.	Westchester C. C.	
Goals earned	5		Goals earned	2
Handicap	1			
Total	6			

Sixth Event.

Devon		vs.	Philadelphia C. C.	
Goals earned	10		Goals earned	6
Handicap	3			
Total	13			

Seventh Event.

Dedham		vs.	Rockaway II	
Goals earned	14		Goals earned	5
			Handicap	10
			Total	15

Final.

Dedham (Clark replacing W. C. Forbes.)		vs.	Devon.	
Goals earned	6		Goals earned	10
			Handicap	10
			Total	20

BLIZZARD CUPS.

Cedarhurst, Long Island, July 5.

First Event.

Staten Island (Sidenberg, Cowdery, Robbins, and M. Smith.)		vs.	Essex (C. Pfizer Dallett, Headley, and Hallock.)	
Goals earned	0		Goals earned	10
Handicap	8			
	8			
Penalized	½			
Total	7½			

Final.

Essex		vs.	Philadelphia C. C.	
Goals earned	0		Goals earned	8
Handicap	2			
	2			
Penalized	½			
Total	1½			

CEDARHURST CHALLENGE CUP.

Cedarhurst, July 8.

First Event.

Westchester P. C. (Mortimer, J. M. Jr. and L. Waterbury, and Stowe.)		vs.	Rockaway II. (Savage, Alsop, A. and L. J. Francke.)	
Goals earned	8		Goals earned	7
			Handicap	1
			Total	8

Second Event.

Meadow Brook I.		vs.	Rockaway I. (Hazard, Conover, Myers, and R. Francke.)	
Goals earned	6		Goals earned	4
			Handicap	4
			Total	8

Third Event.

Won by Devon on default Rockaway III.

Fourth Event.

Philadelphia C. C. (Zellin, Lippincott, Kennedy, and Smith.)		vs.	Meadow Brook II. (Roby replacing Stone.)	
Goals earned	11		Goals earned	6
Handicap	7			
	18			
Penalized	½			
Total	17½			

Fifth Event.

Westchester P. C.		vs.	Rockaway I.	
Goals earned	16		Goals earned	4
Penalized	½		Handicap	1
Total	15½		Total	5

Sixth Event.

Philadelphia C. C. (Lippincott, Smith, Kennedy, and Altemus.)		vs.	Devon. (Snowden, Kendrick, G. McFadden, and Strawbridge.)	
Goals earned	3		Goals earned	8
Handicap	1			
Total	4			

Final.

Westchester P. C.		vs.	Devon.	
Goals earned	10		Goals earned	3
Penalized	½		Handicap	7
Total	9½			10
			Penalized	½
			Total	9½

NICOLL CUPS.

Meadow Brook, Long Island, July 19.

First Event.

Rockaway I. (Alsop, Cowdin, Conover, and R. Francke.)		vs.	Meadow Brook I. (W. C. and A. Eustis, Vingut, and Nicoll.)	
Goals earned	6		Goals earned	6

Cedarhurst, July 24.

Final.

Rockaway I.		vs.	Meadow Brook I.	
Goals earned	8		Goals earned	6

DEDHAM CUPS.

Dedham, Massachusetts, July 21.

First Event.

Myopia I. (Gardner, Shaw, Norman, and Agassiz.)		vs.	Dedham. (W. C. Forbes replacing Clark.)	
Goals earned	16		Goals earned	3
Penalized	½		Handicap	8
Total	15½		Total	11

Final.

Myopia I.		vs.	Myopia II. (Meyer, Holmes, Fay, and McKean.)	
Goals earned	16		Goals earned	0
			Handicap	15
			Total	15

MYOPIA CUPS.

Hamilton, Massachusetts, July 23.

First Event.

Myopia I.		vs.	Myopia II.	
Goals earned	22		Goals earned	1
Penalized	½		Handicap	10
Total	21½		Total	11

Final.

Myopia I.		vs.	Dedham. (Clark replacing W. C. Forbes.)	
Goals earned	15		Goals earned	2
			Handicap	11
				13
			Penalized	½
			Total	12½

The play of Myopia I. against its second team on the 26th ult. was not so good as that of the week before despite the larger score. Its play was brilliant individually, but the team work not so good as that shown at Dedham.

THE EXHIBITION OF MYOPIA I. at Hamilton last week, against, first, its second team and then Dedham, was spectacular with its brilliant streaks of individual endeavor. But I was surprised at the obvious inconsequential place team-work appears to hold in Myopia's estimation. In the Dedham tournament there had been more team work and much stronger all round play. Instead of pursuing that line, Myopia yielded again to the temptation of exploiting its individual cleverness, and did not play nearly so strong a game, although applause from the on-lookers was enthusiastic and frequent. It was this frailty that cost the team a place in the finals of last year's championship, and the same susceptibility to showy play would be equally disastrous to their '97 chances.

The applause of sympathetic spectators is not an invariable criterion of the quality of polo.

Against its second team at Hamilton, Myopia I. should have made the score much larger; for the occasional listless work of Myopia II. gave many opportunities for scoring which could not be taken advantage of because of Myopia I.'s failure to keep in its positions.

THE SAME CRITICISM APPLIES to Myopia's performance in the game against Dedham on Friday last. Myopia's game on this occasion was certainly brilliant, and to the local spectators, of a very high class. But, to the spectator who looked carefully and knowingly, the game was disappointing. It revealed such an independent plan of play as to raise strong doubts of success against teams of equal class. Gardiner and Shaw appeared responsive to no system other than that which exhibited the long drives of the one and the excellent horsemanship of the other. That Shaw's work was brilliant and valuable, the fact of his being credited with twelve goals sufficiently proves. But the experience of last autumn at Brooklyn rather demonstrated the ineffectiveness of the individual game, be it never so brilliant, against first-class team work.

Gardiner's powerful drives were really quite as often as not entirely too powerful to attain the object sought—*i. e.*, goal making. Time and again the ball crossed the line, spoiling the chance for another stroke that might have shot it between the goal posts.

Man for man, Dedham was outclassed, added to which there was less team-work than it showed at Meadow Brook. The team seemed influenced by the example of Myopia, although Captain Warren got them together for some excellent team-work when they made their first goal. It was notable on that occasion, too, that Dedham's team work carried the ball straight down the field, despite Myopia's strenuous efforts to turn it.

GOOD PERSISTENT TEAM WORK would, in fact, have very much disconcerted the game Myopia played last Friday. Gardiner, seemingly intent only upon runs to goal, offered very little resistance to Dedham's back, who in his turn played too close up, and thus gave the Myopia forwards many opportunities they should not have had to get away on a run for goal. Agassiz at back and Norman at three did the team-work for Myopia, and did it eminently well under the circumstances of being bothered by their less systematic partners.

Altogether, it was not really first-class polo; and it was disappointing after the indications of team play Myopia had given ten days before. Myopia has a great chance this year of redeeming last year's losses, but team work is the one dependable means needed to that end.

THE LONGWOOD LAWN-TENNIS TOURNAMENT was highly successful, despite climatic conditions of a most saddening nature. Larned provided the only high-class tennis, but most interesting of all were the surprises; and according to modern sporting law, surprises are the spice of athletic entertainment. Fortunately for American peace of mind, all of the surprises came our way.

Either Mahony's game has deteriorated since his other visit to Boston, in '95, or he had not got rid of his sea-legs when he met Larned at Longwood. Not merely that he was defeated, but because he was beaten so easily. There is no man playing tennis to-day who could go through the Mahony of 1895 with the consummate ease that Larned last week beat the Mahony of '97. And this is making due allowance for Larned's improvement. Larned's game to-day is but little different from that of two or even three years ago. It was always most brilliant at its best, and most aggravatingly mediocre at its worst. There has been no year since Larned made his first appearance at Newport when highest success was not within his reach, if he could maintain throughout a match the brilliancy of his occasional streaks of play.

Against men of the Wrenn type, who play perhaps even stronger in the last than in the first set of a match, Larned until last week had never sustained his severest game. Where his brilliant rallies have not met continuous and stubborn resistance, Larned has been at his best.

LARNED NEVER PERFORMED MORE BRILLIANTLY than against Mahony, nor were the conditions ever more to his liking—a first-class player offering first-class resistance for one set, and losing form thereafter. Both men were visibly affected by the importance of the meeting, and their play showed it in the first games. Mahony drove out of court and into the net for half the first set, and then pulled himself together long enough to win the set by some clever passing to the back court, but largely by allowing Larned to beat himself. Larned, however, began the second set playing more steadily, and though he lost the second and fourth games by that over-anxiety apparent in his play when working up to his brilliant streaks, he continued accumulating force, and by the sixth game of that set had reached his top form. From that point until the end Mahony's endeavors to stay Larned's triumphant swing were inconsequential. He was outplayed, getting but two games and twenty-one points in the last two sets. Score, Larned wins, 5-7, 6-3, 6-2, 6-0.

The G. L. Wrenn-Whitman match was really more interesting, because more stubbornly contested. Whitman showed much improvement over his recent play, and his supreme effort was rewarded in the third and fourth sets; but he is not, however, in the class with Wrenn, whose game, modelled somewhat after that of his redoubtable brother, is becoming a very strong one. G. L. Wrenn beat Whitman, 6-4, 6-2, 9-11, 8-10, 6-4. How strong G. L. Wrenn's game is becoming was shown by the difficulty Larned found in defeating him—6-2, 4-6, 4-6, 6-1, 6-3—although Larned's unsteadiness was responsible for the postponement of the final result.

H. A. Nisbett's defeat of W. V. Eaves—9-7, 6-4, 8-6—was upsetting. Nisbett is lowest of the visiting Englishmen on the English ranking list, and he had never before last week beaten Eaves. But at Longwood his game was far and away the stronger. He played aggressively, even brilliantly, especially in volleying from the back court, and his backhand strokes were very fine. Eaves may have been out of condition, but the next meeting will decide.

LARNED'S STEADY PLAY, in my judgment, was the feature of the Longwood week. I do not recall another tournament in which he has shown such consistent form. And in no match was this somewhat unusual disposition more apparent than against Nisbett, whom Larned defeated, 6-2, 6-3, 8-6. The Englishman was rather uncertain in his driving, going frequently into the net, but Larned earned enough points to win the match, and had the better of a majority of the brilliant rallies. Larned, in fact, played all round the Englishman, who even at his best seemed the American's inferior.

Larned's victory over Nisbett, and J. D. Forbes's defeat of Budlong (2-6, 6-3, 6-2, 6-0), brought these two together in the final round to decide the challenger for the Longwood cup held by R. D. Wrenn. The Larned-Forbes match was, of course, a foregone conclusion, but it served to show how greatly the game of Forbes has improved. To have defeated Budlong so emphatically is no small triumph, considering the difference in their ranking and experience. Budlong seems to have earned a place among the "also ran."

WRENN'S DEFEAT IN THE CHALLENGE ROUND was not surprising, for this was his first tournament this season; that Larned should have been his conqueror, however, is somewhat unexpected. Not that Wrenn's game, even at its best, is so much better than Larned's, but because Larned has not before succeeded in sustaining his game long enough to defeat the champion.

For that reason, and because of his steadiness against Mahony and Nisbett, the Longwood week seems to my mind the most notable one in Larned's career as a lawn-tennis player. Perhaps he has at last attained that consistency of form promised at the beginning of each season for the last three, and dissipated as regularly in its closing week.

He played a strong, aggressive game against Wrenn, passing him repeatedly, and earning his points in the first, second, and fifth sets. In the others he was somewhat unsteady. Wrenn at all times played to the very end, but showed the need of practice. Score—Larned wins—6-2, 9-7, 2-6, 4-6, 6-2.

This week, on the St. George Club courts, we shall have a further and fairer test of the comparative strength of the English and American games. If Larned holds to his recently acquired steadiness and Wrenn reaches his top form, we shall see the American game successfully represented.

CASPAR WHITNEY.

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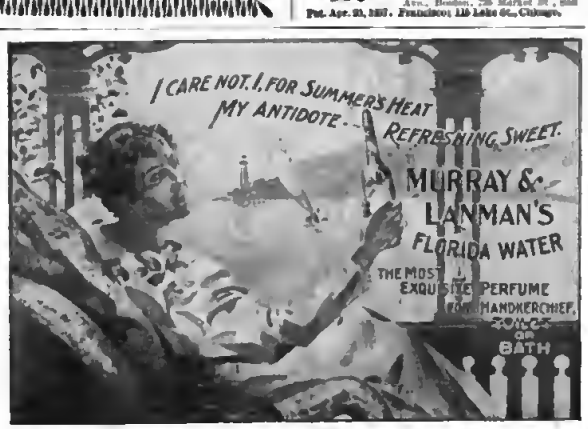

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PAID-UP CAPITAL	$1,000,000.00
Assets,	$20,896,684.63
Liabilities,	17,920,260.27
Surplus to Policy-holders,	$2,976,424.36

July 1, 1897.

Total Assets,	$21,915,633.62
Total Liabilities,	18,550,472.23
Surplus to Policy-holders,	$3,365,161.39

Paid to Policy-holders since 1864,	$33,098,024.29
Paid to Policy-holders, January to July, 1897,	1,355,069.98
Loaned to Policy-holders on Life Policies,	1,014,322.00
Life Insurance in force,	89,923,185.00
Increase in Reserves,	701,490.00

GAINS

6 Months—January to July, 1897.

In Assets,	$1,018,949.00
In Surplus,	388,737.03
On Life Insurance in force,	1,679,918.00
Premium Received, 6 months,	2,833,794.91

(Accident Premiums in the hands of agents not included.)

GEORGE ELLIS, Secretary.
JOHN E. MORRIS, Ass't Secretary.
EDWARD V. PRESTON, Sup't of Agencies.
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WAGGLES. "I chanked it away. I couldn't wear a three button cutaway wid a straw hat, you know."

In homes where the housekeepers' tastes are refined,
And delights of the bath understood,
Pure Ivory Soap is the soap that you find,
With everything else that is good.

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[illegible]

ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller.

[illegible]

CHARLES H. LOUIS,
[illegible] Works.

[illegible]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XLI.—No. 2101

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1897.

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THE KLONDIKE GOLD DISCOVERIES—PROSPECTIVE MINERS CROSSING THE SUMMIT OF THE CHILKOOT PASS.

DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 801.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(Twenty-four Pages.)

New York City, August 14, 1897.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK, N. Y.

THE NEED OF EDUCATION IN THE SOUTH.

SOME time ago the WEEKLY, in speaking of Mr. W. L. WILSON's acceptance of the presidency of Washington and Lee University, expressed some views as to the need of the South for such education as Mr. WILSON and men like him could give to the youth of that part of the country. We also made some comment upon the character of the Southern public men of the present time. These views and opinions called forth a storm of indignant protest from newspapers and from correspondents, which were not answered at the time, owing to the writer's absence from the country.

Now that there is occasion to write again of the South, we wish to express our regret that the animus of the article to which we allude was misunderstood. We had no intention of saying that the South alone needs education, or that Southern politicians alone are without character or talent. We are quite willing to admit that some of the Northern and Western States are as unworthily represented in the Senate as is South Carolina or any other Southern State. But it does not follow, as some of our critics seem to think, that the South is not greatly in need of wise teaching, or that it has men of first class ability in public life, or that it is not given over to every economic heresy of our time.

The reason for speaking especially of the South is that, in respect to its public men, it has fallen from a high estate, and the contrast between its politicians of to-day and its statesmen of earlier times, including even some of its representatives of yesterday, is disheartening. South Carolina cannot contemplate with pride the men who now contend for its political honors. TILLMAN and IRBY are the successors of the giants of the days before the war. It cannot believe that it is a healthy public sentiment which has driven men like WADE HAMPTON and BRAWLEY out of politics, and which destroyed the manliness of BUTLER. It is unnecessary to call the roll of Southern Senators of the present. The few whose names are likely to occur to the average reader will readily enough picture the contrast of which we speak. Since the first article on this subject appeared, one Southern Senator, CAFFERY of Louisiana, has demonstrated that he is worthy of the honorable place which he holds, while CHILTON of Texas has manifested a courage that recalls the honest gallantry of his colleague in his better days. As for the rest, they follow where TILLMAN and MCENERY lead in the vulgar scramble for a share in the spoils of the protective policy.

The time was, and it was not so distant, that no public man in the South would have dared make the assertion that so long as the consumers were to be plundered he would vote that his section should have its full share of the proceeds. We have no illusions about the old leaders, but they were the best of their section, and they were wise and, according to their lights, patriotic men. Their successors are nearly the worst that the cheapest politicians can find, and it will be no answer to this assertion that New York sends EDWARD MURPHY to the Senate, or that BRICE was but recently representing the State that once honored itself by selecting THURMAN, or that JAMES SMITH, Jr., represents the State of New Jersey.

There is very little virtue among the successful politicians of the day. Education is needed everywhere; but in the North—especially in the large cities like New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, and Boston—the work has begun. It has also, it is true, begun in some of the Southern cities in municipal affairs, and notably in New Orleans. But what is needed in the South is a quicker and livelier response to the sentiment for righteousness. There is an educated and patriotic group of men in every Southern State who need encouragement, who need this and that they can obtain only from the more general enlightenment of the people about them. There are newspapers in Louisville, in Galveston, in Mobile, in Montgomery, in Charleston, and in other cities, that are sound and able expositors of economic and social truth—among the ablest and most sincere in the whole country. But there are other Southern newspapers of great popularity that are wrong on every economic question of the time, and there is one newspaper published in Atlanta which openly advocates murder as the proper punishment for negroes who commit outrages on white women.

The teaching of the moral and commercial value of honest money, of the wrongfulness of taxation for the purposes of plunder, and of the sanctity and sovereignty of the law, is something of which the South stands in need, and the WEEKLY has insisted on this need, although it is conscious that very often the kindly advice of a friend is more quickly and bitterly resented than the insults of an enemy. The best public opinion of the South, than which there is none better, is in need of re-enforcement. It is not so insistent, so much in evidence, so angry, as the best public sentiment of the North—at least we do not hear as much of it. It needs organization, and it needs centres of light and leading. It is through the teaching of its youth that the South will eventually resume its place in the politics of the country. It is through the influence of schools and colleges of the best character that Southern men who are now assailing the standard of value and practising violence will be succeeded by a new generation that will know that wealth and prosperity can be obtained only through honest industry and with honest money, and that a community which permits passion to take the place of law, and murder to usurp the functions of courts of justice, not only kills the savage victims of its wrath, but the very seed of personal liberty, self-government, and civilization in the community itself. People who not only lynch but defend the practice of lynching are in need of regeneration. They are in danger of losing all power of self-restraint. They are guilty of treason against the only majesty that we recognize in this republic—the majesty of the law. And it is not only because of the rise of the boisterous and ignorant demagogue to the high places once occupied by the best training and intellect and the most unblemished honor of the South, but because the law and the courts are defied and despised with the consent of whole communities, that we have said, and we repeat, that the South is in especial need of the enlightening and ameliorating influences of education.

MR. SHERMAN'S IMPOLITENESS.

IT is announced that Lord SALISBURY has finally agreed to a conference on the Bering Sea seal controversy, with a view to considering certain alleged errors as to seal life. The conference is expected to take place at Washington during the coming autumn. Much has been said on both sides of the water as to the bad manners displayed by Secretary SHERMAN—first, in signing the letter of instructions to Ambassador HAY; and second, in its publication.

The seriousness of the accusation that the letter itself was impolite depends upon the circumstance of the situation. The letter was a very vigorous expression of opinion, and doubtless it would have been grossly impolite if it had been the first communication addressed by the United States to the British government on this subject. But it was not the first by any means, and Great Britain has given this country a great deal of provocation in this controversy.

It would be well for those who are so disturbed by Mr SHERMAN's impoliteness that they cannot see the merits of the American side of this controversy to recall the history of the Bering Sea negotiations. In the first place, all who have participated in the discussion have agreed that the seals should be defended from indiscriminate slaughter, and that the herds should be preserved from destruction. On this point Lord SALISBURY was in agreement with Mr. BAYARD in the correspondence between the two which took place while the latter was Secretary of State, during Mr. CLEVELAND'S first administration. He also agreed, in principle, to a closed season of longer duration than that provided for by the Paris award and, under the *modus vivendi* of 1892-3, and to other conditions now deemed essential by this country, and denied by Great Britain.

But the good intentions of the British government and the interests of English citizens were abandoned when Canada intervened and practically demanded immunity for the pelagic sealers. Since the decree of the Paris tribunal, the duties which were thereby imposed on the British government have not been performed, and by reason of its refusal to renew the regulations of 1894, or to make other and more effective regulations, it is said to be practically impossible to convict a pelagic sealer if he be Canadian.

In view of all the facts in the case, our government for more than two years has urged Great Britain to confer on the subject. The seals were disappearing, and the British government ultimately refusing to carry out the finding of the tribunal. It avoided and evaded the issue, was impossible to wring from it a satisfactory response to respectful communications addressed to it by the United States government. If the affairs of things had been allowed to continue, Great Britain would have turned a deaf ear to us until the seals had been killed off. She was guilty of bad faith, and while it would have been pleasanter to bring her to a better state of mind by sweeter methods, it was necessary that she should be made to listen. It is to be regretted that the only way to accomplish this was a rough one, and that Mr. SHERMAN was forced by the attitude of British statesmen to characterize the conduct of their government frankly and accurately. It is not the first time that Great Britain has insisted on having her attention attracted to her protagonist by what under ordinary circumstances would be an insult. Impoliteness, international or otherwise, is deplorable, but a rough word sometimes makes for justice.

OUR ASIATIC NEIGHBOR.

THE steady and rapid growth of population in Russia was noted in a recent number of the WEEKLY, with due recognition of the tenacious vitality of a race which, without immigration, has increased from 67,390,645 in 1851 to 129,211,113 in 1897. But the full significance of this fact waits upon another fact of equal importance, that the vast Russian territory lying east of the Ural Mountains and extending to the Pacific Ocean offers physical conditions scarcely less favorable for Slavonic expansion than the conditions already tried and approved in that land of extreme cold and extreme heat, of great shallow rivers, of terrible white arctic stretches, of a fertile black earth zone, and of steppes, extending from the Urals westward to the Baltic and the Carpathians. In a word, the most ample opportunity is added to incomparable ability; and it seems inevitable that Russia should become our great Asiatic neighbor.

This view invests with a peculiar interest the account of a journey across Siberia which a member of the World's Transportation Commission contributes to the WEEKLY in a series of papers, of which the first is published in the present issue. The narrator's observations were made in the depth of winter along the line of the Trans-Siberian Railway, which, by the end of the century, or at latest during the first year of the twentieth century, will open all of northern Asia to Russian colonists, and incidentally will reduce the time occupied in travelling between London and Peking to about a fortnight. Interesting descriptions, with many photographs of uncommon merit, give a living sense of the present condition and suggestive indications of the future development of the near young Empire, that has hitherto seemed remote because in thinking of Russia we have habitually thought eastward, as it were, instead of thinking westward and Alaskaward.

CANADA AND BRITISH POLICY.

THERE was no more frequent topic of congratulation during the Queen's Jubilee than the liberal and hospitable policy that has accompanied and marked the expansion of the British Empire. The congratulations upon this score came not only from Britons and Greater Britons, but from those also whom Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING so Britannically describes as "Gentiles"—

Or lesser breeds without the Law.

It is rather curious that it should be Canada which is tending to break down this traditional policy, under which the Empire has so waxed and thriven. There have just now been furnished two striking instances of the Canadian temper, so different from the British "Imperial" spirit, the first being the denunciation by Great Britain, at the instigation of Canada, of England's commercial treaties with Germany and Belgium.

The other instance has been furnished by Canada herself, acting within her own jurisdiction, and consists in her treatment of the gold-mines in the Klondike. The news of the discovery has attracted adventurers from all parts of the world, but by the nature of the case these have arrived first and in the greatest number from the United States. Possibly this fact has nothing to do with the regulations upon which the government of the Dominion is reported to have agreed, but it will certainly be thought to have much to do with it, and the Dominion has prepared for itself the opposition of a crowd of "Uitlanders" in North America much more formidable than those who rose up in rebellion against the regulations which the Boers imposed upon British gold hunters in South Africa.

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Indeed, the exactions of the Transvaal Republic can scarcely have been more stringent or more oppressive than those which the Dominion seeks to impose. Its right to impose them is clear, but no clearer than was that of the Boers, and the grievances of the adventurers will be at least as substantial as those which "the colonial editor of the London *Times*" and the British laureate have set forth in their several ways, and for the redress of which JAMESON made his raid. A reservation to the government of every alternate claim, and a royalty rising, when the findings are more than trifling in amount, to the monstrous rate of twenty per cent, are exactions far beyond what was dreamed of in California or in Australia. It is true that, whereas California and Australia have proved to be far more valuable for other products than for gold, the prospect is that as soon as the Klondike is despoiled of its gold, it will revert to the state of a wilderness and be forever useless to mankind. But the Canadian government, instead of limiting its taxation to the additional cost imposed upon it, seems to cherish the desire to collect all its own expenses from the products of the goldfields. That was the policy of Spain in the sixteenth century, but it is highly anomalous for a British possession at the end of the nineteenth.

THE JUSTIFICATION OF THE JUBILEE.

ONE result, probably the only tangible result, of the series of conferences between Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and the colonial Premiers is the denunciation of the commercial treaties with Germany and Belgium. The treaty with Belgium was ratified in 1862, and the treaty with the German Confederation in 1865. Both are substantially framed in the same terms, and both contain what is usually called a "most-favored nation" clause. That is to say, they provide for the immediate extension to Germany and Belgium of any commercial advantage enjoyed by England or her colonies. The British colonies, eager for complete fiscal autonomy, have often asked for the abolition of these treaties. The Ottawa conference of 1895 passed two trade resolutions, one of which bore directly on this question. They asked, first, for a customs arrangement between Great Britain and her colonies by which trade within the Empire might be placed on a more favorable footing than that which is carried on with foreign countries; and secondly, that pending such arrangement the colonies should be allowed to establish a preferential tariff among themselves. The corollary to the first proposal was that England should abandon her free-trade policy and impose differential duties on foreign goods in favor of colonial produce; and to the second, that Belgium and Germany should be obliged to forfeit the right, guaranteed to them by the treaties, to enter the colonial market on the same terms as traders with goods of "British origin." Lord RIPON, the then Colonial Secretary, in an exhaustive despatch, came out strongly against the idea of a Zollverein. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, who puts forward a fresh plan every other month for the federation of the Empire, with the same deftness and in the same spirit as a tradesman takes up a new line of goods, has recently advocated the establishment of a Zollverein, and been mercilessly snubbed by the Premiers of Canada and New South Wales. There is no more chance in England of a successful reaction against free trade than there is against the rule of three, and the idea of a Zollverein may now be said to have vanished. Nor would Lord RIPON concede that it was sound business to denounce the German and Belgian treaties. He pointed out that England's export trade with those two countries amounted to forty-one millions sterling every year, and that the trade with the colonies was only thirty-five millions. He refused to endanger this forty-one millions without a clear prospect of the colonies being able to make good the loss. The new Canadian tariff has removed many of the objections that were sound enough in 1895. Sir WILFRID LAURIER'S administration has agreed to lower the tariff upon the importation of British goods, and British goods alone. Whatever may have been the reasons for this policy, whether gratitude to the mother-country, as Sir WILFRID proclaimed, or hostility to the commercial barriers set up by the United States, or merely an enlightened self-interest, it is clear that it contravened the German and Belgian treaties. England was confronted with a dilemma. Either the Canadian offer had to be rendered nugatory or the treaties had to be denounced. Lord RIPON'S objections still stand, however. It is a step of the greatest importance, for it is a departure from England's unaggressive trading policy. It means that for the sake of one of her colonies she has laid herself open to retaliation from one of her most formidable commercial rivals. The retaliation is bound to come, and England may find herself inexorably drawn into those fiscal conflicts between nation and nation to her freedom from which she owes her present prosperity. If that be so, the new tie between Canada and herself may be found to have been dearly bought. But it is an odd result historically that any American legislation should be even indirectly the means of drawing England and her colonies closer together.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE CIVIL SERVICE.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S recent civil service order may have surprised some spoils politicians whose greed had run away with their judgment, but it cannot have surprised anybody having a just respect for public decency in general and for Mr. MCKINLEY'S personal character in particular. The last Republican platform had made this pledge: "The civil service law was placed on the statute-book by the Republican party, which has always sustained it, and we renew our repeated declarations that it shall be thoroughly and honestly enforced, and extended wherever practicable." Mr. MCKINLEY had solemnly accepted this pledge as his own, and declared that there would be "no backward step." An irresponsible ward politician, having no character to lose, might say that, platform or no platform, pledge or no pledge, offices are spoils, and the spoils belong to the victor. But no man of honor, and especially no man of honor being President of the United States, would countenance the violation of a promise so unmistakable and so solemn. The Republican politicians who urged President MCKINLEY to revoke the CLEVELAND orders of May 6, 1896, which had become part and parcel of the civil service system before the pledge in the Republican platform was made, demanded of him a thing which he could not do without flagrantly breaking the word of his party and his own. They are said to be very wroth at him for having rejected their request. If they ever come to their sober senses, they will humbly go to him to ask his pardon for having insulted him with the expectation that he would be capable of doing something equivalent to writing himself down a dishonest man and dishonoring the party with an ignominious breach of faith. They ought to thank him for having saved the Presidential office and the Republican party from such a disgrace. They will do so some day, unless they have lost all sense of shame and all pride of manhood.

To repel the onset of the spoils seekers who made so outrageous a demand was, of course, only the President's duty. It must be admitted, however, that such resistance to the pressure brought by party friends is among the most unpleasant as well as the most difficult duties a President has; and as the pressure was in this instance unusually fierce and overbearing, and the recent civil service order must, therefore, be regarded as the outcome of a serious crisis, President MCKINLEY is for the performance of that duty, under circumstances so trying, entitled to the grateful acknowledgments of every friend of good government. But there are two things for which especial credit is due him. The first is the character and bearing of the order itself. The number of the places it excepts from the competitive rule is small. They are all under the Treasury Department. The exceptions were made upon careful consultation with and between the Secretary of the Treasury, who is himself an earnest civil service reformer, and the Civil Service Commission, whose first duty it is to keep diligent watch over the integrity of the system. The candidates for such places are subject to examinations to be prescribed by the Secretary of the Treasury, with the approval of the Civil Service Commission, which is also to conduct the examinations. The propriety of this arrangement was determined upon by competent and trustworthy authority. There is good reason for expecting that, as appointments and especially promotions solely for merit become more firmly settled in the habits of the service, some of the places in question will cease to require any exceptional treatment.

The President has at the same time extended the competitive rule over all the custom-houses which so far have not been under it. But by far the most important part of the order is that which directs that "no removal shall be made from any position subject to competitive examination except for just cause and upon written charges filed with the head of the department or other appointing officer, and of which the accused shall have full notice and an opportunity to make defense." There has been some difference of opinion among civil service reformers as to whether it would be wise to limit in the slightest degree the discretion of the chief of executive departments in making removals. At first it was thought that if an appointing officer were prevented by the competitive system from making arbitrary appointments, he would have absolutely no inducement for making arbitrary removals. This theory was most pointedly expressed by GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS'S well-remembered saying that "if the front door is well guarded, the back door will take care of itself." But the experience of the many years during which the civil service law has been in operation has seriously shaken this view. Mr. CURTIS himself was inclined to abandon it. It has turned out that the unrestrained facility in making removals without good cause served as an inducement to appointing officers addicted to spoils methods to open places by arbitrary removals, hoping to find some method of circumventing the civil service law, and thus to fill the vacated places with their favorites. This was accomplished by means of arbitrary promotions, and even by direct appointments. Such tricks were sometimes resorted to in the departments in Washington, and more frequently in the government offices in the country.

It is important for the efficiency of the service, as well as for the credit of the merit system as to good faith and fair dealing, that such artful violations of the spirit of the civil service law be put a stop to. And this is what President MCKINLEY'S order does. It has been suggested that the provision concerning written charges and an opportunity for defence may practically work to the detriment of the discipline of the service. This would be true if the order provided for a regular trial of the charges preferred, the decision to be subject to review by the courts on appeal. Such a practice has been tried in New York, and is decidedly objectionable. But the President's order can hardly be so construed. Its true meaning is doubtless that while no public officer holding a place subject to the competitive rule shall be removed without being officially informed of the reasons why his removal is thought to be necessary, nor without being afforded an opportunity to answer those reasons, if, after hearing or reading that answer, the officer exercising the power of removal is satisfied that the person in question should be removed, he may do so, and that there will be the end. The intention evidently is to prevent the removal of such public servants for improper, especially for political reasons, to make the reasons for every removal a matter of public record, and thus to oblige the executive officer exercising the power of removal to weigh those reasons with conscientious care, as his own character will be at stake. The new rule, carried out in this sense with fidelity and good judgment, will not interfere with executive discretion to the detriment of discipline, but it will protect the service against dangerous abuses. It will inspire the public servant with the confident feeling that his security will depend not upon "influence" nor upon the whim or political bias of his superior officer, but wholly upon his own conduct and character as a public servant. How beneficial to the service this effect of the new rule will be is self-evident.

The second thing which reflects great credit upon President MCKINLEY is that he issued this order at so early a period of his administration. He thus gives prompt notice to the spoils politicians that the pledge of the Republican platform and his own will be honestly kept, and that their pressure upon him for a curtailment or evisceration of the civil service system will be in vain. It may at the same time be taken as a promising symptom of President MCKINLEY'S intention not to let the remaining three and a half years of his term pass without giving the principles of the merit system a still wider application in the public service. There is already a rumor going that he intends very materially to improve and to extend the examinations for consular places, for which the business community will be very grateful to him. Nor is it too much to hope that he will take the matter of the small post-offices in hand, and also devise methods for filling by promotions the higher offices in the several departments which are of a purely administrative character, such as auditors and comptrollers. He would thereby no doubt incur the displeasure of the patronage-mongers in his party. But he has incurred that already, and he could hardly avoid incurring it without doing things which as an honorable man he could not do. If he goes much farther in civil service reform that hostility will be no greater than it already is, but it will be far less effective and dangerous, for, as the warmth with which public opinion has acclaimed his new order must have shown him, the completion of civil service reform would give him a position in popular estimation extremely discouraging to the malcontent spoilsmen.

CARL SCHURZ.

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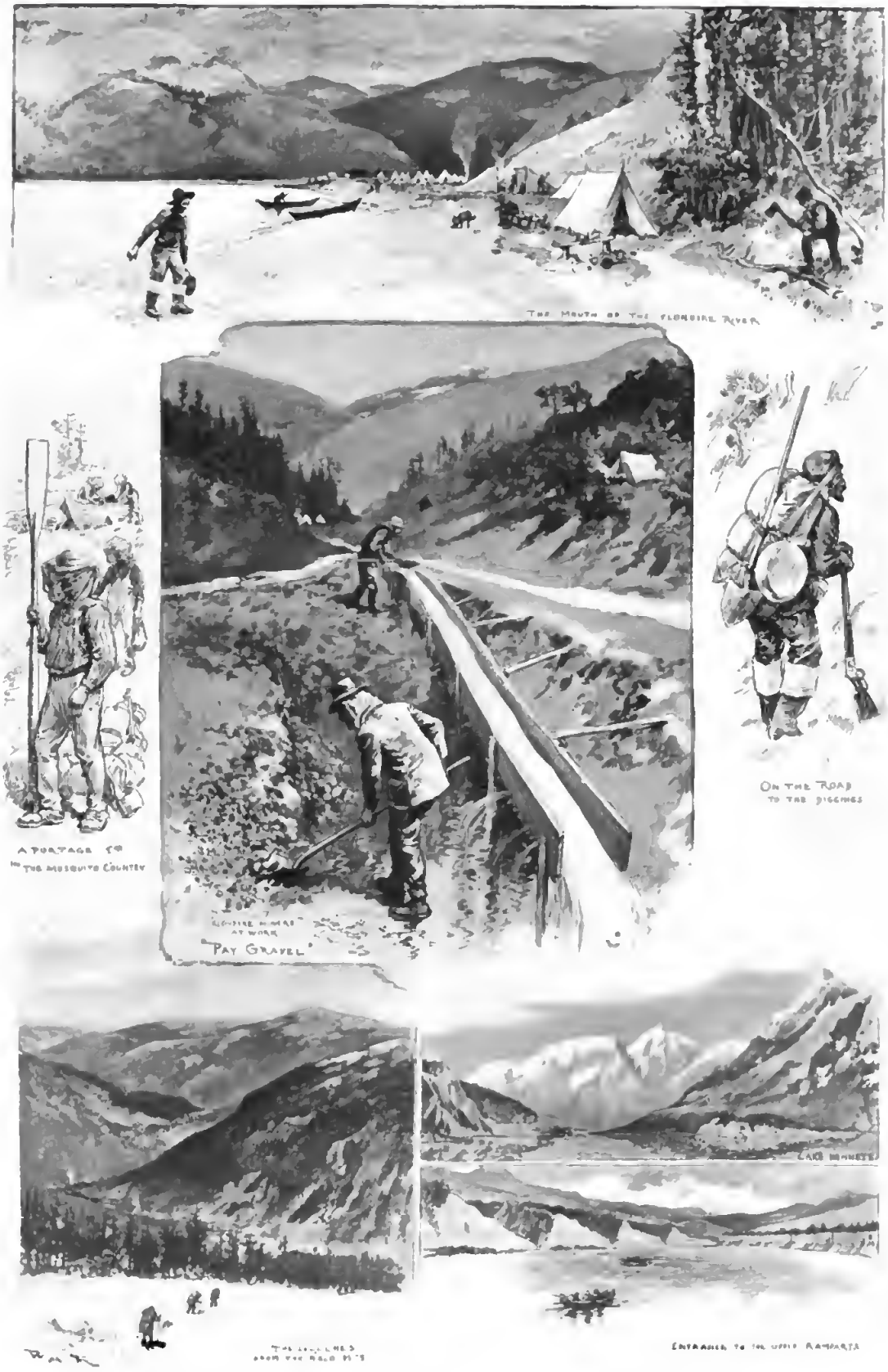

THE KLONDIKE GOLD DISCOVERIES—SCENES AT AND ALONG THE ROUTES TO THE NEW DIGGINGS.
DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS FROM SKETCHES BY HENRY T. PRATT.

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THE YUKON GOLD REGION.

In May, 1887, a Canadian surveyor, William Ogilvie, in the service of Canada, began one of the most noteworthy explorations made in North America in a long time. He was away from civilization nearly two years, travelled 2700 miles in wild and largely unexplored parts of eastern Alaska and northwestern Canada, and some of his route was in a country never visited by a white man before. He gave the first adequate description of the route our miners had taken, under Indian guidance, to the placer diggings on Stewart River and Forty Mile Creek, by way of Chilkoot Pass, Lake Labarge, and the Lewes River to the Yukon. He wintered north of the arctic circle, then crossed the divide into the Mackenzie basin, and worked his way south through the system of lakes and tributaries till he reached Ottawa again.

Ogilvie's chief purpose was the determination of points on the 141st meridian, designated by treaty as the international boundary from Mount St. Elias to the Arctic Ocean. The points he established varied only a few feet or rods from those determined later by more refined observations. They were a great surprise to our Yukon miners, who ceased to clamor for a United States post-office at Forty Mile Camp when they learned it was in British territory. Most of their placer claims were across the border in Alaska, but the miners supposed they were conducting all their enterprises on American soil and suddenly developed a great desire to learn something about Canadian mining laws.

Since his first explorations Ogilvie has spent much time in the gold regions of the upper Yukon and its tributaries. He has been surveying and mapping numerous creeks entering the Yukon, where many camps are working rich placer diggings. Some of them are in Canada and some in Alaska, and so Ogilvie has been fixing other points on the border, to ascertain what part of these scenes of activity is amenable to Canadian law. He has the confidence of the miners, and though his boundary markings are merely provisional, everybody accepts his decisions for the time. He has also been settling disputes among miners by surveying their placer claims; and his explorations in the region of the new coal discoveries on Coal Creek, his reports on the wonderful development of the gold industry, his photographs and maps, which have been printed in the Reports of the Canadian Department of the Interior, are altogether the richest sources of reliable information about the Yukon gold fields yet accessible.

There is other information of much value, such as Dr. Dawson's report on the region of the Lewes River, Mr. McConnell's examination of the Yukon south of the Porcupine, and Mr. Spurr's survey of last year, the detailed report of which will soon be published by our Geological Survey. But Ogilvie has spent months in all that region where other investigators have been only days or weeks, and no other reliable data at hand are so varied, detailed, and complete as his. This is why the Canadian government, in its pamphlet of information on the Yukon district just issued, depends almost entirely upon Ogilvie. The facts in this article are chiefly compiled from his writings.

Many thousands of tons of freight are now at Dyea (Taiya on the latest maps), ready to be packed through the snows and up the steep ascents of Chilkoot Pass to the lake and river system beyond, where it will be floated down to the Yukon.

We have just heard that the Canadian government is sending a party of surveyors to White Pass, a little east of Chilkoot, to confirm, if possible, Ogilvie's opinion that this route offers a better way to the waters leading to the Yukon than Chilkoot Pass. He discovered and named White Pass, it was explored by Captain Moore, of his party, and Ogilvie believes that while a practicable road cannot be built through Chilkoot, a wagon road, and even a railroad, may be carried up the far lesser grades of White Pass. We shall learn next year whether this view is confirmed by more thorough examination.

It is by no means smooth sailing on the lakes and rivers beyond the passes. In the summer stiff winds blow inland from the coast, raising rollers on the lakes that trouble small freight-boats, and the only rapid transit is among the rapids, where the boats skim along at thirteen miles an hour and are liable to upsets, except at high water. The alternative route, by way of St. Michael and the Yukon, is far easier, but its disadvantage is that it takes much more time. The miner who leaves St. Michael by the first boat of summer does not reach the gold fields till an important part of the short season has passed. So most miners prefer the overland route. This is why so much thought is given just now to finding and improving the best overland way. But until a railroad connects the coast with the gold fields, most of the supplies may continue to be carried up the Yukon.

The lakes along the overland route are merely widenings of the river courses. We hear most about Bennett and Labarge, the latter being the point reached by the linemen of the Western Union Telegraph Company when they were called back by news that the Atlantic cable had been successfully laid, and the company had abandoned its project to stretch a line of telegraph across Bering Strait, through Asia, to Europe. The lake was named after Mike Labarge, the leader of the party.

The distance from Dyea, where the land march begins, to the mouth of the Klondike is 575 miles. Hard work is over when the Lewes River is reached, and the boats drift down to the Yukon. The whole course of this river through the gold fields is bordered by mountains of granite, shale, and limestone, extending far away on either side. Through many a ravine and canyon, creeks and rivers join the Yukon, and each of these has its lesser system of tributaries. It is in the alluvial wash from these many streams throughout this expansive net-work of waterways among the mountains that the placer gold is found.

Many of these ravines and gulches have not been prospected. Regions like the Stewart River, profitably worked for a season or two and then abandoned, have drawn new prospectors, who have made richer finds than those known there before. Nobody knows how extensive these gold fields are, and it may be long before they are even superficially prospected.

The Klondike discoveries have diverted all eyes from many Yukon tributaries where miners produced exceptional results last year. Who hears now of Glacier and Miller creeks, where nearly one hundred claims were worked in 1896, every one paying a handsome profit, while the largest producer yielded $40,000 in 1895 and $75,000 last year? These sums were obtained from working out part of a claim 500 feet long in the narrow valley. Gold has been found all along Sixty Mile Creek, and on dozens of smaller streams towards which no influx of miners is yet tending.

It is only eleven months since G. W. Cormack, happily pleasing his faith in Indian reports, turned up the Klondike, discovered rich indications, and located the first claim in the world famous diggings. Two weeks later Mr. Ogilvie estimated that there was room for at least 1000 claims on the little river and its creeks. Then the despatches to his government became very frequent as he recorded the wonderful story that kindled the Klondike fever. But one phase of the news he sent has been overlooked, because the leading feature absorbed all interest. This phase is significant.

Almost simultaneously with the discovery of the Klondike diggings, reports came in of most important finds in other Yukon regions, both north and south of the place where Cormack made his lucky hit. Rich prospects were found on Indian Creek. Prospectors reported that the district between the Klondike and Stewart rivers was the richest gold region they had ever seen. Excellent reports came from the branches of the Stewart River. Gold was found in the valleys of tributaries of the Pelly and all along the Hootalinqua. Quartz discoveries were made on the Klondike and in various other places, and some of the ledges were said to be large and very rich, and more placer diggings were reported on the American side of the line. "I think," wrote Ogilvie, long before last year's discovery, "that rich finds will yet be made, both of coarse gold and gold-bearing quartz. It is not likely that such a vast country should have all its gold deposited as sediment. If this is not the case, the matrix from which all the gold in these streams has come must still exist, in part at least, and will no doubt be discovered."

This prediction is being fulfilled by the developments of the past fifteen months. Last year our Geological Survey sent out a party to make a reconnoissance of the gold resources of the upper Yukon. This party, led by Mr. J. E. Spurr, during its explorations of Forty Mile and Birch creeks and other gold-bearing places, determined the position of the rocks from which is derived the gold found in the river gravels. These rocks form a broad belt running northwest into Alaska from British territory. The gold in this belt occurs partly in quartz veins, and partly in deposits where one stratum of rock has slipped over another. The Yukon region is certainly destined to have stamp mills and concentrators as well as pans and sluice-boxes.

Forty Mile, Cudahy, and Circle City, the famous mining towns on the Yukon, are now almost deserted, but their marked decline began months before the exodus to the Klondike set in. An interesting change in the habits of the miners planted the seeds of their downfall. In the earlier years all work on the placers was abandoned during the long winter months, and there was a massing of miners in the settlements, and loafing, gambling, dancing, and high jinks generally marked a few little spots in the vast bleak land. But the miners now turn the winter twilight to better profit. They stay on their claims, thaw out the frozen dirt, lift it to the surface to be washed in the summer, and visit the towns rarely, except to replenish their supplies. Probably Dawson City will not share in this general decay of town life, for a host of miners drawn within a few miles of the settlement, and its attractions are more accessible than were those of Forty Mile and Cudahy to the miners who made and marred them.

CYRUS C. ADAMS.

MAP OF THE KLONDIKE REGION, SHOWING THE ROUTES TO THE GOLD-FIELDS.

THE GEOLOGICAL SURVEY'S EXPEDITION TO THE YUKON IN 1896.

When, in the middle of this century, Robert Campbell, of the Hudson Bay Trading Company, established Fort Selkirk, at the junction of the Pelly and Lewes rivers, he little thought that scarcely one hundred and fifty miles to the north lay an immense treasure stored in the bed of a small river and its tributaries. This was the first time that white men had invaded the region which has become famous as the Yukon gold-field. The Klondike was known to them only as a place where profitable trade might be carried on with the Indians.

But the search for the precious metals, to which the world owes most of its greatest discoveries, led many into the far Northwest, and the pioneer prospector, with shovel, pick, and pan, opened the way to the Yukon Valley. Gold was discovered, two towns were established, and were occupied by a more or less permanent population, a little republic grew up—one which without officers, governed itself. The production of gold began to attract considerable attention. This was the condition of affairs

when, last summer, an expedition was sent by the United States Geological Survey to make an investigation of those gold-producing districts.

The party was under the leadership of Mr. J. E. Spurr, and with him were Mr. F. C. Schrader and the writer. During our trip which was made over the usual miners' route, through the Chilkoot Pass, and covered the entire length of the Yukon Valley, with all the districts which were at that time producing gold, we were of course brought into intimate relations with the miners, both newcomers and "old timers."

From Juneau, on the southeast coast of Alaska, where we arrived the first week in June, we sailed in a small tug-boat, in company with fifty belated Yukoners, to Dyea, whence the miners all start for their trip to the interior. I think that hundred-mile trip in the little overcrowded *Rustler* will long live in our memory as one of the most disagreeable ever taken. A bed on a hard table was the choice berth—a painful contrast to the luxurious state-rooms of the tourist steamer which had carried us from Seattle to Juneau.

At Dyea we were introduced to the Chilkat Indians who were to pack our goods over the pass. After some delay, caused by a disagreement concerning the proper amount of compensation for this service, we started early one morning from Sheep Camp, a few miles from Dyea. A thick fog covered the summits as we pushed onward over the glaciers and scrambled over vast heaps of rocks, beneath which could be heard the roar of waters from the melting snows. Before us trudged our Indian "packers," loaded with all they could carry, and resembling huge turtles rather than men.

We crossed the summit, and suddenly descending, reached the first of the Yukon waters, Crater Lake, whose surface is frozen all the year round. The song of a bird could be heard in the morning stillness, but nothing could be seen of the Yukon Valley, still hidden by a thick mist.

It was with a feeling of indignation that we perceived even this remote spot, with all its wild beauty, had not escaped the desecration of the advertisement fiend. Upon a cliff at the foot of Crater Lake appeared in huge letters the legend, "Go to ——'s drug store, Juneau."

After having traversed the frozen surface of three small lakes we reached Lake Lindeman. Here the clouds lifted enough to give us our first comprehensive view of the interior of Alaska. At our feet a little stream, the head of the Lewes River, plunged in a succession of grand cataracts through a rocky canyon. To the north was the lake, a placid sheet of clear greenish water, some five miles long, enclosed on all sides by precipitous mountains except where the great valley opened out to the north. This lake or Lake Bennett, the next one, is the place usually selected to build the boat in which the rest of the journey is to be made, for here is met the first timber. We were fortunate enough to procure a boat, the *Skookum*, in which we accomplished our 1800 mile voyage.

Putting up a tent fly for a sail, and arranging an oar for a mast, we started. After many days of sailing, rowing, and delay on account of storms, we left the icy coast range far behind, and emerged from the chain of lakes into the Lewes River. We floated past banks covered with wild roses and other flowers. Here and there a cool mossy glen opened through the birch forest, the tracks of the moose could be seen on the shore. Alaska is a country of deceitful surprises, for though such nooks seemed delightfully inviting, no sooner did we land than we were surrounded by clouds of ferocious mosquitoes, whose number and savageness it is impossible to exaggerate.

In the daytime it was only by keeping well out on the stream that any relief could be found. During the period that moves for night in this land of the midnight sun we fastened our boat to the shore, and having eaten our supper of beans and flapjacks, wrapped ourselves in blankets and slept well under a clear sky. But we always wore our head covering of mosquito netting and our gloves by night as well as by day.

Often at this time when the sun was at its lowest point there would be a change of temperature from 80°, as registered at mid day, to the freezing-point, but we welcomed the frosts, which served to check the monotonous hum of the mosquitoes who were hovering around us, striving to reach us through the meshes of our netting.

After passing White Horse Rapids and Lake Labarge we were off again on the swollen river, scudding past timbered islands, at the upstream points of which were always encountered log jams, which form one of the principal obstacles to navigation in the upper river. Many a boat has been swamped in the rush of water round the points of these islands. We glided swiftly through a region of rolling hills, under bluffs of sand a hundred feet high, down which the loose material was constantly descending in little landslides, whose puffs of dust resembled smoke when seen from a distance.

Just below Fort Selkirk we came to a range of mountains through which the river, now called the Yukon, flows for about a hundred and fifty miles. These mountains are called the Ramparts.

On July 5 we arrived at an Indian village situated in a little bottom land on the right bank of the river. Behind it rose the Rampart Mountains, while extending back into the heart of the range was the valley of a small river whose branches could be traced on either side. This was the village of Klondike. It was composed of two or three well built log huts and many tents, around which squatted many Indians laughing and talking, for these children of the North are vivacious. With them also were many of the Mahlemute dogs, so useful during the winter—all, Indians and dogs, watching pots of food boiling on the fire.

There seemed to be no young men among the inhabitants, which was explained by the fact that all the "Skookum" barks were up the valley watching for salmon, which in June ascend the Klondike to spawn. The fish had so far not appeared, and consequently there was "hebonuck-a-muck," or, in plain English, little food in the village. At this time no gold had been discovered, though just before leaving the mouth of the Yukon we heard of the "strike."

We filled our water-buckets with clear water from the Klondike River at a point near where Dawson City was founded two months later, and then proceeded onward to Forty Mile, where we arrived the next day. Forty Mile was the first mining camp established in the country, and at the time of our visit had increased to a population of 700, though since that time I understand it is completely deserted. The town itself is made up of low log cabins, upon the roof of which are often little gardens, where vegetables are raised in small quantities during the brief summer. The saloons, of course, are numerous, gambling is open, and a dance house flourishes, but if one expects to find a disorderly crowd filling the streets of the little town he is mistaken, for it is generally quiet, especially in the summer, when most of the men are hard at work in the gulches. The diggings are distant fifty to one hundred miles up the valley of Forty Mile Creek, which, like most of the so-called creeks in this vast country, is really a river, being nearly two hundred miles long.

Twenty-three miles from its mouth it is crossed by the international boundary line, which, as run by the Canadian Survey, is along the divide between Forty Mile and Sixty Mile creeks, and leaves some of the richest producing gulches in British territory. An opinion is prevalent among patriotic but unreasoning American miners that the gentlemen who run the line for the Dominion have falsified results in order to include these gulches. However, it is safe to say that when the United States commissioners with Great Britain, it will be found that this opinion is groundless, and that the 141st meridian has not been incorrectly located.

The method of reaching the diggings is by "tracking" or "poling," or by both methods together. In tracking, the boat is towed by one man, while another, walking near the beach, keeps the bow well out from the shore by a pole. On a man may stand in the boat and propel it by pushing against the bottom with a long pole. "Poling" is generally employed in traveling up streams, and so adept do the men become that they sometimes travel against a swift current twenty miles a day. While our rate was not quite equal to this, we still made good time, and soon arrived at Moose Creek. Here the trail to a part of the Forty Mile district leaves the main creek, and here we put our "packs" on our backs and started for a thirty-mile journey over the Bald Mountains. This "packing" is the *bête noire* of every one who is forced to do it, for in this country of no roads and mossy, often boggy ground, the traveller finds his own weight sufficient to carry, and the addition of seventy five or one hundred pounds to his load is almost intolerable.

After visiting the field Mountains and descending into every valley in which the white tents of the miners could be seen from the summit, we returned to Forty Mile Creek, where we had stored our provisions in a *cache* safe from wild animals, and resumed our journey up the main creek. The stream grew shallower as we proceeded, and was filled with "riffles," or rapids, through which we were obliged to tow, push, and almost lift our boat against a current of eight miles an hour. We walked in water from morning until night, and were glad when evening came and we could sit around the camp fire, our drenched garments hanging on a tree to dry. The end of our journey in this district was a number of gulches—one of which, 100 miles from the mouth of the creek, has the reputation of having produced the largest nugget in the Yukon. It was valued at $500, and has not been exceeded by the latest finds on the Klondike.

Our work, which consisted in mapping the region geologically, finding out the origin of the gold, its manner of occurrence in the gravels, and all the facts relating to its recovery, being completed, we turned our boat down stream. The descent through the succession of rapids in which we had toiled on the upward journey is one to be remembered for its wildness. It was a succession of adventures, some of them not unaccompanied with danger. However, we came through all the riffles with their sunken rocks and boiling currents without mishap, accomplishing in three days what had taken nearly ten against the stream.

After having called the *Skookum's* seams, which that rough passage had opened, we departed for Circle City, where we arrived August 5, two months after leaving Seattle. From this, our northernmost town, we "packed" into the Birch Creek district. This is the largest in American Alaska, is situated sixty miles from the base of supplies, and is approached by a trail which leads through a swampy country known as the Yukon Flats. Here we visited all the gold gulches, where the miners were hard at work. The district is richer than Forty Mile, but otherwise the same conditions prevail—the same rolling mountains, the same rocks, and the identical mosquitoes, or their near relatives.

Returning to Circle City, we dropped down the river, continuing our investigations along the way. We stopped at the newly discovered little district near the mouth of the Tanana, where an Indian is the discoverer and chief proprietor. Finally we reached the trading port of Nulato, 500 miles from the mouth of the Yukon, and here our work ended; for the next day the river steamboat came, and we boarded her for the homeward journey, although in doing so we were obliged to abandon our boat which had carried us so many hundred miles.

Thus ended our summer in the Yukon Valley, followed by an ocean voyage of nineteen days before we set foot in San Francisco.

HAROLD B. GOODRICH.

FOREIGN NOTES.

FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW.

BERLIN, *July 15, 1897*.

AT no time since 1865 has the Prussian government been so unpopular as to-day, and at no time since the founding of the Empire has the German Emperor incited criticism so universal and so unfriendly. This shows that the best of men may become the worst of monarchs, and that popular discontent cannot be stayed by personal virtues alone. Old William I., now officially styled William the Great, was a splendid man in his way, but in the stormy day of 1848 he had to conceal himself in England for fear of the mob. His predecessor, Frederick William IV., was made to bare his head before the rebellious Berlin citizens as the price of his remaining on the throne. That King's father, Frederick William III., had packed up his crown and sceptre in 1807, as near was he to being driven into exile, along with other helpless monarchs whose thrones were kicked from under them by the boot of Napoleon. Nor should the Hohenzollerns of to-day forget that Napoleon would never have been driven out of Prussia but for the patriotic mob headed by patriotic Liberals who fought for liberty and a free constitution in 1813, 1814, and 1815.

Thus for a century there has not been a Prussian King who at some time has not owed his position, if not his life, to the loyalty and forbearance of the German people.

The German people has asked for nothing beyond that measure of constitutional liberty which all other Germanic or Anglo Saxon communities have enjoyed for centuries, and which even Latin nations have had for more than fifty years.

To-day Germans have a mockery of constitutional government. But their police and soldiery are real. Some days ago two seasoned and highly respected ministers were turned out of office for no reason that have as yet been given to the public. Little things like this prepared the revolution of 1848. Parliament has not been consulted, nor will it be. Germans here talk as they did after the death of Hardenberg in 1822 when the courtiers and squires (Junkers) commenced to fill all the government posts, and to treat the people as merely there for the purpose of revenue.

A week ago several Russians, who were studying at the Berlin University, were arrested without cause, their rooms were invaded without process of law, and their private papers ransacked by the police.

I have carefully watched the papers since, but not a word has the police allowed to transpire regarding this outrage. The students have been since released, but no reparation offered. Of course they were Poles, and presumably they were harassed at the request of the Russian police.

Then, again, I wrote you last week about a young lady who was dragged to the Cologne police station under peculiarly brutal circumstances. She was innocent, and the papers of the day stated that the outraged father was about bringing an action for damages against the police. The whole matter has been hushed up, and not a line has appeared since on the subject.

On July 5 two apprentice boys, about sixteen years old, had a quarrel, and one of them ran to a police station in Berlin and accused his mate of having used disrespectful language against the Emperor. The evidence was most faulty, yet the court sentenced the lad to four months imprisonment.

Such things, multiplied by hundreds point to a police government based upon force alone, and not upon the consent of the governed. Officers in the army and court officials tell me that the German people need to be kicked like recruits in order that they may look up to their superiors. I don't see the evidence of this very clearly, but I do feel revolution in the air.

It is curious to note that in the past 100 years Germany has not produced a single statesman who has not been ignominiously ejected from his post by the monarch. The greatest of German statesmen was no doubt Stein, who saved the Prussian monarchy in 1807. He was dismissed in a note full of insult. His successor, Hardenberg lived long in office, but in his latter years he was minister only in name. He was virtually dismissed. These two greatest in constitutional Prussia were hateful to the King because they wished the people to have some share in the government.

With the exception of Bismarck and the two I have just named, has Germany produced a single public man of note in this century? If she has, who is it, that the average American of intelligence has never heard of him?

German Liberals are preparing for the eightieth birthday of Mommsen, the historian of Rome and the friend of liberty. He was forced to give up his professorship in consequence of his political activity in the revolution of 1848, but was welcomed in Switzerland when his own country drove him away. He is a splendid specimen of manhood, with eyes that pierce like those of Mark Twain. Indeed, the likeness between Mommsen and Mark Twain is striking, both have the aquiline nose, the massive shock of hair, the sharply cut, positive chin, and, above all, the quality of intellectual keenness so strongly expressed by the eyes. The first time that I had the honor of meeting the great historian was at the house of a German friend in Berlin. The occasion was a gathering where nothing was read or discussed but Thucydides. I must confess that the Greek historian bored me, and that Mommsen stimulated. When the Greek part was over, we talked of other things over a table filled with sausage, brown bread, and beer mugs. Mommsen on that occasion talked excellent English, and seemed a very professor of English, or rather Yankee, literature. He discussed Bret Harte and Mark Twain, John Hay and Lowell. He knew our humorists by heart, and had met personally many of our writers. He was keen to hear of new names in our literature, and wrote down several when I named. A stranger would have supposed that Theodor Mommsen cared for nothing but modern American writing.

Mommsen is the last of the famous quartet of German intellectual giants whose activity in advanced years has excited the admiration of the world. Curtius, Sybel, Helmholtz, these have recently left us—Mommsen alone remains. Will the German government take part in this celebration? I doubt it, for Mommsen is a "Liberal," and as such is branded by the Bismarckian and official classes as "unpatriotic." The great anthropologist Virchow is all but boycotted in Berlin because he is a Liberal. It is not likely that even for a Mommsen the political bitterness will cease for a single day.

The German government to-day preaches protectionism and passive obedience, tariff war against America and police war against popular aspirations. The German papers cannot escape these influences, and preach hatred from day to day where they should preach the brotherhood of man. This is sad to contemplate, for Germany is naturally looked up to as a great reservoir of scientific and literary wealth. Germans used to be generous towards foreign countries—particularly towards England and America which have sheltered their exiled brethren and paid wages to millions of their emigrants. Yet I sincerely ever see now a preference in England that is not dictated by spite. Even the great Jubilee of Queen Victoria calls forth malevolent observations in the official press of Berlin, and as for saying a good word for America, that would be regarded as treason. Our German friends must be sought in the ranks of the small Liberal section that dares to think for itself. Yet we all hug about the moral and intellectual triumphs of this nineteenth century.

Yesterday I spent some interesting hours walking up and down the several miles of iron and glass enclosure under which is exhibited the so called "Grosse Berliner Kunst Ausstellung," or Berlin "Salon." It reminded me of Washington twenty years ago—a magnificent capital, lacking only population. The Berlin painters have lots of room: they are all hung beautifully on the line, and even have considerable space on either side. An English R A could not have been better treated in Burlington House than the feeblest painter here hung. The impression made upon me was that there was a scarcity of good contributors, and that in consequence the hanging committee had attempted to conceal the fact as well as they could. Why there should be so little good work done in Berlin I cannot imagine, except by supposing that soldiers and officials do not care to buy paintings or that those who do are not particular so long as they are cheap.

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

THIS BUSY WORLD

No one has confessed as yet to the authorship of *Americans and the Americans from a French Point of View*, that saucy and amusing book the writer of which knows so much more about this country than any traveller, French or other, could pick up in a round of visits. It makes one smile to find a correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* speaking of the unknown culprit as "this keen and observing French author," and as "a civilized Frenchman" who was "naturally shocked" by some things that he saw in Boston. It is not right to impose on an honest, simple-minded Bostonian. The *Transcript* should whisper to its friend that experienced readers suspect that the point of view of that book is not more Gallic than is the corner of Broadway and Fulton Street in New York. How about the French edition of the book? Has any one seen one?

About the middle of next month there will be celebrated at Geneseo the centennial anniversary of the signing of the treaty between the Seneca Indians and the representatives of Robert Morris, which enabled Morris to make good his sales of land to the Holland Land Company, and opened the Genesee Valley to settlement. Genesee is from an Indian word which means big tree. The famous big tree under which the Iroquois held their councils stood on the bank of the Genesee River, near the Indian village which was the forerunner of the present Geneseo. There, on August 28, 1797, the council opened. Thomas Morris appearing for his father Colonel Jeremiah Wadsworth, of Connecticut, representing the Federal government, and Red Jacket, Cornplanter, and other chiefs of note speaking for the Indians. Red Jacket opposed the sale, but was overruled, and for a hundred thousand dollars, of which the income was to be annually paid, Morris got an immense tract of fertile land, and the immigration from the East into the Genesee country began. It is in memory of that westward movement that many of the older towns of central and western New York, as Utica and Auburn, still have their Genesee streets, which originally were bits of the old road which presently became the stage road to the Genesee Valley.

Persons who complain of the modern novel, and are tired of its puppets and the chronicle of their existence, are respectfully advised to try a chapter or two of Mr. John Fox's "Kentuckians" now under fall headway in HARPER'S MAGAZINE. Most Kentuckians are interesting, but few people realize what exceedingly different and remarkable varieties of interesting folks the State harbors. We all read from time to time about the Kentucky mountaineers and their feuds and private wars, and wonder how there came to be such people in a State which has been in the Union for a hundred and five years, and has civilized communities on every side of it. Mr Fox explains, and does it in such a way that our interest in the problem is increased by the information that it feeds on.

Twenty-four out of thirty seven members of the faculty of Brown University have petitioned the corporation not to accept the resignation of President Andrews, but instead to "express clearly to the world the determination to maintain in this ancient university to the fullest measure, its honorable and priceless traditions of academical freedom." The signers are for the most part the younger members of the faculty, who have become connected with it since Dr Andrews became president.

It has been reported in the newspapers that Dr. Andrews would undertake the management of a new university, so called, to be started by Mr. John Brisben Walker, of the *Cosmopolitan* magazine, which should have for the present neither an endowment nor fixed habitation, but should direct the studies of learners who would seek knowledge at home and in their spare time. How far this project has gone is best known to Mr Walker. Some accounts say that Dr Andrews's connection with it depends on whether his resignation is accepted, and it does not seem by any means certain that that will happen.

There are other signs besides the protest of the twenty-four members of the Brown faculty that to have Dr Andrews leave Brown under the existing circumstances would do the university more harm than to have him stay. In so far as the request of the trustees, that he should abstain from promulgating his views about silver, was based on what a contemporary commentator calls "the sordid ground that his bimetallist views repelled donations from wealthy men," it was weak, and probably did injustice to the trustees themselves. Undoubtedly they would stand by their president at any cost in the expression of sentiments which they respected, even though they did not share them. The trouble with Dr Andrews's stand on the silver issue is not that the trustees do not stand with him, but that they are ashamed of his views. Of him personally, however, they are not ashamed at all, and their good will toward him will and immensely in bringing to bear the mutual patience and forbearance that the situation seems to demand.

The Daisy Fields Hospital for Crippled Children, at Englewood, reports it "very difficult in these times to provide sufficient funds to carry on our work." Its work is the receiving of crippled children of poor parents and giving them surgical treatment. The hospital is efficiently and economically managed. Its expenses last year were about $9000. Mr Charles D Kellogg, of the Charity Organization Society, 105 East Twenty-second Street, receives contributions for it.

Readers and admirers of Anthony Trollope, who remember his prodigious and indefatigable industry will regret to learn that the fruits of it have not sufficed for the support of his widow. He left a considerable fortune, but it was not judiciously invested, and Mrs Trollope's income has fallen off so much that lately, at the solicitation of her friends, Mr Balfour granted her a civil list pension of £100 a year. She has given up her London house and lives on the Continent.

The *Sun* and the Buffalo *Commercial* are in gratifying agreement about the word "brainy." The *Commercial*, being taken to task, apparently, for using it, admits that it is "a vile word." The *Sun* says it "should be avoided even by writers of circus advertisements on country barns." This is perhaps an extreme view, since it is just possible that the word might be tolerated in describing a big headed freak in a side show. But certainly, if it can lawfully express anything, it is deformity. It is a word of disparagement, and not a good word even for that.

Mr. William A. White, of Kansas, the editor of the Emporia *Gazette*, admits that the town he lives in has petticoat government, and maintains that it thrives on it. Writing in the August *Atlantic* about "A Typical Kansas Community," he says it is true that women shape the sentiment of the Kansas town, and as a result of their influence he points to Emporia, "a town of 8000 inhabitants, without a saloon, without a strange woman, without a drunkard." The chief street corners of most towns in most States, he says (not without a little exaggeration), are occupied by drum shops. In Emporia, of the four corners made by the crossing of the two principal streets, three are occupied by banks, and the other by a bookstore, where the boys and young men of the town find a meeting place. He draws an attractive picture of the "clean, shrewd, active young men who have been brought up in a town where the women make public sentiment, but wherein a woman has never held an administrative municipal office." Mr White's typical Kansas town seems to have exceedingly good points. Perhaps an alien eye would see features of it which he has overlooked. If Mr Owen Wister, who makes in the current HARPER'S MAGAZINE so instructive a report of the condition of the Southwestern town of Sharon, would stop off at Emporia on one of his journeys West, the results of his observations there would undoubtedly be read with interest, and might form a valuable supplement to the information afforded by Mr White.

Florence, in northwestern Alabama, on the Tennessee River, is an interesting monument to the power of the human imagination. Something about the situation of the place and the quality of the iron ore in its vicinity, and perhaps the local provision of coal, has twice been able to excite the hopes of investors. It is related that when General Jackson was on his way to New Orleans to settle his memorable dispute with General Pakenham, he noted the site of Florence as a good place for a town, and was a participator in the offerings of the first Cypress Land Company, which started, in 1818, the first Florence boom and put town lots on the market. The boom blew over, but Florence kept on, and a gazetteer of 1843 credits it with streets 100 feet wide which crossed at right angles, and with a court-house, a jail, two churches, two female academies, a cotton-factory, and about 2000 inhabitants.

Its next boom was fabricated in 1888, seventy years after its foundation, and was wonderfully successful as a boom. The town had fallen off in population, but under the inspiration of the Florence Land Company it swelled in three months from a population of 1200 to one of about 7000. Real estate values soared. Five-hundred-dollar lots brought $35,000, and house sites sold for $150 a front foot. Every one was happy for a time, and Florence is happy still. It is still a town of 2000 population, with well paved streets, fine buildings, and large manufacturing plants. A great deal has been done for its comfort, and its residents appreciate their blessings. All that seems to ail it is that as a place for investment it has proved less remunerative than was expected. On August 3 all the property of the Florence Land, Mining, and Manufacturing Company and of the Florence Educational, Land, and Development Company was sold at auction for $60,000. The property was worth at one time $3,000,000, and included the grounds and buildings of the Baptist University, which cost $80,000, twenty-six dwelling houses, an office building, seven business blocks, 1300 city lots, about 16,000 acres of land, and various assortments of manufacturing and railroad shares. The boom is understood to have done Florence a great deal of good. It will not need another for a long time, perhaps not for another seventy years. Meanwhile it is described as a contented town with a salubrious site, a history, some prospects, and a highly interesting and emotional retrospect.

The system of pneumatic mail-tubes for which Mayor Strong broke ground on August 2 promises to bring about a notable quickening in the distribution of letters in Greater New York. Tubes are to connect the post-offices of New York and Brooklyn, and others, as planned at present, are to radiate from the New York Post-office to all parts of Manhattan Island. The lines that are first to be finished, and which may be done some time in October, will connect the Post office with the Battery on one side, and with the Forty second Street station on the other.

There is no considerable part of Manhattan Island to which the summer and fall will not bring considerable changes. The mail-tubes are an item of an unusually long list of improvements that are either in progress or impending. Before November Fifth Avenue will have been repaved, and possibly the demolition of the old reservoir will have begun; the great Astoria Hotel will be finished, the new Sherry's and the new Delmonico's will be far along toward completion, Dr Depew's New York Central cheap cab system will be working, progress may possibly have been made in accelerating the street car systems of the Fourth, Sixth, and Eighth avenues; space will have been cleared for two new small parks on the East Side, and on the West Side the improvement of St. John's Church Yard Park will doubtless have gone forward. The upper part of the island produces its surprises every season, and is not alle this summer, and as for the new paving that is going on, and the schools, prisons, cathedrals, college buildings, model tenements, and recreation piers that are a building, there is no end to it. The average human being delights in change, and part of the fun of living in or visiting a big and fast growing city is to keep the run of its changes, especially of all those which profess to be improvements.

Happily the changes now in progress here involve the demolition of very little that will be missed, and nearly all of them will be welcomed, even by old and conservative residents.

There is an understanding that the intense period of the Newport season begins on the 1st of August. It began this year with a bang and a great show. The first week in August is always lively in Newport, but last week was exuberant and frolicsome beyond all record or precedent. It was the week of the New York Yacht Club's cruise, and of the races for the Goelet cups, but these are annual occurrences. What made it memorable and extraordinary was the naval fête. The Newporters have talked for some years about having a naval fête. They are used to being visited by war ships, native and foreign, and they are good entertainers of such naval heroes like to visit. This year they were advantageously equipped for securing exceptional naval attention through the presence of a Newport man, Congressman Melville Bull, on the Naval Committee of the House. Through the efforts of Congressman Bull and the connivance of Senator Aldrich and Secretary Long, it came about that on August 1 five warships of Admiral Sicard's North Atlantic Squadron left their anchorage in New York Bay and proceeded to Newport. They were the *New York*, *Brooklyn*, *Indiana*, *Massachusetts*, and *Maine*—two armored cruisers, two first-class battle ships, one second-class battle ship, with the Monitor *Puritan* to follow next day. This formidable fleet found the battle ship *Iowa* already at Newport, and was joined there by the *Dolphin*, which brought Secretary Long from New London.

There was no day in all the week that was not lively at Newport, but the greatest day was Wednesday, the 4th. On that day town and harbor were gayly decorated. In the forenoon the men from the torpedo station, the naval training station, Fort Adams, and the various war ships rowed various boat races for prizes given by Mr O H. P Belmont. In the afternoon there was a land parade, in which the crews of the war ships, the garrison at Fort Adams, and the Newport Naval Reserves took part, and were reviewed by the Governor of Rhode Island, the Secretary of the Navy, Rear Admiral Sicard, and other competent and distinguished persons.

While the parade was in progress the yachts of the New York Yacht Club's squadron came into the harbor, a beautiful sight, which the dwellers by the Sound and beyond count upon as one of their usual gratifications.

Next day came the races for the Goelet cups, while all through the week there were balls, dinners, luncheons, and all that sort of public and private hospitality for the achievement of which Newport is so supremely well equipped, until the yachts sailed on to Vineyard Haven, and the war ships got under way and steamed off in the direction of Portsmouth and the coast of Maine.

The many accidents that have overtaken mountain-climbers in the Alps have never had an effect permanently detrimental to mountain-climbing as a sport, and probably the serious accidents—in one case fatal—that have this year befallen the climbers of Mount Rainier will not discourage the Mazamas, though it may induce the exercise of greater precaution. The Mazamas, as readers of the WEEKLY will remember, constitute a society, made up chiefly of dwellers on the Pacific coast, whose special pleasure it is to scale and explore the great mountains of the Northwest. The society was organized in July, 1894, on the summit of Mount Hood, by 193 persons, who climbed 11,225 feet to attend its first meeting. The next year parties of Mazamas ascended Mounts Hood, Baker, Adams, Rainier, and Jefferson. Last year the club made an excursion to Crater Lake, in Oregon, and this year its attentions have been largely concentrated on Mount Rainier. On Tuesday, July 27, Professor Edgar McClure, an experienced mountaineer and a leader of the Mazamas, lost his life by a fall. The next evening two other climbers fell into a crevasse. One made his own way out, the other was rescued with difficulty. An idea of the quality of the sport that Mount Rainier affords this year is to be gathered from the information that the face of the mountain, for a mile down from its summit, is a continuous sheet of ice, in which steps have to be cut by climbers. The mountain is 14,450 feet high and 10,000 feet of its elevation is covered with perpetual snow.

Complaint is made that Mrs. Harriet Maxwell Converse, of New York, whose grandfather and father were Seneca Indians by adoption, and who has herself been elected a member of the tribe, uses her influence with the Indians on the Onondaga Reservation to incite them to hold to pagan rites and customs, thereby seriously interfering with the efforts of missionaries who wish to Christianize the Indians, and have established churches for that purpose. Mrs. Converse denies the charge, averring that she is herself a member of the Episcopal Church, and has not interfered with the conversion of the Indians. She admits, though, that she does not think the missionaries can do the Senecas much good, and believes that the Indians do well to stick to their ancestral religion, which, she says, is practically Christian, though it has its special observances, such as the three great annual dances which the Indians observe. There is no harm in these dances, Mrs. Converse thinks, and nothing repulsive about them. At one of them it is true a dog is sacrificed to the Great Spirit, but it is a white dog of a species specially bred for this use, and it is not cruelly killed, but merely strangled. As for contact, Mrs. Converse declares that many of the Senecas are better Christians than some of the missionaries. She seems to think that as long as the Senecas last they would better continue to be Indians. There is doubtless a good deal to be said in support of that view, though the prospect that it will ever recommend itself to the missionaries is remote.

E. S. MARTIN.

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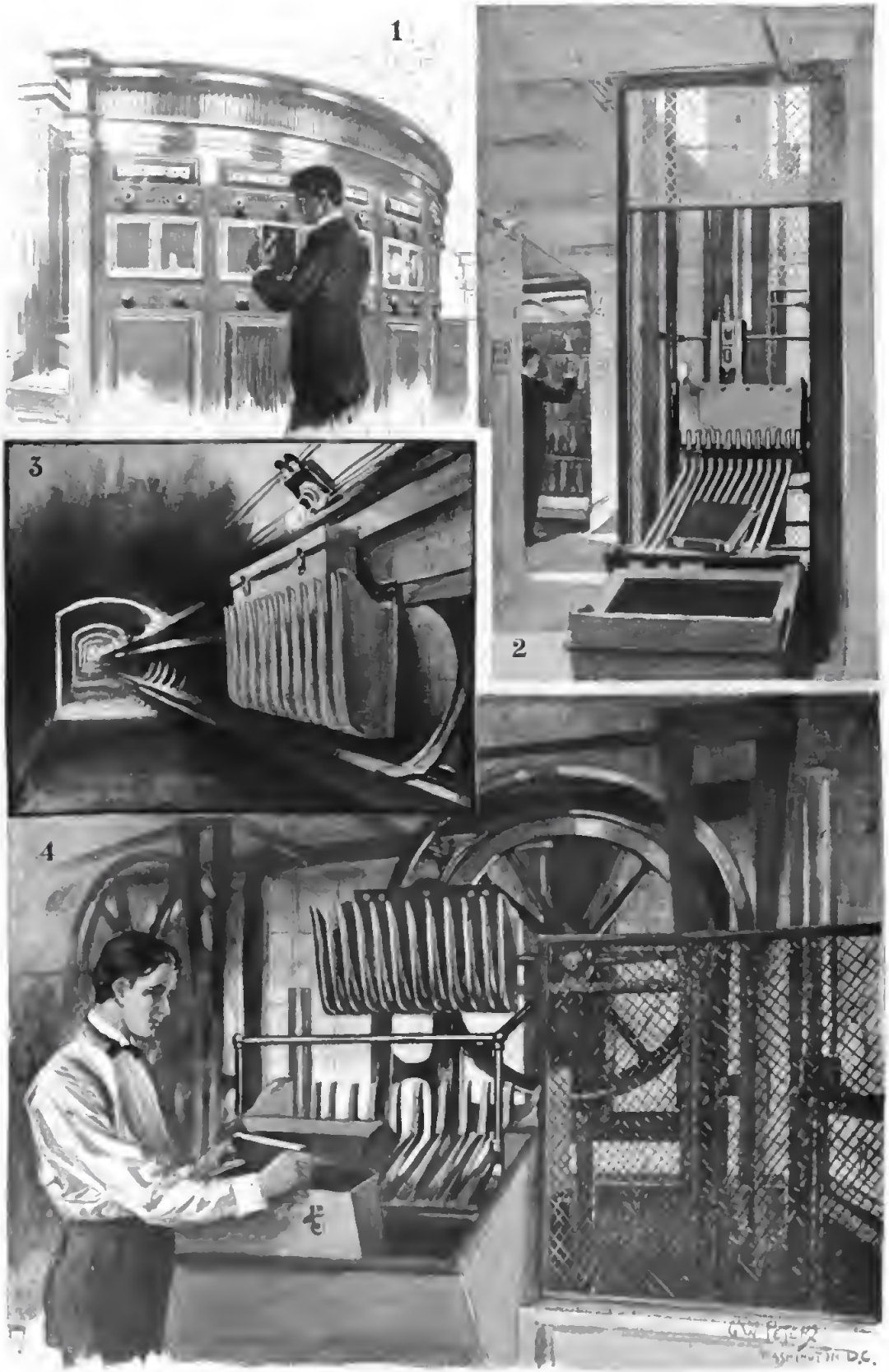

THE BOOK-DELIVERY SYSTEM AT THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY, WASHINGTON.—Drawn by G. W. Peters.—[See Page 815.]

1. The Distributing Desk in the centre of the Rotunda; showing Telephones, Pneumatic and Speaking Tubes, communicating with the Book Stacks and the Capitol. 2. Book stack Elevator, with Rack for automatically removing the Books. 3. Under-ground Book Trolley running from the Library to the Capitol. 4. Sending and Receiving Station to the under ground Trolley.

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WIFE AND CHILDREN OF A GOLDES FISHERMAN.
Dressing Fish-skins, from which they make Clothing.

TRADESMEN OF MANCHURIA.

TYPICAL PEASANTS OF EASTERN SIBERIA.

STORE-HOUSE IN A VILLAGE OF THE GOLDES.
Raised on Poles to protect the Contents from the Sledge Dogs

VIEW ON THE AMUR RIVER IN WINTER.
The River freezes and breaks up several times before finally closing, leaving the Surface very rough.

FISHING THROUGH THE ICE IN THE RIVER AT KHABAROVKA.

BY SLEDGE AND RAIL ACROSS SIBERIA—FROM VLADIVOSTOK TO KHABAROVKA—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. H. JACKSON

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BY SLEDGE AND RAIL ACROSS SIBERIA.

VLADIVOSTOK TO KHABAROVKA.

I.

TO make the overland trip across Siberia and Russia from Vladivostok to St. Petersburg in 1895 required a journey of some 6400 miles. A little more than one half of this, or 3300 miles, could be made by rail, 1325 miles by the river steamers, and the remaining distance, 1775 miles, by various vehicles. If it is desired to make the trip with the least possible delay, a choice must be made between the winter and summer seasons, carefully avoiding the transition period when one is merging into the other—and for this reason:

The Amur River and its tributary the Shilka form the only available route through the larger part of eastern Siberia. The Amur is navigable for nearly 2000 miles from its mouth, and from June until October forms the great summer route, while from December until April its frozen surface makes the highway for the winter's sledge travel. In the intervening periods all through travel is practically at a standstill, as there are no good roads except such as the ice bound river affords. In the fall, from the time the boats stop running until the ice has formed thick enough to travel upon with safety, and in the spring, when the warmth of approaching summer first weakens the surface until the freshets have cleared the stream throughout its whole length of the vast accumulation of ice, all travel is suspended, and any one unfortunate enough to be caught *en route* between these periods must bide his time in patience until the elements have completed their work.

It was with some knowledge of these conditions that the Transportation Commission left China, late in September, with the purpose of making the overland trip before summer travel had closed, but from detentions by quarantine and other causes it was the 5th of October when the *Geaze* dropped its anchor outside the harbor of Vladivostok, in the early morning, to await the dawn before proceeding to the point at which another inspection awaited us—notoriously rigid and uncompromising on account of the large number of troops here in garrison.

Apprehensions of an intolerable delay on the very threshold of our journey faced us in a possible further detention of two weeks that would follow if the slightest trace of infection was found aboard our ship. The last boat going up the Amur was advertised to leave Khabarovka—where we would connect with it—about October 1, and it would require four or five days at least to reach that point. The case really seemed a hopeless one, until we learned that the time schedules were given in Russian or Old Style dates, and that we had twelve days to our credit, putting us back to September 23.

When it was fairly daylight we proceeded slowly on our course into a large roadstead or bay, and then by a sharp turn to the right into the "Golden Horn," or inner harbor of Vladivostok. Ragged treeless hills ending in abrupt cliffs faced us on the seaward side, and farther in rounded more gracefully to the water's edge. Outside, these were crowned with light-houses; beyond that, with the straight and angular lines which indicated partially concealed earth works; and finally, as we neared our destination, magazine, barrack, and hospital buildings grouped along either shore, gradually merged into the city itself. While yet some two miles short of our landing a guard ship arrested our progress, and we came to anchor again. A small steam-launch came alongside, in which were seated two young officers with blond mustaches and pointed beards, in plain dark uniforms and white caps. As they ascended the gangway they looked straight up at the mast-head past the captain, who saluted as they approached, and then followed them into his cabin. After fifteen minutes' conference they departed, and as the captain followed them down the gangway he held up three fingers, to indicate that we should be in limbo for that number of days. There were several other ships at anchor near by, all flying the yellow flag at their foremasts, and the military hospitals on shore were also displaying the same warning signal that the dread scourge of cholera was not yet stamped out, despite the lateness of the season. We had a clean bill of health for our ship, but the three days of quarantine were imposed for having touched at other infected ports, and as a cautionary measure against the possible appearance of any infection in the mean time.

While so near that we could see the people walking in the streets of the city, we were yet as much isolated as if a thousand miles away. We were permitted, however, to communicate with the shore by letter, and so anticipate some of our preparations; but it did seem an excess of caution when, on giving a letter for the Governor into the charge of one of the officers of the little steam launch that visited us twice a day to change the guards, it was first thrown on the deck and sprayed with some disinfecting fluid by a hand-pump before it was handled.

Our panorama of the city was made from the ship while in durance—surreptitiously, of course, for if either one of the two stalwart Cossacks who were on guard night and day had been aware of what we were doing there might have been a confiscation at least. The point of view is about two miles below the city, and embraces all the harbor except the extreme upper end of the "Horn" around to the right. It is in this part that there are gathered for the summer the dozen or more battle-ships, cruisers, and torpedo-boats that supplement as a means of defence the formidable batteries crowning each of the hills in the background.

Once ashore, and after being introduced to our new surroundings, the first thought was for the necessary permit to photograph. On applying to the Governor, "le Général Major Paul de Ounterberguère," he gave a ready assent, but the matter must be referred to General Strygoff, commandant of the port, who at first returned a peremptory refusal. Further intercessions during the day resulted in a concession which allowed us to photograph all we pleased about the railroad grounds, but under the supervision of an officer detailed to see that none of the jealously guarded batteries on the surrounding hills came within the scope of our lenses. This was the only place in all Siberia where photography was prohibited, everywhere else the utmost freedom in this respect was allowed.

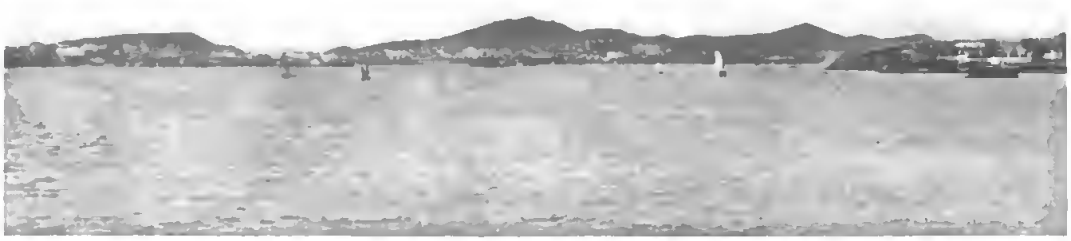
In every direction we had evidence of the thoroughness with which the building of the trans-Siberian railway is being carried on. At every step the work is finished as if for all time, and the substantial station is simply in keeping with all the work as far as completed. The extension of this line across Siberia has many features in common with that of our own transcontinental railway during the sixties; but although the Russians have a much more difficult contract on their hands, and with every incentive to push the work with the greatest possible rapidity, there are no makeshifts in the way of unballasted road ways, ephemeral station buildings, or wooden bridges, such as characterized the construction of most of our Western roads. Here the track is thoroughly ballasted, the substantial station buildings are finished to the last detail, and steel bridges or stone culverts are over all the crossings before the road is open to passenger traffic. Even at the extreme end of the track workmen were engaged in sodding the carefully dressed sides of all the cuts and fills, and laying out flower beds about the station grounds.

A GOLDEN WOMAN LAYING IN A WINTER'S SUPPLY OF FIREWOOD.

The eastern division of the Siberian Railway at the close of the year 1895 extended northwards from Vladivostok some 250 miles to the Iman, a small tributary of the Ussuri, where steamboats connected with the railway for the Amur country. The policy of the government seems to have been from the first to push forward the completion of the road at the earliest possible moment to the navigable waters of the Amur. This has already been attained at the eastern end, and now, as soon as the western extension is carried on a thousand or twelve hundred miles further to Stretensk, there will be a continuous steam route across the whole continent, but available only during the summer.

The second morning after our arrival we were off on our long trip. The train left at nine o'clock, but for an hour before that time the station platform was crowded with a busy throng, nearly all of which was made up of uniformed officers, soldiers, and workmen. The Governor and his staff with a company of Cossacks, were on their way to Nikolsk, about one hundred versts up the line, and many other officers, naval as well as military, were on hand to see them off. In strong contrast were Russian peasants, in long, unkempt hair and cumbrous clothing, Japanese, Koreans, and Manchurians, all on their way to work on the road. The rank and file of the Cossacks were sturdy, active fellows, very neat in white blouses, heavy boots coming up to the knees, and a sort of Tam o' Shanter cap.

Our train was a long one, consisting of some sixteen cars, largely second and third class for the soldiers and workmen, the balance, with the exception of our own, being made up of freight cars with railway material. Attached to the rear of the train was the private car of the engineer accompanying us, and a long second class coach for the Governor and our party. There are no first class cars yet in use on this end of the line, except the one kept as a show-piece, in which the Czarowitz rode when making his tour in 1891. Our car was some fifty feet in length, and ten feet six inches wide inside, divided into two



PANORAMIC VIEW OF VLADIVOSTOK FROM THE HARBOR

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A GOLDES WOMAN.
Wife of the Chief of the Village.

general compartments, with another smaller one something like the state room of a Pullman. The passageway, or aisle, runs the whole length of the car along one side, and communicated with small vestibules in each end, opening out in doors at the side, without steps, to meet the high platforms provided at all stations. The seats run transversely in pairs, back to back, and so arranged that the upholstered back of each seat swung up to make an upper berth for sleeping. The trimming was all in gray cloth with linen covers. A convenient toilet-room opened from the passage at one end of the car, while a hot-water heating apparatus occupied a similar apartment at the other end. Everything had an air of clean, roomy comfort, the only drawback being the very small windows and the ancient and inefficient oil-lights still in use on some European railways. The body of the car was built of iron, rather plain on the outside, but well painted and tastefully ornamented. The running gear consisted of two iron frame, four wheel bogie trucks of the Russian standard—a five-foot gauge.

Our first day's run was to Spasskaya, 223 versts, making it in thirteen hours, an average of seventeen versts, or nearly twelve miles, an hour. Out to the first station, or to the "Brewery," it required two engines to pull the long and heavy train over a "divide" with a one-per-cent. grade. After this, one engine handled the train easily, as grades and curvatures are all very slight.

As we proceed inland from the coast, the country is principally a gently undulating plain, the thinly scattered groves of birch and aspen stripped bare of all leaves by the autumn winds, and the prospect reduced to a level monotony of russet tones. There were immense stretches of flat prairie extending over the broad bottom lands of sluggish rivers. These were covered with a deep and heavy growth of grass; in fact, the whole country appeared to be most richly endowed for either pasturage or hay making, which industry was about the only work going on. Harvesters were out everywhere, and with the rude appliances of hand labor were cutting and stacking an abundant supply of forage for the long winter to come.

The railroad avoids the proximity of all the larger towns. Nikolsk, the principal town in this section, being left five or six versts to one side and hardly discernible from the station, so that the general aspect is one of vast stretches of sparsely settled country, with no fences and little cultivation. Such habitations as were in evidence, outside of the station buildings, were in little clusters of dreary looking log houses. About a hundred miles from Vladivostok we passed the scarcely perceptible divide separating the drainage of the Ussuri from the coast, and until night overtook us were skirting the marshlike valley bordering Lake Khanka. The country was so level that the intervening groves of small timber, slight in themselves, effectually concealed the lake from view.

Our "lay over" at Spasskaya was to enable us to complete our ride over the rest of the line by daylight, the regular train going on through so as to reach the end of the track the next morning. The following day brought the same monotony of broad meadows, enlivened occasionally by long lands of fire and smoke stretching across the drier uplands. About noon we crossed the Ussuri on a three span steel bridge and then followed the valley of this river to the banks of the Iman, where construction halts, awaiting the completion of the bridge. There will be but very little delay, however, as the immense quantity of material accumulating at the end of the line will be pushed forward on temporary tracks laid on the ice as soon as winter sets in. In this way the road-bed is finished far in advance of the slower and heavier bridge work.

The Ussuri, for nearly its whole length, is the boundary between Siberia and Manchuria. It is a broad, shallow, muddy stream, and the channel through the shifting sands is so difficult to follow that we had to lie by most of the nights, as it was, we were continually getting aground, often taking hours to warp the boat off into deeper waters with the volunteer help of nearly all the lower deck passengers. When to these detentions are added the stops to wood up and the necessary landings, it is easy to understand why it took three days to go 250 miles down stream. Our landings were all on the Siberian side, and took place at the larger only of the scores of towns or stations that line the whole extent of the Chinese frontier. These are the "stanitsas," or outposts, of Cossack emigrants, colonized here by imperial authority as a check on any invasion of its territory.

Approaching its junction with the Amur, the river broadened out to over a mile in width, but was still so shallow that we could have waded ashore from almost any place in mid stream. This necessitated frequent running out of the rope to pull ourselves off the sand bars, for our old boat was aground a half-dozen times a day. At the confluence of the two streams the stretches of water reached out on the horizon to where it met the sky, suggesting some great inland sea rather than a river. The northern shore was so low it could not be seen, on the left a range of hills made a blue and shadowy outline in the extreme distance; while on the right, quite near at hand, were the abrupt bluffs above which rose the quintuple emerald-green spires of the cathedral and the widely scattered buildings of Khabarovka.

II.

After being domiciled in the residence of Governor-General Dahoffsky, who was absent in St. Petersburg we were in a state of turmoil and suspense for more than a week, preparing and planning for the continuation of our journey up the rives. The last regular boat had left two days before our arrival. A week later we learned that it was aground some four hundred miles up the river, and the rapidly falling waters had left it hopelessly stranded, to become ice-bound later on, and eventually to be destroyed in the breaking up of the ice in the spring. Its passengers, of course, got ashore and reached Blagoveschtchensk as best they could. For a few days our hopes were centred upon another boat that had come up from Nikolsk rather belated, and which we were assured would take us as far as Blagoveschtchensk. This failed us also, however, for after deliberating the question for several days, and in obedience, more particularly, to telegraphic advices from up the river of the rapidly falling water and formation of ice in the side streams, it was decided to abandon the trip and put the boat in safe winter quarters where she was.

Resigning ourselves with the best grace possible to the long time that must now elapse before we could resume our travels—which, by the-way, extended from day to day until nine weeks had passed—the intervening time was pleasantly and profitably spent in visiting the adjacent railway-construction camps and the villages of the aborigines, and in responding to the hospitable attentions crowded upon us by the hearty, whole-souled representatives of the imperial government in Siberia.

Khabarovka is the seat of government for the Amur region. On the east is the Maritime Province, and on the north and west the Yakutsk and Trans Baikal provinces. It is also the residence of the Governor General of Eastern Siberia, whose authority extends over all these provinces. It is almost wholly a garrison town, an extensive system of substantially built barracks providing permanently for some ten thousand troops, chiefly infantry and artillery—the Cossacks, as the mounted branch of the service, being scattered about the country, chiefly on the frontier, in small cantonments. The town is thinly scattered over three parallel ridges at right angles to and ending in abrupt cliffs at the river front. Under this bluff along the water's edge is the Chinese settlement—the original Manchurian village existing before the Russian occupation, and containing representatives of pretty nearly all the Mongolian and Tartar races.

On the central ridge, starting from the river, are most of the executive buildings, the cathedral, the merchants' shops, and on the cross stream sloping down from the central ridge most of the residences of the officials, civil and military. The eastern ridge is occupied almost entirely by barracks for the infantry, while on the west are the artillery and arsenal buildings, it is also the older residence portion of the town. From our photographs it will be seen that the majority of the houses are of character locally Russian type, built of hewn logs, nearly flat and of tin roofs, and a large amount of wooden fret-work. The interiors are arranged more for comfort than for elegance. In the winter double window-sashes, sealed air tight, and the immense Russian stove or oven built into the side of every room, insure an equal degree of warmth throughout the houses in the coldest weather. For nearly every one except Russians they are kept entirely too warm.

In the mercantile line there were four or five large establishments, doing an extensive local retail as well as a large outside jobbing trade. Among these were two well-known American houses with branches located in several other Siberian towns. In addition were two or three large Russian stores, and scattered about the town the usual assortment of chemists, bakers, shoemakers, watch-repairers, etc. In the larger establishments are found everything needed by their customers—dry goods, groceries, hardware, jewelry—anything from a paper of pins to a horse and wagon.

Down under the bluffs near the boat-landing is a busy street called the "market," where are congregated all the small traders—Mongolians, Koreans, and Japanese—deal-

A SHAMAN PRIEST IN HIS REGALIA.
Prepared for a Dance with Songs and Mystic Incantations.

CHIEFS OF THE GOLDES.
A local Tribe of the Tungusse living along the Amur River near Khabarovka.

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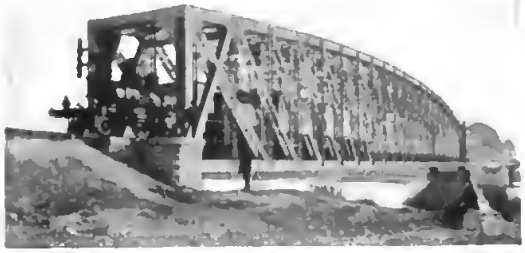

RAILWAY BRIDGE OVER THE USSURI.

RAILWAY EMPLOYEES' HOUSES ON THE LINE OF THE EASTERN SIBERIAN RAILWAY.

OVER A NEW TRAIL.

A GUARD OF THE EASTERN SIBERIAN RAILWAY

A COMPANY OF COSSACKS AT NIKOLSK
Waiting to meet the Governor of Vladivostok

THE TARANTASS OF GOVERNOR DE OUNTERBEDGUERE AT NIKOLSK.

RAILWAY ENGINEERS SURVEYING THROUGH A NEW COUNTRY

RESIDENCE AND OFFICES OF THE GOVERNOR AT KRASNOYARSK.
Gymnasium, or Public School, in the Distance

HANDLING CONSTRUCTION MATERIAL AT THE RAILWAY TERMINUS AT VLADIVOSTOK.

BY SLEDGE AND RAIL ACROSS SIBERIA—FROM VLADIVOSTOK TO KHABAROVKA.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. H. JACKSON.

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RESIDENCE OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF EASTERN SIBERIA AT KHABAROVKA.

A HOUSE IN A GOLDES VILLAGE ON THE AMUR, FORTY VERSTS BELOW KHABAROVKA.

A GOLDES DOG TEAM.

SHAMAN PRIEST AND ASSISTANT IN DANCE AND RECITATION

A GOLDES BEAR-HUNTER WITH LANCE

THE RIVER FRONT AT KHABAROVKA.

WATER CARTS AT KHABAROVKA
The Town's entire Water-supply is obtained from the River.

BY SLEDGE AND RAIL ACROSS SIBERIA—FROM VLADIVOSTOK TO KHABAROVKA.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. H. JACKSON.

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PANORAMIC VIEW OF KHABAROVKA, LOOKING ACROSS TO THE PRINCIPAL PORTION OF THE TOWN.

ing chiefly in the limited line of goods required by the peasantry. Some of these native traders also do a large business in the products of the surrounding country. The Sungari, draining nearly all of Manchuria with navigable streams, has its outlet in the Amur just above Khabarovka, and its grain trade is almost entirely handled at this place. The concentration here of large bodies of convicts to work on the railway, and of still larger bodies of troops, taxes the resources of the whole country to sustain them.

It seemed to be generally understood that the extension of the railway westerly from Khabarovka was to be abandoned indefinitely. One serious problem was the bridging of the Amur at this point. The broad stream is thrown against the rocky base of the high bluffs on the Khabarovka side, and is confined to a comparatively narrow, deep channel, with a fairly stiff current. Still, it would require a bridge some 6000 feet in length, besides the approaches, and extraordinary strength in the piers to withstand the force of the enormous floods following the breaking up of the ice in the spring. The river freezes to a depth of six feet, and when this tremendous body of solid ice, moving in immense masses, is raised up and sweeps down with the current, its power is irresistible.

While the line from Vladivostok to Khabarovka will not form a part of the great transcontinental route, at least for a long time to come, yet its completion is to be pushed forward rapidly, to give the central Amur region direct and efficient communication with the only good harbor on the Siberian coast. To this end the construction is going ahead vigorously from both ends, and it is expected that it will be completed before the close of 1899. As has been explained before, this will then constitute the through line, using the navigation of the Amur as one of the links in the system until the shorter line through Manchuria is completed.

Under the guidance and instruction of the engineers in charge, several visits were made to places along the line of work, the centre of activity being some forty versts from Khabarovka. In the outskirts of the town a large force of convict laborers was engaged in leveling down and grading the uneven surface of the hills to the water's edge for terminal facilities, where the railway would connect directly with the steamboat traffic up and down the river. From here on to the front the work is pretty generally distributed along the whole distance. Following the locating engineers, who were far in advance, came a large number of men clearing the route through the forest, making an exceptionally wide path for a single track road. This was to lessen the danger of the fierce fires which in the dry seasons sweep through these wild wastes, and for the protection of the telegraph lines, as well as of the road, from falling trees. This work goes on nearly all winter, when all grading and mason-work must of necessity come to a standstill. All the sound wood is cut up and carefully stacked, to be used as fuel in the future operations of the line, and the rest is burned on the ground.

Grading was still actively under way. Men with clumsy wheelbarrows were in the side work, and long trains of iron tram-cars pulled by horses moved the earth in all the larger cuts and fills. The culverts and bridging of small streams were all in brick or stone, the older crossings awaiting the arrival of steel bridges, that were to come later on with the rails. Station buildings, "section" houses, and water tanks were in course of construction—nearly everything except the laying of the track.

All the work is done by contract, carried on under the direction and supervision of the government engineers, and is divided among a number of civilian contractors. Tifontai, a prominent Chinese merchant of Khabarovka, and to be the richest man in the province, has all the station buildings and culvert work over one of the divisions, employing Mongolian labor almost exclusively. Many Japanese are also employed in brick and stone work, and Koreans in less skilled work. The earth work is done almost wholly by convict labor. In October, 1895 there were less than a thousand engaged on this part of the line, but preparations were being made to put fully three thousand at work in the following spring.

The island of Saghalin, lying off the Siberian coast at the mouth of the Amur, is the chief penal colony of Russia in Siberia. The direct transport service by sea from Odessa makes it far more convenient for the deportation of criminals than the long and tedious overland route, and it is now receiving a large proportion of this class of compulsory immigration. Colonel Tashkin, formerly Governor of the island, and now in charge of all the convicts engaged in railway work, afforded us opportunities for visiting the camps with him when making his weekly rounds of inspection. From him we learned that the contractors pay the government ninety five copecs per day in copec is equivalent to three-quarters of a cent) for the services of the convicts, but they are fed, clothed, and cared for by their official guardians. Ten per cent of his pay goes to the convict, and he is also allowed extra compensation for over-time. Many of them are said to clear as much as eight rubles a month (equal to six dollars), which, with all their necessary wants provided for, is quite a handsome sum and enables the thrifty ones to lay by a considerable amount against the day of their release. They are, of course, under military surveillance all the time, a picket guard being maintained about the field of their labors, and are escorted to and from their work. There are many "trusties," however, for we saw small gangs on detached portions of the work without guard. As laboring convicts they were well clothed and fed. We could see but little difference in the provision made for their comfort from that of the soldiers guarding them. A soup or stew of vegetables, and fresh meat, black bread, and tea, were the staples, and were provided in abundance. In one of the largest camps soldiers and convicts were served alike from the same mess-house.

Their winter clothing of sheepskin, with the wool worn inside, felt boots, fur caps, and big mittens, were ample for the coldest days of winter. In summer they live in large canvas tents, but for winter quarters substantial log houses were just in process of completion, each one accommodating forty men. Built half underground, with the roof covered deep with earth, the only ventilation being through the chimneys and a door at one end, they were too close and warm to please any one but a Russian peasant. Along each side raised platforms seven or eight feet wide, sloping slightly to the centre, extended the full length of the house, forming, in connection with a little sheet iron stove, the only furniture. The men sleep on these benches in a long closely packed row, in their usual out door dress, with sometimes a sheepskin for a mattress.

The severest punishment for refractory conduct is the dungeon, or dark chamber. In the guard house of each little group of these winter quarters two small closets are provided for the punishment of exceptionally obstinate or vicious cases by close confinement. For lesser infractions of camp discipline and like offences a deduction of pay, or light irons worn within the limits of the camp, was the extent of penalties inflicted.

With the opportunities for escape on all sides, the nearness to a border country, the forest growth surrounding all the work, and extending indefinitely to other provinces, the number of convicts who "run" is comparatively few. This is accounted for by the fact that they are well treated, and that out-door occupation like this is much preferred to the confinement and purposeless life on the island. Then, also, the chances of getting entirely out of the country are exceedingly remote, and the dangers of the forest, wild animals, starvation, and cold are more to be feared than arrest by the patrols.

For good behavior there are various degrees of commutation, up to one half of the time of their sentence, but an escaping convict, if recaptured, has his time doubled. Colonel Tashkin's coachman, a fine-looking fellow of about thirty, sent out originally for eleven years, has made five attempts to escape, and his penalties have now lengthened out his time to more than his natural term of life.

Besides the convicts, another large class employed in construction are the "colonists." These are convicts whose terms of imprisonment have expired, but who are still practically exiles, as they are not allowed to return to their homes, and are held under a modified military surveillance. They live apart, in houses of their own, and support themselves by such occupation as they can find. Their pay was said to be about twelve rubles per month, the average price for unskilled labor, but why the contractors should pay the government more than double this price for convict labor was not explained.

In the houses of military and civil officers at Khabarovka, convicts are almost entirely employed for domestic duties. Cooks, waiters, coachmen—nearly all menial service is performed by men and women drawn from the prisons. Murderers are said to be preferred for domestic service, as being morally far more reliable than other classes of criminals. Details from the ranks are also employed in the houses of the higher military officials.

In the social life of this remote outpost of civilization there are comparatively few households presided over by the refining influence of a wife as brightened by the presence of children; and when they are, these homes are in marked contrast to the much larger number of "bachelors' halls." The difficulties in reaching this far away post, the uncertainties of the tenure of office, or rather of location, deter many families from leaving comfortable homes in Russia, so that these genial men, for the most part, are living a jolly sort of club life among themselves. Dining or supping in rotation in their respective circles, they keep up a spirit of cordial good fellowship that does much to alleviate the burdens of their exile from the gayeties of Petersburg and Moscow. They are most hospitable and generous hosts, and the stranger within their gates, especially if he be an American, is made to feel that he is a brother. Effusive to an extreme degree in their expressions of regard, it is sometimes embarrassing to the less demonstrative son of Anglo Saxon blood to be embraced by a big bearded Muscovite, and saluted on each cheek and then on the lips.

The few aborigines with whom we came in contact are related to the Tungusus, who are distributed over the central part of northern Siberia. The "Goldes" are a local tribe of the Tungusus, living along the lower Amur. They exist almost entirely by fishing, but there are also good hunters among them, who make frequent incursions in the winter, on snow-shoes, into the neighboring hills for bear, deer, and other large game, depending almost wholly upon stout spears in attacking the most formidable denizen of the forest. They are expert in dressing skins, and, besides the heavier pelts, make a light and very serviceable garment from the skin of the salmon. They also display much taste and skill in a sort of applied embroidery, using bright-colored silks to covering their garments and ornaments with a mass of intricate tracery in conventional designs. Some of the head families of the tribe are well-to-do, dressing in silks, woollens, and furs instead of skins. Only last year two of the chiefs journeyed all the way to Moscow to be present at the coronation of the present Emperor.

Taking advantage of the first freezing of the river, a trip was made to a Goldes village, called Supchacke, some forty versts down the Amur, a group of less than a dozen houses on a ridge overlooking one of the many side channels of the river, and just high enough to escape the spring floods. The houses were built first in a framework of wood, and then filled in and plastered with mud and thatched with straw. In their general arrangement, inside and out, they resemble very closely similar structures in Manchuria, Korea, and northern China. The interiors are usually in two divisions; in one is the stove, or combined heating and cooking arrangement (the "kuang" of Manchuria), the smoke and heat being carried under and around a raised platform in the adjoining apartment, which is the sleeping, living, and general reception room of the family. A small square space of earthen floor is reserved in the centre, in which a brazier of coals is placed when evening comes on, for the benefit of the smokers as well as for additional warmth. The photographs will show better than words the leading features of this Goldes village. Many dogs are employed by them for winter travelling, making journeys of hundreds of miles from their hunting-grounds to available markets to dispose of their skins and furs. A good leader in a team of six or eight dogs is said to be worth two hundred rubles. Very clannish and quarrelsome, it was amusing to notice how jealously these animals guarded their own special precincts from the intrusion of neighboring dogs. They are also great thieves, and the elevated store houses in every village are needed as much to protect the family supplies from their own dogs as from other predatory animals.

Like our own aborigines, these people are fond of masquerading, and in their Shaman priest, with his grotesque dances and weird incantations, have the equivalent of our "medicine man."

MUSIC NOTES.

THE announcement is current that the "Red Band," the "Banda Rossa di San Severo," a military concert orchestra well known throughout Italy and southern Europe, much in the same way as Sousa's band is distinguished here, will arrive in New York in October, and tour extensively in the United States. It will begin with fifteen concerts in the Metropolitan Opera House in October. In number of players is about sixty, and its repertory is large in those arrangements of high class and classical music that demand fine technical skill in the case of a wind band. Numerous soloists will accompany it, including a notable child violinist, Chiara Stubenrauch, whose fiddling is considerably more artistic than her name. The present leader of the Banda Rossa is Eugenio Sorrentino.

Wagner and Offenbach are not often brought together in anecdote, though the man of thirteenth and the genius of opera bouffe were no strangers to each other during Wagner's anxious Paris days. If an anecdote be not strictly true that is passing along the chain of English journals, it sounds as a probable story, and it is funny. It states that after the printing of the score of his *Rienzi*, Wagner sent a copy of the libretto to Offenbach and asked his candid opinion of it, verse and music. Offenbach had read some of Wagner's previous poems, and had made fun of them—a circumstance known to Wagner. After some three weeks the score of *Rienzi* was returned to its composer, with a slip on which was written, "Dear Wagner, your music is rubbish, stick to poetry." Wagner was much offended. By and by he published his offensive pamphlet on "Jewry in Music" (Das Judenthum in Musik), with its bitter references. Mindful of Offenbach's Jewish birth, he sent Offenbach a copy. Offenbach sent back this enclosure also, and when Wagner opened it, lo! another scrap of paper, on which was scribbled, "Dear Wagner, your pamphlet is rubbish, stick to music." Like Rossini, Offenbach's wit seldom failed to meet any emergency, and a book of his witticisms would be pretty reading.

E. I. S.

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"THE VINTAGE."*

A STORY OF THE GREEK WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY E. F. BENSON.

AUTHOR OF "DODO," "LIMITATIONS," "THE JUDGMENT BOOKS," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

FATHER PRIKETES led the way to the chapel, and pushed open the great brazen door for Germanos to enter. He knelt in turn before the great altar the altar to the heavenly Physician, and before the black relief of the Virgin, which is supposed to have been made by the hands of St. Luke himself, and said for himself and Nicholas a thanksgiving for the aid of the saints who had brought them safely to the end of their journey. They then supped with Father Prikotes and went back to the chapel. The place was in absolute darkness, and after locking the door behind them, since at present only a certain number of the monks knew about the crypt and what was in it, Father Prikotes lighted a lantern, and they went up to the east end. He drew from underneath the altar a small crowbar, and creeping under himself with his lantern, pried away a large paving-stone, which made a hole large enough for a man to creep through. Rough wooden steps had been erected from the floor of the crypt up to the level of this, and one by one they descended. The crypt was some forty feet long by twenty broad, and by the light of the lantern they could see that all round the walls were ranged rows of guns and swords. Since Germanos's last visit they had largely added to the number of arms, and on a hasty glance Nicholas reckoned that there could not be less than fifteen hundred guns.

His eyes glistened as he moved the lantern round the walls, and he turned to Father Prikotes.

"This will make a hole in the Turks bigger than the hole in your roof," he said. "You have enough, I think. They will be hungry, those bamboo stacks. Grind their food for them, and do not let them feel sitting of that."

"Already?" asked Father Prikotes.

"Already. It is August now. Before the vineyards are green with the fresh leaves in the spring the juice shall be spilt. And there will be a great harvesting, the wine-press will be running red and full to overflowing. Where can you stow the food for all these hungry throats?"

"There is room here, is there not?"

"Surely—room to spare, but it would not be well to keep it here. Whoever enters here must carry a light, a chance spark, and he may cry to the Virgin in vain."

Father Prikotes paused a moment.

"You shall taken walk with me to-morrow, and we will see. You are satisfied at present?"

"I shall never be satisfied," said Nicholas. "I should not be satisfied if I saw all the armaments of angels stand against the Turks. But it is time to think of other things. Could you raise men at once?"

"Five hundred in one minute from within these walls," said Father Prikotes, "and two thousand more in the time it would take an eager man to run up here from Kalavryta."

Nicholas looked round again.

"This feeds my soul," he said. "And swords, too—little sickles for the harvesting. Look you! Perhaps we shall not meet again till after our vintage has begun; but remember this: After four months from now we cannot tell when the day of the beginning of harvest will come, and so be ready. Whatever the Archbishop orders, do it, for he and I work together. And, oh, father, let no man take thought for himself on that day. What does it matter to whom the honor and the glory go if once Greece is free? If you desire such things I give to you now by bequest all the honor and riches that may come to you. Forgive me for saying this, but that is the only loop hole where failure may creep into our camp. I say the same thing to all, and I remind myself of it daily. I have been chosen to conduct this matter in the Morea, and I will give my life and all I possess to it as long as you judge me worthy of the leadership. The moment a single dissentient voice is raised, not in the matter of councils or plan of action—on which I will listen to all that is to be said—but of command and obedience, I only ask leave to serve in the ranks. Let us deliberate together, by all means, till the time comes to act, but when that time comes and a word of command goes through the country, let there be no delay. For all will depend, as I take it, on the speed with which we act when we come to action. This is the beginning and the end of success and all that lies between."

"But how is the word of command to come," said Father Prikotes, who rather looked forward to a little independent campaign, "if you are not with us? Must I not act on my own judgment?"

"No, a thousand times no," said Nicholas. "What I have seen here shows me that you in Megaspélaion and Patras will be the right hand of the outbreak. How it will spread afterwards God knows, but when the first grapes are cut it will be yours, so I think, to garner them. This is why you must obey absolutely. Nothing will be left to your judgment. A message will come, and you will obey."

"How am I to tell who your messenger is?"

Nicholas smiled.

"Some afternoon when you are sitting in the spring sunshine, or perhaps some night when you are sleeping, your people will come to you and say there is a man here, or a boy, it may be, or a girl even, who wishes to see you, and we cannot understand what he means. Then you will delay not, but go and see what it is. You will say, 'I am Father Prikotes, you have a message for me.' And the message will be in this form: 'I am told to ask you if there is corn to be given to those who need it?' And you will say, 'Is it much corn they need? Are the needy hungry, or are they Turks?' And the messenger will say, 'Send black corn to the Turks, to Kalavryta, or Tripolitsa, or wherever it is, and let two hundred or five hundred or a thousand men carry it.' Other instructions may come as well, but always in that form. And as you obey, so may the Lord give you a place among his saints in heaven!"

Father Prikotes was silent a moment.

"You are right, Nicholas," he said. "And I swear by the picture of the Mother of God that I will obey in all things. Come, shall we go up again?"

They climbed up into the chapel, and went out down the vaulted stone passage to the story below, where an other vaulted passage, panelled up to the roof on both sides, led to the monks' library and Father Prikotes's own rooms. Nicholas, who carried in his hand an olive wood stick, tapped the panelling carelessly as he went along, and once stopped a moment and smiled at Germanos.

"The wall seems a little less thick here than at other places. Mahemet Salik, however, was too cunning to attend to such simple things."

"The Lord be praised for making so many clever men!" said Germanos, piously. "To have a fool for an enemy has been the undoing of more men than Satan himself."

They went on to Father Prikotes's room where they had supper before, and Nicholas lit a pipe.

"That is quite true," he said. "A fool is always blundering into the weak place by accident. There is nothing so disconcerting. Whereas a clever man is on the lookout for less obvious weaknesses, and passes over the obvious ones on purpose. And the Turk is both clever and indolent—a very happy combination."

"For us," said Prikotes, who had, as Nicholas once said, a keen grasp of obvious things.

"As you say, father, for us," said Nicholas, "and we intend to profit by it. Heaven helps those who help themselves."

"Heaven help the Turk!" interpolated Germanos, "but I doubt it."

"Then the Turk has helped himself somewhat too freely," said Nicholas. "And now, father, with your leave, I will go to bed. I have seen all I came to see, and I think I had better push on to morrow. You will find, no doubt, a prudent place for your granary. It is impossible to be too prudent now, just as it is more than possible to be too wary hereafter. When once we get into the open, we keep there until all is finished."

"Where are you off to?" asked Germanos.

"Southwards," said Nicholas. "I must go over all the towns in the Maina, and tell them that the time is near. If once the war begins as I wish it to begin, I will leave the rest cheerfully to fate. If only I can give fate a good chance, I shall not be afraid."

"What will the end be?" asked Prikotes.

"There can only be one end—the end of the Turk."

The last half of November was a fortnight of cold showers and biting winds at Nauplia, and the woodcock came down in hundreds to the plains. Often when the curtain of cloud which veiled Mount Elias day by day was rent in two by some blast in the upper air, the lighter slope of the mountain, it could be seen, was sprinkled with snow. Then the peak would again wrap itself in folds of ragged cloud, as a beggar throws his torn cloak over his shoulder, and perhaps would not be seen again for a couple of days. Down in the plain scudding showers swept across from north to south and east to west, and the earth, still thirsting from the long drought of the summer, drank them in feverishly, as the sick man drains the glass by his bedside and turns to sleep again.

Mitsos swore a good deal at this horrible weather, but, like a wise lad, when he had finished swearing, proceeded to make the best of it. The bay, and the sweet possibilities of the bay, were out of his reach; but the woodcock were distinctly within his reach, and he shouldered his gun with the air of a martyr, and found martyrdom not but fairly enjoyable. And after a long day on the uplands towards Epidaurus he would come back, often after dark had fallen, with a leash of woodcock, an appetite which bordered on the grotesque, singing and contented. Later on in the evening, however, he used to get restless and go to the door to see if the weather had changed or showed signs of changing, and was met by a buffeting flap of windy rain which made him close it again quickly; for it was as good, he argued, to lie rolling and rocking off the white wall if he was to be alone there. Once or twice during this fortnight he had done so, but he got nothing more than a wetting. Constantine was somewhat puzzled and perplexed at Mitsos's behavior about this time, but he took it all very quietly, as he took everything, and likened him in his own mind to a colt who is just beginning to find out that he is a horse, and, knowing his own strength, whinnies and kicks up his heels. He knew it would be useless to try and extract information out of Mitsos if he did not volunteer it, and he thought, very reasonably and fairly correctly, that Mitsos's somewhat spasmodic moods were merely the result of his budding manhood, and were as inexplicable to him as they were to Constantine himself. Meantime, though they had neither heard nor seen anything more of Nicholas, Constantine felt that Mitsos was growing in the way he would have him grow, and was increasing in self reliance, and, so to speak, carelessness of mind, just as he was increasing in bodily strength and stature.

But Mitsos was exercising more self-control than Constantine gave him credit for. That acquaintance with Suleima, the girl of the harem, began as strangely, had ripened no less strangely. He had sat below the wall night after night and talked to her in a boat rocking gently in the swell or standing steady and still in the calm water, till with a sign she motioned him away, seeing some other woman of the harem or one of the servants come out into the garden. Then Suleima had made a confidante of one of the elder women, who, seeing Mitsos's handsome laughing face, had quite had her sympathy won over, and had promised to watch in the garden so that they might talk without fear of interruption, stipulating, however, through Suleima as interpreter, half laughing at him and half in earnest, that Mitsos should give her a kiss for every time she watched for them. Suleima had felt herself flushing as she interpreted this into Greek, but Mitsos soon reassured her as he answered:

"She might as well do it for nothing. Oh, don't translate that, but say we are very much obliged."

Then there came an evening, only just before the weather had broken, when Mitsos took down to the boat a little rope ladder. Suleima had told him that he was to come there late, not before midnight, and she would have gone to her room early, saying she was not well, and then, if possible, she would come out to him, and they would go for a sail together.

It was an evening to be remembered, to be lived over again in memory—her reluctance and eagerness to come; her terror at the thought of being discovered, which none the less added a certain spice to her enjoyment, her delight at getting out, though only for an hour or two, her half-frightened exclamations of dismay as Mitsos put about and the water began to curl back from the forefoot of the boat as it went blissing out to sea before the wind, her face looking as if it were made of ebony and ivory beneath the moonlight, with its thin black eyebrows and long black eyelashes, her season of innocent wickedness, as, in response to Mitsos's entreaties, she unveiled it altogether, her curious fantastic story of how she was carried off years ago by this Turk, and had forgotten all about her home, her pretty pronunciation of Greek, her bewildering treatment of himself as if he were a boy, which was true, and she was quite grown up, which she was not, being just eighteen, the view which she took of this midnight sail being just a childish freak, heavily paid for if discovered, and to be repeated if not, while to him it was the opening of heaven. Then, as he still remained serious, looking at her with wide eyes of adoration, she too became a little serious as they turned homewards, and said that she liked him very much, and that old Abdul Achmet was a fat pig. Then, in answer to him, Oh no, she was quite content where she was, except when Abdul was in a bad temper or the eunuch beat her. There was plenty to eat, nothing to do, and they were all much less strictly looked after than in other harems, for Abdul only cared for one of them. It was not very exciting, but if Mitsos would come again now and then and take her for sails she would be quite happy. Finally it was no use his coming except when it was fine, for the harem was always locked up in wet weather, and she would not be able to come into the garden. Also she hated rain like a cat.

Then intervened the fortnight when the climate of Nauplia, which for the most part is that of the valley of Avilion, gave way to the angry moods of a child—to screaming, sobbing, and steady weeping. The surface of the bay was churned up by the wind and curdled into foam by the rain; the big walnut tree under which Maria had slept shook itself free of its summer foliage, and stood forth a naked appeal to the elements. For a fortnight the deluge continued, but on the night of the 1st of December Mitsos, waking at that strange moment when the earth turns in sleep, and cattle and horses stand up and graze for a moment before lying down again, saw, half in sleep, the shadow of the bar of his window cast on to the floor by the slip of the crescent moon, which rode high in a starry sky, and when he woke again it was to see a heaven of incredible blue washed clean by the rain.

Half the day he spent dreaming and dozing in the veranda, for he meant to be out on the bay that night, and after his mid day dinner he went down to overhaul the boat, taking with him his fishing net and a tag of resin; he had wrept up in the centre of the net the pillow from his bed, for Suleima had said that the net on which she sat before smelt filthy. But after supper that night he found himself beset by a strange perplexity, the like of which he had never felt before. His fustanelle was old and darned—it was hardly suitable. It did very well before, but somehow— The moon, too, would be larger to night. The perplexity gained on him, and eventually he took out his new clothes, only worn on festa days, which were thoroughly unsuitable for rough fishing by night. He brushed his hair with extreme care, and wished it was sleek and smooth like Yenko's, instead of growing in crisp, strong curls, put his red cap rakishly on the side of his head, and laced up his boots to the very top. All this was done with extreme care and seriousness, and he went down stairs on tiptoe, for fear of waking his father, who had gone to bed early and left injunctions to him to lock the door and take the key with him if he was likely to be late.

It was about half past ten when he set off, and the moon had risen. It took him an hour or more to reach the dim white wall, for the breeze was yet but light and variable. He began to feel his heart pulsing in his throat, as it had done one night before, but somehow differently, and as he neared the wall he peered out anxiously into the darkness to see if there was any one there. Something white glimmered on it, and the next moment he had taken in his sail, and a few minutes later the side of his boat grated against the stone work.

Suleima gave a little chuckling laugh.

"I thought you would come," she said, "as soon as the weather cleared. They are all in bed. I listened at Mohammed's door—he was snoring like a pig."

Mitsos said nothing, but jumped on to the side of the boat, threw the ladder up on to the wall, and sprang up himself.

"Yes, I have come," he said. "Ah, how I have been cursing this rain—may the saints forgive me! But I cared not, and cursed."

Suleima looked at him a moment.

"Why, how smart you are!" she said. "Do you usually go fishing in your best clothes? Really, you look quite beautiful, Mitsos."

Mitsos smiled and looked a little confused.

"Hush!" he whispered, "we will talk in the boat. I will hold the ladder. There! It is quite steady."

The girl stepped lightly down the rungs, and Mitsos, directing her to sit quite still, threw the ladder and the rope back, and let himself down into the stern of the boat.

"Where shall we go to night?" he asked.

The girl laughed.

* Began in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2119.

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"BRUSHING BACK THE CURLS WITH HER HAND, SHE KISSED HIM LIGHTLY ON THE FOREHEAD."

"Oh, out—out to sea," she said; "right away from this horrible place. Where shall I sit?"

Mitsos took the pillow out of the net and put it for her at the stern of the boat.

"See!" he said; "I remembered that you said the net smelt fishy, and I brought you my pillow to sit on. There! Are you comfortable?"

She sat down, and the boy busied himself with the boat for a few minutes. He had to row out a dozen strokes or so, until they got from under the lee of the wall, and then unfurled the sail. The wind slowly bulged it out taut, and the boat dipped a moment, and then began to move quickly forward out towards the mouth of the bay. He stood for a moment irresolute, until Suleima spoke.

"Well, have you finished?" she asked.

"Yes, we shall run straight before the wind as far as you like."

She pointed with her hand to the seat beside her. "Come and sit by me," she said.

They sat in silence for several minutes, she with a smile hiding in the depths of her dark eyes, he serious and tongue-tied. The air was full of the freshness of the night and of the sea, but across that there came to him some faint odor from her, a warm smell of a live thing, too delicate to describe. Then she drew from her pocket a small box, and opened it.

"See what I have brought you," she said. "Rahat-la-koom—how do you call it in Greek? Sweets, anyhow. Do you like sweets?"

She took a lump of the sticky fragrant stuff out of the box and offered it to Mitsos as a child offers sweets to another child. "Do you like it? she asked again. "Abdul gave me them last night. I was afraid when he gave them to me, but he did not stop. As I told you—"

Mitsos flushed. Suleima spoke with the *naïveté* of a child, and yet somehow it made him ashamed to think that even he was sitting alone with her, and furious at the thought that that fat Turk, whom he had seen at Nauplia only a few days before, should dare to give her sweets.

"How silent you are, Mitsos!" she went on. "Tell me what you have been doing all this time. For me, I have done nothing—nothing—nothing. I have never been so dull."

Mitsos looked up suddenly. "Are you less dull now?" he said. "Do you care to come out like this with me?"

"Surely, or else I should not come. I think I have even missed you, which is odd, for I never missed any one before. As a rule, I don't care for people at all, for sooner or later they are nasty to me, and then of course I hate them."

Mitsos took her hand in his. "Promise you will never hate me," he said.

Suleima laughed. "That is a lot to promise," she said, "for never is the biggest of all words. But I don't feel as if I should ever hate you. I liked you always, even before I had ever seen you, when you sang that song out of the darkness. It was very rash and impertinent of you. Supposing I had been—well, some one else—I should have told Abdul, and got you punished for speaking to me."

"But because it was you you did not," said Mitsos, awkwardly. "Yet if it had not been you I should not have sung to you."

The girl's hand rested in his; but suddenly she disengaged it. "You are talking nonsense," she said, quickly, yet finding nonsense somehow delightful. "Of course if you had not sung to me you would not have sung to me. By the way, Zuleika—" She stopped suddenly.

"Who is Zuleika?" asked Mitsos. "And what of her?"

"Oh, nothing. Zuleika is the woman who watched to see that no one came while we talked. Well, why shouldn't I tell you? Zuleika is getting impatient for her reward. She watched four times, she said, but I am sure it was only three."

Mitsos got up and stood in front of her. "Zuleika! What is Zuleika to me?" he said.

The girl stared at him for a minute. "Are you angry, Mitsos? Oh, why should you be angry? But—but—"

Mitsos turned away impatiently.

"Why are you angry?" repeated the girl. "Is it about what Zuleika said? I told you because I thought it would please you. Most men, I think, would like to hear that sort of thing. Zuleika says you are the handsomest boy she ever saw, and she is pretty herself."

Mitsos had a most admirable temper. Although it had been touched in a quarter where he could not have anticipated attack, he regained it in a moment.

"Never mind Zuleika," he said, sitting down again. "Go on talking about anything. I like to hear you talk. And give me your hand again. Put it in mine; it is so soft and white. I never saw a hand like yours."

Suleima laughed.

"There you are, then. Oh, Mitsos, don't squeeze it so—you hurt me! What shall I talk about? I have no thing to talk about. Nothing ever happens to me. Zuleika—"

"Don't talk about Zuleika," said Mitsos, between his teeth.

"Well, you told me to talk. I don't want to talk about Zuleika. Oh, Mitsos, look how far we are out! There is Nauplia behind us. We must go back."

"No, not yet."

"But we must. It will take us an hour or more to get back. Please let us go back, Mitsos."

Mitsos sat still a moment. "Tell me you don't want to go back," he said, in a whisper.

"Of course I don't. Why should I tell you that? I should like to go on and on with you and have nobody to bother me any more."

Mitsos sprang up. "I'll put about," he said.

There were two or three moments of confusion as the heavy yard swept across the deck, and Suleima crouched down to let it go over her head. The wind had veered a little towards the east, and they could get back in a couple of tacks. Mitsos stood up till the boat had settled down on the homeward journey, and then with the rudder pole in one hand he sat down again by Suleima's side.

"It will be delightful weather now," he said, "and

WATCHING THE YACHT-RACE.—Drawn by W. T. Smedley

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you will come out with me again? You tell me you like it."

Suleima nestled a little closer to him. "Yes, I like it," she said, "but we must not go too often. But if you care to, you can come to the wall always in fine weather, and I will tell you if it is possible. And, Mitsos, next time you are going fishing tell me, and let me see you fish. I should like to see you do that. Do you catch many?"

"The devil fly away with the fish!" said Mitsos. "I would sooner talk to you."

"How funny! I would sooner you fished. Will you let me help?"

Mitsos took up one of her hands again. "It would be a light net you could draw in," he said. "You have never felt the tug of a shoal."

"A whole shoal?" asked Suleima. "How many fish are there in a shoal?"

Mitsos laughed. "Fifty for each of your fingers," he said, "and a hundred to spare. Sometimes they all swim together against the net; and though they are very little, many of them are strong. I cut my finger to the bone once. Look, here is the mark."

He held up his great brown hand, and Suleima traced with her little finger a white scar running up the second joint of his forefinger.

"How horrid!" she said. "Did it bleed much?"

"Half a bucketful. I must put the boat on the other tack. Take care, the sail will swing across again."

The air struck cold as they went more into the wind, and Suleima wrapped her black burnous more closely round her and nestled under shelter of Mitsos as he set down again.

"You are cold?" he asked, suddenly.

"No, Mitsos, not if you sit like that. But isn't it awfully cold for you? Have another piece of Rahat-lokoum?"

Mitsos grinned, showing his white teeth. "That will keep out the cold," he said. "Give it me yourself!"

The wall was rapidly approaching, and in ten minutes more Mitsos stood up and took in the sail. The speed slackened, and standing at the bows, he leant forward, and thrusting out the pole, he brought the boat alongside. Then springing up again, with the rope in his hand, he told Suleima to throw him up the end of the ladder. This he held down with his foot on the far side of the wall as she climbed up, feeling the muscles of his leg strain pleasantly as she stepped on to it.

The ground on the inside was a foot or two below the top of the wall, and standing on the top a moment before stepping down, she suddenly bent her head down to him, and brushing back the curls with her hand, kissed him lightly on the forehead.

"Good night, Mitsos," she whispered. Then in a moment her face flushed. "Mitsos," she said, quickly, and with a curious shyness, "promise me you will never kiss Zuleika," and without waiting for his reply she ran across to the dark house.

Mitsos sat perfectly still for a moment, tingling and alert, and he felt the blood throb and beat in his temples. Something which let the sun slit together like children was dead, but something had taken its place, and his heart sang to him. He dropped down again into the boat, and for half an hour more he sat there without stirring, hearing the ripples tap against the side, and seeing them break in dim phosphorescent gleams of light. Then, with wonder on his lips and a smile in his eyes, he went silently home through the still night.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ENGLAND AND HER COLONIES.

It really seems as though the feverish loyalty of this year of Jubilee had set England revising her old attitude of indifference towards her dependencies. There is no talk now of the colonies being a burden to the English taxpayer, of their being "educated in self dependence," and allowed to cut themselves adrift from the mother country when they felt equal to voyaging alone. The cry now is all for a closer union, for the forging of fresh bonds, for federation, for joining into a compact body on an immovable basis the four great divisions of the Empire. The Jubilee that has just been celebrated was as much in honor of the colonial premiers as of the Queen; the warmest cheers for the streets were those given to the colonial troops, and in a sudden illuminating flash the average Englishman has perceived the greatness, the variety, and the loyalty of the Empire to which he belongs. The sight has intoxicated him; a new world is spread out before him, and incontinently he begins to yearn for some formal knot that will bind it to him forever. For the first time in English history Englishmen of all classes have awakened from their apathy and ignorance and become filled with an inspiriting sense of the destiny of the British Empire.

It is, of course, many years since the colonies answered the purposes for which, when originally founded, England found them useful. She began by employing them as dumping grounds for her social refuse. As they prospered, she went on to tax them. The American colonies revolted, and were lost to her. In Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa she possessed herself of territories as vast and fertile as those which had separated from her. Among them, so long as they would permit it, she distributed her convicts. She held their waste lands as government property, she controlled their patronage; she became involved in an endless number of small and irritating disputes with them. This, too, came to an end. The colonies claimed the land for themselves, it was yielded to them. The colonies claimed the right to fill their offices with their own men, and England had to part with what had been a pleasant and useful provision for younger sons and political partisans. Finally, to be rid of the whole business, England left them to govern themselves in whatever way might seem good to them, merely maintaining, as the outward proof of authority, the titular sovereignty of the Crown and a Governor, who practically has no powers whatever. The advantages, then, were all on the side of the colonies. They levied taxes on British products for their own revenues. They were provided with military forces to protect their coasts at the expense of England. They paid nothing to the cost of imperial defence, yet they relied on the English navy and army to be at their service whenever required. They undoubtedly became a severe burden to the English tax-payer, who did not see why he should be made to pay for some distant colonial war which he had neither advised nor approved. England finally withdrew her troops, and insisted that each colony should take care of her own defence.

When the colonies ceased to be directly profitable, England began to lose interest in them. Twenty-five years ago she came within an ace of letting her colonial empire slip through her fingers from sheer apathy. Whether the colonies remained under the English flag, or proclaimed their independence, or attached themselves to some other power, seemed to be a matter of complete indifference to the Gladstonian government of the day. They were misled by some spurious analogy between a colony ready for independence and a grown up son ready to enter life on his own account; or else by Turgot's comparison of colonies to fruit which hangs on the tree only till it is ripe. There was a suspicion in the early seventies that Mr. Gladstone and his followers encouraged aspiration, that they would have viewed without resentment or opposition the absorption of Canada and the West Indian Islands into the United States, and the setting up of an independent Australian republic. At all events, they made it clear that they did not greatly care whether the colonies staid or went. When it was pointed out to them that between 1845 and 1870, 4,500,000 British subjects had become American citizens, they replied that no doubt it was a pity, but the British government could not "do violence to the acknowledged principles of political economy by attempting to divert emigration to one country rather than another"; and that, after all, not much harm was done, for whether a man settled by the Mississippi or the St. Lawrence he became a purchaser of English manufactures, and Queen's subject or not, was equally in need of calico and blankets and Sheffield and Birmingham hardware. Talk like this jarred on the demonstrative loyalty of the colonists, all of whom were devotedly attached to the Queen and Empire, anxious for closer union between themselves and the mother-country, and frankly astonished and hurt when England failed to reciprocate their affection. There was indifference on one side and rankling sense of injustice on the other. The slightest explosion might have been disastrous.

Several things combined to save England. Mr. Gladstone's government came mercifully to an end, and Mr. Disraeli gave himself up to a policy of Imperialism. Now Disraeli's Imperialism was not in any sense colonial, indeed, on the question of the retention of the colonies, he had expressed himself as heretically as any Liberal of them all. His Imperialism was not even particularly inspiring; it was cheap, it was showy, it was often ridiculous. Still it was Imperialism, it was patriotism too wild, if you like, but still patriotism, at any rate, it shocked England out of her stupor and made her lift up her head once more. It was Disraeli as much as any one who first gave the impulse which rose to its climax in the enthusiasm of last June. At the same time many real patriots, alarmed at England's persistent neglect of her colonies, endeavored to shame her into active sympathy and co-operation. Foremost among these was Mr. James Anthony Froude, who drew upon all the resources of his boundless patriotism and brilliant literary gifts to quicken England to a sense of her duty. Then came Professor Seeley with his famous *Expansion of England*, soon followed by innumerable colonial clubs and federation leagues, even by the formation of a colonial party in the House of Commons, while among average men and women the ringing Imperialism of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's verses has kept alive a spirit of ardent patriotism.

And so, when the colonial Premiers landed in England for the Jubilee, they found themselves carried away by the splendid and sincere enthusiasm of their welcome. Instantly the air became thick with schemes for federation. Twenty-five years ago it was the colonies who pressed for a closer union, and England who cold shouldered the idea. Now it was England who took up the cry. The Premiers held round table conferences with Mr. Chamberlain. At every banquet federation and the undying loyalty of the colonies were the early topics. The newspapers came out with fresh schemes day after day—now for a gigantic system of imperial defence, with every colony contributing its share to the naval and military forces; now for an Imperial council composed of delegates from every colony, to sit at Westminster, and thence direct the affairs of the Empire; and now for a customs union, contemporaneous with and restricted to the Empire and directed against the rest of the world. It may be remembered that this last idea of an imperial Zollverein was put forth by Mr. Chamberlain about a year ago, and no doubt he hoped for the support of the colonial Premiers. But the colonial Premiers were to a man against it. The Hon. G. H. Reid, the Prime Minister of New South Wales, described his proposal as impracticable and not worth discussing. The Canadian Premier, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, pointed out that Canada's recent tariff bill gave preference to British products without asking anything in return. The day England abandons free trade, he said, is the day of her decadence. The Zollverein plan is, of course, an old one, but the objections to it seem insuperable. It might be different if the colonies could supply England exclusively either with food stuffs or with the raw material for her manufactures, but they cannot. England will not give up free trade, the colonies cannot afford to sacrifice protection. That alone will make a commercial union an impossibility for some time to come. It may be doubted whether it ever will be possible to establish the same fiscal system in countries differing widely as the poles in climate, in government, in habits, and in political opinions. As Lord Farrer pointed out, it would prevent any change in taxation in one of the countries constituting the British Empire, unless the same change were made in all. To require Canada and Australia to adopt the English system of external taxation, to model their own internal taxation accordingly, and to continue to insist on that requirement, whatever their own change either of opinion or condition might be, would be simply destructive of local self government. And that is precisely what the colonies will not stand. The more other colonies follow Canada's lead and reduce their tariff on British manufactures, the better pleased England will be. She will denounce any commercial treaties with foreign powers that stand in the way of such reduction, but she will not abandon free trade.

The second plan, which has been most discussed, is that of a Pan Britannic Senate, or Imperial Council, composed of delegates from all the self governing colonies, sitting at Westminster. Sir Wilfrid Laurier stated openly that he thought a closer union could only be brought about by "the old British principle of representation." In an interview he was even more explicit. "In Canada," he said, "we are but 5,000,000 people now; we can wait. But when we are 10,000,000 it means we must either cut loose from Great Britain or become a part of Great Britain. England must take Canada and her colonies into a regular partnership, with a proportionate control and responsibility in imperial affairs. Were I twenty-five years of age instead of being fifty, I confidently believe I should some day sit in Westminster as one of the representatives of the Dominion of Canada." Sir Wilfrid was probably merely giving his own opinion. It may be taken for granted that the general feeling throughout the colonies is against the creation of any fresh political ties. The colonies, indeed, are only anxious for federation when they are sure they cannot get it. An imperial council would of course be under the predominating influence of England. In any dispute England would be the arbiter. The Crown would, in fact, arrogate to itself the right to direct colonial policy. The Premier of New South Wales put his foot down firmly against any such proposal. The colonies, he argued, are loyal because they are not interfered with. Let them do as they please, and their devotion to England will never falter. But if you manufacture more formal bonds you merely multiply occasions for misunderstanding. It is one of the greatest facts of colonial history that while every surrender of imperial control there has been a corresponding growth of imperial power. Australia can make herself heard far more effectively by means of the Governor or Agent General than she could if she were merely one of a number of colonies, planted in a council room at Westminster, waiting for the commands of the Secretary of State. At bottom the colonies are fiercely suspicious of the English government. They are devoted to the Crown, but they fight shy of Downing Street; they love England, but they rather dislike Westminster, and any scheme of federation, like the establishment of an imperial council, that seems likely to tighten the official bonds will never be satisfactory to them.

It seems as though the only way along which a sure step can be taken towards consolidation is that of imperial defence. In common contribution to a common navy there is a policy at once feasible and fruitful. To the Australian colonies belongs the credit of taking the first step in this direction. Their contribution to the navy was, however, a purely colonial contribution for colonial purposes. The cruisers they supplied were under the agreement to be confined to Australian waters. Even with this businesslike stipulation it was a fine example to set the other colonies. Cape Colony so far has been the only colony to profit by it. On July 10 Mr. Goschen, the First Lord of the Admiralty, announced to a brilliant gathering at St. George's Club that he had that morning received the present of a first class battle-ship from Cape Colony. The gift was unattended by any conditions. The trouble is to be placed freely and unreservedly at the disposal of the Admiralty. The prime cost of a first-class battle ship is something under $5,000,000. The revenue of Cape Colony is a little over $25,000,000. She is therefore setting apart, unasked, one fifth of a whole year's income for the purpose of imperial defence. The Cape Parliament has yet to signify its assent to this gift, but there seems no reason to doubt the result of the voting. No more splendid proof could be given of the passionate loyalty which holds the Empire together. And that sentiment of loyalty is the backbone of the British Empire. No cut-and-dried scheme of federation can knit the nations together with the intensity of that unchanging patriotism. The present enthusiasm in England may lead to nothing tangible in the way of consolidation. Nothing tangible is wanted. All the colonies need is the assurance that England is proud of them, is determined to keep them, and if need be will protect them with all her force. On that foundation of good-will and sympathy the British Empire is indestructible.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

RARE MANUSCRIPTS FOR AMERICAN LIBRARIES.

An ineffectual search for photographic reproductions of important classical manuscripts was recently made through New York libraries by a student who had reached a point where certain questions were to be decided, if decided at all, only by an appeal to manuscript authority.

It is obvious that this point must be reached soon by every one who aspires to thorough scholarship, yet it is doubtful if there are to-day in America complete photographic reproductions of any half dozen important manuscripts in Greek, Latin, Saxon, Old High German, Gothic, or Icelandic. When American scholars can compare the earliest Anglo-Saxon manuscripts with the manuscript of Ulphilas, or with those of the earliest Icelandic sagas; when without leaving the room they can call down from the shelves exact reproductions of Scriptural, Homeric, Horatian, or Virgilian manuscripts, when questions which concern the arrangement of verse, the marking of accent, the variations in spelling, and a hundred other things which a scholar must know, can be settled in a New York library—then it will be easily possible for New York to produce scholars who will be accepted in England and Germany as the highest authorities in their specialties.

Within the last ten years it has become easily possible to make a photographic engraving of a Greek manuscript which will give with absolute fidelity every accent and breathing marked in the original. The student who has learned to appreciate the importance of what the early part of the century overlooked as mere triviality can feel assured in the use of such a reproduction that he could learn nothing more if he had the original before him. Why, then, it is natural to ask, is not every important library in the United States provided with such reproductions of all the really valuable manuscripts of the world?

The real reason is that the subject has not been discussed in such a way as to force it on attention. But two objections are urged, and they must be noticed. One is that the libraries have not the money to meet the expense of the necessary photo engraving, the other is that in some cases they might not be allowed to make photographs, on account of the jealousy of the present holders of rare manuscripts.

The question of cost can be disposed of by the assertion that though it would be considerable, it would not be exorbitant, and that by a concerted movement of the principal libraries of the country it would be easy to secure the funds. The object is one sure to appeal to every lover of thoroughness, and to all who believe that we still have much to learn from such art as that of Horace, Virgil, and Homer. By a really determined and concerted effort the money might be raised in sixty days to reproduce any given fifty of the most important manuscripts of the world, so as to give a complete photographic copy of each to any given fifty libraries in America.

Even at the close of the nineteenth century it is perhaps possible in exceptional cases that custodians of important manuscripts might be so barbaric in their selfishness as to object to having them photographed for the benefit of civilization, but we have at Washington an expensive Department of State which might be in much worse business than that of taking the necessary steps at European capitals to overcome all such objections.

If the time has not already come for the United States to do the work necessary to give American scholarship its opportunities for genuine thoroughness and real excellence, it ought to come soon.

THISTLE-DOWN.

O thistle-down, a silver mist,
I see you drifting round the wold;
By light and airy breezes hist
I watch you pause and turn and twist
In languid ripples fold on fold.

Beneath the bending apple-tree
You wander at the wind's sweet will—
You veil the wood's green drapery,
Then fray into a surly sea
That breaks in silence on the hill.

O spirit of the quiet air,
How sweet a fate your fate must be
To lightly sail without a care,
Bound for the port of Anywhere,
On pearly pinions light and free.

R. K. Munkittrick.

THE BOOK-DELIVERY SYSTEM AT THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY.

The problem of quick delivery of books in large libraries, when the book stacks are several stories in height and at a considerable distance from the central delivery desk, has resulted in the introduction of book railroads in some of these institutions. One of these railroads was established in the Boston Public Library when its new building was opened. Another, on a still larger scale, has been put into operation in the new Congressional Library, its main features being suggested by Mr. Bernard R. Green.

From the distributing desk in the center of the rotunda two sections of the system run, one to the north, the other to the south stack, the east stack, which is much smaller, being served solely by the attendants. Each apparatus consists of two endless cables, to which are hung eighteen brass carriers, with bottoms formed of carved teeth. The cables pass down from the rotunda to the basement below, along which they travel until they reach the elevator of the book stack, when they ascend through the nine stories, and return by the same route. At each floor is a sliding tray, formed of brass slats, which correspond in position to the spaces between the teeth of the carrier. When an attendant on any floor has received through the pneumatic tube from the rotunda the book slip he places the book on the tray, and dips the latter down until all the weight of the book rests upon the curved ends. Then the first *descending* carrier, whose teeth fit in between these ends, picks up the book and carries it up and down again until it reaches the rotunda, where another tray of slats receives it and moves it automatically on to a table. If one carrier and separates the fingers of both hands, and draws the fingers of one hand through those of the other, the principle of the arrangement becomes clear. When the officer at the distributing desk wishes to return a book to the stack, he sets a lever on a dial at the number corresponding to that of the floor. As the carrier containing the book in its *downward* reaches the proper floor, the tray automatically slides out, receives the book, and deposits it on a table.

But there is another unique feature of this system. It happens frequently that Senators or Representatives want books for immediate use in committee rooms or on the floors of the Houses during debate. It became necessary, therefore, to devise a method of speedy delivery of books to the Capitol itself. For this purpose a tunnel has been constructed from beneath the rotunda of the Library to a delivery station in the Capitol, a distance of 1250 feet.

The illustrations on another page of the Weekly show the various steps in sending books from the Library for immediate use in the Capitol. A Senator or Representative writes an order for a book and sends it by tube to the distributing desk in the Library. The first part of the process is the same as that already described, except in the case of big books, for example, bound volumes of newspapers, which must be carried by hand down the ordinary elevator, with which each stack is provided. When the book has reached the table beneath the rotunda another operation begins.

An attendant takes the book, places it in a case, and puts it in a carrier, much larger than the others, that runs on an endless chain from the Library to the Capitol. These carriers go around the wheel at each end of the tunnel in which the endless chain runs. Great speed is necessary in the transmission of the carriers, but it is also necessary that the carriers shall be propelled slowly around these wheels. To meet this requirement the two carriers used have been placed at exactly equal distances on the chain, so that both make the turn of the wheel at each end of the tunnel at the same time. A mechanism has been devised whereby they make this turn slowly, and then dash away at high speed. When the book reaches the central station in the Capitol it is removed and sent by messenger to the Senator, Representative, or other official who has ordered it.

The motive power throughout is supplied by an electric dynamo, and the endless cables are kept continually moving—those in the Library at a rate of about one hundred feet, that in the tunnel at a speed of nearly six hundred feet, a minute. It is estimated that under the new arrangement a Congressman will be able to obtain a book in a shorter space of time than when the Library was in the Capitol itself.

NEW CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SILVER PROBLEM.

Some years ago, when the world's mercantile element was beginning to recognize that the universal decline in the bullion price of silver was due to the immutable laws of supply and demand, and not to statute enactments, and therefore was likely to be permanent, there was a report that a full equipment of a mint—*i.e.*, for coinage—had been exported from England to China. As the Chinese government, however, did not furnish its people with anything in the nature of money for facilitating their exchanges, except the rude coin known as "cash"—a small disk with a square hole in the middle, composed mainly of an alloy of copper and zinc, and which was cast in a mould and not coined—the purpose for which minting could be needed in China was not apparent. And with some surmises that "Mexican" or "American" dollars of former weight, pattern, and quality, but of impaired bullion value, were to be made and traded off as under former conditions on John Chinaman, the subject passed out of public interest.

But, be this as it may, a mint was really manufactured in England, transported to China, and set up in Canton, where, under the auspices of the local authorities, but under the exclusive management of English mechanics and engineers, it has since been engaged in coining "cash" of better quality and design than formerly, and in large quantities, for exclusive circulation in the two lower or southern provinces of China.

Some dissatisfaction having been expressed, however, by a leading Viceroy, Liu Kun-Yi, that the copper cash struck by the foreign machinery of the Canton mint was too heavy, and apt to tempt counterfeiters to melt it down and coin lighter cash, which could easily pass muster in the markets, the Imperial government at a very recent period ordered three new additional coinage plants; but this time the order was given to the United States, and executed in New Jersey; and the plants are now actively operative, either in or in proximity to Peking, under the immediate supervision of the Emperor. Two of these plants were designed for making "cash"—of ordinary brass, or of two-thirds copper and one-third zinc—for use and circulation in the northern provinces of China, and at present are reported

(Continued on page 816.)

DON'T WORRY YOURSELF

and don't worry the baby; avoid both unpleasant conditions by giving the child pure, digestible food. Don't use solid preparations. *Infant Health* is a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Send your address to the New York Condensed Milk Company, New York.—[*Adv.*]

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Beware of the "just as good" humbug. The Subject's is the only genuine Aromatic Bitters.—[*Adv.*]

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In spite of the keen competition, this still remains the brightest and best illustrated magazine in the language.—LONDON DAILY NEWS

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

Harper's improves with age, and it is hardly too much to say that every number is better than its predecessor.—THE TIMES, Troy, N. Y.

Continues to be a criterion of taste in the woman's world. . . . .

HARPER'S BAZAR

The latest news of the fashionable world is told with a fulness of detail that is sure to interest the female world.—N. Y. HERALD.

(Continued from page 815.)

as turning out some 700,000 coins per day, each machine making 100 per minute.

The third coinage plant of American construction was completely fitted up, if not originally designed, for producing five sizes of silver coins, the exact counterparts, except in respect to inscription and design, of the United States five-cent, ten cent, twenty-five cent, fifty-cent, and one-dollar pieces, the last containing exactly 412½ grains, the United States silver standard.

The American company which constructed and are now operating the three new plants was instructed to copy in its products, as far as the general design was concerned, the patterns furnished by the government, and which were probably made at the Canton mint. But whether the designs of these coins originated with Chinese artists or in England is not known. The results, however, of the five piece coinage of the American plant are shown by the accompanying representations, reproduced from exact and finely executed photographs.

From an artistic point of view the American Chinese coins are claimed to be a great improvement on the original patterns or designs, more especially in respect to the dragons' scales and muscles, and also the lettering of the inscriptions.

For what purpose the actual duplicate coinage of American silver, so far as size, weight, and current bullion value are concerned, has been entered upon by the Chinese government is not known and is difficult to conjecture. Whatever else may be predicated of the immense ignorant and geographically isolated people of China, nothing can be more certain than that John Chinaman will never take a piece of silver in trade, or in exchange for service or indebtedness, for more than its bullion worth as pure silver, no matter what stamp his government or some merchant may put upon it. Some one may, however, have persuaded him that things are different among the barbarians who live afar off and do not belong to the Celestial Empire.

RECENT CURIOUS CURRENCY EXPERIENCES IN WEST AFRICA.

Any recital of recent currency experiences would be imperfect that failed to call attention to certain anomalous fiscal troubles that have lately befallen the people of one of the negro states of western Africa, and which have not yet passed into history to an extent that they merit. As is well known, the governments of the leading states of Europe, with a view of increasing their commercial advantages through the acquirement of new markets, have, within a comparatively recent period, greatly increased their territorial domains and government in and over what is regarded as uncivilized Africa. What has been achieved in this respect in "South" and "south-eastern" Africa is well known; but the general public are yet in a great degree oblivious to the fact that the French are pushing their territorial occupation and domain in the direction of the famous city of Timbuctoo and the southern Sahara; while the English are rapidly occupying a vast tract of territory geographically known as Nigritia, from the circumstance that it is traversed by or is contiguous to the ancient and once mysterious river Niger. As almost all experience has shown that when civilized and barbarous nations have been brought into contact mutual peace and security for commercial intercourse can only be attained by the exhibit or exercise of superior military force on the part of the former, and consequently the British occupation and government of Nigritia have been necessarily military, with such contingent beneficial results as the termination of the horrible human sacrifice kingdoms of Ashantee and Dahomey.

One of the Nigritian kingdoms that has most recently and after considerable fighting, passed under British rule and European ideas and enterprise is that of Nupé, which although ruled by a barbarous negro king was, through a concurrent Arab population, to a considerable extent commercial trading through caravans with an interior, and to whom the advent of the English was probably not unwelcome. The currency of this kingdom and its population was mainly slaves, with, inferentially, slave babies and children serving as subsidiary money media. And herein is impending a very serious financial difficulty. For as the British government does not sanction or tolerate slavery, and as it is understood that the new officers of the state, known as the "Niger Company," propose and promise the entire abolition of a previous legal *status* in respect to all the instrumentalities of barbarism—rule of the "witch doctors," human sacrifices, human slavery, and the like—the interesting question has naturally arisen, what are the people of Nupé going to do for money, or rather for currency? Will a party arise, as in the United States, who will manfully contend for the maintenance of the "Dollar of their Fathers"? Will not some "Nupéan" Bryan set forth in fitting language the wickedness of the demonetization of the former Nupéan currency! What better use can Senator Teller make of his disquisition on the benefits that accrued to the ancient Spartans when they substituted iron money in place of their former cattle, cow, and pig currency than to send a large number of copies of it for general distribution on the banks of the Niger? How the heart of ex-Senator Pfeffer of Kansas must rejoice at the historical vindication of his axiomatic financial principle, that "it matters not of what money is made, or what its intrinsic value is"! Would it not be the part of wisdom for President McKinley to instruct his monetary missionaries, after they have got through with their search in Europe for information about currency around the tables of royalty, to journey forthwith to West Africa, visit Nupé, and learn from the Nupéans their opinions as to the effect of cheap money—contingent on a successful slave-hunt; and also whether their former money had not much to commend it by reason of its remarkable properties for (leg) circulation? It certainly could not have stood long in one place without watching.

DAVID A. WELLS.

MR. FRENCH'S STATUE OF RUFUS CHOATE.

MR. DANIEL C. FRENCH has recently finished a statue of Rufus Choate for the Court House in Boston. In the representation of a subject with so many diverse characteristics the sculptor was confronted with a difficult problem. We remember Whipple's description of Rufus Choate, when a young man, as an "Apollo with a slouch," and in later life nobility of deportment was joined to a marked angularity. Then we look for suggestion of his power as a logician, his poetic fancy, stubborn sincerity, and the actor's artifice. His many-sidedness is so dazzling to the imagination that a first sight of the statue may provoke a feeling that it is inadequate. A younger sculptor, or one with less breadth of vision and self possession, might have executed a statue with more immediate attractiveness, for the reason that he would have fallen a victim to some one or other of the subject's fascinations, and represented this at the expense of the others. The interest excited by Mr. French's statue begins and develops gradually, in just such a way as the great lawyer's influence upon his audience must often have been exerted. At first one is quietly interested by the calm concentration of the figure, then awakened to livelier interest by the subtle suggestion of forces held in reserve, then pricked to speculate in what direction it will be exerted, and at last finds one's self eagerly awaiting the climax. It is the repose which derives its significance from the contrast of suggested energy—the complete equilibrium of the gladiator before he leaps to the attack.

The carriage of the head is self reliant, but slightly inclined forward, with just a hint of deference towards those to be convinced. On the brow there is the dignity of intellect; in the eyes, the steadfast long gaze of the imaginative temperament. The upper lip is almost rigid; the lower, flexible and tender. It is one of those statues that make a flattering appeal to the intelligence of the spectator.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

THE TOUR OF THE PHILADELPHIA CRICKETERS.

LONDON, July 25, 1897.

AT this writing, the tour of the Philadelphia cricket team is practically over, and it is therefore possible to draw with considerable accuracy a comparison between American and English cricket.

In the first place, it must be remembered that the conditions under which the game is played in the two countries are essentially different. In England the wickets are, as a rule, as wonderfully true and accurate that the task of the batsman is far easier than in the United States, where even the best of wickets is not yet up to the English average. The difference between a crease that is absolutely true and one that is nearly so is not appreciated without actual experience, as it is not alone the question of getting out on a ball that acts queerly, but the confidence which a batsman gains from the knowledge that the ground will not play any tricks on him. As a result of this he is able to make strokes that otherwise he would not dare to attempt.

Then there is still another element that in England operates in favor of the batsman: it is that even after weeks of dry weather, when the ground is hard as a rock, the crease does not become "fiery," as in the case at home, and it is therefore an extraordinary circumstance for fast bowling to be unsafe to play, whereas in the States just the reverse is the case.

Of course all this is due to the age of the English grounds and the enormous amount of care that has for years been bestowed upon them. There is no reason why in time our grounds should not reach the same state of perfection; but we are comparing cricket as it is to-day, not as it may be in the future.

There is one more element to be reckoned with, and that is the weather. During the cricket season in the United States soft wickets due to wet weather are rare. In England they are exceedingly common. In both countries the players have of course learned to play the game under the conditions existing, and therefore visiting teams are for a time at least at a manifest disadvantage.

In making a comparison, therefore, of Philadelphia

STATUE OF RUFUS CHOATE FOR THE COURT HOUSE, BOSTON.—DANIEL C. FRENCH, SCULPTOR.

cricket as opposed to that of the English counties, I, to be accurate, must take three essentially different conditions into consideration, viz.—*a*, that of the game being played in England on a soft wicket; *b*, its being played in England on a hard wicket; *c*, its being played in Philadelphia.

In case *a* I do not think Philadelphia would have much of a chance for victory with *any* county team. The English bowling on a soft wicket is so far ahead of ours that a soft wicket win for Philadelphia over the weakest English county would be in the nature of a scratch.

In case *b* I class Philadelphia as stronger than Sussex, Somerset, Leicestershire, and Hampshire—that is, I believe, in a series of five games with each of these counties, it should win three or four. I think it is about even with Kent, Warwickshire, and Derbyshire, hardly as strong as Middlesex, Essex, Gloucestershire, or Notts, and certainly not as good a side as either Lancashire, Surrey, or Yorkshire.

In case *c* I think Philadelphia would only have the worst of the chances when facing Lancashire, Surrey, Yorkshire, or possibly Notts.

Of course in all these estimates I am supposing each side to have its full strength in the field.

Going into details, I should say that in fast bowling Philadelphia was well above the county average. King is unquestionably better than any English amateur, and second only to Richardson and Mould. In the matter of medium pace and slow bowling the counties have all the best of it. At the bat Patterson, Lester, Wood, and Noble would quickly gain places well up on any county team, and Bohlen and King (I am now speaking of batting alone) would do so on all but the very strongest.

In the field, I believe that Coates is stronger than any cover point or out fielder in England, but that the average pick up and return of the county man is ahead of the Philadelphia standard. In the matter of accepting catches the Philadelphian's work on this trip is about the English standard, but in this respect, for some unaccountable reason, the visitors have not done themselves justice.

At the wicket Ralston, Brown, and Scattergood are all well up to the county average, and the former, when at his best, has superiors only in Lilley and Storer. At slip Wood is more brilliant than any I have seen here, but England has many points better than any we possess.

Of course the county teams are not, on paper, nearly as strong as an all England eleven, just as in baseball in America any one League team would not rank with a nine picked from all the various clubs. On the other hand, it is equally true that an eleven or a nine playing together for a season works more harmoniously, develops team-work, and thus to a very considerable extent makes up for its not being an "all star" combination.

It is, for this reason, pretty generally conceded that such a team as Yorkshire, for example, is practically nearly as strong as all England.

The 'varsity teams (Oxford and Cambridge) are this year much stronger than the average. Cambridge should be ranked close to the leading three counties, and Oxford a trifle lower down.

In closing this brief comparison I cannot do better than quote Lord Harris, who, at the Marylebone Club dinner, said: "I think the Philadelphia team has done wonderfully well when it is considered that it is picked from two hundred amateurs, and in the home of cricket is meeting teams picked from thousands of both amateurs and professionals. In view of all this, Philadelphia may well be proud of its record."

MILTON C. WORK.

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AMATEUR SPORT

It is quite illustrative of British newspaper wit that the London press, in railing against Edward H. Ten Eyck, should fail to realize it is impugning the intelligence and judgment of the Stewards who accepted his entry to the Royal Henley Regatta. It seems entirely consistent with contemporary sporting history that the English press should denounce, on one ground or another, a victorious alien. But I am loath to believe that the English press represents the sentiment of English sportsmen. The sportsmen of Great Britain do not endorse the newspaper vilification of Ten Eyck, no more than they did Dunraven's childishness, or the emphatic discourtesy to the New York Yacht Club of the Royal Yacht Squadron, or that implacable American traducer, the *London Field*. But the sportsmen of England must henceforth disclose themselves more successfully than they have on recent occasions, else the world will accept the prejudiced expressions of the British press as representative of British sentiment, and conclude that English "sporting spirit" and English "fair play" are to be met with only when the Englishman is winning, and that when fortune goes against him he is an indifferent sportsman and a most offensively bad loser.

Edward H. Ten Eyck is an amateur under the narrowest interpretation. He has never rowed for a money prize, or converted his prizes into money, or accepted inducements to attend regattas, or received pay of any kind for his aquatic skill, or worked for wages around boats. He is an eighteen-year-old schoolboy, and is eligible to any regatta in the United States or in Canada. So far as the strict letter of the law goes, he was also eligible for Henley; but if I correctly interpret the spirit of the Henley law and understand the Henley tradition, Ten Eyck, despite his unimpeachable amateur status, is not of the usual type of Henley oarsmen. Had the Wachusett Boat Club of Worcester been more familiar with the type of Henley oarsmen, it would not have put itself and Ten Eyck and American sportsmen generally in a position before the sporting world that could be assailed from any point of view.

The Henley Stewards could have refused the entry, to be sure, but their position was a delicate and a difficult one. They probably suspected that rejection of Ten Eyck, on the ground that acceptance of his entry violated the spirit of the law, would call down upon their heads virulent criticism from that class in America which corresponds to their own violently prejudiced crew of the British sporting press.

Nevertheless, their position in refusal would have been tenable.

Ten Eyck comes of a race of professional watermen, a class which it is fair to assume he himself will probably join eventually; his father is the professional sculler, and at present a boat-club trainer, and his grandfather is a Hudson River boatman. It is good sturdy stock, and there is not a word to be said against it. But it is not the stock from which Henley entries are recruited. Perhaps it is as desirable, perhaps it is more so—that is not at all the question. The point is that Henley was established for, and has been supported by, a certain class—a social class, if you like—of amateurs, and Ten Eyck not being of this class, the Worcester club should have hesitated to put him forward as a candidate for it.

E. H. CLARK.
Winner of the All-round Individual Athletic Championship for '97.

This may not sound democratic, and I am quite certain I shall be misunderstood by superficial readers. But we have no right to thrust our democracy upon institutions which are not democratic. Henley has certain traditions, time-honored—and narrow, if it consoles you so to call them—but foreigners seeking admission to a regatta where such traditions are respected have no right to disregard them.

Once Ten Eyck's entry had been accepted, however, responsibility for ignoring tradition passed from the Wachusett Boat Club to the Henley Regatta Stewards. That point seems to have remained obscure to the London press. It was somewhat inconsistent, too, that Ten Eyck should be anathematized for accepting the services of a professional trainer (his father), considering that last year one of their own amateur scullers, Guinness, also employed a professional trainer, without offending the ethical predilections of the British press.

Ten Eyck's performance at Henley commands admiration. He pulled a powerful stroke—the professional scullers' stroke, which has very little body swing—and won all his heats with comparative ease, beating H. T. Blackstaffe for the final in 8 m. 35 s. This becomes a record for the course (1 mile and 550 yards), the best previous time, 8 m. 36 s., having been made in '89 by Mr. Guy Nickalls.

Dr. W. S. McDowell, Chicago, defeated E. A. Guinness, 9 m. 10½ s., and J. T. Hogan, 9 m. 33 s., but lost to Blackstaffe in 8 m. 34 s. Ten Eyck beat J. J. Blusse, a Dutch oarsman, in 9 m. 16 s., and B. H. Howell, an American, at Cambridge, in 8 m. 30 s. Subsequently, for the Wingfield Sculls, Howell lost to Blackstaffe. To have had three representatives in the Diamond Sculls semi-finals is an attainment all Americans appreciate.

We rejoice with Worcester in the splendid achievement of her young oarsman. It is the first time the Diamond Sculls, emblematic of the world's sculling amateur championship, ever came to America; but we cannot experience the thrill of satisfaction that would have been created by the success of an entry entirely in conformity with the Henley ideal.

We shall indeed rejoice genuinely, however, in any victory Ten Eyck's good rowing brings him in American waters. Here, so long as he retains his amateur status and rows an honest race, and conducts himself in a sportsmanly manner, his entry is as acceptable as though he were heir to a coronet.

Therefore, in felicitating Ten Eyck—in all sincerity—we do not hesitate to express the hope that another American boat club does not again ignore the Henley traditions, and thereby commit what comes unpleasantly near being a breach of international sporting etiquette.

EDWARD H. TEN EYCK.
First American Winner of the Diamond Sculls.
Photographed by Davis.

The performance at the English Athletic Championships of R. Sheldon (Yale) was exceedingly creditable. To get second place in the shot to Hogan, the champion, and by so good a put as 44 ft. 5½ in., is to have gained laurels indeed.

There is grim justice in the success of Western men in the Western singles championship. And, too, it suggests to the National Association the need for the future of more widely informed ranking committees. In the '96 ranking an elaborate series of seven classes of 83 names was exploited, filled apparently with men that happened to have performed within the range of the committee's vision. Well-known Western men were entirely ignored, among them being Myers, Bond, Waidner, D. McQuiston, S. H. Neel, and Collins. The explanation, I understand, given for disregarding these men and others in the year's classification was the naïve one of committee ignorance. Surely a strange admission for an association with pretensions to national jurisdiction.

The '96 Ranking Committee consisted of Messrs. James Dwight, L. E. Ware, and Lieutenant R. P. Davis, a choice that would seem not to be provincial, while Dwight, from the length of time he has been associated with American lawn-tennis, might reasonably be expected to be somewhat familiar with the game's progress outside of New York and Boston. E. P. Fischer, who is fifth on the '96 ranking, was beaten at Chicago last week by Kreigh Collins, who has no recognition in any one of the seven classes. Collins also beat Ware, who is ranked ninth. Sheldon, ranked tenth, was defeated by Bond, who has no place in the '96 classification. It is true that Fischer and Sheldon are not playing up to last year's form, and Collins has improved materially, but unless the National Association publicly proclaims its ranking to be based on the showing of men at Newport only, there is no defence for ignoring these Western men, and the classification beyond the first ten or twelve is incomplete.

Play in the Western singles tournament was as interesting as the results were gratifying. Having journeyed well out of their district to play for a championship for which they had no residential right of entry, it was pleasing to Eastern as well as to Western sportsmen to note the successive defeats of Ware, Sheldon, and Fischer. If it was the Kenwood Country Club that paid the expenses of these men from New York to Chicago, it was, from the general sportsman's view-point, money well invested, if only to abruptly check the mug-hunting tendencies, the thriving of which the National Association abets by its toleration of unlimited touring. But it was not creditable to the Kenwood Club that in the hope of increasing the gate it should jeopard the chances of its local players by wholesale Eastern importation.

The excellent showing of Kreigh Collins in the Chicago club invitation tournament the week before made him the favorite among Western candidates for the singles tournament. But it was hardly to be expected that, having won the right to challenge Carr Neel for the championship, he should forthwith beat him—6-3, 7-5, 7-9, 9-7. And there is little doubt that Neel's lack of form and condition was responsible for his defeat. Collins played a sharp, aggressive, and at times brilliant game, but at its best his tennis is still a couple of classes below the form Neel is capable of reaching. This year Neel has devoted himself to his professional duties, and had very little time for practice before defending the title he had twice won.

The Collins-Ware match was more interesting, the latter having shown by his previous Canadian work that he was in form, and would bring out the very best tennis of which Collins is capable. So he did, and it proved too much for Ware, who, though stubbornly contesting the decision, was fairly outplayed, Collins winning, 10-8, 2-6, 6-4. Subsequently Collins beat Fischer more easily, 4-6, 6-1, 7-5—despite the fact of the Easterner showing the best form he has thus far revealed in '97—by staying at the net and cleverly disposing of Fischer's hard and generally accurate drives. Fischer had previously beaten S. R. Neel, 8-6, 6-4. Meantime Sheldon had beaten H. McQuiston (6-1, 6-8, 6-1) and Myers (6-3, 7-5), but in the semi-finals was defeated by W. S. Bond, 6-4, 6-4. This brought the two Westerners, Collins and Bond, together in the finals, and the latter, after a hard struggle in the first set, was completely outplayed, Collins winning, 6-7, 6-3, 6-2. Bond's game is fairly good at the net, but he is weak in off the ground play, and in no particular is his tennis so good as Collins's.

We shall hope to see Collins at Newport.

Play in the doubles was rather poor from the first match up to the last, when Ware and Sheldon, who beat Fischer and Neely (4-6, 4-6, 6-4, 6-2, 6-3), gave an exhibition of pretty fair tennis in the last three sets.

Thus an Eastern team will represent the West in the '97 National championship, and unless some stronger combination is made, the Englishmen will capture the doubles event at Newport.

As matters look now, there is a chance of the present lawn-tennis season revising some of the impressions left by those that have preceded it. Of these the most important are (1) the improvement in American first class as compared with English first-class play, and (2) the increased steadiness of Larned, that brilliant, though hitherto erratic, performer. And yet we must be wary of reaching too soon conclusions that may be partly suggested by a patriotic optimism. Larned's play has been particularly brilliant in results, it is true, and up to this writing unprecedentedly steady. He has twice beaten Mahony and Nisbet, and defeated champion R. D. Wrenn on the only occasion they have met.

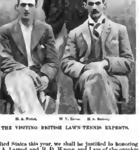
But that fact in itself is not so significant to those who have followed his tennis career as is the other fact of his game having been so steady in every match. Victory over Wrenn is not a new experience to Larned, for last year he beat him twice at Norwood, subsequently, however, losing to him in the Newport finals. It is therefore somewhat difficult to gauge Larned's calibre this year by his showing against Wrenn, especially as the latter is never in form until Newport, and this year is considerably below his average play at this time of the season. But Larned's strong, consistent showing against the Englishmen is the feature that must give him hope of attaining higher honors in the national championships. Two years ago Mahony beat him without great difficulty, and though the Irishman played a harder game then than he has revealed thus far on his present visit, yet Larned contributed largely to the result by unsteady performance at critical moments of play.

This season Larned has not as yet disclosed such weakness, even though he has again met his conqueror of two years ago, and the query offers whether the American has at length attained that consistency of form which has been on the verge of evantuation for at least two years. Certainly all his exhibitions point to an affirmative conclusion, and yet as near have we been to the same decision on two previous and separate occasions that we believe only Newport is qualified to give a dependable answer.

It is undoubtedly true that Mahony is not, up to the day of this writing, playing his top game—or the game he played here on his previous visit. Very likely this comment, in part, applies also to Eaves and Nisbet, a conclusion reached not so much by their records in the international tournament last week on the St. George's Cricket Ground, which appeared to be quite up to what was expected, but from watching their work in the several matches. Nervousness has been somewhat of a novelty in Mahony's play hitherto, and yet against Larned, on the 4th, it was a distinctly harmful factor, causing double faults in service and frequent returns into the net. Thus far, at least, Eaves has shown quite the strongest game of the three British invaders, and all three, let me record with pleasure, have exhibited commendable sportsmanship, whether in victory or in defeat.

In this connection I must be permitted the indulgence of a digression that I may declare the most pleasing feature of the international matches to have been the sportsmanly manner in which the spectators received the visitors. There was little difference in the applause accorded good playing at Hoboken, and that little seemed to favor the Englishmen. Certainly Americans are enthusiastic partisans while the struggle is on, but they are, too, the most generous and good natured in defeat of any people on this earth. This I state deliberately after witnessing international contests on both sides of the Atlantic.

I am persuaded that all three of the visitors will play a harder game at Chicago in the Wyandra Club invitation tournament, and especially at Newport. If we succeed in keeping the United States singles championship in the United States this year, we shall be justified in honoring W. A. Larned and R. D. Wrenn, and I am of the opinion the opportunity will be forth coming. The doubles championship, however, seems almost certainly destined to be taken across the water.



H. A. Nisbet. W. V. Eaves. H. S. Mahony.
THE VISITING BRITISH LAWN-TENNIS EXPERTS.

And if the singles championship does remain with us, it will be because the American representative fairly earned his match. There is no counting on any one of the Englishmen beating himself—or losing a match through unsteadiness, or from weakness in any one of the strokes. They all are strong off the ground, Eaves notably so, and

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he and Mahony are as clever at the net and as certain on handling lobs as any men we have seen. The great strength of Eaves and Mahony—and I think we may safely single them out as the only ones to be really dangerous at Newport—is their absolute surety on all strokes. This is the abiding difference between the American and English games as represented by the men under discussion. The Americans are more streaky in their play, surpassingly brilliant on occasions and in some strokes, and at times surprisingly weak in elementary play. This is partly the result of temperament, but more largely the result of comparative youth and consequent inexperience. We retire from active tournament play too soon after graduation from college, and at a time when we are beginning to really acquire consistent form. The Englishman keeps it up, and attains his strongest form perhaps long after his college days. Pim, Goodbody, Mahony, and Eaves, who may be taken as a fair average of English first-class performers, are five and more years older than either Larned or Wrenn.

Eaves and Mahony waste no energy in attempts at getting impossible balls; they are invariably in the most natural position to receive them, and the stroke follows with instant certainty. They are both signally effective in the half-volley—which we do very indifferently—and are also much stronger on the backhand than are Americans. In driving across the court and down the side lines Larned is much stronger than either Eaves or Mahony. In free open play the Americans are faster and more brilliant, but in the half-shots, half-volleys, backhand, and forehand the Englishmen are the better drilled. Drilled, in fact, is the precise word that expresses it.

The first day of the St. George tournament gave a sorry twist to the hopes of Americans when R. D. Wrenn fell a victim to the steady, at all times hard, play of Eaves. After his showing at Longwood against Larned, it was obvious that Wrenn was far from top form, and defeat of so good a man as Eaves, therefore, not to be expected. This impression was sustained when the Englishman, after Wrenn had taken the first set, took the next two, outplaying the American at all points. But the unexpected seemed likely to happen when Wrenn opened the fourth set with a brilliant spurt which lasted long enough for him to win it, allowing Eaves but a game. He lapsed again into mediocrity on the beginning of the fifth set, and Eaves quickly had him 4–0, then Wrenn braced and evened the score, but could not hold the pace, and finally lost. Wrenn won his points largely on getting to the net, and staying there long enough to place the ball out of Eaves's reach. But as a rule Eaves reached the net first, and he was more difficult to displace than Wrenn. Wrenn's physical condition was unequal to sustaining a fast pace, and his game, in which endurance is so important a factor, suffered correspondingly.

On the same day Larned met Nisbet, who played a stronger game than he did at Longwood, and made a very much closer match than the score shows. His game differs from that of the other Englishmen in that his service has more pace and less cut, his work at the net is not so steady, and his lobbing not so accurate. His half volleying is equally good, and he plays a fast game. Larned did not equal his Longwood form or that exhibited against Mahony.

Meanwhile, Mahony was playing G. L. Wrenn, Jr., who ordinarily shows clever tennis, but on this occasion played poorly, and was beaten in a very tame contest.

America was more successful on the second day, all her representatives playing in better form than on the day before, while the Englishmen played perhaps not so well, too much sight-seeing and the close hot weather being a somewhat overpowering combination. This seemed particularly so of Mahony, who was more unsteady than on any occasion I have seen him play. Larned won over Mahony by repeatedly passing him at the net, with cross-court drives, and remarkably accurate driving down the side lines. Occasionally there was a prolonged rally at the net, and some brilliant volleying, but the usual procedure was Mahony running to the net and being passed, or Larned getting there and smashing the ball out of Mahony's reach; once in a while, at opportune moments, Larned lobbed very excellently. Two bad side-line decisions were expensive to Mahony.

When Larned was not playing very well he was playing rather indifferently, as the following summary of points proves. Larned earned 61 points on passes, 27 on opponent's outs, and 29 on opponent's nets. Total 117. Mahony, 21 points on passes, 29 on opponent's outs, 48 on opponent's nets, and 1 on opponent's double fault. Total 99.

R. D. Wrenn had somewhat of an easy task beating Nisbet, until the third set, but Wrenn secured most of his points through Nisbet's shortcomings rather than because of his own good play.

Really the most interesting match was that between Eaves and G. L. Wrenn, because of the very good game put up by Wrenn in his endeavor to stem the overwhelming odds against which he played. Eaves won, of course, but Wrenn showed the quality which, with uninterrupted development, will in another year or two bring him into the front rank.

The Larned–Eaves match of the final day furnished perhaps the cleverest tennis we have yet seen in this country. Certainly no American has performed more brilliantly than did Larned during a greater part of the four sets. It was a match to most strikingly illustrate the acquired steadiness and pluck of Larned's '97 game. Eaves played masterful tennis from start to finish, keeping Larned hard and continuously at work, and in the third set leading him four to one, yet Larned pulled out that set (7–5), and won many games when his opponent had them apparently safe. On backhand placing into the far corners of the court Eaves was the surer and more frequent scorer; in the half-volley, too, the Englishman excelled, but all other strokes, save the lob, Larned executed with greater speed and brilliancy; on the lob they were about even, and neither very accomplished.

No contest in the tournament served to so clearly reveal the matchless feature of Eaves's game, viz., the splendid placing of returns. Whether in rallies at the net, half volleys from the middle court, or drives from the service line, Eaves invariably placed the ball where Larned had the utmost difficulty in getting it. On the other hand, Larned, in working into position from which he could deliver the *coup de grace*, repeatedly returned directly to Eaves. In other words, the Englishman was playing every ball, and making its recovery the hardest he knew how for his opponent. The American was watching for a chance to make a brilliant place, and meanwhile simply intent on getting the ball back into the Englishman's court. That Larned beat such a game, and so consummate an exponent of it as Eaves, is the more to his credit.

Larned had beaten Mahony two days before by passing him at the net, but he beat Eaves by keeping him away from the net and by scoring on a short cross-court drive or a place down the side lines. The struggle to keep one another from the net was responsible for very heady and beautiful tennis, and several times when both were well to the front of their respective courts some extraordinary rallies resulted. When Eaves reached the net he handled Larned's hard drives with finished skill and unvarying composure. It was at such times that the American's lobbing, which he has this year greatly improved, benefited him immeasurably. Larned, without being so strong at the net as Eaves, nevertheless made his visits there fruitful. He was weak, however, in handling high short lobs and in smashing from the net. Too frequently on these occasions the ball went into the net or out of the court.

It would be difficult indeed to find weak spots in Eaves's game; perhaps he is at his worst in lobbing. In the back court, forehand and backhand, serving or receiving service, he is equally strong, while at the net it is doubtful if this country holds his superior. He plays a hard heady game from first to last with great coolness, and is one of the most brilliant volleyers we have seen.

In brief, the match may be summed up by saying—that when Larned played his most brilliant game, Eaves could not hold him, but at all other times the unceasing high-class work of the Englishman gave him the points. Two or three times Eaves lost points on a wash return, but such plays were the exceptions that proved the rule of his skilful, consistent tennis.

FIRST SET.

Larned	3	4	3	4	4	0	6	5—29—6
Eaves	4	6	5	6	6	7	6	3—31—8

SECOND SET.

Larned	1	5	4	4	1	4	0	0	0	3—27—4
Eaves	4	4	6	1	6	0	4	4	4	5—32—6

THIRD SET.

Larned	3	1	1	4	0	4	4	5	4	4	0	4—42—7
Eaves	5	4	4	1	6	1	2	0	1	6	0	1—27—5

FOURTH SET.

Larned	0	4	0	4	5	4	3	6	1	4—34—6
Eaves	4	0	4	0	0	1	4	0	4	2—30—4

The R. D. Wrenn–Mahony match was indifferent tennis compared with the Larned-Eaves exhibition. It showed some good net-work by the Englishman, and pretty placing and lobbing by Wrenn, but the contest served chiefly to emphasize Mahony's retrogression since '95, and the need of Wrenn's taking the utmost care of himself and practising diligently if he hopes to successfully defend his title at Newport.

Nisbet, in form very much better than he had shown earlier in the week, defeated G. L. Wrenn in straight sets, although the latter made him earn his points. The Englishman played a faster game, out-driving and outvolleying the American.

America won an unexpected victory in the exhibition doubles through really rather poor team-work on the Englishmen's part. If Mahony and Nisbet carry the national doubles championship to England, it will be a sorry commentary on our skill in that game. It is too bad the R. D. Wrenn–O. S. Campbell combination was not perfected before Mahony and Nisbet won the Eastern doubles at Longwood.

The St. George's tournament was well managed and well attended considering the midsummer depletion of New York. The gate was probably enough to reimburse a part of the expenditure for prizes, and Mr. R. D. Stevens's sportsmanship supplied the balance as well as entertainment for the Englishmen.

INTERNATIONAL LAWN TENNIS TOURNAMENT,
ST. GEORGE'S CRICKET CLUB GROUNDS, HOBOKEN, AUGUST 3-6.

	Mahony.	Eaves.	Nisbet.	R. D. Wrenn.	Larned.	G. L. Wrenn, Jr.	Matches won.
REPRESENTING GREAT BRITAIN.							
H. S. Mahony — Champion '96. Defeated in '97.						6-2 6-0 6-4	1
W. V. Eaves — Irish champion. Ranked third.				7-9 9-4 6-4 1-6 6-4		6-3 6-2 4-6 6-4	2
H. A. Nisbet — Ranked seventh.						9-7 6-0 6-4	1
REPRESENTING UNITED STATES.							
R. D. Wrenn — Champion.	7-5 6-0 6-4		6-8 6-3 9-7				2
W. A. Larned — Second on '96 ranking.	8-4 7-5 6-3	6-7 4-6 7-5 6-4	6-2 8-6 8-4 6-4				3
G. L. Wrenn, Jr. — Sixth on '96 ranking.							0
Matches lost	2	1	2	1	0	3	

SUMMARY.

Matches won by England 4
Matches won by America 5
Winner individual trophy for best record .... Larned.

EXHIBITION MATCH IN DOUBLES.

ENGLAND. Mahony, Eaves, vs. AMERICA. R. D. Wrenn, O. S. Campbell.
Won by American pair .... 6-4, 6-4, 8-6.

This week the visitors are playing in a similar round-robin tournament in Chicago, R. D. Wrenn, Larned, and Collins, the Western champion, being the probable American representatives. Wrenn needs work, but Larned, it seems to me, would best consult his Newport prospects by confining himself to light practice this week.

The eighteenth national meet of the League of American Wheelmen came to a most successful end Saturday last in Philadelphia. From a racing point of view, and as a reunion of L. A. W. interest and enthusiasts, the '97 meet attained, in fact, the highest success in the history of the organization. This is saying a great deal, but not too much. Upwards of 17,000 wheel men and women registered at the League headquarters, it is said, while about 20,000 people attended each day's racing at Willow Grove, fifteen miles from town. And Philadelphia sustained her reputation for courteous hospitality. All the city seemed to be on wheels. There is no exaggeration in saying that the streets were given up to the bicyclists. It was difficult to realize that hardly twenty years had passed since Will Pitman, the pioneer missionary of the bicycle, was arrested on his first attempt to ride the old high ordinary through the streets of New York! Only twenty years ago—and now—special paths are constructed for the city bicyclist, and in the country he has remodelled the roads and rehabilitated the way-side with inns. Good roads has been the watchword of the L. A. W. and its members far and near, and good roads now where bad roads once ran are the estimable result.

The racing at Willow Grove on the one-third mile board track was high class, despite very little record-making by the amateurs. The most noticeable feature was the high quality average of the entries; rarely was a man distanced at the finish in even a trial heat.

Each year develops champions who previous to the meeting have perhaps not been considered even possibilities. And this year was no exception. Charles Ertz, of New York, won an unexpected victory in the one mile championship, beating Muldendorff and Stevens, while Powell (of Columbia University), Miller, and Babcock, all previously and respectively regarded as winners, did not even qualify for the final. E. C. Hausman provided another surprise by securing the one-mile open in 2 m. 0⅗ s., although Powell was among the candidates. Powell was successful in the two-mile championship, beating Peabody, Llewellyn, and Ertz in 4 m. 29⅖ s. Ray Dawson withdrew from the mile championship because of an injured wheel, and W. H. Fearing, Jr., the other one of the Columbia University trio that figured so prominently in the Inter-collegiate championship, got second in the one third mile.

The most notable performance was that of Arthur Gardiner, of Chicago, who, in an effort to establish new figures, rode a mile in 1 m. 39⅘ s., which is only two-fifths of a second slower than the record.

Politically, the only significant "whisper" which reached my ears was the suggestion of George D. Gideon, ex-chairman of the Racing Board, for president of the L. A. W. If Mr. Gideon will accept the nomination, and I hope he will, a better candidate is not on the L. A. W. membership roll.

Next to opposing Sunday racing, the most praiseworthy action the League of American Wheelmen has taken was the separation of amateurs and professionals in the racing classes of the National championships. Hitherto, it may be remembered, amateurs and professionals have ridden together in open championships, which, apart entirely from the ethical side of the matter, was invariably unjust to the amateur. It is just a bit extraordinary how the two classes were ever put in the same races. The amateur, to whom racing is but an athletic incident in his life of more serious endeavor, and whose training must be occasional, could hardly be expected to compete on even terms with a man whose livelihood was gained by racing, and whose life's work was preparation for success on the track.

It is true, many so-called amateurs spent and do spend now as much time training as the professionals, but that has no bearing on the principle involved. Besides, there really is a percentage of bicycle racers that views racing as an avocation only, and has other work more serious.

At all events, the L. A. W. is to be commended for recognizing the amateur, and this year there has been an end to that absurd anomaly of the amateur championships of America being won by professionals.

An equally commendable proclamation is that of Mr. Mott (Chairman of the Racing Board) warning schoolboys and others expecting to race against accepting as gifts the wheels of a certain manufacturer, who has put more obstacles in the way of cleansing amateur bicycle racing than any other half-dozen tradesmen in the country. The mere fact of going to the scratch with one of these wheels will be sufficient to disqualify the owner from competing. All in all, we seem to be working very satisfactorily in bicycle racing towards a comparatively healthful condition.

A few disgruntled bicycle politicians, smarting under their defeat in the national assembly of the League of American Wheelmen, have managed to organize an association for Sunday racing in California. Notwithstanding California observes Sunday less than any other State in the Union—not a creditable reputation, by the way—the meets this Sunday racing association has given so far have been practical failures.

This association will probably be dead and forgotten before this time next year.

Sunday may be the California hoodlum's day of picnicing and "spieling," and no one offer an objection, but if California hopes to attain a standing in the amateur sporting world, it must choose some other day for its athletic entertainment. I note its principal rowing regatta was recently held on Sunday at El Campo, and presume, from the day selected, that the Olympic, Ariel, South End, Alameda, and Dolphine boat club members are supporting the movement which has offended wholesome public sentiment even in San Francisco. That other California Sunday crew which recently withdrew from the A. A. U., with the avowed intention of organizing anew for the "elevation of amateur sport"—save the mark!—has not been able to get a second meeting.

There have been interesting developments in yachting, polo, golf, track athletics, but the importance of lawn tennis this week compels postponement of comment until next week.

Caspar Whitney.

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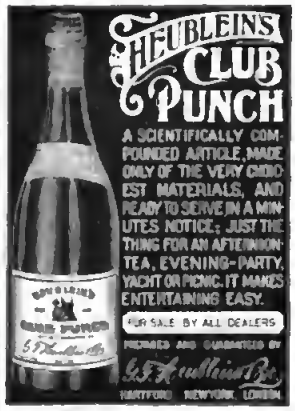

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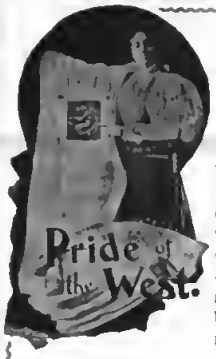

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XLI.—No. 2122.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1897.

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(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

NEW YORK CITY, AUGUST 21, 1897.

Terms: 10 Cents a Copy.—$4 00 a Year, in Advance.

Postage free to all Subscribers in the United States, Canada, and Mexico.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.
New York City: Franklin Square.
London: 45 Albemarle Street, W.

Also for sale at Brentano's, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris.

THE SILVER QUESTION TO-DAY.

THERE is again heard in some quarters the comforting assurance that the silver question is dead. It may indeed be dead as far as it is expressed in the formula that this government should admit silver freely to its mints and coin it on the basis that sixteen ounces of it are worth one ounce of gold, although as a matter of fact one ounce of gold may be worth more than twice as much as sixteen ounces of silver. During the last few weeks the evidence of the fallacy of the chief arguments of the advocates of free coinage has been presented in the markets of the world with a convincing force that should lead even Mr. WOLCOTT to reflection and Mr. STEWART to silence. Who now are the comparators against silver, and what becomes of the theory that all prices, including the price of silver, are low on account of the appreciation of gold?

Nature itself seems at present to be the head and front of the anti-silver conspiracy. The administration has as yet accomplished nothing for what the "gold bugs" call currency reform. Congress has not yet struck a single blow at silver. Senator WOLCOTT, Mr. STEVENSON, and Mr. PAYNE are wandering among the statesmen of Europe, and until their recent repulse in England were sending hopeful messages to the bimetallists of the United States. But in the face of all this the price of silver is falling and the price of wheat is rising. It is true that the price of silver has been falling for some years, but so have the prices of many other commodities, while the prices of still other commodities have fluctuated, and of others still have risen. But these fluctuating and rising prices have not furnished convenient arguments for the advocates of free silver, and have been overlooked by them. The point which they have wished to establish is that the price of silver bears a closer relation than does the price of gold to the prices of other commodities. It was never true, but there was some evidence in support of the proposition, which was magnified and made the most of by those who looked to what they called the "rehabilitation of silver" as a cure all for the commercial and industrial evils under which individuals in this country were suffering. In 1890 the average price of silver was $1 05 an ounce, and last year it had fallen to 67 cents an ounce. In the mean time wheat, which had sold for 98 cents the bushel in 1890 and for $1 09 in 1891, had fallen to 61 cents in 1894, and had risen to 67 cents in 1895. But although the price of wheat could not therefore have been said to follow that of silver, it was low, as silver was, and therefore, it was argued by these curious logicians, if the price of silver could be advanced there would be better times, for the crop of the farmer would bring him a larger revenue if it could be measured in terms of silver. Now, however, the ingenious theory on which was hung the argument of sympathetic prices has been absolutely destroyed, for nature itself has made it apparent that changes in the price of silver do not necessarily correspond with changes in the prices of anything else, but that the relative prices of all commodities depend upon the relative supply and demand. Wheat is going up, and farmers are promised prosperity because the crop in the United States is large, while the crops in competing countries have fallen off in quantity and quality. The demand of the countries which are fed by the wheat-growers of the West and East is relatively as great as ever, but the supply is not so great as usual, and of that supply the farmers of the United States have the largest and the best part. Silver is going down because the demand for it is less. There is evidently no future for silver as a money metal. Notwithstanding the polite reception with which our wandering commissioners have met, no European statesman of great prominence, except possibly M. MELINE, believes that bimetallism will be adopted by the commercial nations of the world. It is true that there is some talk of "doing something" for silver, short of agreeing to bimetallism, but even if such talk should result in something, even in the reopening of the Indian mints, there is no reason to suppose that the price of silver would be raised. European countries have more than enough silver for the purposes of subsidiary coinage, while in this country the amount of silver in the Treasury and in circulation has increased, from 1879 to 1896 from $86,000,000 to $628,000,000. This immense increase, which is almost wholly in the sum of silver dollars—for the increase in subsidiary coinage is small—is due to efforts to "do something" for silver, while the price of the metal has declined from $1 12 an ounce, the average price in 1879, to a little less than 56 cents an ounce, the price at about which it is now selling. Thus it has been that "doing something" for silver by this country alone has not retarded the decline of its price, and while the united commercial world might be more successful, there is no chance whatever for such a union. In the mean time the important fact for the consideration of our own silver advocates is that the decline of silver has not affected other prices, but that wheat which was selling at 76¼ cents on July 3 was selling at 90 cents on August 12. And that the prices of securities have also wonderfully advanced, not by reason of speculation, but because investors believe that the revival of business will enable the railroads that carry wheat to earn dividends once more.

It may be, as we said, that the silver question is dead. It certainly ought to be, for it has been demonstrated that the principal arguments of the advocates of its free coinage are false, and that the price of silver and the prices of other things are determined by causes independent of one another. Moreover, nature, that sometimes does not do things by halves, is not only growing wheat enough in the United States to supply a needy world, but is revealing stores of gold in such quantities that it is clear that there will not be a lack of that money metal so long as a money metal shall be needed. It is estimated by Mint-Director PRESTON that for this year alone the world's product of gold will be $240,000,000. But although nature and the facts are against the silver movement, it is not wise to count on the death of the causes which produced it. Even if the craze for cheap money ceases to express itself in a demand for free coinage of silver, our politics will not be rid of the main question until our money system is on a sound basis, and until the currency and banking laws have been reformed in such manner that the causes which have made the silver movement strong are removed.

GOVERNMENT BY INJUNCTION.

THE full text of the order of injunction which was issued by Judge JACKSON in West Virginia forbidding DEBS and his followers to enter upon the lands of the Monongah Coal and Coke Company, or to interfere in any way with the employés of the company, does not bear out DEBS's interpretation of it. DEBS asserted that the injunction restrained him from walking on the public highways, that it enjoined him off the face of the earth, and the reports of the intent and substance of Judge JACKSON's order, as it was reported to the West Virginia newspapers, supported such an interpretation and deceived the unwary. Now it turns out that the injunction simply restrains the defendants from doing unlawful acts.

It is unfortunate that this interference of the courts has been suggested in cases of this class by the inability or unwillingness of the executive and administrative authorities to do their duty. An order of injunction directed against strikers commands them to refrain from doing that which the police power ought to prevent them from doing. The restraint of criminal acts by injunction also facilitates the punishment of the guilty. A violation of the order is contempt of court, and the offenders may be punished without trial by jury, and without being confronted with their accusers and the witnesses against them. So that the new method of proceeding may also be an expression of distrust in the juries of the vicinity.

It will always be difficult, probably impossible, to convince those who are the victims of "government by injunction" that this method is not adopted to deprive them of the right of trial by jury. They will doubtless always believe that the proceeding against them for contempt is merely an indirect way of punishing them for the crime the commission of which the injunction forbids, and of depriving them, by an evasion, of a fundamental and constitutional right. Therefore the policy of the method is at least open to question. But it is not to be wondered at that the method of injunction is resorted to for the protection of rights and property attacked by mobs. In the present instances, as we have said, the applications for injunctions are a recognition that the police force is unable or unwilling to do its duty. They constitute a serious reflection on the governments of the States of Pennsylvania, West Virginia, and Indiana, as the original DEBS case was a reflection on the government of Illinois, of which ALTGELD was the head. If the good people of the States involved are opposed as they ought to be, to the practical transfer of their police powers to the judiciary, they will elect Governors and sheriffs who not only have some respect for the law, but sufficient independence and courage to enforce it.

That the coal company in West Virginia was right in supposing that Governor ATKINSON was not such a man has been abundantly shown by that official himself since the granting of the injunction order. He has remitted the fine of a man who had been imprisoned for twenty-four hours, and sentenced to pay a fine of $100, the sufficient penalty, in the opinion of the West Virginia court, for shooting the alienator of his wife's affection. And in remitting the fine, this astounding executive indulged himself in speech worthy only of an outlaw, expressing his regret that the injured husband had not been able to do his whole duty and to kill the destroyer of his domestic happiness. It is not wonderful that such a Governor should be deemed untrustworthy when it comes to a question between the law and local popular opinion. The wonder is, in view of the sentence inflicted upon the subject of this gubernatorial rhapsody on crime, who goes forth with the assurance of the pardoning power that he is now at liberty to commit murder with impunity, that any one in West Virginia can have any more confidence in the judges than in the politicians of the executive branch of the government.

SCHOLARSHIPS IN AMERICAN COLLEGES.

IN an editorial paragraph commenting on the recently established John Harvard Scholarships, we lately said,

> For the first time in the history of American education the distinction of a scholarship is open to rich and poor alike; for the first time well-to-do undergraduates are offered a tangible reward of excellence.

We are now informed that at Cornell University scholarships (both graduate and undergraduate) and fellowships are, and since their establishment have been, open to rich and poor students on precisely the same terms. By the conditions of her charter Cornell is annually to receive students, one from each Assembly district of the State—free of any tuition fee—in consideration of their superior ability, and as a reward for superior scholarship in the academies and public schools of the State. In addition to these, the university trustees have established thirty-six undergraduate scholarships, the statute concerning which reads, "These scholarships are given for the first two years of any course, on the basis of excellence in special examinations held at the beginning of the Freshman year." Finally, seventeen graduate scholarships and twenty-two fellowships are annually awarded, on the basis of merit only, to "graduates of this [Cornell] university, or of some other institution having equivalent courses of instruction."

The opinion we expressed was founded on the practice of the older American universities, and on the fact that at Harvard a long and earnest struggle was required to obtain for well-to-do students of note the bare name of scholar. It is particularly gratifying to find that at one of our newest, and in many ways most American, institutions the idea of scholarship is dissociated from poverty.

TAXATION.

FROM several suburbs of the city of New York there has just been going up "a great and exceeding bitter cry" about the raising of the valuations of real estate for purposes of taxation. As might perhaps have been anticipated, this cry proceeds with especial bitterness from the urban owners of country-seats, who represent that their estates have been particularly overvalued, and accuse the rustic assessors of endeavoring to make the summer sojourners defray the entire cost of the local government. They complain also that their personal property has been equally overvalued.

The incident is one which carries a general moral. Of course an invidious assessment is very hard to bear, but if a particular piece of property has been thus assessed, the fact can be made to appear to the satisfaction of fair minded men, if not to that of the assessors. A complaint of general and systematic overvaluation is merely absurd. A certain amount being necessary to be raised for public pur-

poses, neither overvaluation nor undervaluation signifies anything. The amount to be paid by each tax payer will be exactly the same, whether it is paid at a low rate on a high valuation, or at a high rate on a low valuation. The statute of New York requires the appraisal of taxable property at its true valuation. In many communities, however, this requirement has been for years disregarded, and the valuation for taxation has been absurdly disproportionate to the actual value. Nobody gained anything by the practice, but it has become so inveterate that when a departure is made from it in the direction of honesty and reason and the law, the departure is resented as an outrage.

As to the overvaluation of personal property, the complainants are quite right in principle, however wrong they may be in detail. The valuation of personal property is compounded of inquisition and conjecture. The first ingredient makes the taxation of such property objectionable, as the income tax was objectionable, because it is "a tax on honesty." So must every tax be that is levied upon what can be concealed or undervalued. The second ingredient makes the tax into which it enters equally objectionable. The temptation, to a man reputed to be rich, is very strong indeed to conceal his goods from the tax gatherer when he knows or believes that, even if he make a full and true statement, his tax may be increased by the caprice of the assessors. It may be true that in some regions the assessors are guessing higher than usual this year. The greater is the necessity for limiting taxation to objects which cannot be concealed, and the amount and value of which are not matters of guesswork or of the owner's interested statement. There is in truth but one tax which cannot be evaded, and which distributes itself with accuracy among men according to their ability to pay, and that is the tax on land. It is a great pity that the rationality and justice of the "single tax" have been brought into question by the crazy schemes that have been appended to it, but of which, in principle, it is quite independent.

CÁNOVAS AND CUBA.

ALTHOUGH his treatment of the Cuban insurrection did not indicate it, CÁNOVAS DEL CASTILLO was undoubtedly the most capable politician in Spain. To remain at the head of affairs in that country so long was in itself a considerable feat. Political differences in Spain go below questions of policy to the form and the substance of the government itself. The "proletariat" in Spain is the fiercest in Europe, as is shown by the horrible massacres the anarchists have succeeded in perpetrating there, and, indeed, by the assassination of the Prime Minister himself. These excesses have, for the time, eclipsed the real Republican party, as the Reign of Terror in France checked the development of liberal institutions throughout Europe. But the republican sentiment is still extensive and deep, and it is necessary for a Spanish statesman to take account of it. A supporter of the monarchy in office must know when it is necessary to yield to the will of the nation, and when that will may be safely thwarted.

That Cuba must be subjugated the late Premier took for one of the public commandments that he must obey. Probably it was so at the beginning of the insurrection, but it may well be questioned whether it is so now. If it be no longer so, then the crime by which he has been removed may work for good to humanity and civilization. For so long as CÁNOVAS DEL CASTILLO remained at the head of affairs he could not have made the acknowledgment that the subjugation of Cuba was a hopeless enterprise, even though he might personally have been convinced of its hopelessness. His successor can afford to make that acknowledgment if he is convinced that the Spanish nation will permit it. And why should the Spanish nation longer resist it? The war which has devastated Cuba has brought Spain to ruin. A remorseless conscription has taken a victim from every hamlet, from almost every household in the country, and of these conscripts the majority will either not return or will return as wrecks. Yet the drain of blood and treasure goes on, and is brought to the notice of every Spaniard. How long will a barren and bankrupt pride sustain the Spaniards to demand the continuance of this destruction?

We ourselves are the nearest witnesses to what is going on in Cuba, and we have been revolted and horrified by the aimless and hopeless slaughter and devastation. We have notified Spain that we could not view with indifference the indefinite prolongation of what is really a war of extermination. The time would come when we should be forced to interfere. Does not the death of CÁNOVAS afford us an opportunity of making representations at Madrid to which CÁNOVAS DEL CASTILLO was forced by what seemed to him the necessities of his position to turn a deaf ear, but to which his successor may be able and disposed to listen?

HAWAII, JAPAN, AND THE UNITED STATES.

THE shrill cry which recently resounded over the land, that unless the American flag be raised in Hawaii at once the Japanese would swoop down and take the islands, and that therefore there was not a moment to lose, has somewhat subsided. Indeed, it is hard to see how that cry could be kept up in the face of the repeated and authoritative declarations of the Japanese government that nothing could be farther from their minds than such an intention. The Japanese minister in Mexico goes even so far as to say that if Hawaii were presented to Japan as a gift, with the consent of everybody, Japan would not take it. Nor are such utterances on the part of Japanese statesmen at all surprising. Japan has introduced herself in the family of civilized nations as a new power by a brilliant feat. But she became aware at once that she was not strong enough to keep all the fruits of her victory over China against the pretensions of other powers, and that to maintain herself in possession of those of them that were left to her she would have to husband her resources with circumspection. Her financial means are comparatively small, and her naval and military armaments out of proportion costly. It would be extremely unwise for her, under such circumstances, to scatter her forces in adventurous enterprises that might involve her in dangerous entanglements and collisions. Abstinence from any attempt at conquest that might disturb the peace of the Pacific and arouse the jealousy of other powers is therefore her natural policy.

But that, even if Japan does not intend to take the Hawaiian Islands, she has the impudence of uttering a word of protest against our taking them, should, in the opinion of our Jingoes, be promptly resented. "What!" they exclaim, "Japan protest against anything we consider it our right to do! Now, whether it be otherwise beneficial to us or not, the honor of the American flag demands that we should do it at once, if merely to show that we will not be bullied by any other power." Is not this naughty boys' talk? To be sure, when we propose to do a thing which we consider right and honorable and advantageous, the mere protest of another power may not deter us from doing it. But when we propose to do a thing of which it is still doubtful whether it be right, and honorable, and advantageous, should we then, in spite of such doubt, consider ourselves to honor bound to do it, just because another power protests? Would not this be childish? Will not our honor as well as our interests be best protected if we think and feel and talk and conduct ourselves as people that are of mature age? If we do so we shall find that the question whether the annexation of Hawaii is right and proper and advantageous to us should, after all, be considered the main question, and that the attempt to stampede the American people from a sober consideration of it into an irrevocable step of incalculable consequence by rehd cries about foreign impudence is reckless demogogy.

As to that main question, the chief point of the Japanese protest should be well kept in mind. It is that in the scheme of annexation the treaty rights of the Japanese living in Hawaii are not properly respected. And here, again, the most important question, as to whether we should annex Hawaii, is not what those treaty rights of the Japanese are and how they might be secured, but it is, how these Japanese happened to come there. They did not invade Hawaii as conquerors, nor as adventurers, nor as ordinary immigrants. They came there at the instance of the Hawaiian government, as laborers whose help was very much needed. The principal product of Hawaii—reports say fourteen fifteenths of the whole—is sugar. When planting began on a large scale, the labor problem became a very pressing one. Native labor was inefficient. Various experiments in importing field hands resulted in failure. A large number of Portuguese were imported, and also some hundreds of Germans and Norwegians. When these got the first experience of the work they were put to in that "most beautiful of all climates," they were so exasperated that the agent who had brought them there had to run for his life. Then the experiments of inducing white men to do the principal productive work in that country ceased, and recourse was had to Asiatics. It was a matter of necessity. A large number of Chinese came, whom—it is needless to inquire for what reason—the other inhabitants of Hawaii disliked, although they proved excellent field hands. Then the Hawaiian government under King KALAKAUA entered into a labor convention and a treaty of amity and commerce with Japan, under which, in the course of years, about 40,000 Japanese were imported, 25,000 of whom are still there.

It is not intended to discuss here the terms of that treaty, and how they were kept or violated. The significant fact stands forth that the treaty was the outcome of the necessity to invite or import Asiatics to do the principal labor of the country, because under the existing climatic influences white men were utterly unable to do it. Here, then, we have to do with a country whose laboring force—that is, the bulk of whose population—consists, and will necessarily always consist, of people not belonging to the white race. Of late a project has been broached to organize on a large scale the emigration of negroes from our Southern States to Hawaii. The chief promoter of this scheme advocates it on the ground that white men cannot work on the cane, rice, or coffee fields of Hawaii, while the climate would be congenial to the blacks, and that a transfer of a large part of our colored population would be beneficial to both countries. Behind this, no doubt, is the thought that a substitution of American negroes for Japanese and Chinese laborers in Hawaii would make the annexation of the islands less objectionable to the American people. Whether such a migration in mass can be carried out, and whether the somewhat improvident negro would prove as satisfactory a laborer to the planters in Hawaii as the industrious and thrifty Japanese and Chinese, may be questioned. But even if the substitution were successfully effected, the essential fact would still remain the same: that Hawaii is a country whose laboring force, that is, the bulk of whose population, will not be of the white race.

Such a country with such a population will, if we annex Hawaii, become an active part of our political system. It will in the course of time inevitably be admitted as a State of the Union, on an equal footing with the other States. The United States will have to guarantee to it a republican form of government. Through its Senators and Representatives and its electoral vote it will, such as it is, exercise power in governing all of us. Is this desirable? It may be said that we have already in some of our Southern States similar conditions, and that we manage to get along with them. This is to a limited extent true. But how? In the Southern States there was always, since their settlement, at least a strong stock of white people, mostly of what we call Anglo-Saxon blood. And what has been the result? For a long period the colored laboring population was kept in slavery. Slavery caused a bloody civil war, in consequence of which it was abolished. But that did not end the trouble. The negroes, having been emancipated, were endowed with the right of suffrage. Neither did that end the trouble. The trouble only assumed a new form. It is needless to describe how there is in some of the Southern States, on the part of the whites, a constant struggle for mastery, carried on under the plea of necessity, by means which ill comport with the principles of democratic government. There is a chronic race conflict, breaking out in old or new shapes every day, and nobody can tell what the final consequences will be. What is said here is not inspired by race prejudice; but we have to recognize facts which nobody can deny.

All these conditions of difficulty appear in Hawaii in a far more dangerous proportion. Its climate is tropical. Its population of German blood is infinitesimally small; the political ascendency of it depends on force; its white people are preponderantly Portuguese of a low order. Its principal labor cannot possibly be done except by people suited to the tropical climate—that is, not by whites. Government on a truly democratic basis is therefore out of the question. If the outward form of a republic be preserved, it can be only an oligarchy far more pronounced and exclusive than any in our Southern States was, because the proportion of white people will be smaller. There will be, necessarily, the completest attainable subjection of the laboring population to a small minority, and race conflicts without end. This is not the worst of it. Nothing can be more certain than that, when this republic has once cut loose from its conservative traditional policy, and started on the course of adventurous aggrandizement, there will be many more tropical conquests of a similar kind.

In the face of all this, is it not time that patriotic Americans should soberly ask themselves whether the race problems we already have on hand are not enough for us? Should we recklessly multiply and aggravate them without necessity?

CARL SCHURZ.

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NEWPORT'S BRILLIANT SUMMER FÊTE SCENES IN THE HARBOR DURING THE NIGHT ILLUMINATION
DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN—[See Page 827]

1 A Windmill of Fire. 2 The New York Yacht Club Landing. 3 Search Lights from the Men of War, and Display of Fireworks. 4 On Thames Street. 5 The Yacht Fleet and Old Glory in a Blaze of colored Lights.

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FRANÇOIS FÉLIX FAURE, PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC, AT HOME.—[See Page 827.]

From Photographs by Jules Gervais Courtellemont

1 A Foreign Ambassador arriving at the Élysée. 2 In his Official Work Room. 3 President and Madame Faure leaving the Élysée for a Drive in the Bois. 4 M. Méline, Prime Minister, and General de Boisdeffre, Chief of Staff of French Army. 5 In the Élysée Garden. 6 An early Morning Ride in the Bois de Boulogne. 7 Leaving the Élysée for the great Review, July 14—showing the President entering Carriage. 8 The President's Bedchamber.

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THIS BUSY WORLD

"HELL for Sartain Creek in bloody Breathitt," which gave its name to one of Mr. John Fox's story-books, is, of course, a real Kentucky rivulet, and seems to be doing well. "It may cheer you to know," writes its historian "that Hell for Sartain Creek now has a Sunday-school. It is called 'Hell for Sartain Sunday-school.'"

These are the twelve architects or firms who will submit plans for the New York Public Library, in Bryant Park: J. H. Friedlander; Heydel & Shepard, H. Hornbostel, G. E. Wood & G. C. Palmer; Howard & Cauldwell, W. Wheeler Smith, Whitney Warren, Carrère & Hastings, C. L. W. Eidlitz, C. C. Haight, McKim, Mead, & White, Peabody & Stearns, and George B. Post. The first six were selected from the twelve who were successful in the preliminary competition; the last six were not in the preliminary competition, but were invited to take part in the final one, and have accepted. The jury in this final competition is to consist of three architects selected by the competitors, three members of the Board of Trustees, and the Director of the Library. This jury will select the best three plans, and send them, named in order of merit, to the trustees who will choose one and send it to the Board of Estimate and Apportionment for approval. If approved, the Department of Public Works will follow it in building the Library.

When the postal district of Boston was enlarged and made to include the neighboring suburban towns, these towns became officially known as Stations A, B, C, and so forth. Boston, Massachusetts. Cambridge which became Station E, would not endure to have its identity so obscured, and made such a clamor that the postal authorities restored its name. The system was unpopular with all the other towns about Boston, and they also clamored against it, and when the same system was introduced in the district which centers in New York and Brooklyn became known to the Post Office Department as Station X (or something), New York, of course Brooklyn howled. It is pleasant to record that the department has seen the inexpediency of this method of designation, and has repented of it. To a letter of Postmaster Thomas of Boston, telling of the continued agitation against the new system, and suggesting a method of getting back to the old names, the Acting First Assistant Postmaster General has replied:

> We have long seen the necessity of restoring the original names to places now within the corporate limits of New York city, Brooklyn, and elsewhere, and on your suggestions come within that line, we shall be most happy to adopt them, provided we can make satisfactory arrangements regarding money-order and registry business.

Halifax has about the best name of English derivation of any city in North America. It is euphonious, emphatic, and distinguished, and lends itself with exceptional success to the uses of verse. There is a Halifax of considerable size in Yorkshire, England, a village of the same in Vermont, and Halifax counties in Virginia and North Carolina, but *the* Halifax is the foggy Nova Scotian capital which the *Indiana* has lately visited to be dry-docked. Every one has grinned in a good natured sort of way at the *Indiana's* trip. It seems to be considered a joke on some one that Uncle Sam should have neglected to provide a cradle large enough to hold his growing family of infant war ships. Perhaps it is as much a joke on the anti British jingoes as any one, but it seems to have been taken in good part all around. Americans who have the interests of our navy at heart have been pleased to have our lack of proper dry docks so conspicuously demonstrated, and have also been rather pleased to have one of our biggest and best ships exhibited where her merits could be appreciated. Halifax has liked it because she has made a little money and had a good deal of fun, for Halifax, in spite of her fame, is not the liveliest place in the world, and appreciates a novel sensation. The townspeople and the Crown's people, both afloat and ashore there, are full of hospitality, and many of them have abundant leisure in which to exercise it.

Colonel John Cussons Virginia State Commander of the United Confederate Veterans, has written a letter gently and politely deprecating the resolution of the Young Men's Business Association of Richmond to invite the G. A. R. to hold its annual encampment in 1899 in that town. He sympathizes, he says, with the young men of Virginia "in their eager gaze to the future and impatience of all that may seem to hinder or check their career," but he believes it would be somewhat of a strain on Richmond, especially on its older citizens, to give the G. A. R. such a welcome and such entertainment as Richmond would wish its guests to have.

Colonel Cussons seems to be right. There is such a thing as crowding the mourners, even mourners that are resigned, and a Grand Army encampment at Richmond, however well intended, would risk the accomplishment of that undesirable exploit. The plan, it seems, has fallen through, and probably it is better that it should.

While most colleges find an unusual increase in the registration of students matter for congratulation and a basis of pride, Williams, it seems, has come to a different attitude, and not only desires fewer students, but is taking measures to reduce the number of its undergraduates. About 300 students is the number Williams feels able to take care of with its present endowments, and more than that it does not desire. In order to keep within this necessary limit it has raised its requirements of attainment, and has determined to restrict the aid it has been used to give to needy students. It has funds which yield an annual income of $7000 for benevolent uses, and to this sum it has been accustomed to add about as much more, but its present purpose is to distribute among the students only the income of the benevolent funds. The college is reported to have also under consideration the discontinuance of its scientific course. These changes, it should be noted, are not signs of distress, but merely matters of policy, which have resulted from the conviction that it is better to attempt less and do it well than to undertake more than the resources of the college seem to warrant.

The University of Virginia has no president, and never has had one, because Jefferson, who founded it, thought the office unnecessary. Its faculty has a chairman but he only serves from year to year. Some of the alumni of the university think that a president is needed, and want to establish the office, but though a majority favor the change the opposition is strong. It might be well for the Virginians to correspond with the trustees of Brown University and Amherst College before committing themselves to the change.

Mr Spofford, who has in no respect abated his fatherly concern for the Congressional Library, is very hopeful about its future prospects. The new library building in calls "the finest of its kind ever constructed and, with possibly two or three exceptions, the handsomest building ever erected." He thinks that the building will help the library, and that Congress will presently make such an equal provision for book buying as has long been enjoyed by the British Museum. "To this end," adds Mr Spofford, "present conditions in the *personnel* of the library staff will greatly contribute. Mr Young, the Librarian, by reason of his long connection with the press, will be able, as we have never been, to reach the newspapers."

An odd enterprise for Americans to be concerned with is the National School for Girls at San Sebastian, Spain, of the corporation of which Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer was lately chosen president. The school began in 1894, when Mrs Gulick, a sister of Miss Anna Gordon, who is known as Miss Frances Willard's secretary, began at Santander to teach a young Spanish girl who happened to have a craving for knowledge. Other girls, chiefly from Protestant families, joined the class, and presently, at San Sebastian, the school took definite form, the American Board of Missions becoming a contributor to its support. After it had been running nine years it was brought, through Mrs. Gulick's efforts, into relations with the Spanish state system of education for boys and men, and its pupils began to be received as candidates for degrees at the official examinations. The first Spanish girl who went from it, three years ago, to take the official examinations for the B. A. degree, passed with highest honors, and now its pupils go regularly to their examinations at the University of Madrid, where there are a thousand men students. The corporation of which Mrs Palmer is president was started in Boston five years ago to cooperate with the Board of Missions in supporting the school. There are English girls among the pupils. It is said to be the only school in Spain where they could be educated. What a queer, kindly, nosy bit of Yankee enterprise it seems! And yet Spain has sent many students to America, and it may be high time, after all, that America began to reciprocate her attention.

The poor stock-brokers must be making some money again. It is a relief to think so. Most of the time for four years past we have been allowed to suspect that the brokers, as a body, were in a bad way, and were living—some on their capital, some on memories, some on hopes. A broker who is not making money is a sad subject of thought. The least that can be expected of his calling is that it should be remunerative, few in the eyes of the big world at least, if it is not remunerative it is nothing. If an editor, or a doctor, or a minister or even a lawyer—that is, some lawyers—is not getting rich, he may console himself in some degree by trying to realize that, any way, he is doing his duty. It may be that brokers so console themselves also, but the notion of the undefiled, who have hazy ideas at best of how brokers make a living, is that when brokers are not getting rich there is no sort of consolation that is of any use to them. The idea of the inexperienced is that brokers have no real duties except to make the best possible living with the least possible work. There is a strong popular conviction that every broker should have money to throw around, and should keep it agitated. Two brokers out of five are expected to have yachts, and every broker should drink a pint bottle of champagne daily with his lunch, and ride in a cab, except when forced into other conveyances by consuming haste. Of late brokers in New York have not met expectations of this sort as faithfully as they might, but of course they will come to time again now. All last week the daily transactions on the Stock Exchange were of a magnitude that filled the financial editors of the newspapers with excited exultation. So far as unsophisticated persons know, there cannot be profound activity in stocks without resulting benefit to the stock-brokers, so the brokers must be getting in a harvest. Doubtless they are, anyhow, it relieves the mind to think so.

One of the special reasons given, along with wheat and Klondike gold, for the return of prosperity in San Francisco, is the very large amount of money left in that city by the Christian Endeavorers. They swarmed over the city, and left behind a trail of dollars deep enough to make an appreciable difference in bank reports and in the feelings of merchants. The Christian Alliance, which met during the first week in August, at Old Orchard, Maine, also left money behind it—not so much by a great deal as the Endeavorers left in California, but a good deal, and one large sum for religious uses. On Sunday, August 8, in the great out door meeting which 20,000 persons attended, the collection for missions which was taken up is stated to have yielded $70,000. These annual alliance meetings are noted for their collections for missions. The man who makes the annual appeal is Dr Simpson, and he does it effectually, and very much to the taste and edification of his hearers. Singing and talk alternate—the talk emotional, the singing by 10,000 voices under easy control, until a proper crisis of feeling is reached, and then the collection is taken. Dr Simpson's meetings, as described, seem to have a good deal in common with the great political conventions which nominate presidents, but there is this difference, that Dr Simpson is master of his meetings and knows what he is about, whereas ordinarily no one is master of a national convention, so can be sure beforehand when or where or to what tune it will flop.

Now that five or six of the railroads that bring folks to New York have established, or are about to establish, systems of cheap cabs for the use of their patrons, it is conceivable that the infection of their altruistic spirit may be caught by other concerns in other lines of business. Frugal persons who cling to dollars don't hire a cab unless it is particularly inconvenient to go without one. It is inconvenient to go out to dinner in a street car when one's wife has on her best clothes. Private individuals who give dinner parties cannot be expected to throw in cheap cabs, but the great hotels and restaurants might do it and find a profit in it. So might some of the theatres, and especially the Metropolitan Opera-House, for though frugal people do manage to struggle out to places of amusement in the street cars, they undergo an amount of elbowing and crowding which tends to devastate their raiment and make their frugality painful and almost penny wise.

Last Sunday August 15, was the day set for Lieutenant de Gerlache's Belgian expedition to start from Antwerp for the south pole. M. de Gerlache is not confident of reaching the pole, but he proposes to explore its vicinity as far as he may with a single vessel in two years. The steam bark *Belgica*, in which he starts, is a small vessel of about 150 tons which can steam seven miles an hour, and is strongly built, and provided with special defences against the antarctic ice. Her commander's plan is to stop at the Falkland Islands and replenish stores, then go as far south as possible, returning, when the antarctic winter begins, to Melbourne, and there refitting for another southward cruise six or seven months later. The most interesting products of the antarctic continent, so far as hitherto discovered, are active volcanoes, guano, and opportunities for geological explorations. Mr C. E. Borchgrevink, who made a voyage to Victoria Land in 1894-5 in the whale ship *Antarctic*, wrote an interesting book about it which stimulated curiosity in the south polar region, and is partly responsible for the present expedition. No one as yet has got nearer to the south pole than Sir John Ross, whose expedition, starting in 1839, reached 78° south latitude, a point about 220 miles from the pole. The volcanoes *Erebus* and *Terror*, in Victoria Land, were named, as will be remembered, after Captain Ross's ships. Lieutenant de Gerlache has, as stated, only one ship for his expedition, a circumstance that increases its peril, but he has a great advantage over most explorers who have preceded him in having steam at his service.

Mr Edmund Gosse, who writes in the *North American Review* on the last literary decade in England, comments upon the remarkable clearing out of great lights of British literature which it has witnessed. In 1888 there were still living a remarkable collection of wonderful old men, whose existence was an inspiration to readers and younger writers. Tennyson and Browning, Newman, Jowett, Tyndall and Huxley, Kingsley and Froude, were living then. The decade has seen the clearing of the whole gallery, and not only they are gone, but Matthew Arnold and William Morris, Walter Pater, Freeman, and Lightfoot, of a generation slightly younger, are gathered with them. No venerable writers of great prestige are left, so far as Mr Gosse remembers, except Ruskin, who lives in close retirement, and Herbert Spencer, "still visible, and clothed with the garment of an extreme celebrity." He does not regard Mr George Meredith as belonging yet to the class of awe-inspiring ancients, but concedes that "if he is spared to us for ten years more he will become one of those quasi fabulous figures which stimulate curiosity so much and serve so well to keep alight the flame of enthusiasm."

It is reported that the experiments which have been made by the Post-Office Department in the free delivery of rural letters have, so far, resulted very much in the department's satisfaction. Fifty thousand dollars was appropriated last winter by Congress for this use, and tests of the feasibility of the plan were made in various parts of the country. Early reports which have come in, especially from some districts in Maine and Vermont, tell of the satisfaction of the farmers with the new service, and of their willingness to profit by it. It is found that they take many more daily newspapers when they can have them delivered, and also that the number of letters carried shows a vigorous increase. The rural carrier makes one trip a day over a distance of between sixteen and twenty four miles. He supplies his own conveyance—horse and cart or bicycle. It has been found that responsible men are willing to do this work for an annual stipend ranging from $175 upwards, the average pay being about $400. It is estimated that at that rate sixty million dollars (about half the annual pension bill) would provide rural free delivery all over the United States. That would mean, among other things, employment for 200,000 persons. The rural couriers are allowed to eke out their stipend by any supplementary enterprises that do not interfere with their duties, as to sell stamps or stationery and receive and deliver express parcels or telegrams. Where farmers live some distance from the road their mail is left in boxes at convenient points by the roadside, from which also letters are collected.

The *Evening Post* does not care for Rudyard Kipling's locomotive story in the current *Scribner's*. It says that Mr Kipling's hero (the new locomotive) uses "low, blackguardly, vulgar language—a language very like that of the loafers and blackguards who hang around village stations." Dear, dear, that is dreadful, but it discloses much more about the state of mind of the *Post's* reviewer and his attitude to mankind than it does about Kipling's tale. The *Post* speaks unanimely about the story, and, indeed, the whole paragraph which it devotes to that tale and to the sensational storm which the magazines might print if they dared seems somewhat strained. To talk about "the loafers and blackguards who hang around village stations" conveys quite as misleading an idea of the people who live (and sometimes loiter) in American villages as would be conveyed by a broad allusion to the "supercilious prigs who infest the office of the *Evening Post*." One doubtless may meet an occasional blackguard at a village station, just as possibly one may sometimes encounter a prig in the vicinity of the *Post*; but it is very unsafe to generalize on chances of that sort, for the average villager who loiters about the railroad station in the evening is as injuriously described when he is called a blackguard as the average contributor to the *Post* is when he is called a supercilious prig.

E. S. MARTIN

FÉLIX FAURE AT HOME.

President Faure's visit to Russia is intended to set the final seal to the "union of two peoples"—"the marriage of two flags," to use the current expression in the French papers. It is the last of the long series of open demonstrations intended to prove to the world the existence of complete harmony between these two nations, and this without menace by induction towards any other power or combination of powers. On the contrary, this tightening of the Franco-Russian bonds of unity has been heralded in both countries as a further guarantee of the maintenance of peace, and even the press in Germany, Austria, and Italy are treating the subject with composure and urbanity.

The man upon whom devolves the delicate task of representing France as a guest of the most autocratic of European rulers has already *fait ses preuves*, as the French say. He has played host to the imperial guest, and that with a degree of dignity, tact, and *savoir faire* that has raised him immeasurably in the estimation of his fellow-citizens. The ex-tanner of Le Havre has displayed social qualities of the kind supposed to be a monopoly of the Faubourg St. Germain, but he has added thereto a certain natural *bonhomie* which renders him *persona grata* with all classes. At the present day it may be truthfully said that he is the most popular man in France. If any one should be inclined to doubt this, let him ask the opinion of the poor police detective who happened to be by when the bomb exploded near the cascade last Grand Prix day, and who, suspected of being the author of the attempt, was almost beaten into a jelly by the infuriated crowd of *bourgeois endimanchés*.

If the failure of the numerous attempts to photograph the President within the sacred portals of his official home may be taken as an indication, success has not had the effect of turning his head. His only weakness in this direction is shown in his alleged desire to substitute a gold-embroidered uniform for the plain black swallow-tail suit *de rigueur* on state occasions. All efforts to introduce the camera into the Elysée have invariably met with the Presidential veto, until M. Jules Gervais Courtellemont, the Arabian explorer, applied for permission a month ago to get up a series of photographic illustrations to be used in album form for the occasion of the Russian trip. This time the President surrendered—firstly, out of personal regard for the applicant, who has earned the Legion of Honor for penetrating with a kodak to the heart of Mecca, and bringing back most valuable data on the holy shrine; secondly, because the album was primarily intended for circulation among *nos amis les Russes*.

On page 825 will be found a number of reproductions of photographs selected from the series in question. The absence of pictures of the various members of the President's family, Madame and Mlle. Lucie Faure, and Madame Berge, the married daughter, and her little boy, is explained by the fact that M. Faure specially stipulated that none should appear in print. The old-fashioned notions of the rights of privacy still prevail in France. Nevertheless, by mere chance, one of the illustrations gives a "snap-shot" impression of the President's spouse starting in a victoria for the afternoon drive.

The bulk of the illustrations show the President himself in the various phases of his daily routine. In one picture we see him on horseback. M. Faure is an ardent horseman. Every day of his life he is up at six, and after partaking of a cup of coffee, he starts in his brougham, together with an officer, for a point near the Avenue of the Bois de Boulogne. Here Montjarret, the Presidential groom, is waiting with the horses, and for the next two hours the party gallop through the winding alleys and the broad avenues of the Bois. This exercise is often repeated in the afternoon when the President is sometimes escorted by some high military official, occasionally the chief of the general staff. His favorite horse is a chestnut-brown stallion, as seen in the picture.

President Faure has a large number of carriages at his disposal. The state carriage is a handsome vehicle with gilt trappings, drawn by four horses. The drivers, grooms, and outriders wear powdered wigs and attractive light blue uniforms with gold trimmings, which are modelled somewhat after the English style. One of the photographs presents a view of the state carriage at the moment of its departure for the great review at Longchamps on the 14th of July. This is perhaps the most important and impressive of all the President's public functions. He is accompanied on such occasions by the president of the ministerial council and the chief of the general staff of the French army. The members of his family, having no official status, betake themselves to the same destination in a separate conveyance without pomp or outriders. The military guard of the Elysée, consisting of a company of line infantry, turn out to speed the parting host, and also to welcome him back. They likewise salute in full strength every official visitor of importance, foreign ambassador, or other representative from abroad entitled to an audience with the President of France; and as such visits are numerous they well earn the extra comforts and good cheer which the Elysée *poste* affords.

President Faure has two work-rooms—his official one and his private study. The former is a gorgeous apartment, with richly carved panellings, mirrors, and all manner of mural decoration. Here he sits four or five hours of the day examining and signing documents, which are then turned over either to the general secretary of the presidency, General Tournier, whose office is on the right, or to M. le Gall, "director of the cabinet," on the left. During these hours the President is dressed in the black cut-away suit *de rigueur*. The President is not a lover of display or ceremonial, and those who know him intimately declare that he is never as much at his ease, never so much himself, as during the momentary respites from the cares of public life. At the family dinner table, with Madame Faure seated opposite, Mlle. Lucie to the right, and Madame Berge, her husband, and boy of seven on the other side, the President becomes plain M. Faure again—not to say Grandpapa Faure, as the little one invariably calls him. He is good humor and joviality personified. All thoughts seem banished from his mind excepting the pleasurable ones of the moment.

The salary of a French President is 600,000 francs per annum, to which is added another 600,000 francs for expenses. Of the latter sum very little remains after all the grand banquets, the balls, and the garden parties have been paid for. Some Presidents, Carnot notably, have often exceeded that figure, and have had to draw on their private resources to meet the expenses of their sumptuous hospitality. Le père Grévy, on the other hand, is said to have netted a handsome surplus out of the extra allowance by reason of his thrifty and frugal methods of housekeeping. This last reproach will never be made against President Faure.

Taken all in all, however, the life of the French President is not exactly a round of pleasure. When it is considered that while in Paris, out of the sixteen hours of his day, from the time of rising to the moment he retires to his simply furnished bedroom at night, he has had less than three hours to himself, and that nothing short of sickness can relieve him of even the lesser of his many onerous duties, one is inclined to understand why Casimir-Périer preferred to seek the comforts of private life to continuing in his exalted position, the slave of ceremonial, etiquette, and the national love of *le panache*.

V. Gribayédoff.

STARS.

Out of a placid, luminous sky and deep
  Within its mystic and unmeasured space,
The stars of summer cast their fire and keep
  Their circling courses in a deathless race,
While years merge into years while rigid sleep
  Binds myriads to their earthly resting place.

The stars must seem immortal to our eyes
  That are forever haunted by the sight
Of life that comes to man unsought—and flies
  Like some strange meteor flashing through a night,
Like some clear voice that strenuously cries
  In brief denial and takes eternal flight.

But they are not more deathless than the days
  That greet us with their halcyon hopes and fade,
Not more than hope itself, whose gentle ways
  Lead into darkness where the dead are laid,
Not more than all the mutable sweet plays
  Of bloom and blossom and bird-brightened glade;

Yet they live on and on, and watch men fall
  Like gray frost-stricken leaves into the dust;
They watch our generations rise and call
  To later generations with a trust
That love which understands is over all,
  That faith is life and labors as it must;

If there are men within those distant stars,
  Perhaps they pine with a perennial fire
To tell us of their joys and avatars,
  Of some unquenchable and brave desire
To seek beyond their own mysterious bars
  The music of some universal lyre.

George Edgar Montgomery.

NEWPORT'S FÊTE.

Newport set upon its green hills and rocky ledges, crowned with summer palaces and girt by the sapphire sea, and Newport crowded around the little harbor, the fussling old town, whose narrow streets and quaint houses tell of former days of activity, are quite distinct places, widely different in their thoughts and interests, until, once in a while, united by a common will, they do something fine together, and in their third annual summer *fête* the other day (August 4) the town and cottage people quite surpassed themselves. The presence of the North Atlantic Squadron in the outer harbor added greatly to the interest of the day, which was opened with a parade of marching marines and bluejackets from the men-of-war, soldiers from Fort Adams, and State militia, reviewed from the Ocean House piazza by Vice-President Hobart, and witnessed by an admiring crowd of towns-people and excursionists, as well as by cottagers, whose chief interest, however, was centred on the arrival of the New York Yacht Club fleet winging their way from New London in the fresh southeast breeze. By noon the advance of the fleet had arrived, and the afternoon hours saw more and more of them—schooners and sloops, steam-yachts, great and small, rolling through the long swell and dotting the blue sea in a steady procession from Point Judith to the Dumplings. One by one, and by twos and threes, they swept into the harbor, past the stately ships of war swinging to the tide in the open roadstead, past the old battery and fight at Fort Adams and rounding to their anchorage with long ting of sails and rattle of blocks and tackle. The New York Yacht Club landing was the centre of interest. There was constant coming and going of launches and gigs filled with gay people, amateur yachtsmen, and pretty women, carriages and traps bringing down favored ones for dinners on the yachts, and other favored ones driven off for dinners on shore, until the crowding of gigs and launches made it a delicate matter to make a landing or to get away again.

As the evening approached, the harbor looked like a solid mass of yachts of every description, from the splendid ocean-going steamers and schooners, down to the unattached and vagrant small cruiser attracted by the unusual scene.

But the evening afforded the most picturesque features of the day, and the echo of the sundown gun had hardly died away before the lights began to twinkle from land and water; and as night fell innumerable fires were lighted shining from the dark foliage surrounding the summer homes on shore, and brilliant electric lights gleamed in town on the steam-yachts and men-of-war, while colored lanterns made fantastic shapes against the blackness, and search-lights from the invisible war-ships lighted up the skies, showing the stars and stripes still floating over the torpedo station and bringing out in strong relief against the night the tapering masts of the assembled fleet. Presently a procession of boats decorated with gay lights began to move around the harbor, one representing a sea-serpent glowing in fire. A display of fireworks from shore followed the showers of stars bringing out in their momentary glow the dark masses of people along the wharves, and the hundreds of small boats which kept up a continual going and coming.

On shore the sight was almost as brilliant, and the principal streets were shining with colored lights and transparencies, flags and bunting everywhere. It was a sight to be long remembered. It did credit to those who planned it, and gave pleasure to thousands who saw it.

EDUCATION, IMMIGRATION, AND PROSPERITY.

Not often is a principal reason for a remarkable result more clearly set forth in a few figures than that by Charles R. Skinner, Superintendent of Public Instruction of New York State, in the opening of his address as president of the National Educational Association, at its recent session in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

The whole civilized world has wondered at the power of the United States to receive and assimilate the great unending flood of foreign population which has poured in upon it during the last half-century. Many reasons have been assigned, and prominent among them an educational system which takes the children of foreigners and persistently, unceasingly moulds them into intelligent citizens as they grow to manhood and womanhood.

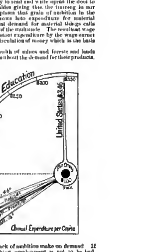
To compare this system with those of European nations, Mr. Skinner announced that while France spends annually $4 per capita on her army and 70 cents per capita on education, the United States spends $1 35 for education and 39 cents for her army. Other nationalities were included in the statement. To show just what the figures mean, the army expenditure of each nation is reduced to $1 per capita, and the corresponding educational expenditure ascertained, and the results graphically portrayed by means of the accompanying dial and its several indicators.

It is a long reach from the group of European indicators up to that of the United States. It is to be remembered, too, that this very large expenditure is for the common schools, in which the children of foreigners receive their education. More than this, it is to be remembered that about six-sevenths of this expenditure is made in the Northern and Western States, where more than nine-tenths of all the foreign-born population finds its home.

These facts are not presented to claim that this expenditure has as its prime object the education and moulding of the foreign element. That part of the result of our educational system is of course incidental. All the same, however, the result is just as beneficial and just as much a matter of fact as though it were the principal object of the system. Taken as a whole, the common-school training results in leaving only about three per cent. of the native-born white persons over ten years of age (including of course the native-born children of foreigners) in the Northern and Western States to be classed as illiterates. The native-born whites are almost eighty per cent. of the total population of these States, and are therefore the greatly dominating element of the country.

These considerations plainly introduce the still more important meaning of the widely separated indicators of the dial. The ability to read and write opens the door to all knowledge. Besides giving this, the training in our common schools implants that grain of ambition in the individual which grows into expenditure for material things. The constant demand for material things calls for the employment of the multitude. The resultant wage payment and its constant expenditure by the wage-earner produce that rapid circulation of money which is the basis of prosperity.

All our natural wealth of mines and forests and lands would avail nothing without the demand for their products.



Ignorance and the lack of ambition make no demand. If the demand be lacking, employment is not to be had. Without employment money, however plentiful, does not circulate, and money idle furnishes no material progress.

The natural conditions for great material development have existed for untold ages, and would have remained undeveloped to-day had not knowledge, ambition, and employment combined to open mines, fell forests, and cultivate the soil. A people may have knowledge and ambition, but without employment to bring money into hand ambition cannot be satisfied, and therefore demand for production is not forth-coming. If ambition be lacking, there is no disposition to demand. If knowledge be lacking, employment is impossible.

It is not forgotten that employment is also a great educator in its way, and yet we are at last compelled to come back to the common school as the giver of the ability to read and write and as the inceptor of ambition in the young mind. These two are so powerful factors of national progress that the dial and its indicators throw much light not only on the assimilation of the foreign element, but also on the material progress of the country. An education, not for war—for peace and prosperity.

F. W. Hewes.

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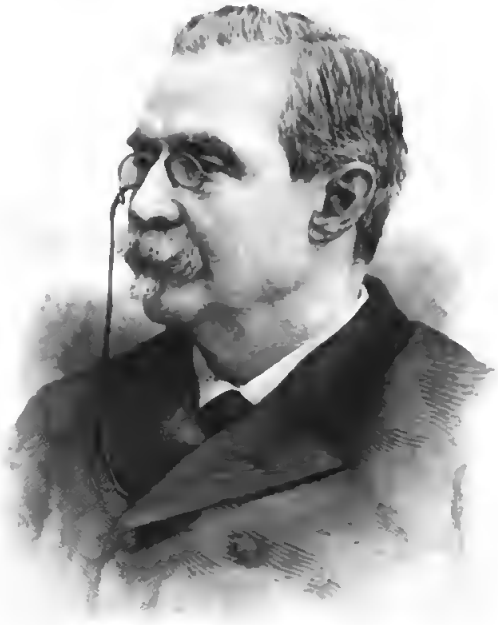


SEÑOR CÁNOVAS DEL CASTILLO,
Prime Minister of Spain. Assassinated August 8

ANTONIO CÁNOVAS DEL CASTILLO.

I.

THE American people, for all its century-long prosperity, is not so wholly unacquainted with national grief that its sympathy is withheld from Spain's crowding misfortunes, faced with indomitable courage—so proudly disavowed or hidden from the world that it is scarcely too much to say a whole world of critics and censors has been superbly outfaced. And of all Spaniards, the proudest, the most indomitable, was the leader who has fallen—Cánovas—who used to say, "Spain may still be a great nation on land and sea, forming a peaceable and lawful union with Portugal, its sister state, buying or reconquering Gibraltar sooner or later, and expanding along the neighboring coast of Africa."

Now of Spanish misfortunes and decadence and imputed weakness we may have heard at least enough. This is the story of a courageous Spanish life.

II.

Antonio Cánovas del Castillo was born at Malaga, February 8, 1828. His parents were people of slender means, though not, as has been often asserted, in abject poverty. We know, however, that they had marked out a somewhat modest career for their son before he convinced them that he was irresistibly drawn to the pursuit of literature; then, with their consent, he took up the study of the national classics, of history and philosophy. At the age of eighteen he founded a periodical entitled *La Joven Málaga*, that soon met the common fate of such ventures. Roused to more strenuous efforts by this failure and by the difficult situation in which he found himself on his father's death, he went to Madrid to seek his fortune. In 1845, thanks to the influence of an uncle who was then *Consejero de Estado*, he got a clerkship in the office of the Madrid & Aranjuez Railway, and thus met expenses while studying law. But it was not long before he was sufficiently encouraged by the public recognition of his ability as a writer to abandon the law and enter the political field. This was in 1849, when he was made editor of *La Patria*, a journal founded by Joaquin Francisco Pacheco. Two years later *La Patria* ceased to exist, and Cánovas wrote special articles for the *Semanario Pintoresco*, *Las Novedades*, and *La Ilustración*. It was at this time that he published his *Campañas de Hombres*, a study of Aragonese character, and his *Historia de la decadencia de España desde el advenimiento al trono de D. Felipe III hasta la muerte de Carlos II*, a work of real significance, which was afterwards continued in collaboration with Maldonado. Here, in the pages of this history, is the key to the author's belief and policy, as a stanch defender of the integrity of the kingdom and a redoubtable antagonist for any one—on the throne, or in office, or in socialistic organizations—who would consent to its dismemberment.

The events of July, 1854, were drawing near, and among the forces that accelerated the revolt must be reckoned Cánovas. He took an active part in the revolution, was author of the famous *Manifiesto de Manzanares*, accepted office under the new government, and was elected deputy to the Cortes. Intrusted with the correspondence of the ministry and appointed agent *de preuve* at Rome, he discharged this difficult office so satisfactorily that, after O'Donnell's fall in 1856, the Marquis de Pidal invited him to retain the position. In 1857 he was Civil Governor of Cadiz; in the following year Director General of Administration; in 1860 Assistant Secretary; and in 1864 he accepted the same portfolio in a so-called "reconciliation" government, composed of Moderates and Unionists—in which he was associated with Pacheco (mentioned above), Mon, Ulloa, Mayans, Salaverría, and other distinguished statesmen; and now, having "found himself," he gave expression to inherent tendencies in abolishing the constitutional reforms of 1857, and curtailing the freedom of the press and the right of the people to hold meetings for the discussion of grievances. For our present purpose his connection with the Gonzáles Bravo government is less significant, and we pass to the year 1866—to the opposition with which Cánovas confronted the sorry advisers of Isabel II., and to his banishment, which he himself must have contrived, for it now appears to have been a politic session of responsibility. When Isabel II. was dethroned, Cánovas decided to await developments, and declined office under the new government. In the constituent assembly of 1869 he urged his conservative principles, in opposition to the radical and democratic measures that were in the ascendant; and in this contest he possessed the incalculable advantage of a style of oratory peculiar to himself, for it bore the same relation to ordinary Spanish oratory that realistic fiction bears to unmitigated romance. After the famous session of November 16, 1870, when the Duke of Aosta was elected King of Spain, he saw that this princely graft could never flourish, and was once more obliged to chafe in enforced inaction. He declined office under Amadeo. But with the proclamation of the republic his opportunity returned, and he was tireless in his efforts to hasten the restoration of the Bourbons—indeed he was recognized by the exiled royal family as their virtual representative in Spain. In part guiding, in part guided by events during the year 1874, he was so largely instrumental in shaping public sentiment that, though the Cortes proclaimed Don Alfonso XII., Cánovas at one step took the grade of king maker. On the last day of that year, as representative of Alfonso and incumbent of the highest political office, he began to develop the most interesting phase of his public life. He established at Madrid a ministerial regency (himself its head) to exercise dictatorial powers pending Alfonso's arrival, and when the latter was seated on the throne, Cánovas retained his leadership, calling an assembly of notables to prepare the constitution which was adopted in the Cortes of 1876. Until February, 1881, he held in his hands the destinies of his country, a keeping those brief intervals during which he gave place to Jovellar and to Campos. One of his first measures was the suppression of liberal journals; but, on the other hand, he succeeded in winning over to his party the less fervent Carlists, with many influential politicians of the revolutionary epoch. In other words, with a whip in the right hand and a fat office in the left, he contrived both to increase his following and to give it a marked conservative character. It was evident to him that Alfonso, to retain his throne, must conciliate those elements that had banished his mother, and so no awkward questions were addressed to the many applicants for admission into the Conservative-Liberal party. Cánovas welcomed the support and co-operation even of the revolutionist Robledo; he conceded religious toleration as a sop to the Liberals, but won in that class more largely through a calculated distribution of government favors. In his attitude towards the country at large Cánovas showed that he recognized the universal desire for peace, and he spared no effort to put an end to the Carlist civil war and the Cuban insurrection (the so-called ten years' war). His policy in respect to the latter struggle has been a subject for extreme misrepresentation. It must be clear from the facts we have just been tracing that measures of stern repression in Cuba were the only measures to be expected from this champion of the integrity of Spain. Another statement that will be read with interest at the present time is the following: Cánovas was frequently heard to declare that enemies of institutions had no legal rights, that violence such as theirs must be restrained by equal violence on the part of the authorities.

In foreign relations Cánovas solicited for Spain the friendship of Austria and Germany rather than that of its more liberal neighbors, and on the death of Alfonso's wife Mercedes he probably set in foot the negotiations that resulted in the King's marriage with the Austrian princess Marie Christina. In February, 1881, he went out of office in order to defend, as leader of the opposition, the principles he had advocated as minister. He was recalled in 1883 and was retained in power until 1885. Alfonso died in that year, and his widow instructed Señor Sagasta, the Liberal leader, but none the less representative of a party that had accepted the constitution of 1876, to form a new ministry. On the same day Cánovas became President of the Cortes. In 1890 he again formed a Conservative cabinet to succeed Sagasta's. During the next five years Sagasta and Cánovas alternated several times in forming cabinets, but in March, 1895, the latter was again made Prime Minister to meet a crisis the precise nature of which need not be explained, as completely have all purely domestic concerns been dwarfed by the enormous importance and interest of the present insurrection in Cuba. In that distant island his policy has been of a piece with his policy as manifested in the affairs of the Peninsula a score of years ago. Offering home rule to the Cubans, on terms that were even criticised by his own party for their excessive liberality, he at the same time looked to it that the war of repression—of extermination, if nothing less would serve—should be relentlessly prosecuted.

This consistency of character might easily receive further illustration. Cánovas never relaxed his attentive interest in everything pertaining to scholarship and letters. A member of the Academia de la Historia (1859), of the Academia de la Lengua (1863), and of the Ateneo Científico y Literario, he produced, in addition to the works mentioned above, and to a volume of poems (which put weapons of offence into the hands of his political enemies), a collection of articles and addresses entitled *Problemas Contemporáneos*, two volumes of *Estudios Literarios*, and *El Solitario y su Tiempo*. The collection of books in his library, including many rare volumes, gradually assumed admirable proportions. In his private life he was a loyal and loyally cherished friend; his marriage with a daughter of the noble house of Sotomayor crowned a courtship that had endured the test of fifteen years.

III.

Overhanging and overshadowing this arduous career was, of course, the constant threat of assassination. Several years ago, at the gate of "La Huerta," Cánovas's residence in Madrid, a bomb was thrown by anarchists as he came out to enter his carriage. But the terrible penalty attaching to distinction seems never to have been suffered in advance, through fear, even at Santa Agueda.

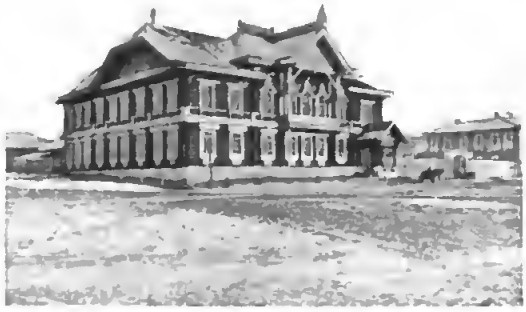
Cánovas had been somewhat out of health for a time, and had gone to Santa Agueda for a course of sulphur baths. On the morning of August 8 he was present at the celebration of mass in the chapel. After mass he was reading and conversing with several reporters when an anarchist named Michel Angiolino, a native of Foggia, in Italy, approached and fired three shots at him with a revolver. The first bullet, which struck the Premier in the head, passed through from the right to the left temple. Cánovas rose to his feet, but immediately fell, crying, "Long live Spain!" He again tried to rise, and while in the act a second shot entered his chest, the ball lodging near the spine. He fell back unconscious, and a third shot struck him while he lay on the ground. He was carried to his room, and expired at 1 30 P. M. To Señora Cánovas del Castillo, wife of the Premier, who was near her husband when the crime was committed, the murderer made this statement: "I have done my duty, and I am now easy in my mind, for I have avenged my friends and brothers of Montjuich." Montjuich is the fortress of Barcelona under the walls of which anarchists were executed for the crime of throwing a bomb into a procession, upon the occasion of the Corpus Christi celebration last year.

Such is the story, to which I need not add the comments of the world—though the world, startled into attention, discussed this tragedy publicly, and almost every point of view is now matter of record, even the exultation of anarchists, printed and illustrated! All of which is important, too, in a way; but more important are the facts of a courageous and consistent life, whether wholly to one's taste or not—facts which have now been sketched, but too hastily and imperfectly.

MANNION WILCOX.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL DE AZCARRAGA,
Appointed by the Queen Regent Spain's Premier ad interim.
By Courtesy of the New York Herald

THE GYMNASIUM (BOYS' AND GIRLS' SCHOOL) AT CHITA, TRANS-BAIKAL.



THE MILITARY CLUB AT CHITA, TRANS-BAIKAL.
A Characteristic Bit of Russian Architecture.

FIVE PONIES TO A SLEDGE IN THE TRANS-BAIKAL COUNTRY.

PUBLIC SCALES AT CHITA.

A MANCHURIAN PEDDLER.

A MANCHURIAN PONY.

COMING FROM THE GOVERNOR'S, AT CHITA.

SIBERIA—A BEVY OF BURIAT BEAUTIES.

BY SLEDGE AND RAIL ACROSS SIBERIA—KHABAROVKA TO LAKE BAIKAL.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. H. JACKSON AND OTHERS.

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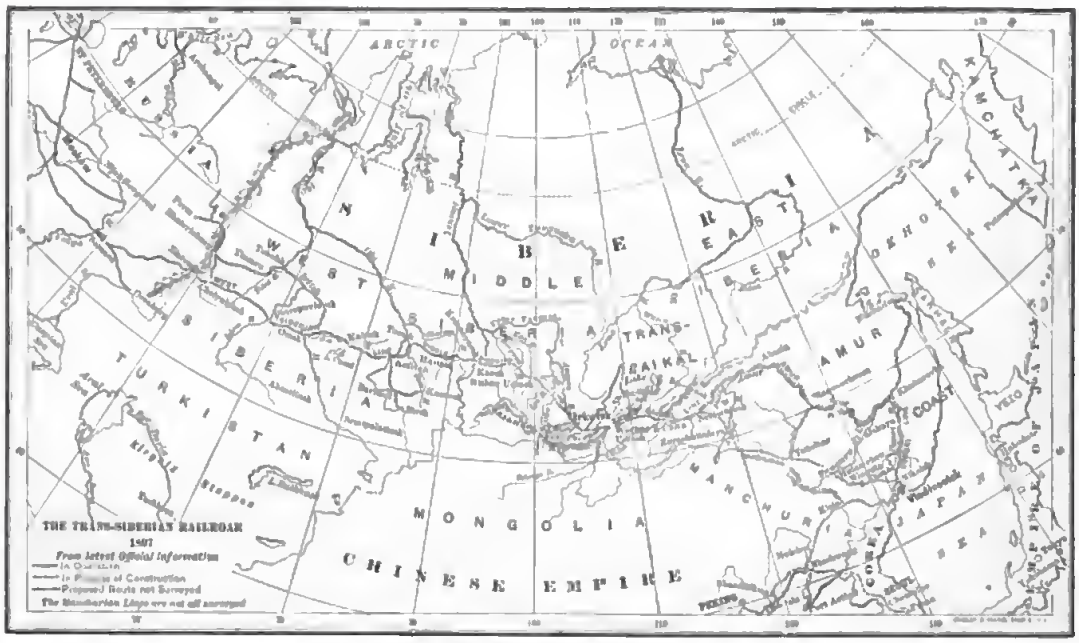

BY SLEDGE AND RAIL ACROSS SIBERIA.

II.—KHABAROVKA TO LAKE BAIKAL.

KHABAROVKA TO STRETENSK.

THE great highway of travel through eastern Siberia is for the present the course of its largest river, the Amur. This is equally true at all seasons of the year, as the river is navigated by small steamers during the few summer months, and by caravans of sledges during the longer period of the winter. Between the two seasons, of course, it is unavailable for either means of transit; but this only means that travel ceases in the spring and autumn, as roads do not exist. The river Amur is the boundary between Siberia and Chinese Manchuria for a distance of something like fifteen hundred miles. Its waters are mainly derived from the country lying between its course and the great chain of the Yablonoi Mountains which separate it from the Siberian plain on the north, and from the other great chain of the Khingan Mountains that divide Manchuria from Mongolia on the south. Like the other great Siberian rivers, the Amur may be looked upon as either the cause or the effect of a wide depression in the table land of northern Asia. Like them, it carries a vast body of water to the ocean, although its drainage area is not nearly so large as that of several of the others; but it is a sluggish stream, flowing through large tracts of swampy land, much of which is covered with dense forests.

When our long period of enforced delay at Khabarovka began to draw to a close, it became necessary to make preparations for our long journey across the snow. The distance that lies between Khabarovka and the point to which the Siberian Railroad was understood to have advanced from the westward at Krasnoyarsk is about 2850 miles, all of which has at present to be travelled in sledges drawn by the little ponies of the country. Year by year, indeed, we might almost say month by month, this distance is being lessened by the steady march eastward of the great railroad, and but for the proposed diversion of the line from its original route terminating at Vladivostok to a point on the Gulf of Pechili, a very few years more would probably render the sledge route up the Amur Valley wholly a thing of the past. Yet it is only a very few years since the whole distance from old Russia, at the limit of the Ural Mountains, to Nikolsk at the mouth of the Amur, or Vladivostok at the south-eastern corner of the Czar's Siberian provinces, seven thousand miles, had to be laboriously travelled in the same primitive fashion.

A BURIAT GIRL, EASTERN SIBERIA.

The Siberian post system, which, although maintained primarily for the conveyance of the mails, is really, over a large part of the vast Siberian regions, the only reliable means of transport, has its main line over the route which our party was about to follow; but it has many branch routes, which generally following the courses of the rivers, spread themselves in all directions over the great northern plains almost as far as there exists any population, and certainly to the limit of the farthest post at which it has been thought worth while to station a Russian soldier or official. Owing to the large use made of the extensive river systems, many of the land services are only kept on foot during the winter months, but these, it must be remembered, extend to eight months out of the twelve over nearly the whole country, while in the northern districts they are perhaps two months longer. The extent of the country served by these post routes may be estimated when it is remembered that even now one of them, starting from Irkutsk, runs northward through the gold bearing district of the Lena, thence to Yakutsk, then onwards to Okhotsk, at the northwestern corner of the sea of that name, and from thence round the peninsula of Kamchatka to the port of Petropavlovsk—a distance, on the whole, of about seven thousand miles.

The system is, of course, a government one, and the travellers intended to be primarily benefited are, as a matter of course, the officers of the government, principally military, on their way to and from the scene of their duties in these remote regions. After the needs of this class of travellers have been supplied, however, civilians who possess the necessary passports and permits to use the service are transported at certain established rates. Each line is divided into districts, and stations are established along it at intervals of about eighteen miles, although there are many exceptional cases in which, owing to the character of the country, the distance may be shortened to half that distance or increased to nearly double. The station keepers are usually owners of the buildings, as well as of the whole outfit of horses, sledges, harness, and wheeled vehicles, of which the tarantass is the usual type. He receives a license from government, and is subject to very stringent regulations as to the operation of the service in its most minute details, which are displayed prominently in his guest-chamber at the station. He is obliged to keep always on hand a certain fixed number of serviceable horses and his station is recognized in accordance with the number, as a twelve or twenty four horse station, as the case may be. He is subject to one regulation which would delight the hearts of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, as he is compelled to allow each horse a certain resting-time between each journey, according to the distance, and any breach of this regulation might cause his license to be cancelled. The object of this is, no doubt, the very practical one of keeping the service efficient, rather than any purely humane motive, and it is undoubtedly an excellent check, both on the cupidity of the station keepers and the impatience of travellers. The government pays a regular rate to the station-keepers for forwarding the mails, and the mails are sometimes so large as to require four or five sledges, each drawn by three horses (known as troikas) and loaded to its utmost capacity, for their conveyance. This, however, is exceptional; the ordinary mails for which the station keeper has to make provision require the services of two troikas each day to accommodate the service to the eastward of Irkutsk.

Our long stay at Khabarovka had secured us many friends, from whom we obtained useful hints as to our outfit, the benefit of which we had good reason to appreciate later on. When at last we were ready to start, our travelling outfit consisted of three sledges, two of which were substantial povoskas that had already made the trip one or more times, the third a commoner sort of conveyance, with simply a canvas hood over the back part. These, of course, we had to buy, as there is provision made for the hire of horses in Siberia, but none for that of vehicles. The povoska, as may be gathered from our illustrations, is a large and roomy sledge with a close cover or body, set low on runners of very narrow tread, which gives them a top-heavy look which is not reassuring. They are much less unstable, however, than they look, which, indeed, is fortunate, considering the frequent roughness of the track over the river ice and the almost invariable rashness of the drivers. The swaying features in their construction, apart from the lowness of the centre of gravity, is the fenders with which they are provided, which slope downwards and outwards, and serve both to ward off obstacles and to maintain their equilibrium. Our drivers, like all those employed in the passenger traffic in Siberia, resembled the famous Israelitish Captain Jehu, if in nothing else, at least in their habit of driving furiously, so it commonly happened that we skated along first on one fender and then on the other, while our ponies were kept at a gallop without the smallest reference to the roughness of the track over which we travelled.

A BURIAT BOY, EASTERN SIBERIA.

The first point at which we proposed to make any considerable halt was the town of Stretensk, on the Amur, at a distance of upwards of six hundred miles from Khabarovka, and our route lay for the most part along the frozen surface of the great river. The river bed, however, is in many places by no means straight, and the ice is frequently—especially in the first part of the season—very far from smooth, so that it was no unusual thing for our drivers to make a short-cut where the state of the banks would permit us to get out of the bed of the river, and the country was sufficiently clear of timber to enable the sledges to travel freely. There are only two considerable towns between Khabarovka and Stretensk, both situated on the river, and at very nearly equal distances apart. It was as we approached the second of these, the town of Albasin, that we began to encounter the first of the great stream of Siberian traffic which awaits the settling in of the regular winter season for its active commencement. We were ourselves in the very front of the tide of traffic which all through the winter months sets steadily across the Siberian plains from the east, but it was only here that we began to realize something of what this traffic really was as we met the stream setting eastward. The regular means of transport, for goods as well

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A BURIAT WOMAN, EASTERN SIBERIA.

as for human beings, is, as a matter of course, sledges, usually drawn by single ponies, and carrying a weight of not more than five hundred pounds each. One of our early experiences in this neighborhood was more interesting, as we encountered a real Siberian caravan, consisting of the odd-looking two-humped Bactrian camels of central Asia.

There must have been not less than a thousand of these unwieldy-looking animals, and it would be difficult to give an idea of the weird effect which they produced as they travelled noiselessly over the snow in the white moonlight, an apparently endless train of animals, each dragging its absurd little sledge, while here and there was perched a driver on one of their loads, silent as themselves, and probably asleep. There was something very ghostly and intensely foreign-looking about that interminable Indian file of spectral animals, each treading in the footprints of the one before him, and to all appearance the very counterpart of every one of the others. And as they passed us, winding away into the dim white distance, looking, as they disappeared, like some huge serpent twisting away in giant curves into the night.

As we approached Stretensk, which is quite an important trade centre and depot, the traffic became more lively and varied. There were Manchurian horsemen, lines of freight sledges drawn by ponies, and every now and then the characteristic and clumsy cart of the Manchu country on the southern bank of the river. It seemed fortunate to us that these novelties occurred on the journey, which would otherwise have been oppressive in its monotony.

Of Stretensk itself not very much can be said, and its general features will be seen in our illustrations. Like all the towns of eastern Siberia, indeed, its main characteristics are military. While there are some stores of respectable size, and a few houses that belong to the resident town population, what strikes the eye and alone attracts the attention is either the provision for the Church or the military and official life of the place. In those Siberian towns the church is at all times a prominent feature, with its curiously painted spires and Oriental architecture; but, after all, it is the soldiers and the provision for their quarters that fill the foreground.

STRETENSK TO LAKE BAIKAL

When we reached Stretensk we had accomplished something like twelve hundred miles of our overland journey. We had still another four hundred miles to travel before reaching Chita, the official capital of the Trans-Baikal province, and from thence another six hundred before we should reach the shore of Lake Baikal. Chita is situated on the upper waters of the Shilka, a tributary of the Amur River, and is the point at which the surveyed line of the trans-Siberian railroad terminates at present. At this point, also, the regular trade route across the continent, which we had been following, leaves the course of the river and strikes across the higher land which divides the waters shed of the Amur from that which supplies the rivers that run into Lake Baikal, of which the Selenga with its tributaries is the most important.

We had by this time become accustomed to our surroundings, and began to appreciate more fully both the good and bad points of our mode of travel. We had been fortunate in the preparations we had been advised to make for our journey, and, in spite of some discomforts, we found that some degree of comfort was attainable even in sledge travel over Siberian snows. Our sledges, indeed, were not of the luxurious type to be met with occasionally in the country, resplendent in paint and upholstery, with leather top and large glass windows, still less of the sort used for ladies and children, which are large and roomy, and provided with stoves, but for our purpose they were serviceable without entailing a vast expense. They were open, and of course gave admission to abundance of cold air; but even with a temperature as low as sixty degrees below zero, we found that reclining among half a dozen wool pillows upon several layers of fur rugs, and wrapped in the enormous elk-skin coats which are considered indispensable, we were quite comfortably warm. As the stations along the route are not to be depended on for meals, we had provided ourselves with the necessary commissariat stores, which were usually packed in the bottom of the sledges with our other luggage. There was about a barrel of soup, frozen into lumps, each supposed to serve as a meal, also cutlets, steaks, bread, and milk, all frozen as hard as iron, and therefore easily packed and carried rolled in paper parcels. On arrival at a station, we had only to call for a samovar of boiling water to make tea, and then to thaw our eatables, and so to procure a quick lunch of the most approved Siberian pattern.

Siberian posting stations, it must be understood, are not way-side inns, and make few pretensions to providing accommodation for travellers. As the sledges drive up to the door—and to the foreign eye, at least, uninviting—log building, the traveller can form a fair estimate of the probable accommodation he may expect from the size and surroundings of the desolate looking spot. On dismounting he will be ushered at once into the guest room, which every station can boast, and which is the average post station is the only one at the disposal of travellers. He will find the apartment thoroughly and characteristically Russian of the rustic variety. The room may be large, but it is never lofty, and he will find it singularly bare of everything which in any other part of the world is associated with ideas of comfort. Clean and bare, with few seats of any kind, and those of the plainest, its principal feature the huge overalike stove in the centre, and its only attempts at ornament the "Icon," or image of the Virgin, with its little lamp or candle burning before it, in one corner, and the equally omnipresent portraits of the royal family scattered here and there about the walls. In this room the traveller waits, and usually eats, during the delay occasioned by getting a change of horses; and should he be unfortunate enough to be compelled to wait over a night before he can procure them, he sleeps here also, finding his own bedding and wraps as a matter of course. Here and there, indeed, a more extensive establishment may be met with where there are three or four guest-chambers, but even in such cases they are as more than repetitions of the one described. These larger establishments generally boast separate accommodation for the yemschiks, who otherwise have to find accommodation with the family of the station-keeper, not unfrequently in a single apartment. The posting yemschik, or driver, it must be understood, is, like the relays of ponies, attached to his own particular station, and passes away with his horses on receiving his drink money of ten kopecks—a little more than five cents—to be relieved by a new one belonging to the next stage. He reflects the various tribes and nationalities that inhabit the country, and may be a Russian, a Cossack, a member of almost any of the eastern tribes, or even, on occasion, a Manchu or a Mongol. It matters little, however, what his nationality may be; in appearance this mummy like figure is very much the same.

Chita, as the capital of the Trans-Baikal province, is a place of importance, in and around which a considerable variety of picturesque figures may be met with. As a town, indeed, there is but little to distinguish it from the other towns of eastern Siberia except a few larger and finer buildings, such as the official residence of the Governor of the province, the gymnasium, and the military club-house—all of which are substantial and comparatively imposing buildings. Then there is, of course, the universally prevailing military element of Siberian society, of which we indeed had nothing to complain, as it was invariably something more than cordial in its greeting and treatment of ourselves; but when one military town has been seen, the traveller practically has seen them all. In Chita, however, there is a commercial element which is somewhat cosmopolitan, at least so far as Asia is concerned. Scarcely a tribe or nation of eastern Asia is wanting in representatives. Men and women of the widely spread Buriat tribes are to be seen on all sides; Tungoos hunters from the colder north, intent on exchanging their furs and pelts in the market of Chita; Cossacks, both military and civilian; archers from the steppes of Mongolia; traders and pedlers from Chinese Manchuria—go to make up the population, strange and picturesque, to be met with in and around the capital of the Trans-Baikal.

As we had approached Chita we had found the snow covering of the country growing thinner, which had compelled us to keep mainly to the course of the river so as to get the advantage of the ice; but on leaving Chita matters became still worse. Here we were compelled to abandon the course of the river and to ascend the high lands that form the divide between the valley of the Amur and the hollow occupied by the waters of Lake Baikal, and here we found the covering of snow in many places so scanty that for several stages we were compelled to hire tarantassas, while the empty sledges were drawn by relays of ponies. In some cases where wheeled vehicles were unobtainable we remained in our sledges, and were dragged laboriously by teams of as many as six ponies, who found it no easy work upon the steep inclines. As we began to descend the slopes toward the lake and its great tributary, the river Selenga, we found abundance of snow once more; indeed, its abundance was so great that we were wholly unable to obtain any of the fine views that are said to be obtainable from the high lands of the divide.

A MANCHURIAN.

We had now practically passed over the country which is comprised in the Trans-Baikal provinces of eastern Siberia, and were able to form some opinion of the country through which we had passed. The impression it made was certainly not favorable. It is true, of course, that we crossed it during the winter, but even with such reservation as that implies it must be admitted that the country impresses an observer as essentially poor and hungry. We had, it must be remembered, been traversing the extreme southern boundary of Russian Siberia, and therefore presumably we had seen, at any rate, the part of it which enjoys the most genial climate. So far as we saw or heard, very little can be said in its favor. The country itself is said to be not only cold, but poor in quality, and never likely, except, it may be, in a very few districts of limited extent, to grow much food or to sustain any considerable population. The depressions which forms the valley of the Amur and its tributaries no doubt contains some rich soil, the washings of the higher lands from which the drainage is drawn by the river system, but in the lower bottoms it is largely swampy in its character, and no doubts subject to floods on the breaking up of the ice,

THE PRESENT CZAR OF RUSSIA WHEN CZAROVITCH AT A RECEPTION BY THE BURIATS OF THE TRANS-BAIKAL REGION DURING HIS TRIP ACROSS SIBERIA IN 1891.

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DISTANT VIEW OF A TRAIN OF 1000 CAMELS EN ROUTE DOWN THE AMUR TO BLAGOVESTCHENSK.
Drawing Sledges with Beef.

A POST-STATION ON THE AMUR NEAR BLAGOVESTCHENSK.

A COSSACK VILLAGE ON THE LOWER AMUR.

THE POST-STATION AT SEVERBEVA, ON THE AMUR.

STRETENSK, AT THE HEAD OF NAVIGATION ON THE SHILKA.
One of the Tributaries of the Amur River

PORTION OF A TRAIN OF 1000 CAMELS TRANSPORTING BEEF BY SLEDGES ALONG THE AMUR RIVER FROM MONGOLIA TO BLAGOVESTCHENSK.

BY SLEDGE AND RAIL ACROSS SIBERIA—KHABAROVKA TO LAKE BAIKAL.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. H. JACKSON

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OUR POYOSKAS AT A POST-STATION NEAR CHITA, ON THE SHILKA RIVER.

POST-STATION ON THE AMUR BETWEEN BLAGOVESTCHENSK AND ALBASIN.

POLICE MASTER OF BLAGOVESTCHENSK.

MARKET SQUARE IN BLAGOVESTCHENSK.

A MANCHURIAN AND HIS CART AT BLAGOVESTCHENSK.

A MONGOL DRIVER WITH CAMEL TRAIN.

PRIVATE SLEDGE, KHABAROVKA.

A MANCHURIAN CART ON THE AMUR RIVER NEAR BLAGOVESTCHENSK.

BY SLEDGE AND RAIL ACROSS SIBERIA—KHABAROVKA TO LAKE BAIKAL.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. H. JACKSON

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NATIVE HUNTER OF THE TUNGUSES, EASTERN SIBERIA,
With all the Implements of his Trade.

while the forest, which occupies the higher levels, does not give the impression of being the product of good soil.

The productions of the districts watered by the Amur are principally mineral at present, and these are as yet but little developed. There is hardly any population that can be called agricultural, the so-called colonists being chiefly employed in government works, trapping or hunting wild animals of value for their fur or skins, or, in a few instances, raising a breed of inferior cattle, which roam during summer over the open lands, feeding on the coarse grass of the country. All mining, as well as the search for precious stones, several kinds of which are met with in the Amur country, is, it need hardly be mentioned, a strict monopoly of the government, and is carried on, so far as it is developed at all, by means of convict labor. The population of the entire province is small, and, except in the case of the emancipated exiles or convicts, mainly belongs to the native or Mongolian races, which are more or less nomadic in their habits.

LONDON.

July 31, 1897.

I shrink, at this day, from any air of relapsing into reference to those Victorian saturnalia of which the force may now be taken as pretty well spent, and if I remount the stream for an instant it is but with the innocent intention of plucking the one little flower of literature that, while the current roared, happened—so far at least as I could observe—to sprout by the bank. If it was sole of its kind moreover it was, I hasten to add, a mere accident of the Jubilee, and as little a prominent as a preconcerted feature. What it comes to therefore is that if I gathered at the supreme moment a literary impression, the literary impression had yet nothing to do with the affair, nothing, that is, beyond the casual connection given by a somewhat acrid after-taste, the vision of the London of the morrow as I met this experience in a awful squeeze through town the day after the fair. It was the singular fate of M. Paul Bourget, invited to lecture at Oxford under university patronage and with Gustave Flaubert for his subject, to have found his appearance arranged for June 23. I express this untowardness but feebly, I know, for those at a distance from the edge of the whirlpool, the vast concentric eddies that sucked down all other life.

I found, on the morrow in question—the great day had been the 22d—the main suggestion of a journey from the south of England up to Waterloo and across from Waterloo to Paddington to be that of one of those deep gasps or wild staggers, losses of wind and of balance, that follow some tremendous effort or some violent concussion. The weather was splendid and torrid and London a huge, dusty, cabless confusion of timber already tottering, of decorations already stale, of *badauds* already bored. The banquet hall was by no means deserted, but it was choked with mere echoes and candle-ends. One had heard often enough of a "great national awakening," and this was the greatest it would have been possible to imagine. Millions of eyes, opening to dust and glare from the scenery of dreams, seemed slowly to stare and to try to recollect. Certainly at that distance the omens were poor for such concentration as a French critic might have been moved to count upon, and even on reaching Oxford I was met by the sense that the spirit of that seat of learning, though accustomed to intellectual strain, had, before the afternoon, but little of a margin for pulling itself together. Let me say at once that it made the most of the scant interval and that when five o'clock came the bare, scholastic room at the Taylorian offered M. Bourget's reputation and topic in the hot, dead Oxford air, an attention as deep and as many-headed as the combination could ever have hoped to command.

For one auditor of whom I can speak, at all events, the occasion had an intensity of interest transcending even that of Flaubert's strange personal story—which was part of M. Bourget's theme—and of the new and deep meanings that the lecturer read into it. Just the fact of the occasion itself struck me as having well-nigh most to say, and at any rate fed most the all but bottomless sense that constitutes to-day my chief receptacle of impressions, a sense which, at the same time I fear I cannot better describe than as that of the way we are markedly going. No undue eagerness to determine whether this be well or ill attaches to the particular consciousness I speak of, and I can only give it frankly for what, on the whole, it most, for beguilement, for amusement, for the sweet thrill of perception, represents and achieves—the quickened notation of our "modernity." I feel that I can pay this last-named lively influence no greater tribute than by candidly accepting, as an aid to expression, its convenient name. To do that, doubtless, is to accept with the name a host of other things. From the moment, at any rate, the quickening I speak of sets in it is wonderful how many of these other things play, in every circumstance, into the picture.

That the day should have come for M. Bourget to lecture at Oxford, and should have come by the same stroke for Gustave Flaubert to be lectured about, filled the mind to a degree, and left it in an agitation of violence, that almost excluded the question of what in especial use of these spirits was to give and the other to gain. It was enough of an emotion, for the occasion, to live in the circumstance that the author of *Madame Bovary* could, in England, receive a public baptism of such peculiar solemnity. With the vision of that, one could bring in all the light and color of all the rest of the picture and absolutely see, for the instant, something momentous in the very act of happening—something certainly that could easily become momentous with a little interpretation. Such are the happy chances of the critical spirit, always yearning to interpret, but not unacquainted with empty times.

There was a degree of poetic justice, or at least of poetic generosity, in the introduction of Flaubert to a scene, to conditions of credit and honor, so little to have been by himself ever apprehended or estimated. It was impossible not to feel that no setting or stage for the crowning of his bust could less have appeared familiar to him and that he wouldn't have failed to wonder into what strangely alien air his glory had strayed. So it is that, as I say, the whole affair was a little miracle of our breathless pace, and no corner from which another member of the craft could watch it was so quiet as to attenuate the small magnificence of the hour. No novelist, in a word, worth his salt could fail of a consciousness, in the presence of it, of being made by it rather more of a novelist than before. Was it not, on the whole, just the essence of the matter that had for the moment there its official recognition? were not the little mystery and art ushered forward to a more expectant and consecrating hush than had ever yet been known to wait upon them?

One may perhaps take these things too hard and read into them foolish fancies; but the hush in question was filled to my imagination—quite apart from the listening faces, of which there would be special things to say that I wouldn't for the world risk!—with the great picture of all the old gray quads and old green gardens, of all the so totally different traditions and processions that were content at last, if only for the drowsy end of a summer afternoon, to range themselves round and play at hospitality. What it appeared possible to make out was a certain fatal convergence; that was the idea of which, during the whole process, I felt the agreeable obsession. From the moment it brushed the mind certainly the impulse was to clutch and detain it; too doleful would it have been to entertain for an instant the fear that M. Bourget's lecture could leave the two elements of his case facing each other only at the same distance at which it had found them. No, no; there was nothing for it but to assume and insist that with each tick of the clock they moved a little nearer together. That was the process, as I have called it, and none the less interesting to the observer that it may not have been, and may not yet be, rapid, full, complete, quite easy or clear or successful. It was the seed of contact that assuredly was sown, it was the *friendly* beginning that in a manner was made. The situation was handled and modified—the day was a date. I shall perhaps remain obscure unless I say more expressly and literally that the particular thing into which, for the intense outsider, the incident most worked was a lively interest—so far as an outsider could feel it—in the whole odd phenomenon and spectacle of a certain usual positive want of convergence, want of communication between what the rent and habit of the classics, the famous frequentation and discipline, do for their victims in one direction and what they do not do for them in another. Was the invitation to M. Bourget not a dim symptom of a bridging of this queerest of all chasms? I can only so denominate—as a most anomalous gap—the class of possibilities to which we owe that, as often, in England, it comes over us that the light kindled by the immense academic privilege is apt suddenly to turn to thick smoke in the air of contemporary letters.

There are movements of the classic torch round modern objects—strange drips and drops and wondrous waverings—that have the effect of putting it straight out. The particular saturation that I allude to and that is most the fashion draws its credit from being an education of the taste, and it doubtless makes, on the prescribed lines and in the close company of the ancients, tremendous tests and triumphs for that faculty. Nothing, however, is so singular as to see what again and again becomes of it in the presence of examples for which prescription and association are of no avail. I am speaking, here, of course, not of unexpected reserves, but of unexpected ruptures, bewildering revelations of a failure of the sense of perspective. This leads at times to startling estimates, to strange colloquies in which Euripides gives an arm to Sarah Grand and Ibsen rhymes somehow with Virgil. It is the breath of a madness in which one gropes for the method—probes in vain the hiatus and sighs for the missing link. I am far from meaning to say that all this will find itself amended by the discreet dose administered the other day at the Taylorian of even so great an antidote as Flaubert; but I come back to my theory that there is after all hope for a world still so accessible to salutary shocks. That was apparent indeed some years ago. Was it not at the Taylorian that Taine and Renan successively lectured? Oxford, wherever it was, heard them even then to the end. It is, for the Taines, the Renans and the Bourgets like the salting of the tail of the bird: there must be more than one try.

It is possible to have glanced at some of the odd estimates that the conversation of the cultivated throws to the surface and yet to say quite without reserve that the world of books has suffered no small shrinkage by the recent death of Mrs. Oliphant. She had long lived and worked in it, and from no individual perhaps had the great contemporary flood received a more copious tribute. I know not if some study of her remarkable life, and still more of her remarkable character, be in preparation, but she was a figure that, on many sides, would still lend itself to vivid portraiture. Her success had been in its day as great as her activity, yet it was always present to me that her singular gift was less recognized, or at any rate less reflected, less reported upon, than it deserved: unless indeed she may have been one of those difficult cases for criticism, an energy of which the spirit and the form, struggling apart, never joined hands with that effect of union which in literature more than anywhere else is strength.

Criticism, among us all, has come to the pass of being shy of difficult cases, and no one for that matter, practised it more in the hit or miss fashion and on the happy-go-lucky line than Mrs. Oliphant herself. She practised it, as she practised everything, on a scale that was immense, and her biographer, if there is to be one, will have no small task in the mere drafting of lists of her contributions to magazines and journals in general and to *Blackwood* in particular. She wrought in *Blackwood* for years anonymously and profusely; no writer of the day found a *porte-voix* nearer to hand or used it with an easier personal latitude and comfort. I should almost suppose, in fact, that no woman had ever, for half a century, had her "say" so conveniently and constantly. Her facilities of course were of her own making, but the greatest of them all was the way she made them.

The explanation of her extraordinary fecundity was a rare original equipment, an imperturbability of courage, health and brain, to which was added the fortune, or the merit, of her having had to tune her instrument at the earliest age. That instrument was essentially a Scotch one; her stream flowed long and full without losing its primary color. To say that she was organized highly for literature would be to make too light of this terribly ticklish business; but few writers of our time have been so organized for liberal, for—one may almost put it—heroic production. One of the interesting things in large figures is that they leave us plenty of questions, if only about themselves; and precisely one of those that Mrs. Oliphant suggests is the wonder and mystery of a love of letters that could be so great without, ever on a single occasion even, being greater. It was of course not a matter of mere love; it was a part of her volume and abundance that she understood life itself in a fine, freehanded manner, and, I imagine, seldom refused to risk an effort on a subject, however it might have given pause, that would help to turn her wide wheel. She worked largely from obligation—to meet the necessities and charges and pleasures and sorrows of which she had a plentiful share. She showed in it all a sort of sedentary gallantry, an acceptance of the day's work and an abstention from the plaintive note, from which, I confess, I could never withhold my admiration.

Her capacity for labor was infinite—for labor of the only sort that, with the fine strain of old Scotch pride and belated letterless toryism that was in her, she held the only worth while. She had small patience with new-fangled attitudes or with a finical seriousness. What was good enough for Sir Walter was good enough for her, and I make no doubt that her shrewd, unlettered, easy flow, fed after all by an immensity of reading as well as of observation and humor, would have been good enough for Sir Walter. If this had been the case with her abounding history, biography and criticism, it would have been still more the case with her uncontrolled flood of fiction. She was really a great *improvvisatrice*, a night-working spinner of long, loose, vivid yarns, numberless, pauseless, admirable, repeatedly, for their full, pleasant, reckless rustle over the paths and difficulties—admirable indeed, in any case of Scotch elements, for many a fair, strong encounter with these. She showed in no literary relation more acuteness than in this relation—so profitable a one as it has always been—to the inexhaustible little country which has given so much, yet has ever so much more to give, and all the romance and reality of which she had at the end of her pen. Her Scotch folk have a wealth of life, and I think no Scotch talk in fiction less of a strain to the patience of the profane. It may be less austerely veracious than some—but these are "Hieland" matters.

Reading since her death *Kirsteen*—one of the hundred, but published in her latest period and much admired by some judges—I was, though beguiled, not too much beguiled to be struck afresh with that elusive fact on which I just touched, the mixture in the performance. Such a product as *Kirsteen* has life—is full of life; but the critic is infinitely baffled. It may of course be said to him that he has nothing to do with compositions of this order—with such effusions, altogether, as Mrs. Oliphant piled up. But he can accept that retort only with a renunciation of some of his liveliest curiosities. Let him take some early day for getting behind, as it were, the complexion of a talent that could care to handle a thing to the tune of so many pages and yet not care more to "do" it. There is a fascination in the mere spectacle of so serene an instinct for the middle way, so visible a conviction that to reflect is to be lost.

Mrs. Oliphant was never lost, but she too often saved herself at the expense of her subject. I have no space to insist, but so much of the essence of the situation in *Kirsteen* strikes me as missed, dropped out without a thought, that the wonder is all the greater of the fact that, in spite of it, the book does in a manner scramble over its course and throw up a fresh, strong air. This was certainly the most that the author would have pretended, and from her scorn of precautions springs a gleam of impertinence quite in place in her sharp and handsome physiognomy, that of a person whose eggs are not all in one basket, nor all her imagination in service at once. There is scant enough question of "art" in the matter; but there is a friendly way for us to feel about so much cleverness, courage and humanity. We meet the case in wishing that the timid talents were a little more like her and the bold ones a little less.

HENRY JAMES.

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"THE VINTAGE."*

A STORY OF THE GREEK WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY E. F. BENSON,

AUTHOR OF "DODO," "LIMITATIONS," "THE JUDGMENT BOOKS," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

It was the night of the 12th of January, 1821, and Mitsos and Suleima were again sailing across the bay, this time, however, not out to sea, but to the side underneath the Tripolitza hills, where he and Nicholas had fished once the summer before. It was the first time they had been able to go out together since the night last recorded, for Suleima had been caught by the eunuch coming in from the garden. Luckily for them both, Mitsos had not been seen, and she said that she had a headache and could not sleep, and had sat in the garden for a while. Nothing more could be got out of her, and Zuleika had been loyal enough to say nothing. But Suleima got beaten, and she judged it prudent not to have any more headaches for a while. As luck would have it, however, a fortnight afterwards the eunuch was found drunk one night—a particularly heinous crime, as by religion he was a teetotaller—and dismissed. Suleima took careful note of the habits of the new man, and remarked with much approval that he went to bed early and slept soundly, and at length she ventured to resume her excursions.

She had more leisure than usual after her detection, for she was locked up by herself and had no sweets to eat, and she thought a great deal of Mitsos. She, who had hardly ever seen a man, and had certainly never in the last ten years spoken to one, except the black thick-lipped eunuch and Abdul Achmet, whose small sensual eyes looked at her like a mole's eyes above his fat, pendulous cheeks, could hardly believe than they and Mitsos, with his sun-browned, boyish face and long clean limbs, were specimens of the same animal. From the first time that she had seen him, only dimly as he sat in his boat, swaying regularly and gracefully with its motion, and heard him singing the old song which she remembered from her childhood, she had thought how charming it would be to live as he lived, as free as the water-swallows, wholesomely and cleanly in the open air. Surely he had caught something indefinable, but none the less certain, from wind and sun, which reminded her of a clear light spring morning, when is was so pleasant to come out of the stuffy perfumed house to have a breath of a more airy fragrance thrown at one by the sea-breeze, and feel with a start a few dewdrops from the great climbing rose about the door shaken upon the bare flesh by the wind, for, unlike the Turks, she came of an out-door race, and the racial instinct had not been altogether eradicated by her hot-house artificial life.

Then by degrees this feeling had grown more personal. It was doubly delightful to be able to talk confidentially and naturally, as one child talks to another, to some one of her own age. She liked talking to Zuleika, but she preferred talking to Mitsos. It was delightful to be able to make him laugh and show his regular, white teeth Zuleika had hideous teeth; one had gone all black, and for whole days together she would sit, a sloppy, dishevelled object, by the fire, saying it ached. Again, when Mitsos laughed, his cheeks wrinkled up till his eyes were shut, and two funny little dimples came one on each side of his mouth. What would happen, she had thought once, if she made him laugh and then held his eyes open so that they could not shut? She would like to try. Then, again, Mitsos evidently liked her very much, and in quite a different way from which any one had liked her before. Zuleika liked her in a sort of way, but when her tooth ached she ignored her altogether, and had once slapped her in the face. And when Abdul came and took her chin between his fingers, and turned up her face to his, and told her she was getting very pretty, she turned cold all over. It reminded her of the way he had pointed at one of the turkeys in the yard and said it was getting quite fat. Again, it had been quite unaccountably delightful to sit close to Mitsos and shelter under him from the wind. Finally, when they parted that night, and she had brushed back the curls from his forehead and kissed him, her feelings had been more unaccountable still. She had done it unthinkingly, but the moment it was done a whole mill-race of thoughts went babbling through her head. She wanted to do it again; she wanted him to take her in his arms and press her close to him—she would not mind if it hurt; she hated Zuleika, she understood in a moment why, if Mitsos felt as she did, he should have been angry when she told him what Zuleika said, and the next words had come out of her mouth without her wish as knowledge. Then she had felt suddenly shy and frightened; she longed to stop where she was, for surely Mitsos understood what she felt, and so, being a woman, she instantly ran away and never looked behind.

To night she sat on the wall for half an hour before he came and the thought that perhaps he would not come had brought into her eyes silent, childish tears. He must come, she could not do without him. For herself, she would have sat on the wall every night for months to go out with him; surely he could not be tired in a week or two of going and not finding her there. But with the rising of the moon she had seen a white sail far away, that got nearer, and at last the boat grated against the wall.

"Is it you, Mitsos?" she whispered, and for answer the rope was flung up to her, and her young black eyed lover sprang up to her side. She descended the ladder silently and stood against the mast, while he joined her, and with a vigorous push he set them floating again in the vast dim immensity of the moonlit sea. He set the sail, and came and stood in front of her.

"Suleima," he whispered, "last time you kissed me, will you let me kiss you?"

He bent from his great height above her, and would have kissed her lightly on the forehead as she had kissed him. But suddenly that was impossible; they were no longer children, but lovers, and the next moment his arms were flung round her neck and her mouth pressed close to his, and each kiss left them hungrier for the next.

The wind was straight behind them, and they sat where they sat before and talked in low voices, as if half afraid the stars would hear them. Mitsos had got his fishing-spear and bag of resin on board, and at Suleima's suggestion they went straight before the wind to the bay where Mitsos said he could catch fish if she cared to see him. Half an hour's sail brought them across, and fastening the boat to a bush of blackthorn, that grew thick on the top of the rocks on the edge of the tideless sea, he took Suleima in his arms and waded through the shallow water to the head of the bay where he would fish, for the undergrowth was thick and soaked with the night dews. She was but a feather's weight in his strong arms, and her head lay on his shoulder, and she threw one arm round his neck for greater security. He made her a nest under a clump of rushes that grew on the edge of the dry sand, and then went back to look for his fishing things. To carry Suleima to land he had only the shallowest water at the edge of the sea to walk through, and he had just turned up the bottom of his trousers, but where he was going to fish it would be deeper, and as usual he slipped them off, buckling his tunic, which reached to his knees, round his waist. Then he lighted his flare, and stepping off into the deeper water, which came just below his knees, he went slowly along, peering cautiously at the bright circle of light cast by the burning resin.

Fish were plentiful, and Suleima from her nest near clapped her hands and laughed delightedly when Mitsos speared one larger than usual, and held it up flapping and wriggling to show her. She got so excited in his proceedings that she left her nest and walked along the edge of the sand parallel with him, observing what he did with the keenest interest. Then, when she got tired of watching, Mitsos declared he was tired of fishing, and waded to shore with a creel full of fish.

It was a beautifully clear warm night, the air felt as smooth as satin, the moon had set behind the hills to the west, and in the sheltered little nook beneath the tall singing rushes they sat together and looked over the fish by the light of the resin flare. Suleima had brought with her Turkish tobacco, which she had taken from home, and gave it to Mitsos to smoke. The other women of the harem all smoked, she said, and she had tried one, but she hated it; and Mitsos lighted his pipe at the flare and smoked awhile.

The resin burned lower and lower; now and then it would shoot up with a sudden leap of flame, and for a moment reveal each to the other. Suleima would smile at Mitsos, and before he could answer her smile the flame would die down again into a tiny, flickering spot on the glowing, bubbling ash. But as he would fish no more to night, he did not replenish it. Only the wind sang low in the rushes behind which they sat, and drave little bits of sea weed over Mitsos's bare legs. Before them spread the broad waters of the bay, just curdled over by the wind; above, the austere stars, behind, the empty wooded hills rising into the peaks above Tripoli.

The wind dropped for a moment, the rushes were silent, and in the lull Mitsos heard a mule bell behind them, not far off. He sat up and peered across the narrow strip of plain, over which there hung a thin veil of mist, but saw nothing. In a few minutes the sound got sensibly nearer, and they moved a little further down the beach, for a footpath round the head of the bay to Nauplia led across the top of it. Then through the sound of the bell they could hear the pattering footsteps of the mule, and in a few moments it and its rider emerged from the bushes through which the path led on to the open ground at the top of the beach. Just then the man stopped the mule, dismounted, and tied some grass round the tongue of the bell in order to muffle it, and struck a light with a flint and steel, which he caught in tinder; he blew it gently till it sufficed to light his short clibouk. His face was towards them, and in the bright spurt of light it stood out vividly from the dark. It was Nicholas.

He mounted and rode on again, and Mitsos sat still, hardly conscious of anything, seeing only Nicholas's face standing out like a ghost in the darkness. Suleima touched him gently on the arm.

"Who was it?" she said. "He did not see us?"

"It was my uncle," said Mitsos, in a dry voice. "No, he did not see us." Then his self-control gave way, and he flung himself back on the ground. "I am afraid," he said "I do not know what is going to happen. He has come for me. I know it."

"For you?" asked Suleima. "What do you mean?"

"I shall have to go," said Mitsos. "Holy Virgin" but I cannot. I know nothing about what he wants me to do. I only know that I may—that I shall have to go away, that I shall have to leave you, and perhaps never see you again."

Suleima was frightened.

"Mitsos, don't talk like that," she said, half sobbing. "Don't be so unkind."

Mitsos recovered himself, and felt ashamed.

"My poor little bird!" he said, soothingly; "I am a stupid brute to frighten you. Everything will be all right. I will come back—of course I will come back. Only I promised Uncle Nicholas to do what he told me and help him in everything—it does not matter what—and I expect he has come to tell me he wants my help."

"Won't you tell me what it is?" asked Suleima, willing to be comforted.

"No. I promised I would keep it secret. But this I may tell you. You know they say—never repeat this—that the Greeks are going to rise against the Turks and turn them out. There must be fighting and bloodshed. But you hate the Turks as much as I do, darling, so you will be as glad as I if this comes true. Perhaps it might happen that Abdul's house might be attacked, but you are quite safe if you will only do one thing. If ever it is attacked do not be afraid but call out in Greek that you are a Greek, and no Turk. And, oh, Suleima, pray to the Virgin and the Blessed Child that that day may soon come, for it will be then that we shall be able to go together always!"

"Is it about that you are going away?" said Suleima, with a sudden intuition.

Mitsos longed to tell her, but for a moment his promise to Nicholas kept him dumb. Then, as he had to answer, he lied boldly and unreservedly.

"It has nothing whatever to do with it," he said. "Suleima, do forgive me for frightening you. I didn't mean what I said. And you will come to the wall again as often as you can. I may have to go away—I expect I shall have to—but I don't know for how long. The first night I am back I shall come again to see you."

Suleima felt quite comforted, she was sure that nothing could go really wrong as long as Mitsos was in existence, and she drew down his head and kissed him.

"Yes, Mitsos, I will come to the wall whenever I can, on the chance of your being there, because, you know, I care more for you than all the rest of the world. And now carry me back to the boat. It is time I went back."

Mitsos stooped down and lifted her up. As his hands were full he slung the creel round his neck and Suleima carried the extinguished flare. His heart was horribly heavy within him, for he felt certain why Nicholas had come, but he was apparently his old cheery self, and Suleima forgot about the rather disquieting remark just after Nicholas had passed. What he should do he could not form the least idea, at present it seemed to him impossible that he should go away and leave her; he felt willing to throw to the winds all he had promised Nicholas. Nicholas had told him that he should be one of the foremost of his country's avengers. He shrugged his shoulders, and would with pleasure have sent Nicholas, his country, and vengeance to the devil. Were there not plenty of young men to avenge Greece? Why should he give up all that was dearest to him and go out on this unheard adventure?

But as long as Suleima was with him he stifled all these thoughts, while the boat skimmed seawards on the outward tack. They put about opposite the island and ran straight for the wall. The wind had freshened, and to Mitsos the boat seemed to be going terribly fast, and he grudged each moment. But he had quite lulled Suleima's fears, and she lay with her head on his shoulder, half asleep, looking up now and then into his wide-open eyes, and pressing her arm more closely round his neck. He had to rouse her when he must get up to take to the sail, and she smiled at him sleepily, like a child just awakened. As soon as he had fixed the ladder she climbed up, and clung to him for a moment, and went quickly and silently back to the house.

Mitsos pushed off, and then, left alone, he broke down utterly, and laying his face on the pillow where she had sat, sobbed like the boy he was.

It was after two when he had loaded opposite his house, and he saw with some surprise that there were lights still burning. He opened the door, and bending low head to pass under the low jamb, entered. Constantine and Nicholas were sitting there, Constantine silent, Nicholas talking eagerly, and Mitsos observed that he had let his pipe go out. Nicholas sprang up when Mitsos came in.

"Ah, here he is! Mitsos, the time has come. You must go at once."

Mitsos looked at him a moment, steadily and silently—their eyes were on a level—and then he turned aside and put down the fishing creel in the corner. In that one moment he had put before himself the whole position and decided.

Then he faced Nicholas again.

"I'm ready," he said; "tell me what I have to do."

Since August, Nicholas had been travelling about the Peloponnesus, being received everywhere as one of the accredited leaders of the revolution. The report of his death at Corinth had enabled him for a time to show himself more openly than he would otherwise have dared to, for the Turks, who had begun to be alive to the truth of the ever increasing rumors, and who knew that Nicholas was a leader, had taken no steps to counteract the report, for they hoped, somewhat ingenuously, but wholly mistakenly, that the news of his death would produce a good moral effect, and prove to be deterrent to revolutionary spirits. The Greeks, however, as Germanos had said, knew "that Nicholas was not the sort of man who died," and Turkish ingenuity signally failed in its aim. In fact, it enabled Nicholas to move about more freely, and to take full advantage of the fact that he was supposed to be beyond the reach of war and rumors of war. Indeed, finding himself back at Corinth in October, where he had business with one of his fellow-workers, he had amused himself one last day in making a little wooden cross, on which he painted his name, and below, with a two headed meaning, the text, "The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised." He was to leave Corinth that night, and after dark had fallen he and his host went to the Greek cemetery and planted it neatly over a newly made grave. It caused a certain amount of amusement among the Greeks when it was discovered, but the Turks seemed quite at a loss what to make of it. Not even they would have dared to disturb a Greek cemetery, for the dead had in their eyes a sacredness which the living altogether lacked, and it remained there for a year, when subsequent events led to its being placed over another grave.

December and the first half of January he had spent in the Maina country south of Sparta, and it was from there he had fled in haste to Nauplia, for his presence in the Maina, which was blatantly disaffected, had become too insistent to be disregarded, and the Turkish Governor of Tripoli, Mehemet Salik, who had just been transferred there from Nauplia, where for the last year he had been in command of the garrison, had written to the Greek Bey of that district, Petros Mavromichales, usually known as Petrobey, demanding that he should be given up on the old charge of brigandage. Petrobey, like Germanos, was of high rank, and the Turks seemed to have no suspicion that he himself was a leader of the revolution; but, as a matter of fact, he and Nicholas, who was staying with him at the time, read the letter together, and consulted what should be done.

Nicholas was disposed to shrug at it altogether, or merely

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2139.

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"MITSOS SURVEYED HIM WITH EASY INDIFFERENCE, RAISING HIS EYEBROWS SLIGHTLY AT THE QUESTION."

and back an answer that he was supposed to be dead, but Petrobey thought differently. His own usefulness was immensely increased by the fact that he was beyond suspicion himself, and he advised Nicholas to retire to some very unlikely place, while he himself would prosecute a vigorous and totally unsuccessful search for him as a proof of his thorough fidelity. Had he not a brother-in-law—his own cousin—at Nauplia? Nauplia was an excellent place to go to. He had better not stop in Maina, for the Turks themselves might search for him, and Nauplia was under the very nose of the Turkish Governor, and people always looked everywhere else first. But it would be necessary to have some extremely trustworthy person who could communicate between them, and Nicholas had spoken to him of his nephew. This nephew lived at Nauplia, did he not? How very convenient! Nicholas should go to Nauplia, and send his nephew back to Maina with news of his safe arrival, and to act as messenger.

This business disposed, Petrobey wrote an exceedingly polite letter to Mehemet Salik, saying that his (Petrobey's) house was his (Mehemet's) house, and that he himself was honored by his commands, for was he not the deputy of the Shadow of God? Nicholas, it is true, he had learned by inquiry, had been seen lately in Maina, or so the gossips thought; but as they had been told that he was lately dead at Corinth, there was perhaps some mistake. However, the bearers of the letter to the deputy of the Shadow of God would be his witnesses that he had sent out twenty men to scour the country-side, and no doubt the hound of Hell would be found. He should, when found, be sent at once to Tripoli.

Petrobey was the head of the numerous and powerful clan of the Mavromichales. He himself was Governor of the district, and his brothers and cousins were mayors and land owners of the villages for miles round. Like Nicholas's family, with whom they were connected twenty times in marriage, they prided themselves on having kept their blood clean, and not mated with devils, and the wrong done to Nicholas's wife they felt like a wrong done to themselves, to be wiped out only with blood. So when, in the presence of the five soldiers who had brought Mehemet's letter, Petrobey sent for his cousin Dimitri, and told him that that bastard cousin of theirs, Nicholas Vidalos, was being sought for by the deputy of the Shadow of God who cast his effulgence just now over Tripoli, Dimitri knew exactly what to do, and the Turkish soldiers were much impressed. They had the further satisfaction, an hour later, of seeing twenty mounted men set off southwards in search of Nicholas, following well authenticated information, and later in the afternoon they themselves set off on their journey to Tripoli, having drunk a little more than was good for them at Petrobey's expense.

Nicholas and he supped together, and it was arranged that Nicholas should start that night from Panitza, so as to reach Gythiom before the morning.

"I regret," said Petrobey, "my dear cousin, that I cannot speed you on your way myself, and can send none of our clan with you, but perhaps it would be outstepping the bonds of prudence if I went myself, and, as you know, most of our cousins living about here have gone to look for you in the opposite direction. They will no doubt be back before midnight, but I should advise your setting out before then."

Nicholas laughed.

"I shall do very well, my cousin," he said. "I shall reach Nauplia in two days or three, and send Mitsos back at once. He is absolutely and entirely trustworthy. I think I told you of the test."

"You did. He should be very useful to us. It is time, I think, that the mails were put in working order, and a boy like that can go freely to and fro without suspicion. Your health, dear cousin. I drink to you and to vengeance!"

The men clinked glasses, emptied them, and filled them again.

"I do not easily forget," said Nicholas, "and the Turk shall not easily forget me. The corn will grow high this summer, for the fields will be rich. Your health, dear cousin, and the memory of one whom we forget not."

They sat in silence for a little while, for Petrobey knew that Nicholas spoke of his wife, who was also his own cousin, and having finished their meal, they drank their coffee, and Nicholas's horse was brought round. The two men walked to the end of the village together, a lad leading the horse behind, and there they stopped a moment.

"I may not see you again," said Nicholas, "till the feast is ready. And on that day, my cousin, you and I will fall to with good appetite. I wish you good appetite for that feast."

After the manner of relations and friends, they kissed each other, and Nicholas mounted and rode off.

Eight days after Nicholas's departure Mitsos arrived, having passed without question through Tripolitza and Sparta. Following Nicholas's directions, he had kept his ears very wide open at Tripolitza, where he had spent the night at a Greek inn, and he had heard things which he thought might be of interest. First and foremost, the letter which Petrobey had written to the deputy of the Shadow of God had been received, and was supposed to have given satisfaction, for Mitsos had fallen in with one of the Turkish soldiers who had taken it, and who reported that the matter was to be left entirely in Petrobey's hands, which seemed a mark of confidence in his fidelity. Also, the meeting of primates and bishops at Tripolitza, which usually took place at the beginning of April, was summoned for the beginning of March. Lastly, Mehemet Salik was fortifying the walls of the city. Mitsos had spent the second night at Sparta, the third at Marathonisi, a town on the coast and the middle of the fourth day saw him climbing the steep hill into Panitza. His horse was tired with the four days' journey, and a couple of miles below the village Mitsos got off and walked behind it, cracking his whip every now and then, partly to encourage it, and partly because he could crack a whip louder than any one he had ever heard. Petrobey, who was smoking outside the big café at the entrance to the village, saw the tired horse and the extremely vigorous-looking young giant walking by its side as they passed, and after a few moments' inspection, said to a young man who was sitting with him:

"That is he, no doubt. Nicholas seems to have chosen well."

The two got up and followed the boy, till he, seeing them, stopped and asked for Petros Mavromichales's house.

"And what do you want with Petrobey?" asked that gentleman.

Mitsos surveyed him with easy indifference, raising his eyebrows slightly at the question.

"See, friend," he said. "I have my business, you have yours. If you know his house, and will tell me, good; if not, I will ask some one else."

Petrobey laughed.

"You are Mitsos, no doubt," he said. "Welcome, cousin, for Nicholas's sake and your own. You were quite right not to answer my question. But, as I am Petrobey, it was reasonable of me to ask."

"I really am very sorry," said the boy, "but how should I know? I have come from Nauplia. Uncle Nicholas arrived safely."

"That is good; and you have arrived safely, which is also good. This is my son Yanni, Mitsos, and your cousin. Yanni, take your cousin's horse, and then join us."

Mitsos hesitated a moment before giving the bridle to Yanni.

"Thank you very much," he said; "but I can put the horse up myself, if you will show me where. My father told me always to put it up myself. They laughed at me at the inn at Tripoli for doing it."

"Indeed?" said Petrobey, glancing at the boy's shoulders. "I would never laugh at you, Mitsos. What did you do?"

"I knocked one of them down," said Mitsos, cheerfully; "and he didn't laugh any more."

"The horse will be all right here," said Petrobey, smiling, "and you two mustn't fight, for you will see a good deal of each other. Give him the horse, Mitsos."

Mitsos obeyed, and they went into the house, where dinner was getting ready. Mitsos, as usual exhibited a phenomenal appetite after his journey from Marathonisi, and Yanni looked on in astonishment, not unmixed with awe. After dinner they sat out in the sun under the shelter of the southern veranda, and here Mitsos learned what he had to do.

"Your uncle Nicholas," said Petrobey, "has told me that I can trust you completely, and I have many things to tell you, any of which, if you choose to give information to the Turk, would see me, and many others besides, to the gallows."

Yanni, who was lying on a straw mat near Mitsos, lighted his pipe and grinned.

"Me among them, Mitsos," he said, looking up at his big cousin. "You will please to remember that."

But Mitsos did not answer, and only looked gravely at Petrobey.

"We shall no longer be cursed by these devils," con-

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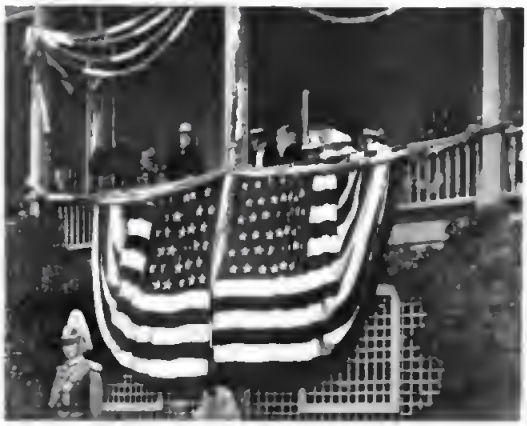
DRAWING ROOM IN NEW YORK COTTAGE.



PRESIDENT McKINLEY REVIEWING TWENTY-FIRST INFANTRY, U.S.A., FROM THE HOTEL VERANDA.

HOTEL CHAMPLAIN, AT BLUFF POINT, WHERE PRESIDENT McKINLEY IS SPENDING HIS VACATION

TWIN BAYS, VALCOUR ISLAND, LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

CHAMPLAIN CLUB HOUSE.

Bishop Watterson. Archbishop Martinelli. Rev. Dr. Lavelle, Pres. Catholic Summer School

ON THE PIAZZA OF THE CHAMPLAIN CLUB HOUSE

NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA COTTAGES.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY'S VISIT TO THE CATHOLIC SUMMER SCHOOL AT LAKE CHAMPLAIN.—[See Page 838.]

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tinued Petrobey, "for the Turks will vanish out of the land like snow in summer. What you and Yanni have to do is to go through the land, calling at certain villages, speaking to certain men. This first journey, on which you will set out to-morrow, will take you a fortnight or so, and then you will come back here. And remember, Mitsos, that you will be doing what none of us could do; for two boys, dressed as peasants dress, driving a couple of mules laden with oranges, can pass where Nicholas and I could not. On this first journey Yanni will go with you, for he knows the country; but after that there will probably be this and other work for him to do, and also for you, plenty. You will go to the houses of these men, and ask this question. 'Are you grinding corn?' and they will answer, 'Corn for the hungry, or corn for the Turk?' And you will say, 'Black corn for the Turk.' If you have not begun grinding, begin, and grind quickly."

Mitsos was listening breathlessly.

"What does it all mean?" he asked.

Petrobey smiled, and unslinging his powder flask from his belt, shook out a little into his hand.

"Corn," he said, "Black corn for the Turk."

Mitsos nodded.

"For the first journey that will be all," he said. "Yanni will be with you, and it will be simple enough. After that you may have to go here, there, anywhere. You will certainly have to go to Nauplia, where you will find Nicholas, and Yanni will, I am afraid, have to go to Tripoli for a little while."

"The devil take Tripoli!" muttered Yanni.

"What will he go to Tripoli for?" asked Mitsos.

"Perhaps he may not but if he goes it will be as a hostage for my good conduct. Don't be horrified, Mitsos; we are not going to have him murdered. I shall not behave badly till he is safe again. But—who knows?—some rumor may reach the Turks at Tripoli, and if so I shall send him as a hostage. But about this journey—you must be as quick and as quiet as you can. Never answer any questions about Nicholas or me or yourselves—you cannot be too careful. Never sleep in a village when you have given a message. Sleep mostly by day out in the woods, and travel at night, though you must be careful to arrive at the villages where you give these messages by day. Finally, be ready to run, if running will do, if not, to fight. Which would you prefer?"

Mitsos kicked out a leg tentatively.

"I don't much mind," he said; "I can fight if necessary."

"I hope it won't be. Try to avoid any suspicion. I don't think you need provoke any. But if you do remember that you must try to run away first. The point is that you should do your business quietly."

Yanni turned round and looked at Mitsos.

"You would prefer fighting, would you not, cousin?" he said. "But I don't see how there will be either fighting or running to do, father. We only go to friends, give our message, and pass on."

Petrobey got up.

"That is what I hope," he said, "but you cannot tell. Some of those whom we thought our friends may be treacherous. I have to see Dhoiri, and you boys can stop here, or you can take Mitsos to see some of his cousins, Yanni. We will talk again this evening."

Petrobey whistled to the great savage sheep-dog, which got up, and with all its hackles up, made a second examination of Mitsos's legs, growling gently to himself. The boy sat quite still under this somewhat trying inspection, and the dog after a few moments laid his head on his knee and looked him in the face. Mitsos lifted his hand very gently and stroked the brute's ears, and Petrobey watched them.

"There, go along," said Mitsos after a few moments, and the dog wagged his tail and walked across to Petrobey.

"That is curious," said the latter; "Osman is not usually friendly. I suppose he saw you were not afraid of him."

Mitsos looked up smiling.

"I was horribly afraid," he said, "but I tried not to show it. Big dogs are fools; they never understand."

"You will find that men are even greater fools, they always mistake bluff for bravery," said Petrobey, walking off.

[To be continued.]

THE CATHOLIC SUMMER SCHOOL OF AMERICA.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY'S VISIT.

THE popular institution of learning, which reproduces in a Christian sense and spirit the ancient out-door place of learning of old Athens in Greece, known to us under the name of "the groves of Academe," is a most interesting enterprise in modern education.

The Catholic Summer School, generally known as the Champlain School, or the Champlain Assembly of Cliff Haven, was organized six years ago, for the purpose of imparting to all comers the elements of higher education on the basis of Catholic faith and thought, during the summer, and with all the advantages of rest, recreation, and out door life added to those of instructive and entertaining lecture courses.

The main object of the school is well stated in Cardinal Newman's declaration, which has been accepted by it as a guiding maxim, that "truth is the object of knowledge of whatever kind, and truth means facts and their relations. Religious truth is not only a portion but a condition of knowledge. To bind it out is nothing short of unravelling the web of university teaching."

The first session of the Catholic Summer School was held experimentally at New London, Connecticut, and was instantly successful. Many offers of attractive sites in various parts of the country were then made in the organization, and it was finally decided to buy a tract of four hundred and fifty acres of picturesque farm and woodland on the western shore of Lake Champlain, three miles from Plattsburg, New York, adjoining Bluff Point where the Hotel Champlain is situated, at which President McKinley is now enjoying his summer vacation. The Champlain School owns part of this high, rock ribbed, and forest covered bluff, commanding superb views over the great lake, with the Adirondack Mountains and forests at its back, and the Green Mountains of Vermont in full sight across the broad stretch of water.

President McKinley was recently invited to visit the school and its vast grounds. He courteously waived the rule he had made against taking part in public ceremonies during his interval of rest, and went to the institution as a guest of its president, Father Lavelle, the rector of St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York. Archbishop Corrigan, who presides over that cathedral, was present, as were also Bishop Gabriels of Ogdensburg, New York, in whose diocese the property is located, Bishop Watterson, Father Lavelle, Father McMahon of the cathedral (who has been one of the most ardent and efficient workers in promoting the success of the school), and Warren E. Mosher, of Youngstown, Ohio, a young and energetic layman, who was the originator of the whole establishment, and has labored for it untiringly, self sacrificingly, and now enjoys a well-earned triumph in seeing it a prosperous reality.

Mr McKinley was welcomed with acclaim by the students. He passed into the spacious grounds through a triumphal arch erected in his honor, and covered with golden-rod and other wild flowers, with an evergreen cross on the top. These decorations were arranged by the young women of the school.

The President was escorted to the large assembly hall where the lectures are given, and an audience of 1000 people greeted him with choral songs, and the leaders of the school made patriotic speeches. The President was greatly pleased with the warmth of the welcome given him, and afterwards engaged in a session of friendly and informal conversation with the officers of the association in their executive building.

The Champlain School is chartered under the Board of Regents of the University of the State of New York, and shares in all the privileges and the standards of scholarship over which that body has supervision. It is not owned by ecclesiastics, but is in the hands of trustees, some of whom are laymen and some are priests.

The grounds are being laid out and improved carefully, with a view to maintaining their remarkable natural beauty and to securing perfect sanitary conditions. Besides the assembly hall there are several commodious houses held by clubs formed from among the life members and other members, as well as a number of private houses. Tents also are used, and the attendance this year has been so large that it is hard to find accommodation for every one, but the trolley running to Plattsburg enables many to take quarters in the village and come out to the school for the day.

Among the subjects discussed in the seven weeks' session of this year are "Phases of Shakespearian Study," "Development of Greek Literature," "The Sun of History," "Liturgy of the Catholic Church," "The Rise and Decline of the Ottoman Empire," "Ethical Problems," "The Stage as an Educator," "The Distribution of Wealth," "Recent Electrical Discoveries," "The Idea of God," "Philosophy and Pedagogy," to which are added numerous lectures and conferences on literature, languages, and other themes. The syllabus of the courses shows a broad range, and the teaching imparted includes all the essentials of a liberal and wholesome education.

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

THE RECENT TROUBLES IN INDIA.

AT no time since the English established their rule over the vast aggregation of peoples and territory known to the rest of the world as India has their capacity to hold the country and their moral right to possess it been subject to severer tests than they seem likely to be put to now. The task of governing India in the past has been comparatively easy, because the various races were kept apart by racial and religious prejudices, the memories of former conflicts, and by the comparatively little interference of the new conquerors with their customs, usages, and laws, and the complete toleration accorded to any and every form of religious belief. The early administrators of India, too, were less interested in collecting taxes and sending pleasing reports to their superiors in England than in extending the territories subject to their influence, and augmenting the profits of the trade done by "Jehan Kampani," as the old East India Company was familiarly called. With all the talk of "the blessings of peace," by which the English governments and press seek to justify their presence and rule in India, the accumulated wealth of the country was greater than it is now, and though the taxation may in appearance have been heavier than at present, it was in reality lighter, because it all remained and was spent in the country, instead of as now, being drained out of it to enrich the governing classes of a distant and foreign domination.

That is the key to the present situation in British governed India, declared and reiterated by every intelligent and educated native of no matter what religion or race, and admitted by every capable and honest English administrator and statesman who has had anything to do with the government of India. The cry of the spokesmen of the Indian people when asking for changes in the government of the country has never been to menace English rule, but has been a plaintive appeal for reform, for mercy, for some relaxation of the pitiless system of government that was loading the Indian people in actual bankruptcy and individual poverty, and threatening the foundations of English rule. At the head of those who have unceasingly warned the British government of the danger of the course it was running has been the Hon. Dadabhai Naoroji, a native of Bombay, and a Parsee by race and religion. Possessed of intelligence of a high order, and a desire for the welfare of his countrymen of every race and creed, this gentleman has devoted the energies of his mind and life entirely to their service in various ways. Born at Bombay in 1825, he rose as he progressed in years to the chair of the Professorship of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in the Elphinstone College there. In 1855 he resigned his professorship and went to England as a partner in the Indian mercantile house of Cama & Co. One of the first steps he took after his arrival in England and making a careful study of the subject, was to recommend his friends in India to send their sons over to England to qualify for the civil service in order that they might take part in the administration of their country. In 1904 he went out to India for a short time, and on his return to England he organized a political association in 1867 known as the East India Association, with a branch in Bombay, for the study of Indian political questions. He received help and sympathy in his work both in England and in India from public men and native princes, and laid the foundations of what has since developed into a wider movement that has taken the form of a periodical gathering known as the Indian National Congress.

From the very first Mr Dadabhai Naoroji saw that the rock towards which English rule in India was drifting to wreck was the economic question. He saw that an administration that regarded itself simply as a tax collecting machine must fall into trouble when the demands for taxes exceeded the available supply of resources out of which the taxes could be paid. The semi-commercial, semi-military paternal despotism of the East India Company went down in 1857 in the revolt against the greased cartridges issued to its Sepoy soldiery. Its place was taken by a government under the Queen, appointed by the British Parliament, that was inaugurated in 1858 by a proclamation breathing the spirit of Jean Jacques Rousseau. In 1833 an act of Parliament said of the people of India and their rights: "No native of the said territories nor any natural-born subject of his Majesty resident therein shall, by reason only of his religion, place of birth, descent, or any of them, be disabled from holding any place, office, or employment under the said company." This was reaffirmed, amplified, and proclaimed as the royal will after the mutiny of 1857, and reiterated in an act of Parliament in 1870, which declared *any* office in India was open to the Indian people. What has been the result? Let Lord Lytton, one of the more recent of the Governors-General of India, furnish the answer. In a Minute, which he wrote for the English government on the question of the employment of educated natives in the administration of their country, he says:

"Since I am writing confidentially, I do not hesitate to say that both the governments of England and of India appear to me, up to the present moment, unable to answer satisfactorily the charge of having taken every means in their power of breaking to the heart the words of promise they had uttered to the ear." This was in 1878, and no change has taken place since, while the crowd of educated young Indians yearly increases without any prospect of a career. The danger of the situation the English rule has created may be briefly summed up as a tax-impoverished population of some 250,000,000 waiting to be fired by the discontent of 250,000 of a more or less educated proletariat with ambitions without scope for their exercise. Men like Ram Mohun Roy, Dadabhai Naoroji, and others before and since, have striven to awaken the dominant power to a sense of the danger, and they have advised patience and hope to their countrymen. But it has been without avail.

Rightly to explain the economic difficulty of continuing to govern India on the present extravagant system, with its high salaried and high-pensioned English officials, some details are necessary. In the first place, competent statisticians, comparing the relative average incomes per head of a unit of population in England and India, place the first at $240 and the latter at $10. The average income of an agricultural laborer in India is estimated at $32, on which to maintain himself, wife, and three children—a little over $6 per head. The next poorest country to India is Russia, with an average income of $50 per head. Official calculations went to show that in northwest India no income of not less than $17 per head was absolutely indispensable to supply the necessaries of life for an agricultural laborer. In the warmer parts of the country $15 was reckoned sufficient, without extras. Yet the same official calculations went to show that the highest average income in any one province was only $15, while in a large part of the country it was but $12 50, and in a still larger part it was down to $11, with a general average all over India of only $13 50. In both cases the indispensable income was above the average actual income *anywhere*, thus proving the truth of the official statement made by Sir Auckland Colvin in 1885, that "the masses of the people are men whose income at the best is barely sufficient to afford them the sustenance necessary to support life, living as they do on the barest necessaries of life." In 1888 the Bengal government admitted that in Behar, with 15,300,000 population, *forty per cent* of this vast number were only able to provide for one meal per day! All over India the officials report that the mass of the people go through life on insufficient food. The salt tax, imposed for revenue and military purposes, has raised that necessary article of consumption from 27 cents a *maund* of 82 pounds in 1800 in Madras to $1 27 in 1890 and in Bombay from 24 cents a *maund* to $1 21. To a poverty stricken vegetarian population the deprivation of this vital necessary is the source of disease, leprosy among others. The vital statistics of India give 23½ years as the life average, as against 40 years in England. In the worst three famine years of the century, 1877–9, the number of registered deaths was 14,918,713. In the three "good" years then died 15,512,459 people. To emphasize the meaning of these figures it is shown that the income of the people of India as compared with that of the English people is a minor income—that is, insufficient to sustain a healthy life. The *plus* income per head in England, after satisfying wants and providing extras, is put down at $20 77. The *minus* income in India is set down at 31 cents. To further expose the excessive mortality in India, in a state of peace, from economic causes, a comparison with the recorded deaths in war from 1793–1890 is most interesting. In those 106 years the number of lives lost in war is put at 4,500,000, excess deaths from fever (starvation) only during 1881 to to 1888 in India, 4,349,922. Such figures speak for themselves.

The causes, plainly stated, for the terrible condition of the Indian people are absentee landlordism, with its consequent drain of the resources of the country to maintain a foreign domination. As an instance, taking the financial year 1889–90 the net amount of the land revenues of India was $97,500,000 while the amount expended through the Indian Office in London in England only, on account of India was $117,250,000. These figures are official. From this it will be seen that not only was the whole land rent of India taken to be spent in England, but over $20,000,000 more that had to be taken from other sources. This may make it understood how it is that the India people are insufficiently fed and clothed, and consequently short-lived. When it is re-

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membered that this drain has been going on in varying degree for over ninety years, the wonder is that the patience of the people has not been exhausted long ago. The reason of their quiescence has been their ignorance. Had the old American colonies been inhabited by people of the same temperament, as ignorant and docile, there would have been no Boston Tea Party, no Declaration of Independence, and no Old Glory floating over the forty-five States and the Territories of the Union.

Another subject worth touching on is the relative percentages of the populations of England and India engaged in various industries. In India 86 per cent. are engaged on the land, and in England only 14.6 per cent. In other industries in India there are 12 per cent., and in England, in manufactures, etc., 30.4 per cent. In various other occupations in England 55 per cent., and in India, 2 per cent. Before the British system of administration broke up the industrial system of India the proportions were different. The co-ordination of industries established by natural process was destroyed, and the bulk of the population engaged in manufacturing was driven out of employment by the flooding of the country with British manufactures, and thrown back upon the land, where the reward of their labor has proved inadequate, under even the most favorable conditions, to sustain life decently.

At first sight it would seem to Americans that it would only be necessary for the English people, in whose name India is governed as has been shown, to be made acquainted with the true state of things for an immediate change to be made. It is most regrettable that it is quite otherwise. Evil counsels have apparently been always uppermost and prevailed in the government of India. Men like the Duke of Devonshire, the late John Bright, the Duke of Argyll, the late Mr. Fawcett, and a host of others have all admitted frankly and without reserve that there was something radically wrong with the government of India, yet when in office they have been as supine, inactive, and as much enslaved by the red tape of the bureaucratic system as the most ardent bureaucrat could desire.

It has been admitted and declared that India is suffering from insufficient administration, but that she cannot afford the cost of more imported English officials. The remedy is acknowledged and said to be the employment of native officials, but they are not employed. As far back as 1787, Sir John Shore foresaw that the time must come when the evils of English administration in India would more than counterbalance its advantages.

In 1893 Mr. Gladstone said that the expenditure of India, but especially the military expenditure, was alarming. Sir David Barbour said, in 1893 also: "The financial position of the government of India at the present moment is such as to give cause for apprehension . . . The prospects of the future are disheartening." Lord Lansdowne, when Viceroy, said: "We have to consider not so much the years which are past and gone as those which are immediately ahead of us, and if we look forward to these, there can be no doubt that we have cause for serious alarm."

Lord Macaulay, whose knowledge of India and comprehension of its needs have never been surpassed, said of India in his day: "That would indeed be a doting wisdom which, in order that India might remain a dependency, would make it a useless and costly dependency—which would keep a hundred millions of men from being our customers in order that they might continue to be our slaves." He was speaking then in the middle of the transition period through which India was passing, from a commercial to a bureaucratic military governed country, but he was not understood. The Duke of Argyll in 1869 said, bluntly: "I must say that we have not fulfilled our duty or the promises and engagements which we have made," but, having said that he appears to have satisfied his political conscience. Lord Salisbury in 1875 recognized the evil of the system under which India had to be drained yearly of so much wealth without any equivalent return, but shrugged his shoulders and said there was no help for it but to continue the bleeding process. In 1888 he even went further; and when Lord Northbrook, who had learned something during his viceroyalty in India, pleaded in the House of Lords for the carrying out of the act of 1833, already quoted, and the solemn proclamation of the Queen in 1858, Lord Salisbury settled the question by the astonishing sentence: "My Lords, I do not see what is the use of all this political hypocrisy." Later in 1883 the Duke of Devonshire pointed out that it would not be wise to tell a patriotic native of India that the Indian people shall never have any chance "except by their getting rid in the first instance, of their European rulers."

Yet this is just what the English rulers of India have been doing, not in words perhaps, but by implication, and so preparing the way for an upheaval that must be disastrous to the people of India, and may be fatal to the continuance of English rule. In 1875 Sir Louis Mallet, in a Minute on Indian land revenue, said: "By a constant habit of palliating symptoms, instead of grappling with disease, may we not be leaving to those who come after a task so aggravated by our neglect or timidity that what is difficult for us may be impossible for them?" The only Governor-General of India in recent times who has endeavored to grapple with Indian problems in the spirit of a statesman, Lord Ripon, was denounced as an agitator and a disturber by the bureaucratic element that saw the end of its power to "plunder India," as John Bright termed it, coming, if his views prevailed. Repression and drift are now the watchwords of British rule in India, and to what it is drifting may be gathered from the utterances of the leading public men of England and India which have been quoted, and from the symptoms of unrest and disorder manifesting themselves all over the country in various ways.

ANOTHER USE FOR THE RÖNTGEN RAYS.

A formal trial has been made of the Röntgen rays in the Paris custom house in the Northern Line's station with reference to ascertaining the contents of luggage without opening it. M. Pallain, the Director-General of the Customs, took much pains in arranging the essay, and amusingly successful it certainly appears to have proved. Some fifty trunks, boxes, bundles, and bags were selected at random, and a scientific commission were not a little exhilarated by the discoveries following when the rays were turned on them.

A suspicious Belgian packet tied up in straw matting was found to contain orchids, parts of a bicycle, wall papers, embroideries, but none of the watched for cigars or brandy-bottles. An innocent-looking box supposed to hold cloth samples sheltered cigars, the rays clearly outlining box and contents. A commonplace valise securely locked was full of a burglar's kit—"jimmies," false keys, brass knuckles, and other mystic conveniences to the profession of an unknown and criminal owner. A trunk with linens, clothes, and other habiliments hid nine large pieces of jewelry packed up in a silk top hat. In a huge sealed vessel marked "acetate of lead" was a little keg of choice beer, and a set of new fire-arms was wrapped into an old rug. The system of examination by the rays is seriously proposed for French usage, especially in the inland stations where time is scant.

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START OF THE ONE MILE OPEN RACE, AMATEUR, FINAL

FINISH OF THE TWO MILE RACE, NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP, AMATEUR (POWELL WINNING)

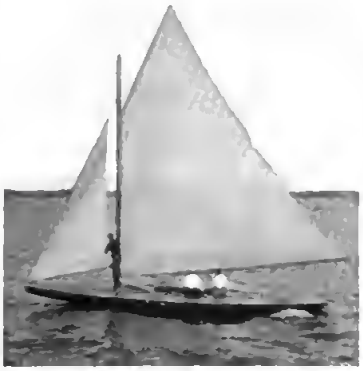
POWELL ON THE MARK.

MEET OF THE LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN IN PHILADELPHIA AUGUST 3-7, 1897.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS, COPYRIGHT 1897, BY C. H. GRAVES.

YACHT-SPORT

It seems to be custom any nowadays to measure the success of a yacht cruise by the number of entries attracted by the various cups offered for the purely racing classes. Considered from that view-point, the New York Yacht Club's cruise, which had its official termination last Friday at Bar Harbor, was the least important the club has held in many years. To my way of thinking, however, racing is but an incidental feature that provides a certain amount of entertainment and keeps the mug hunters in tow and in good humor. Racing, in fact, is to the cruising yachtsman what crowding is to the touring wheelman.

It so happens that in comparatively recent years our *America's* Cup defenders have made their initial appearance at about this time of the season, and the cruise of the New York Club has furnished the first excellent opportunity for their trial racing. Prideful interest in the *America's* Cup, and curiosity to see its defenders, have of course swelled the fleet to unusual proportions, and made racing apparently an object of paramount importance.



"GLENCAIRN II."
The Canadian Defender of the International Small-Boat Trophy.

The evolution of the racer in the last ten years, and the comparative disappearance of the cruiser, have effectively influenced the character of our club fixtures. Time was when the Larchmont and the Seawanhaka-Corinthian yacht clubs each held an annual cruise, which each has abandoned within three years, realizing the limited general interest, and recognizing the prestige and the greater importance of the New York Yacht Club's annual cruise. It has come, then, to be well understood that success awaits but one cruise in the season, and that one under the auspices of the New York Club. The strength of the New York Club lies, therefore, in developing the cruising feature, in which it is generally recognized as *premier*, and *of* lessening its attention to racing pure and simple, which receives more active and more advanced support, and achieves infinitely greater success, under the colors of the Larchmont, the Eastern, and the Seawanhaka Corinthian yacht clubs. In fine, the New York Club would surely weaken its prestige by ignoring a department—and a most important one—in which it is a recognized head for one in which it is excelled by several other clubs.

In extending this year's cruise to Bar Harbor Mr. Morgan has signalized his election as commodore of the New York Yacht Club by an instant recognition of these long patent facts. The run to Bar Harbor was not only without mishap and productive of good sport, but it made the club's cruise something more than a mere name, and gave the event a character it has not hitherto enjoyed. Furthermore, it actually rescued the '97 cruise from going on record as less interesting than usual.

START OF THREE MILE RUN IN THE METROPOLITAN CHAMPIONSHIPS.

The rendezvous was at Glen Cove, as habitual, and the fleet gathered appeared to be about as large as last year, and to have the usual majority of steamers. A flat calm marked the first day, but the run from Huntington to New London, although begun under fickle winds, ended in a good steady breeze. *Vigilant* led the fleet into the harbor by four minutes; *Hildegarde*, the new schooner, being second, after a fine performance. Racing interest on this run, as on all occasions during the cruise, centred upon *Colonia* and *Emerald*. The latter had been defeated in every one of the three races in which the two had last met at Larchmont, but the difference between them has never been so great as to rob a race of interest. And the N Y Y C cruise proved that difference to be smaller than it was supposed.

"SYCE."

The races between these schooners provided, indeed, the excitement of the cruise. *Colonia* crossed the finish line first on every occasion, but elapsed time gave *Emerald* three victories to *Colonia's* one, and that one only by the narrow margin of 21 s., after two hundred and six miles of racing—a record not before equalled in American yachting annals. It was *Emerald's* weather on the run from Huntington to Newport—a broad reach—and she made the most of it. *Colonia* beat her into the harbor by 2 m., but corrected time gave *Emerald* the victory by a few seconds. From New London to Newport, the race between the two was a glorious one; at no time were they a half mile apart, and *Colonia* finished first by 14 m., though losing on corrected time. *Emerald* also won in fickle air by 1 m. 17 s. on the run from Newport to Vineyard Haven. The run to Bar Harbor furnished extraordinary racing between the two. They were practically abeam throughout the entire distance, and *Colonia* won on corrected time by only 21 s.

The only other schooner to arouse any especial interest was the new *Hildegarde*, a powerful sea worthy ship, but not in the class with *Colonia* or *Emerald* for racing. Her best showing was on the run to New London. After that she did not figure very prominently in the racing; but on the run to Bar Harbor, although finishing about twenty minutes after *Colonia* and *Emerald* she beat *Marguerite*, which led all the others, by a good hour and a quarter.

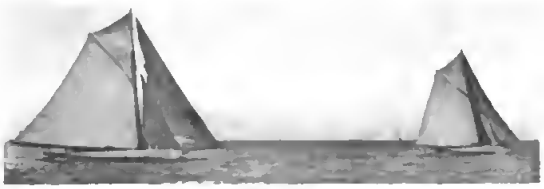
Among the sloops, *Wasp*, *Gloriana*, *Sagamore*, and *Carmita* had an interesting, though not very closely contested, race on the run to Newport, and *Carmita* again showed how much she has been improved by beating out *Wasp*, 14 m., and *Gloriana*, 26 m. 54 s. Fancy the one time peerless *Gloriana* beaten twenty six minutes! *Sagamore* was the lucky one—for the day was filled with finishes—from Newport to the Haven, defeating *Wasp*, 14 m., *Gloriana*, 17 m., and *Carmita*, over an hour. *Carmita* did not venture on the run to Bar Harbor, and *Wasp* beat *Sagamore* and *Gloriana* by an hour or more. *Wasp* also won the sealed handicap race off Bar Harbor in thick weather. *Vencedor* only showed up once, and was then beaten by *Syce*, and neither of them went east of Newport. *Queen Mab* has not a single win to her credit, although her elapsed time on the run to Bar Harbor was three minutes better than that of *Wasp's*.

As it is the first ocean run of such length any fleet of American yachts has taken, it is worth recording which boats squared their course from Pollock Rip Light house, off Vineyard Haven, to Mount Desert Rock Light. In order of finish they were *Vigilant*, *Colonia*, *Navahoe*, *Emerald*, *Hildegarde*, *Marguerite*, *Amorita*, *Fortuna*, *Sachem*, *Iroquois*, *Queen Mab*, *Montauk*, *Wasp*, *Alert*, *Sagamore*, *Gloriana*, *Gertalia*, *Columbia*, *Crusader*, *Viking*, *Verona*, and *Fenella*. *Vigilant* made the distance in 29 h 54 m. 28 s., and *Fenella* took 39 h. 55 m.; *Colonia* used 30 h. 32 m. 22 s.

It was a goodly showing, and although the conditions of wind and water were such as to make no demands on the weatherly qualities of the boats, the turnout somewhat made amends for the demoralization of the yachtsmen at New port, created by an 18 knot breeze on the day of the Goelet Cup races.

Quite the most interesting feature of the cruise, not excepting the promise of exciting sport furnished by further racing between *Colonia* and *Emerald*, was the meeting of *Vigilant*, the successful defender of the *America's* Cup in '93, and *Navahoe*, built in the same year, and taken to England by her owner, Royal Carroll, to race for the Cape May and other cups. *Navahoe* achieved no greater success in British waters than did *Vigilant* on her trip in '94. The two sloops had not met until the Larchmont's Fourth of July regatta this year, and on that occasion *Vigilant* (which is ten feet longer and now owned by Percy Chubb) won by 4 m. The N Y Y C cruise afforded the second opportunity for determining how much difference there is between the two.

On the run from Huntington to New London 65 miles, it was a broad reach, the conditions under which *Vigilant* is fastest, and she made very lively work of it, going the distance in 5 h. 54 m. *Navahoe* requiring 6 h. 9 m. From New London to the Brenton Reef Light ship (Newport), 37 miles, the breeze was lighter, and *Vigilant* continued



"NAVAHOE" LEADING "VIGILANT" IN THE GOELET CUP RACES.
Photographed by Stebbins

"EMERALD" AND "COLONIA" AT THE STARTING-LINE FOR THE RUN TO BAR HARBOR.

"VENCEDOR."

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4 h. 5 m., and *Navahoe* 4 h. 15 m., so on corrected time *Vigilant* beat *Navahoe* about 4 m. 30 s.

THE NEXT MEETING OF THE TWO came in the Goelet Cup race, which *Navahoe* won after a really fine bit of sailing, although *Vigilant* appeared to be very poorly handled, being pinched and paid off and pinched again, in a manner that must have interrupted her headway.

The day of the Goelet Cup races provided some extraordinary exhibitions from the yachtsman's and the sportsman's point of view.

First, *Navahoe's* splendid handling and her well merited victory over *Vigilant* received not a single congratulatory blast from the steamer fleet of about a dozen assembled at the finish.

Second, the schooner event was a lamentable failure, because, there being no other starter, *Colonia* was left the unsatisfactory alternative of a sail over. Thus only three yachts, *Vigilant*, *Navahoe*, and *Colonia*, started in the Goelet Cup races, which hitherto have been among the most interesting and most sport-giving of the year.

And the reasons offered by some of the owners for not starting were perhaps as extraordinary as anything the disappointing day provided. Some declared the weather too "dirty," some claimed they were not ready, but neither reason seemed sufficiently to explain what savored very much of halting sportsmanship. It would be humiliating indeed to believe that a stiff whole sail breeze and a bit of a sea intimidated them. But, at all events, *Emerald*, *Amorita*, *Hildegarde*, *Queen Mab*, and *Wasp* remained at anchor.

THE RACE BETWEEN *Vigilant* and *Navahoe*, however, was interesting at all times, and exciting on the finish. *Vigilant* got the better of the start by a good minute and a half. It was a run before the wind on the first leg, and *Vigilant* being slow in getting out her spinnaker, *Navahoe* began at once to lessen her gain, and at the first turn was leading by about 30 s. The next leg was the long one of the triangular course, and *Vigilant*, although boiling through the water at a great pace, seemed to be steering an erratic course. She was still 30 s. behind at the second turn, and there were only six miles of a broad reach to make up that and the about 3¼ m. allowance she was giving *Navahoe*. It was a most inspiriting struggle for the entire length of that leg. *Navahoe* was sailing a beautiful race, and her captain getting all possible speed out of her. *Vigilant* had the wind as she likes best. In an exciting finish *Vigilant* crossed the finish line first by 23 s., but *Navahoe* had beaten her one minute in actual time over the course and by 4 m. 21 s. taking her allowance into consideration. Mr. Carroll has ample cause for pride in the performance of his sloop. She never behaved more handsomely, nor was sailed better.

The racing record of the cruise gives *Vigilant* five victories; *Emerald*, three; *Wasp*, three; *Colonia*, *Navahoe*, *Syce*, *Sayonara*, and *Carmita*, one each.

THE POLO TOURNAMENT AT POINT JUDITH, Rhode Island, last week, provided ample illustration of the ineffectiveness of brilliant individual endeavor against the concerted efforts of a team, even though the latter be composed of comparatively inferior players. Myopia II. made a consistently winning record because of team-play, and Myopia I. lost for lack of it.

Buffalo, Myopia II., Essex, Point Judith, and a so-called Rockaway II. team were entered for the Narragansett Cups, for which play began with Myopia II. and Buffalo opposed. The latter team made a very fair showing last autumn in the championships at Brooklyn, but it seems to have lost nearly all of what little team-play it then had. Against Myopia II. all the Buffalo players worked industriously and rode hard, but unavailingly, for the absence of team-work and the lack of direction in Seward Cary's drives for goal were too formidable a handicap to overcome. On the other hand, the Myopia II. team worked prettily together. They played a sharp game, stopped quickly, and held their positions. The Buffalo players did not hold their positions, and bunched on overriding the ball in such a way as to put them entirely out of the game for an appreciable instant of time. Buffalo's No. 3 (Charles Cary) and No. 4 (Scatcherd) did the best work for their side. Myopia II. had Meyer, Holmes, Fay, and McKean, and received 3 goals under the handicap, but they earned 9, while Buffalo could score but 5.

THE SECOND ROUND FOR THE CUPS brought two scratch teams together, one called Rockaway II., with Hazard, Kendrick, McFadden, and Myers, and, one Point Judith, with Stevenson, Headley, Wadsworth and Altemus, which received 4 goals under the handicap. The result was a great deal of chasing the ball about the field, but not much good polo. Of what good work there was, Philadelphia, in the persons of Kendrick, McFadden and Altemus, may be said to have supplied the greater amount. "Rockaway" was better horsed, and when after the first period they got fairly together, the contest became too one sided to be interesting, the final score being 13 goals to 5¼ in "Rockaway's" favor.

Subsequently, Hazard, Kendrick, and McFadden, together with Bostwick, called themselves the Point Judith team, and were soundly beaten by Buffalo II., 9¼ goals to 2.

It is a short sighted policy that permits of men playing for clubs to which they do not belong; it affords no particular entertainment, as a rule, and by no means encourages development of the substitute class.

Myopia II. replaced Holmes with Rice (to keep within the ten goal handicap), and in the semi-final round met Essex, which had C. Pfizer, Dallett, C. A. Munn, and Flinsch. Essex only earned one goal in the three periods of play (and lost half of that on penalties), but the game had an interesting phase so far as being an exhibition of what one active player, unsupported by his partners, could accomplish against a well trained team. Practically the game was Dallett *vs.* Myopia, the former being the only one of the Essex forwards to stay with the ball. On one or two occasions Pfizer made a run, and at the opening of the third period clung tenaciously to the opposing No. 4, but most of the time Essex's game depended on Dallett, and Flinsch who was unprotected and played well under great difficulties. The final score was 7¼ to ½ in Myopia II.'s favor. The Narragansett Cups finals brought out Kendrick McFadden, and Hazard once more, and this time were again "Rockaway II." They met Myopia II., each rated at 14 goals, and beat them 5 goals to 3. The Philadelphians did the best work for "Rockaway II.", and McKean was the only man on Myopia II. to play in form, the usual good work of this team being wanting. Rockaway II. showed poor team work, but they played with a dash that seemed to carry Myopia II. off their feet.

The Rhode Island Cup finals brought Myopia II. (with Rice) and Buffalo together again, and this time the latter team received an allowance of two goals. It was a repetition in play and very nearly in score of their first meeting. Myopia II. showed the same good team-work that has characterized their play in all but a couple of occasions this season, while Buffalo played an individual game, and not so well as earlier in the week. Buffalo needs team practice badly. Myopia won handily, with a score of 9 to 5¾ goals.

THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS EXAMPLE, however, of needed team practice was furnished by the Myopia I.-Meadow Brook I. match last Wednesday for the Point Judith Country Club challenge cup, won by Meadow Brook, 8 goals to 5¾. Myopia had its full strength—Gardner, Shaw, Norman, and Agassiz—26 goals, and Meadow Brook had W. C. Eustis, L. Waterbury, Whitney, and Nicoll—25 goals. Waterbury is a recent acquisition of Meadow Brook, and a very skilful one. Whitney has not been a regular member of the first team, though he is a player of promise. Myopia ought to have made a better showing against Meadow Brook, for the team is much stronger than the difference in handicappings suggests. Meadow Brook played well together and aggressively. Team play is the pressing need of Myopia, with it their chance of winning the championship this year is glowing, but without it not even Shaw's utmost brilliant and independent efforts will save the team from defeat. Meadow Brook seems destined to be without the aid of Baldwin, though there is a chance of Hitchcock playing. With these two men Meadow Brook would be a prime favorite for the championship. As it is, the present combination, if it holds, is a strong one, and pretty certain to defeat Myopia unless the latter gets together for better teamwork than they revealed at Point Judith.

Myopia sustained another defeat on Saturday at Newport, Westchester (Mortimer, L. and J. M. Waterbury and Cowdin) beating them 8¼ goals (2 allowed, 7 earned, ¾ lost on foul) to five. The Waterbury boys and Cowdin played strongly. Mortimer did as well as he knows how, and the four put up an excellent team game. With the exception of Gardner, Myopia played better than at Narragansett. Gardner, however, was a long way off form, and really of little service to his side.

POLO ACTIVITY IS NOT CONFINED to the environments of Boston and New York. In Buffalo there are a number of new players and new ponies, and considerable additional interest created by the team's showing last year in the championships and in the play against Chicago at Buffalo. This year the Buffalo tournament begins August 25. Of the Buffalo players Seward, and George and Thomas Cary have been cut down a goal each, making their present handicap 3, 1, and 2, respectively. Scatcherd has been cut from 5 to 4, and Craig Wadsworth raised from 1 to 2.

Chicago, too, has felt the enthusiasm furnished by club rivalry, and diligent practice has been the order since the season opened. The '96 Chicago team included W. V. Booth (3 goals), W. W. Keith (2), J. Elliott Evans (3), and F. J. Mackey (5), and as these represent the club's greatest strength, they will probably come to Buffalo again this year. There is also to be a match in October with St. Louis, and though the latter club is much newer to the game, it has some promising material. Meantime there is what comes near being a polo boom around Chicago; new ponies have been purchased, new players added to the list, and a general and noticeable improvement in form is apparent at every game. It is not likely that a St. Louis team will play at Buffalo, but they will go to Chicago, and hold a tournament, October 2–9.

Nor is this all of the '97 polo movement. Teams have been recently established at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania; Glenwood Springs, Colorado; and at Bozeman, Montana. Mr. P. F. Collier is just starting the game at Southampton, Long Island, and Mr. Devereux Emmet is doing the same at Smithtown, Long Island, where there are a number of young and keen candidates. At Fort Riley, Kansas, there is regular play.

THE TRIP TO CHICAGO and the hurried fatiguing return have probably done R. D. Wrenn's game no good, and is quite apt to have actually harmed Larned's form. If it so happened that Larned met one of the Englishmen in the very early rounds at Newport, it would not at all surprise me to see him defeated. The defeat of Wrenn by Nisbet seems to have occasioned surprise, but not to those who have seen for themselves what a good game Nisbet plays, and know that Wrenn's game is not at its greatest strength in three set matches. Nevertheless it indicates that if Larned does not play in his top form he will not keep one of the Englishmen from winning the All Comers, nor Wrenn successfully defend the championship if he is even a little off his best condition. The Britishers cannot be counted upon to beat themselves, and if America wins at Newport this week, it must be by the best work Larned or Wrenn has ever done. The following summary gives the results of the Wyandot Club tournament at Chicago:

Matches—Best two out of three sets	Wrenn.	Nisbet.	Larned.	Eaves.	Collins.	Mahony.	Matches Won.
R. D. Wrenn			1	1	1	1	4
Nisbet	1			1	1	1	4
Larned		1		1	1	1	4
Eaves					1	1	2
Collins							[illegible]
Mahony							0
Matches lost	1	1	1	3	[illegible]	4	

Nisbet's victory over Wrenn may have been unexpected, but it was earned by severe service and brilliant placing. Eaves played as steadily as at Hoboken, and Nisbet much better. Mahony was about in the same form, Wrenn a bit steadier, and Larned not so much so.

THE NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP TOURNAMENT at Newport this week is invested with more than usual importance because of the three British experts. It is to be hoped the happy-go-lucky chance system of drawing to which the Association has reverted this year will not bring all the experts together in the first rounds. We have so few first class performers that we should like to see them distributed. Outside of Larned and the Englishmen, there is not a player of the first class entered, and but for the visitors, sole interest of the week would centre upon the struggle for supremacy among the second class and the meeting in the championship round between Wrenn and Larned.

Larned, in his progress towards the All comers cup, may meet two of the Englishmen, and the chances are just as good that he will meet only one. At all events, we are assured of four good matches in the week.

IT MAY BE THAT LARNED'S STEADINESS this year is betraying me into too much confidence in his ability, but my impression is strong that he will defeat at Newport any one or two, as the case may be, of the Englishmen he may meet. There is no possible conqueror of the Englishmen among the other entries—not even should Nisbet fall to G. L. Wrenn, who, although not of such class as Nisbet, is undoubtedly a coming player, and meantime has a way now and again of arising unexpectedly to occasions. However, defeat of Nisbet seems too much exaltation. Moreover, I expect Nisbet to do his best work at Newport.

If Larned has not gone off through overworking immediately before Newport, and shows such form as he did in his Hoboken match with Eaves, then he will win the All Comers, and meet R. D. Wrenn, the present champion, for the United States championship. And this will be one of the most exciting struggles of the week. I frankly confess myself unable to reach a definite conclusion as to the result of that match. Larned's tennis is much more brilliant than Wrenn's, and his form better; but Wrenn is a remarkable getter, and plays an uphill ding-dong game that is particularly wearing upon Larned's play and composure. On the other hand, Wrenn was considerably off his form at Hoboken, and though somewhat better in Chicago, still not enough as to give confidence in his beating Larned when the latter does not beat himself, as he did on the Wyandot courts.

But Wrenn never does get into form until the last week. It is to be remembered, too, that Larned this year has played with a steadiness never before so continuously exhibited, and that and the pluck he showed in the match with Eaves add yet more difficulties in the choice between him and Wrenn. It seems to me not so much a question of tennis as of disposition, and while I realize the superiority of Larned's strokes, I cannot escape the feeling that Wrenn will defeat him if they meet.

SHOULD LARNED BE DEFEATED for the All Comers, and one of the Englishmen meet Wrenn for the United States championship, there will be less question of Wrenn's success, I think, than if Larned be the challenger. I should always feel greater confidence in Wrenn scoring against Mahony or Eaves or Nisbet (despite the latter's Chicago triumph) than against Larned. Although having had ample practice since arriving, Mahony has failed to equal the form he displayed here two years ago; he may reach it at Newport. It is not that he shows weakness on any stroke, but his entire game is not so severe or so accurate as it was in '95. Eaves has reached his top form in recent play, and Nisbet appears to find the American climate as congenial as did Jordan the Oxford quarter-miler. Nisbet has played in the best form of his career, and, strangely enough, has defeated both Mahony and Eaves, although himself disposed of by Larned and Wrenn much easier than were Mahony and Eaves.

THE SECOND CLASS SHOULD PROVIDE much interesting play by G. L. Wrenn, Jr., Fischer, Stevens, Whitman, Ware, and Sheldon; and we have some curiosity as to the position that still lower classed but improving player J. D. Forbes will attain in the tournament. The fact also that E. R. Marvin (Harvard), an unclassified player, recently beat J. C. Davidson, the Southern expert, and a member of Class 6 in the '96 ranking, brings another new candidate into the field for lower-class honors, although he was beaten in the same tournament by C. P. Dodge (Yale).

Fischer, G. L. Wrenn, Jr., and Stevens are ranked 5, 6, 7, and together in Class 2, but there seems slight doubt that Wrenn is the best of the three; and I think this week will prove it. So, also, Whitman, Ware, Sheldon, and Budlong are ranked together in Class 3. Budlong several years ago, promised well, but has never fulfilled that promise. Last year Whitman, Ware, and Sheldon also gave great promise of attaining a high degree of tennis efficiency, but although Ware has shown very good tennis, he has not reached expectations, despite his Canadian championship. Whitman has on only one occasion shown play suggestive of a future in his game, and Sheldon thus far is a disappointment. It remains to be seen whether at Newport they will justify the opinion we formed last year of their tennis possibilities. Competition in this class will be the keener if Kreigh Collins, the Western champion, plays.

TENNIS TOURNAMENTS AS SIDE ISSUES OF winter-resort hotels, with a car load of expert importations, were in days gone by frequent in the far South, but tournaments organized by home players for home players have been rare enough to justify comment. Generally speaking, tennis tournaments have been more novel in the South than elsewhere. But football, baseball, and athletics in the colleges have awakened a kindred desire outside of them. This year the first Alabama State Lawn Tennis championship was held at Montgomery, and after three days of interesting competition, won by J. Ware Walker, of Montgomery. Partnered by Jones, Walker also won the doubles.

Comment on National Rowing Championships deferred until next week.

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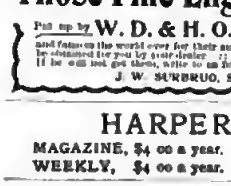

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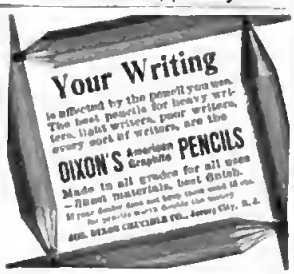

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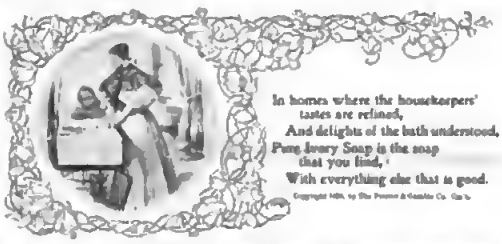

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Comptroller's Office, August 5th, 1897.

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Vol. XLI.—No. [illegible]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1897.

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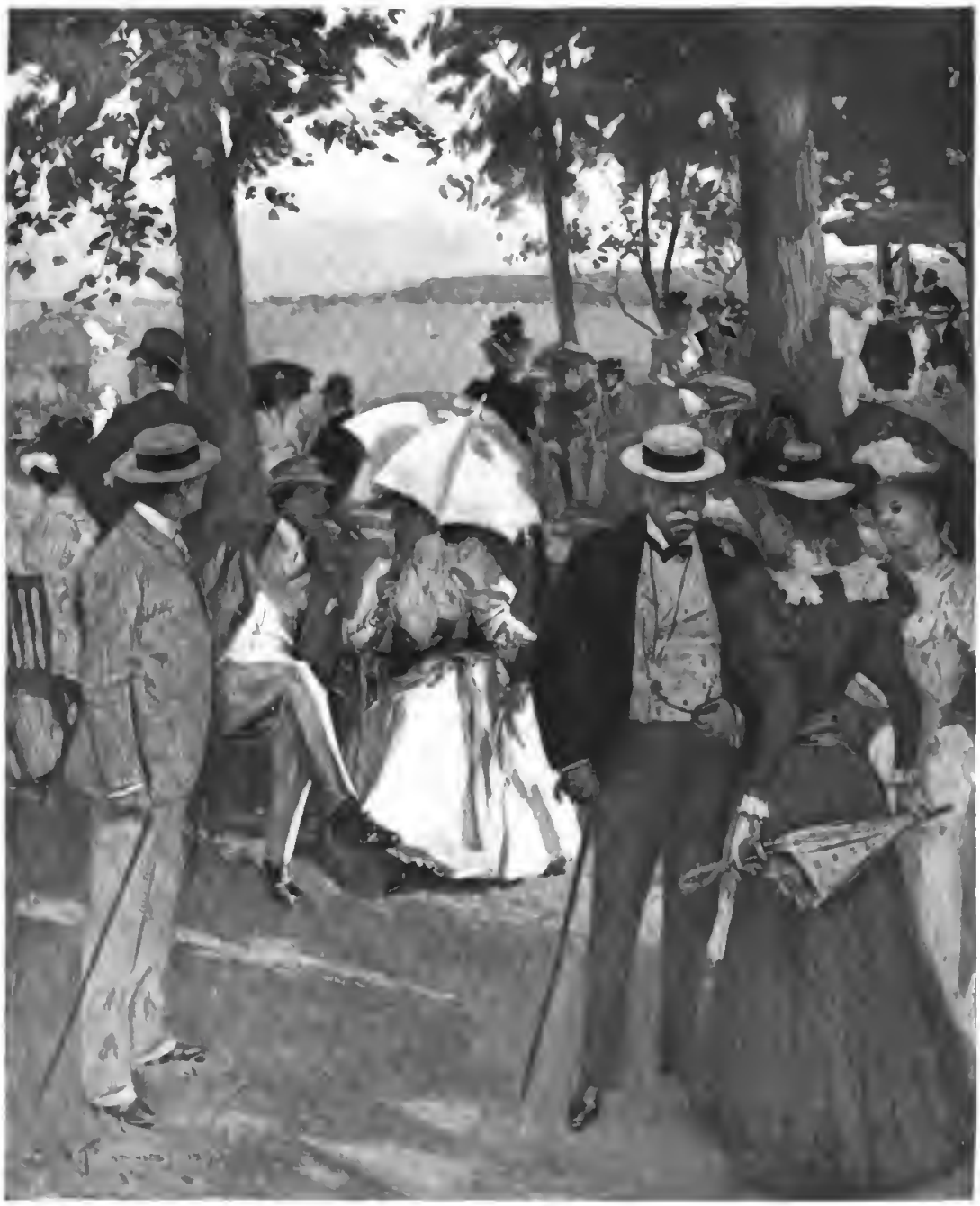

SUMMER DIVERSIONS—A GARDEN PARTY ON THE NORTH SHORE, MASSACHUSETTS.

Drawn by W. T. Smedley.

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(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, AUGUST 28, 1897.

Terms: 10 Cents a Copy.—$4 00 a Year, in Advance.

Postage free to all Subscribers in the United States, Canada, and Mexico.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.
New York City: Franklin Square.
London: 45 Albemarle Street, W.

Also for sale at Brentano's, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris.

CAUTION.

THE NORWEGIAN POLAR EXPEDITION, 1893-96.

We desire hereby to notify the public that we are the sole publishers in the United States of the only book prepared by Dr. Fridtjof Nansen and authorized by him to be published in the United States, which gives a complete and adequate account of his celebrated Expedition to the Polar Regions, and which is a duplicate of Dr. Nansen's book published in England. This book contains upon the title page the following:

FARTHEST NORTH: BEING THE RECORD OF A VOYAGE OF EXPLORATION OF THE SHIP *FRAM*, 1893-1896, AND OF A FIFTEEN MONTHS' SLEDGE JOURNEY BY DR. NANSEN AND LIEUTENANT JOHANSEN.

Purchasers desiring to obtain the book prepared by Dr. Nansen should be careful to note that the above words, together with our name as publishers, appear upon the title page of the book offered.

An action has been begun by us against certain persons who, as we claim, have infringed our rights in Dr. Nansen's book, and those who take part with them in such infringement will also be prosecuted.

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THE POLITICAL OUTLOOK.

THERE is usually very little excitement in politics in the year after a Presidential election; but while the present year does not form an exception to the rule, there are already happenings among party leaders and in party conventions that are worth studying. For the first time since the defeat of BRYAN and his conglomerate following, practical politicians, like Senator GORMAN, for example, have had an opportunity to express themselves in a practical way, and to show what they think of the cause which was defeated at the polls last year. From their expressions, and from the acts and words of Sound Money, or National, Democrats, two things are evident. It is clear that the politicians who followed BRYAN, and who adopted, for the campaign, his views concerning free silver and repudiation, state ownership of systems of transportation and communication, war on the freedom of contract and on the Supreme Court, are convinced that there is nothing for them in the free-silver issue, at least. It is also clear that the National Democrats are determined to continue their organization for the purpose of defeating the free silver movement.

The attitude of the Democrats who followed BRYAN is suggestive not only of the decadence of the silver issue as a political force, but of its really slight hold on our politicians. The "6,500,000 votes," of which Mr. BRYAN and his friends are very fond of boasting, did not indicate all that the important figures appear to mean. They did indicate distress and discontent, and a powerful opposition to the Republican party and its high protection policy. But while it is difficult, perhaps impossible, to state precisely the significance of that great vote, it is clear that it did not mean that nearly half the voters of the country favored the debasement of the standard of value. It was known at the time that thousands of Democrats voted for Mr. BRYAN simply because he was the regular candidate of their party, not because they believed that this country could by its statutes make fifty cents' worth of silver equal in value to a dollar in gold. The importance of the Democratic revolt against Mr. BRYAN and Bryanism was sufficiently shown by Republican victories in Democratic strongholds, such as Kentucky, Maryland, Delaware, New Jersey, West Virginia, and the city of New York, and by the immense MCKINLEY majorities in States that had been often carried by the Democrats, like New York and Indiana. The results in these States and in New York city proved beyond question that hundreds of thousands of Democrats voted directly for Mr. MCKINLEY. It is an inevitable inference from this open revolt of Democrats against their party that many thousands who voted for its candidate did so simply because he was the regular party candidate. Considering the tenacity with which men cling to old party associations, it is fair to assume that the number of Democrats who voted unwillingly for Mr. BRYAN on the score of regularity exceeded the number of those who revolted.

Politicians of the ingenuity of Mr. GORMAN do not disregard obvious facts. The gold Democrats are inclined to think that the Republicans have forgotten their services in the election of Mr. MCKINLEY, but they may be sure that Mr. GORMAN does not disregard them. He is even now reckoning with them. The other day, as chairman of the Committee on Resolutions of the Democratic Convention of Maryland, he turned his back upon the silver plank of the BRYAN platform, and brought in a resolution declaring that the BRYAN vote had forced Mr. MCKINLEY "to urge upon the European powers, through the medium of a duly appointed commission, the necessity of an international conference to arrange the terms of a bimetallic system." Mr. BRYAN must have been surprised by the Maryland Senator's interpretation of last year's battle for free and independent coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1. The interesting point in this resolution is, however, Mr. GORMAN'S present pose, because it points to an acceptance of the defeat of the free-coinage movement in politics. Mr. GORMAN'S abandonment of Mr. BRYAN was preceded by the following declaration by ex-Governor BOIES of Iowa: "For one, I do not believe it possible to succeed upon a platform that demands the unqualified free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 with gold. We have fought that battle, and it is lost." Both Mr. GORMAN and Mr. BOIES are giving utterance to the politician's instincts. Neither of them has been converted. Ex-Governor BOIES is an honest sound-money man, but he is also a practical politician. Mr. GORMAN is nothing but a practical politician. Both are bent on winning, and they must win in the name of Democracy or not at all. They are types, and Mr. GORMAN represents the old leadership of the Democratic party. He is no more a sincere friend of sound money than he was a sincere silver man when he threw in his fortunes with Mr. BRYAN. He accepted free coinage as a promising scheme for party victory, and has dropped it now that he has lost Maryland by reason of it. Both he and Mr. BOIES pick up the old device of bimetallism from the same motive and for the same purpose. They believe that with the abandonment of the demand for free coinage at 16 to 1, and with the revival of the promise of international bimetallism, or of bimetallism through the recognition of the market ratio between the metals, the gold Democrats will be won back to the old leadership and the old party. They doubtless prefer their old Democratic associates. Mr. GORMAN especially has found the Populists headstrong and unmanageable to discipline. He remembers "TOM" WATSON, and every day brings him word of the hostility of the "Middle-of-the-road" Populists to regular artisans in Democracy like himself. He sees a growing disinclination to accept old leaders, and he knows that there are corrupt men among the Populists who are willing to sell out to the Republicans for the purpose of preventing fusion between Democrats and Populists. He knew last year that his party was making a tactical blunder in adopting the free-silver cause and in making Mr. BRYAN its candidate. He followed where he had led because, above all else, he is regular. With him principle is nothing, regularity everything. With Mr. BOIES principle is everything, but regularity is of great importance. Both of them want to win back the Democratic vote that was cast against the party last year, and in this respect they stand for the regulars who accepted Mr. BRYAN and voted for him, but whose declared belief in his doctrines was merely the enthusiasm of the campaign.

Will the National Democrats be brought into camp? For more than one reason it is to be hoped that they will not be seduced back to the allegiance which has always more or less disgraced them. Even with their assistance Mr. GORMAN cannot win any more victories. He is discredited, and his opportunity has been lost by his own fault. Moreover, he and his do not stand for the principles which the National Democrats profess. At present there seems to be no sign that the two hostile Democratic factions will come together. The National Democrats are organizing against the common enemy of a year ago, and are putting independent tickets in nomination. They are refusing to unite with the Republicans, it is true, and are declining to make victory doubly sure by continuing to vote with Mr. MCKINLEY'S friends. It may be that the Republicans will yet have cause to regret that they have compelled this attitude on the part of their allies of last year, but, regrettable or not, the attitude is an important fact in the present political situation.

It is decidedly for the interest of the country that the plane of the old Democratic leaders should go astray. Nothing more unfortunate could happen to American politics than the reunion of the dismembered factions of the Democratic party. Such a reunion would mean the restoration to leadership of the men who have discredited their party, defeated its principles, and driven into retirement some of the ablest and most useful public men in the country. The country is to be congratulated that at present the National Democracy display that enthusiasm without which new movements are hopeless. And while Mr. GORMAN and some of his associates are shrewd, and while Mr. BOIES possesses the respect of many who do not agree with him, the objects of the wiles of the one and the proffered compromise of the other are so opposed to the principles of the National Democrats that the failure of the transparent movement for harmony seems inevitable.

TRUE AND FALSE PROSPERITY.

THE man who watches the course of prices in Wall Street—and keeps out of it—is in a position to judge of the general drift of financial movement. The sudden rise and fluctuation in the quotations of a few stocks generally mean speculation. Brokers and their clients are bidding against one another, and will buy or sell on a rumor, a surmise, or merely because others are buying or selling. For some years this process has been going on, and Wall Street has been flat and uninteresting. The outside public kept away, and the operations of the Street in every city of the land have only indicated the prevailing atmosphere of depression.

If in such a period of dulness one stock after another begins to rise in price, and in place of inactivity inquiry is made for good investments, securities to be bought and laid away as "gilt-edged," then other features of the general economy of the country may be studied. There may be an unusually good crop of the cereals, or an increasing demand for coal, iron, cotton, or wool, pointing to a new start in industry. If these conditions are found to exist, the earnings of the railroads will reflect the greater movement of freight, a demand for capital is excited, and so the rising tide goes on till it has affected every sphere of the economic activity of the country, and—prosperity is at hand. Periodically, about once in ten years, this phase sets in, and each time seems to gather force with the growth of the industry and commerce of the people.

There are false as well as true explanations of this phenomenon. When it is asserted that a higher tariff, more protective and restrictive on commerce than the last, brings prosperity, the assertion is false. No taxation of one industry for the benefit of another ever created additional capital or called into existence a new profit, for taxation destroys and does not create. Yet the making of new capital, employed for profit, is an essential to real prosperity. An industry must yield something beyond its expenses or it will not be long continued. If the state steps in and guarantees that profit, it can only do so at the expense of other and really profitable ventures. So every new tax is so much taken from the strong for the weaker, and the weak industry is in precisely the position of the pauper who receives out-door relief—it consumes the earnings of others.

On the other hand, large crops, an active market, a heavy transportation movement, and a large export of our products—these mean real prosperity.

RECKLESS LEGISLATION.

SECTION 22 of the new tariff is that which is likely to produce the greatest and the most injurious international irritation. Although the tariff irritates and injures France and Germany, and will bring support to the protectionist sentiment in each of these countries, it is tolerably certain that any measure of retaliation either might adopt would only injure itself the more, so that there is scarcely likely to be any really retaliatory legislation. But Canada is repeatedly challenged to retaliation. The tariff on Canadian lumber is aggravated by the prohibition of Canadian labor. And now comes to light the section of which the primary object is to put an additional duty of ten per cent. upon all imports which come into the United States by way of Canada, and concerning which the pending question is how far this object is neutralized by a subsequent proviso.

This section is especially disgraceful in view of the talk in the Republican platform about Reciprocity and Protection going hand in hand. It was very nonsensical talk, but it was taken to mean, and it was meant to be taken to mean, that

the Republican tariff would exempt Canada from the prohibition which it might put upon other foreign countries. Instead of that, Canada is even worse treated than any other foreign country; and this in spite of the well known fact that Canada was anxious to negotiate with us a treaty which would practically have extended to the two countries the freedom of trade which prevails between the States. It was only when we had made it evident that we would not enter into such an arrangement that Canada transferred her application from Washington to Westminster, with the result that everybody knows. That the new arrangement will be injurious to our trade with Canada nobody doubts; nor can any doubt that for this diminution our own legislation is responsible.

This we must be supposed to have meant as to the prohibitory duties upon Canadian products, and as to the exclusion of Canadian labor. It was a gross violation of the pledges of the platform and an act of bad faith on the part of the Republican party. But it was less irritating than this section putting an additional ten per cent. upon whatever comes to us from abroad by way of Canada. And the responsibility for this act of hostility is not avowed by anybody. Speaker REED has declared that he knew nothing of it until he saw it in the newspapers. "He presumed it slipped in, as such things are likely to do." Apparently somebody interested in an American line of steamers across the Pacific secured the "slipping in," and gave Canada a substantial grievance against us. Certainly it was not debated in either House, and cannot be said to have been intended by any party. Its presence in the bill indicates that our commercial legislation is controlled, as BURKE said the administration of the East India Company was controlled, by "boyish unluckiness and malice," and not by any view of public or even party interests. That a clause containing the germs of so much international trouble should have been "slipped in" without discussion is disgraceful. But although nobody avows the responsibility for this clause, Speaker REED has himself a responsibility for it which he cannot avoid, and to which he has already been held. If he had allowed debate in the House, the character of this section would have been exposed. Since he usurped the prerogatives of the body over which he presides, he was bound to use due diligence to prevent indefensible clauses from "slipping in," and this he has clearly failed to do.

WHITE-HOUSE IMPROVEMENTS.

IT is reported from Washington that Colonel BINGHAM, who is in charge of the public buildings of the capital city, is preparing plans for the extension of the White House. The White House, as it stands, is unworthy to be the residence and office of the President of the United States, because it is not large enough. Its business offices, with all the disagreeable incidents inseparable from business offices, intrude upon the dwelling part of the house. Colonel BINGHAM properly recognizes the need of improvement, and also, we are glad to see, realizes the importance of preserving the dignified and beautiful architectural character of the White House.

Speaking of this noble building, in the WEEKLY of November 28, 1896, Mr BRUCE PRICE said: "The White House is by far the most important example of domestic architecture of the earlier part of our history." Mr. PRICE was discussing a plan for enlarging the building, which was presented in the WEEKLY, and which the New York *Tribune* afterwards declared to be the plan that ought to be adopted. Mr. PRICE himself said of this plan that it was the "very soul and substance from which to frame as beautiful a building as the Capitol or the Treasury." It has seemed to all competent critics who have studied this proposed enlargement as if it must have been within the contemplation of the original designer of the building, for it not only preserves the beauties of the house as it is, but amplifies and emphasizes them.

The plan presented in the WEEKLY has other than architectural advantages. It furnishes sufficient room. Colonel BINGHAM, who seems to have considered economy somewhat unduly, estimates the cost of his improvement at $300,000. If the work is to be undertaken, it ought to be on such a generous scale that no further additions will have to be made, and $1,000,000 would not be too much to spend for the work. Colonel BINGHAM proposes, as we understand it, to add to the present house five bedrooms, a state dining-room, and additional office-rooms—the present office-rooms to continue to be used for that purpose. The plan presented by the WEEKLY contemplates the use of the whole of the present house and an additional number of rooms for domestic purposes and for the entertainment of distinguished guests, a very large reception hall with an independent approach, ample new offices for the President and his clerks, and a cabinet room, with an independent approach to the business end of the building. This, or something as important and as beautiful, is what should be adopted if the sorely needed additions to the White House are to be made.

MURDER AS A POLITICAL AGENCY.

THE assassination of CÁNOVAS DEL CASTILLO has, as is usual under such circumstances, caused lively speculation as to what the political consequences of that tragic event may be. Will it improve the chances of the Carlists in Spain? Will it strengthen the republican movement in that kingdom? Will it bring about a change in the policy of the Spanish government with regard to Cuba? The probability is that nothing will happen that would not have been brought about by other causes—causes of a general nature far more potential than the disappearance of a single individual from the political stage. It is remarkable how little the course of history has been affected by sudden removal of men of power who at the time seemed to hold in their hands the destinies of their countries, or even of the world. The dagger that killed Cæsar did not prevent the development of imperialism in Rome. The Roman republic was ripe for it, and it came. The violent deaths of various Roman emperors utterly failed to change the character of the Roman Empire. As to similar occurrences in more modern times, the murder of WILLIAM the Silent did not prevent the deliverance of the Netherlands from the Spanish yoke. It has been said that the assassination of HENRY IV. of France precipitated the religious conflicts which followed it, desolating a part of continental Europe, and that had he lived longer those conflicts might have been entirely prevented; but a thorough study of the history of that period authorizes the opinion that those calamities would have ultimately come had HENRY IV. not been murdered. The stabbing or strangling to death of Russian Czars resulted only in changes of persons. The dynamite bomb which killed ALEXANDER II. left Russia substantially in the same condition in which it had found it. Neither can it be said that the assassinations of republican Presidents in the United States and in France produced any effects of lasting consequence. That of ABRAHAM LINCOLN certainly did not save the Southern Confederacy from collapse, and those of GARFIELD and of CARNOT brought about virtually only the substitution of one chief magistrate for another.

Without underrating the influences exercised by great men upon the course of events, and leaving aside speculations as to what possibly might have happened had the bloody deeds in question been committed at different periods or under different circumstances, and taking into consideration only the facts as they are recorded, it may be said that the murders of political potentates, for the accomplishment of whatever ends they may have been designed, were, as a rule, mere ineffectual atrocities. In some cases the evident purpose for which those acts of violence were intended served to make them intelligible. The tyrannicide who imagined the deliverance of his countrymen from usurpation or oppression, and the religious fanatic who schemed to help or avenge his church, can be understood. Their motives had a simple and logical application to an actual state of things, and they aimed at the accomplishment of immediate and definite results. In some historic cases the character and the motives of the perpetrators distinguished their acts as much from common crime, that the criminal nature of the deeds was almost wholly overlooked in popular judgment. But of late years we are startled by a class of assassinations which can be explained only upon theories so complicated and so wholly unnatural that we seem to stand in the presence of an insolvable psychological puzzle.

When we speak of the "anarchist" we mean to designate with that name a human being who is in a general way the enemy of all that exists, and who seeks to overthrow it by any means, however criminal and atrocious, but who has never been able to give an account in the slightest degree intelligible of the kind of society he thinks of putting in the place of that which he wants to destroy. We hear indeed some wild talk about the establishment of a social order, or disorder, without government and without laws and courts of justice, in which everybody can do what he or she pleases, and that when everybody can do what he or she pleases, everybody will do right, and have enough of the good things of this world, and be happy. But all this is so absolutely inconceivable to the human imagination, not to speak of human reason, that only insane people can be supposed to entertain it. The means by which the establishment of this social condition is to be accomplished are equally inexplicable as to their adaptation to the ulterior purpose. We have to draw our conclusions from things which have actually happened. A dynamite bomb is dropped by an anarchist into a church, or a theatre, or a public procession. A number of people, most of them entirely unknown to the anarchist, are killed or maimed by the explosion. The anarchist and his accomplices are caught, tried, and executed as murderers. Another anarchist kills the chief of the state, or the minister, under whose government the trial and the executions have taken place. This anarchist, when caught, explains his crime by saying that he had to avenge the death of his executed, or, as he calls it, murdered friends. He leaves the inference that, if he is executed, one of his friends will in turn avenge his execution in the same way.

Now what can all this mean? The anarchist who kills a President or minister, on the pretence of avenging the execution of another anarchist murderer, may possibly imagine that if this process goes on with some regularity public officers will become afraid to hurt anarchists, and that the anarchists may then drop dynamite bombs wherever and whenever they please with impunity. This kind of reasoning is built upon the fantastic assumption that there is no courage left in human society except that of the anarchists. Still, however absurd the premise, there is a semblance of logic in it. But it does not explain the reason for their throwing dynamite bombs into churches and theatres, among promiscuous gatherings of inoffensive people, to kill anybody that may be about. The only thing approximating an explanation that has been said is that the plan of the anarchists is to throw society, by these seemingly causeless murders, into a condition of abject terror, and thereby to create a general state of the intensest bewilderment and confusion, in which, everybody else having completely lost his head, the anarchists are the only people who have kept their five senses together and know what they want, and that then they can step in and regulate things according to their notions. The idea that by this sort of terrorism human society, as at present organized, could be moved to abdicate all its functions, and to deliver itself into the hands of an organization of murderers, is so absolutely preposterous that its serious conception can be attributed only to an utterly deranged state of mind.

There may be some persons sincerely cherishing such amazing fancies, and willing to live and die for them; but among the more active element of the anarchists characters of a very different kind have been discovered—persons too lazy to do any honest work, who found that they could get along without it by devoting themselves to the destruction of all existing institutions, and some others, too, who, as judicial proceedings in France showed a few years ago, made their living as footpads, or burglars, or forgers, and what not, thus punishing society for their own benefit in detail before reforming it in bulk. Such anarchists certainly never felt themselves as Brutuses and Cassiuses seeing in accumulated wealth and in every sort of power a Cæsar to stab, or as philosophers and prophets only a century or two ahead of their time. They are simply common criminals of the worst kind. But they form an essential part of the militant force of anarchism.

That the anarchists cannot attain any of the ulterior objects attributed to them is a matter of course. But their existence nevertheless imposes a serious problem upon society. It is to defend itself against a secret combination of crazy people and criminals—that is, to punish and so far as possible to prevent the atrocities which form their trade, without trenching upon the legitimate and necessary rights and liberties of the citizen. In this country the danger of an encroachment upon those rights and liberties by such measures of repression and prevention, although not altogether absent, is far less threatening than in European states, the governments of which have a tendency to aggrandize the police power, and are prone to avail themselves of any apparent or real public danger, or any panicky feeling among the people, to this end at the expense of free institutions. While the crimes of the anarchists are apt to produce such panicky feelings on account of the prominence of their victims, there is really no reason to apprehend that they may not be prevented and punished by the same appliances which are sufficient for the breaking up and punishment of bands of brigands or counterfeiters of money. To extirpate their so-called doctrines those measures are certainly the worst which would make the law-abiding citizen fear for his own rights.

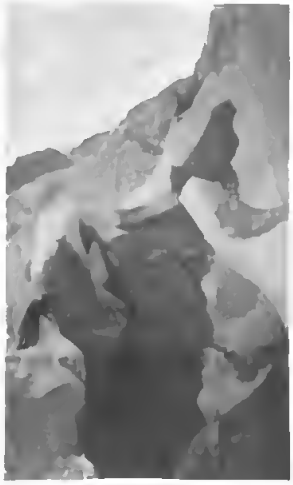
CARL SCHURZ.

EAST RIM OF THE CRATER AND COLUMBIA ROCK.

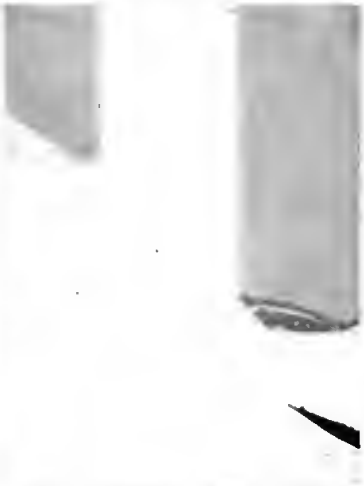
PASSING THE BEEHIVE.

NISQUALLY GLACIER, AT AN ALTITUDE OF 9000 FEET.

ADVANCE PARTY LOOKING DOWN COWLITZ GLACIER.



AN ICE CAVE ON THE NISQUALLY.



SNOW SLOPE AND ROCK PIER WHERE PROFESSOR McCLURE MET HIS DEATH

ASCENT OF THE MAZAMAS TO THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT RAINIER, WASHINGTON.—[See Page 850]

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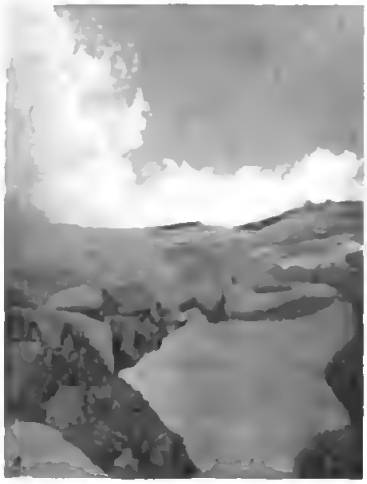
ADVANCE PARTY CROSSING NISQUALLY GLACIER

CROSSING THE FIRST SNOW FIELD

MOUNT RAINIER FROM REFLECTION LAKE.



STORM BREAKING AWAY ON NISQUALLY GLACIER

P. B. VAN TRUMP ON THE SITE OF HIS OLD CAMP
He made the first Ascent of Mount Rainier, in 1870, with General Hazard Stevens.

LOOKING EAST FROM CAMP MUIR

ASCENT OF THE MAZAMAS TO THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT RAINIER, WASHINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 850]

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FOREIGN NOTES.

FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW.

BERLIN, *August 6, 1897.*

GENERAL BLUMENTHAL has just celebrated the seventieth anniversary of his entering the Prussian army. He is eighty-seven years old, having been born in 1810—the year in which Queen Louisa died.

With Blumenthal will pass away the last of the venerable leaders who made the reign of William I. memorable for its vigorous old men. Blumenthal, like Moltke, is a man of singular modesty and gentleness of disposition. On the many occasions when I have been privileged to meet him I have been particularly struck with these qualities, as rarely combined in the Prussian soldier. During the latter years of his life he has shown a physical vigor astonishing to the youngsters about him.

At one of the grand maneuvres, if I remember rightly, near Hanover, the day opened with a cold, sullen rainstorm that promised discomfort. We were not disappointed. The military attaches said to themselves, "Of course we shall not see Blumenthal to-day." But we were all mistaken, for we soon saw the grand old Field Marshal, without an overcoat on, sitting motionless on his horse, and taking apparently no notice whatever of the scattering streams that were insidiously creeping into our clothes, and suggesting future twinges of rheumatism. The officers, particularly the older ones, wished very much to put on their overcoats, but so long as Blumenthal did not wear his, they of course could not. Repeated hints were offered the old gentleman, but he stoutly ignored them, to our increasing discomfort. There rode by an aide-de-camp of the Emperor's, and he also implored the venerable Field Marshal to protect himself, but without effect.

All this while the Emperor was directing the operations of 30,000 men, and was so much engrossed as to forget entirely that he too was becoming gradually saturated. An aide de-camp offered him his cloak in vain. At last, however, one bolder and more quick witted than the rest called his Majesty's attention to the fact that old Blumenthal would not cover himself so long as the Emperor did not set the example. Of course William II. at once threw a cloak about him, and sent word to Blumenthal to do the same. Never did an imperial edict give more humoristic satisfaction than this one, which allowed several dozens of handsomely uniformed warriors to protect their bones and gold lace from the effects of a long cold rain.

If Field-Marshal Blumenthal has taken the trouble to write, from time to time, his impressions of men and measures during his long official career, these will prove of great interest to the future historian, for Blumenthal is inclined to be liberal in his political views. It was no doubt on this account, as well as because of his military capacity, that the Crown-Prince, in 1870, made a special request for him as chief of his staff.

The Emperor Frederick, as we know, delighted in the conversation of cultivated and liberal men, and was deemed in Prussia as rather peculiar because he did not limit his acquaintance exclusively to soldiers and officials. I am inclined to think that he had a larger acquaintance with men of intellectual achievement than any other monarch who has ever sat upon the Prussian throne. If Field-Marshal Blumenthal would give the world a true version of his many intimate talks with the noble "Fritz" it would be a most valuable contribution to modern German history.

Last week I was talking politics with a German publicist whose opinion is universally respected here. He surprised me by saying that, in his opinion, a German history written by a German not only did not exist, but could not be produced in the present state of things. He referred particularly to such a work as Greco's *History of England*, and deplored the existence in Germany of a spirit in governmental circles which proved hostile to honest literary work.

Of course I protested that we Americans were brought up to regard Germany as the very fountain-head of scientific accuracy and, above all, historic truth. I spoke of such famous works as Ranke's *Popes of Rome*, Curtius's *History of Greece*, Mommsen's *Roman History*. But he cut me short by pointing out that such histories dealt with far away times and things, and not with interests affecting the political life of to-day. The fact is that promotion in every literary walk of life is, in Prussia at least, intimately associated with official favor. The government is the patron of painters, sculptors, actors, and university professors—indirectly if not directly. The Berlin man of science must range himself with the colorless mass of officials, or else be regarded as an enemy of the government, that is to say, a liberal. As such an government can rob him of his past achievements, but he must carry on his future life's work under the disadvantage of having the most powerful patron in the country for a sleepless enemy. A Virchow may rise above such obstacles, but the Berlin university professors have grown so accustomed to the atmosphere of the official that they cease to reason about questions of national interest.

The Prussian of to-day confuses loyalty to the person of his king with loyalty to truth. That is perhaps the reason why Prussia is mostly made up of either socialists or soldiers.

The magnificent monument to Frederick the Great which adorns the space between the palace of old Emperor William and the University of Berlin furnishes a striking illustration of the radical difference between a constitutional and a military government. The monument I refer to is one of the grandest equestrian compositions in the world, made by the foremost sculptor of his day, paid for by a grateful population, and commemorating a monarch not only glorious as a soldier, but also as the patron of art and letters. This monument, as every American tourist knows, is supposed to bring together all the great men who lived under this king—something after the manner of the Albert Memorial in London.

Amongst the dozen who crowd in effigy about the base of this statue I could discover but two whose profession was not exclusively that of killing their fellow-man. These two were Kant and Lessing, the only names in the whole crowd that would to-day be generally known amongst fairly educated people.

If honesty, cleverness, and enterprise could make a monarch popular, the throne of William II. would be the safest investment in Europe. But unfortunately for him the people over whom he rules are disposed to have a share in the government of their country, and hence to-day a friction between such and monarch that made revolution fifty years ago. Indeed, there is a curious parallel between William II. and his grandfather's brother, Frederick William IV., who commenced to reign in 1840, and nearly ceased his official existence in the stormy days of 1848. As we all know, Frederick William IV. was a most enlightened, pious, respectable, hard working, and humane man, but that did not save him.

Just now the German Emperor and the German Parliament are in conflict as to whether the navy of the fatherland shall be increased much or little. The Emperor wishes a very large increase; the German representatives say that the money could be better spent on something else. In 1862 a conflict like this arose over the army budget, with the result that the late Emperor William I. dismissed the people's representative, and ruled happily without consulting any Parliament at all. I have heard excellent men in Berlin say latterly that 1862 will repeat itself. If so, I am sorry to hear it.

German members of Parliament have recently been referred to as "Vaterlandslose Gesellen" (fellows who have divested themselves of all feeling for their country) because they refused to vote the whole navy budget submitted by the government. This uncomplimentary expression is said to have been used by the Emperor himself. If so, it shows that he has no ministers about him strong enough to tell him the truth. Hohenlohe is paid for that purpose.

I know many very loyal Germans who love their Emperor and love their country, yet decline to vote more money for the navy. The Emperor should know this through his ministers, and not have to learn it through an American paper. Since the founding of the German Empire the amount spent on the navy has amounted to nearly four hundred million dollars—a very handsome sum, considering the amount of good these dollars might have done had they gone to improve the sanitary condition of school buildings, or to plant trees along the highways, or to raise the salaries of the half-starved officials and teachers and clergymen.

Germans are just now commenting on the fact that between 1872 and 1888 (when the present Emperor acceded) the annual naval expenditure did not double, but that since 1888 the marine budget has increased fourfold. In 1872 the naval expenditure was thirty-one million marks; for this year it is one hundred and seventeen millions. The cost of increasing the navy has been relatively greater than that of increasing the army.

A German navy is a quite modern thing, and many patriotic Germans cannot see much necessity for one. Frederick the Great never bothered his head about a navy, yet managed to thrash all his neighbors, and make of Prussia the strongest war force in all Europe. His successors down to the year 1881 looked upon a navy as unnecessary.

In 1884 Bismarck was hard pressed for some new toy with which to amuse his capricious parliamentary nursery, so he hoisted German flags in several swamps along the shores of Africa and proclaimed Germany a colonial power; and of course colonies must be protected, so a navy had to be built.

Anton von Werner, the president of the Berlin Art Academy, delivered a very scathing address to his students last week. It was published unabridged in the newspapers, and has made a deep impression—for this gentleman speaks his mind vigorously. He condemned the present German fashion of seeking success in art by limiting foreign concurrencies—by appealing to a vulgar taste for what is merely sensational. The distinguished speaker had a splendid test in the present Berlin exhibition, for I looked in vain for any general expression of good German art. There were second hand Leightons and Corots and Whistlers and Watts. There was a violent straining after very thin so-called *plein air* effect; there were imitations of Millet and other Frenchmen, but I had come to see the work of Germans, and was disappointed.

Berlin is, however, by no means the capital of Germany as Paris is that of France, and therefore we must not conclude that because Berlin art is poor there are not plenty of good painters in the father land. Munich and Dresden, Hamburg and Leipsic—each cities have traditions in literature and art antedating the German Empire, and these have not yet been surrendered. Berlin is now too much a city of barracks and bureaux to be a pleasant residence for a mere civilian artist. The central police overshadow municipal liberties so much that Germans who have made a fortune rarely seek their leisure in the neighborhood of the "Spree Athens." Paris and London draw thousands of wealthy strangers to their gates, and these in turn attract thousands of painters. When Berlin does for Germany what London does for England, then—the Salon on the Spree will be worth coming to see.

The election of Professor Schmoller to be rector, or president, of the Berlin University is greeted with much applause by Liberals in Germany, because this election is something of a political as well as academic test. The universities here in Germany always been the nurseries of liberal, not to say revolutionary, citizens, and the secret police is their permanent enemy. In England and with us the opposite is the case. Perhaps that is one reason why revolutions in Germany have been such tame things—they have rarely emanated from the broad masses of the people, as in France. However, Schmoller is a Liberal, and the Berlin University in making him its president at this moment is credited with a desire to acquaint the government that it is not in sympathy with its present policy. The "Rector" must be approved by the Kaiser, and this in Prussia is by no means a matter of course—as Virchow knows. Schmoller is to Germany what Professor Sumner is to us—a critical student of political economy with no reference to any school. Both Schmoller and Sumner are historians as well as economists, both are the most popular lecturers at their respective universities, both preach the truth too distinctly to be favorites at court. I will remember the efforts made by protectionists to have Sumner removed from Yale in the years following the popular majority given to Samuel J. Tilden in 1876. The agrarians of Prussia would like to drive Schmoller out of his post, for he is a master of Prussian financial history, and refuses to support the present government. Schmoller is in the prime of life, a jovial, broad shouldered German, with lots of common sense. He would make a much better Prime Minister than Hohenlohe—for I presume that he has the courage to resist the insidious effects of court life.

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

THE MAZAMAS ON MOUNT RAINIER.

To the thousands who are interested in the promotion of exploration, scientific research, and the science of mountaineering, the word Mazama is familiar. The Mazamas organized July 19, 1894, on Mount Hood, and eligibility to membership requires that the applicant shall have climbed to the summit of a snow-capped mountain. In general terms this is understood to mean the mountain shall not be less than 10,000 feet high, and must have a living glacier. The Mazamas have just made their first ascent of Mount Rainier. It was the largest expedition that ever reached the top of the giant of the Cascades, and one of the largest that ever ascended any mountain-peak of fame. The party returned in sorrow and gloom because of the awful death of Professor Edgar McClure, of Oregon, who, while descending at night, fell over a precipice. His bruised and mangled body was found among the rocks by his comrades, and now rests in an Oregon cemetery. His death was due to lack of caution and failure to use the rope. It is safe to say that never again will experienced mountain-climbers attempt to lead so large a party on an expedition, which from the start to the finish is one grand bundle of dangers. The party, seventy-three in number, including some of the most scientific mountaineers of the world, left Tacoma July 20, 1897. Among its distinguished members were Dr. B. A. Tschimoff, vice-inspector at the Russian forestry, Henry G. Gannett, chief geographer of the United States Geological Survey; Frederick Haynes Newell, chief hydrographer of the United States Geological Survey; Dr. C. Hart Merriam, chief biologist of the United States Biological Survey; Dr. A. K. Fisher, assistant chief biologist, Dr. Frank R. Baker, superintendent of the National Zoological Parks; Dr. B. E. Fernow, chief of the forestry division, United States Department of Agriculture, and P. B. Van Trump, of Yelm, Washington, who made the first ascent of Mount Rainier, 1870, with General Hazard Stevens.

Just before Paradise Valley was reached, Edward Curtis, the leader of the party, said to some friends, "It will be a grand trip, but there are too many inexperienced people in the party. I fear that before we return some accident will happen which will bathe the trip in gloom." His words proved true. In addition to the death of Professor McClure, a number of severe accidents occurred, which caused the experienced members of the party much annoyance. Dr. E. Weldon Young, the physician of the occasion, was in constant service. A large majority of those who attempted the ascent were inexperienced in mountain-climbing. From time to time they were seized with fits of dizziness, nose-bleeds, and other illnesses, which are found to come to persons unaccustomed to the altitude and the general hardships of a mountain climbing trip.

Paradise Valley was reached July 22, but a few stragglers did not arrive until the following day. The party enjoyed the beauty of the valley until July 26 when the start to Camp Muir was commenced. The journey was made in a day. The night was spent there, and on the morning of July 27 the Mazamas started for the summit. Of the seventy alive who started, fifty eight reached the crater. The others were compelled to return. Those who were successful accomplished a feat which many have tried and failed. While the successful ones were en route to and from the summit, three distinct parties that left Paradise Valley with the intention of spending a night in the crater were compelled to give up in despair after reaching an altitude of about 12,000 feet. It may be said that but for the presence of a half dozen or more experienced mountain-climbers, some of the amateurs of the Mazama party would not have seen the summit of Rainier. Life lines were kept out during the entire trip, and, as one climber said, "the experienced members of the party ascended several times, while the amateurs hardly reached the summit." All the weak ones had to do was to hold on to the life lines, and they were safe.

The Mazamas climbed from Camp Muir to the summit in eleven hours, having started at 5 A.M., and stepped into the crater at 3.50 P.M. Thirty minutes were consumed in registering, photographing, etc., and at 4.20 P.M. the descent commenced. Camp Muir was reached about nine o'clock that night. There some of the party spent the night, while others pushed on to Mazama Camp, in Paradise Valley. It was while this journey was being made that Professor McClure met death. With several others he had pushed ahead of the main party. The life-line was not in use. He got beyond the members of his party, and in the darkness fell over a snow precipice. The main body of the Mazamas reached Paradise Valley at 4 A.M., Thursday, and three hours later the rescue party arrived with McClure's body on a stretcher. Investigation showed that McClure had slipped on a high snow precipice about 200 feet east of the huge pile of rocks one and a half miles above Camp Mazama, toward Camp Muir, commonly called "The Sphinx," now renamed "McClure Rocks." He was buried with tremendous velocity to the rocks 200 feet below, striking head first. Death must have been instantaneous. Had he gone fourteen feet further east he would have missed the rocks entirely, sliding on down the mountain for perhaps one quarter of a mile, but in all probability in safety. His death is the first fatality to occur on Rainier.

Eight of the party, including two ladies, spent the night of July 27 in the crater. The following day they started to return, and late in the evening news reached Paradise Valley that Walter Rogers, of Portland, one of those who had remained in the crater, had slipped on a snow precipice east of McClure Rocks, and had fallen into a crevice. H. C. Ainsley, of Portland, met with a similar accident. The Mazamas organized a rescuing party, and, after much difficult work, succeeded in rescuing the two men and returning with them in safety to the camp.

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THIS BUSY WORLD

WASHINGTON CORRINGTON, of Peoria, Illinois, has announced his intention of devoting his fortune of a million dollars or more—perhaps a million and a half—to founding a university. He is a farmer, eighty-five years old, of New England descent, but a native of Ohio, who has lived near Peoria since 1846. His wife, a little younger than himself, is living and they have five children. Mr. Corrington is a self-educated man, who learned to read later in life than most Americans do; but having learned, has practised that accomplishment pretty diligently for the last forty years, much to his satisfaction and profit. He wanted his children to be educated, and one of his sons went through college, but the others did not care about it. Though he has himself become an exceptionally well-informed man, he has always regretted his lack of early education, and has wished to offer to others the opportunities which were denied to him. For twenty years he has entertained the purpose to devote the bulk of his accumulations to a university. Now he has appointed three trustees, who, at his death, are to turn his farms and various properties into money, and to proceed to start an institution, the scope and purposes of which he thus describes:

> The name of the said university shall be the Corrington Institute and University. Its object and purpose shall be to collect and diffuse knowledge among mankind, embracing science in all its departments, classic and modern; mathematics, astronomy, philosophy, geography, history, political economy, law, medicine, metaphysics and higher criticism, and all else that may be worth knowing—all on a pure ethical basis—to the end that an may have a higher grade of instruction for the human family, and that all truth and knowledge may be disseminated.

Mr. Corrington believes that women need education as much as men do, and his Institute and University will be coeducational. His plan is still only a plan, but it shows good promise of fulfilment. It seems to be the men who got their book learning in spite of great obstacles who are most disposed to found colleges and to smooth the path of learners. There have been so many such men in this country, and institutions of learning founded by them are beginning so to abound, that the time seems almost in sight when there will be no many colleges that ambitious lads will no longer be permitted to grow up illiterate and get rich, and will no longer feel in their maturity the impulse to found new universities.

Peoria, with a population of over 40,000, is the second city in Illinois. If its fame heretofore has been largely associated with the production of whiskey and of Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, that is only an incident, and should prejudice no one against it. Of course it will profit from the institution which Mr. Corrington intends to found, even though the new university should find its scope necessarily more restricted than its founder intends.

Urged perhaps by the disposition of the *Sun* to find a dog day's topic in pensions, a Washington correspondent of the *Tribune* declares that pension expenditures have finally reached the top notch, and are bound to decrease henceforth, unless Congress meddles. On June 30, 1896, there were 970,678 names on the pension rolls. During the next twelve months about 30,000 of these pensioners died, and the names of 14,000 others were dropped for various reasons. But almost exactly as many new names were added, so that there was a net increase of 154 names. That is not much for in spite of it the actual disbursements were about $1,500,000 less last year than the year before. There are about 450,000 claims pending, but, notwithstanding that, this sanguine correspondent expects the pension burden to grow annually less. It is a hopeful view to take, and not only contrary to experience, but contrary apparently to the intention of a large and industrious organized body of our fellow-citizens, who seem determined that the tax payers shall discredit that old saw about the ingratitude of republics.

Attorney-General Knowlton of Massachusetts decides, in an elaborate paper, that the recent law which was to make it unsafe for Massachusetts women to wear birds in their hats does not apply to birds killed outside of the State. Inasmuch as this decision takes most of the bite out of the present law, it is in order now for the defenders of birds to prepare a new law which shall be proof against legal interpretations.

As a result of the proposition to divert the funds raised for a Stowe monument in Hartford to the support of Mrs. Stowe's daughters, these ladies (there are two of them) have signed their names to a communication to the Hartford newspapers which reads:

> While we fully appreciate the kindly feeling that has prompted all the talk and suggestions in the matter of our temporal affairs, we wish to say that no error seems to be prevalent regarding them. We are happy to be able to state to those kindly interested that we are, and we hope we always shall be, far from needing assistance, either public or private.

Herr Andrée has made no report of himself as yet, but there is nothing to be gained by giving him up. He told his relatives before he started that if he was not heard from within two months after he got off, it would probably be a year before he would be able to bring in his report. The two months are nearly up, but the fact that he faced the possibility of spending a year out of reach of civilization is a hopeful consideration. The longer he stays away, the bigger his book will be when he writes it.

The newspapers, however, print an interesting rumor that a real Andrée pigeon has been caught, bearing the message, "Eighty-two degrees passed. Good journey northward. Andrée." The date was Birgitte. Another message, said to have been brought by the same bird, has not been disclosed. The whole story at this writing needs confirmation.

Another newspaper story records the discovery of "remarkable finds of pearls in apparently inexhaustible quantities, in lakes and bayous of western Arkansas." Maybe so. Pearls make the most satisfactory scarf pins in use, and many persons will find personal adornment a good deal simplified by a big abatement in the price of them. These Arkansas pearls are said to form in the shells of mussels.

Hartford reports an extraordinary and momentous August visitation of mosquitoes, due to heavy rains and floods in the Connecticut Valley. Hartford mail-carriers have had to wear veils and gloves, and the transaction of business has been retarded. In Yonkers, it is said, there has been a plague of fleas, which have made existence exceptionally lively in some parts of the town. New York reports nothing more unusual than a visitation of buyers, brought here through the efforts of the Merchants' Association, which induced various railroads to bring purchasers from outlying districts, near and remote, at reduced rates of fare. This last piece of enterprise has been highly successful, and brought some thousands of remunerative visitors to town in a month when trade is usually somewhat dull and the streets of New York comparatively empty.

There may be more famous graduates of Brown University than Mr. Richard Olney, late Secretary of State, but only persons exceptionally familiar with the catalogue of the Brown alumni will recall them. Mr. Olney is famous enough to make it worth noting that he is stated to have written to the faculty of Brown a strong protest against the action of the trustees in the case of Dr. Andrews. Mr. Olney, as we all know, believes in free speech, and likes his with the bark on, and thinks it inexpedient that Dr. Andrews should be restrained. He has followed the course, unique in the Brown-Andrews controversy, of sending his letter to the persons addressed, without sending a copy for the use of the newspapers.

Another distinguished gentleman who has expressed views about the case of Dr. Andrews is Senator Hoar, who has recorded an emphatic opinion that "a college president or professor has as much right to express his opinion on a question affecting the community as any man in the country." The public should know what the scholars think, says the Senator. Yet he has not much fault to find with the trustees of Brown.

> "I can't see," he says, "that they have asked President Andrews to resign. They have simply asked him to consult with them. If we can appreciate a man who is stating his honest opinion on a question which seems to be a matter of public policy, who is doing what he can to pull up a dollar worth forty-two cents, I don't see why we can't indulge the trustees in the discussion of the policy to be pursued by the college."

It is rumored now that a number of the four-and-twenty youngers of the Brown faculty who signed the protest against acceptance of Dr. Andrews's resignation will resign their places if his resignation is accepted. It is also rumored that the faculty protest angered some of the trustees, and tuned them up for war. Congressman Walker especially is credited with having streaked his visage with martial pigments and gritted his teeth, but then rumor is apt to exaggerate, and we should not believe all we hear.

The one person who seems to be entirely reconciled to the situation at Brown is Mr. John Bruben Walker, who announces that the Cosmopolitan University is fast getting into shape, and that Dr. Andrews has definitely accepted the presidency of it.

The encounter with swords between Prince Henry of Orleans and the Count of Turin, on Sunday morning, August 15, in the Bois de Vaucresson, near Paris, though by no means so much of a fight as that between Fitzsimmons and Corbett at Carson City, was, on the whole, a better exhibition than was expected. There seems to have been no rhinocope on the ground (a singular omission, especially as the true motive of the fight appears to have been a advertisement), and we shall never therefore enjoy a full realization of what occurred. Still, the affair has been pretty thoroughly reported, and all narratives agree as to the main facts—that the contestants fought five rounds in twenty-six minutes, and that the duel was terminated when Prince Henry received a puncture of respectable gravity in the lower right-hand corner of his stomach. Twice the engagement was stopped by a "*corps de corps*," a mysterious occurrence which may mean that they clinched. It is reported that it is considered in Italy that Prince Henry was knocked out, and that Rome howls with delight at that result.

The duel, as possibly some readers of the WEEKLY may have learned, was a consequence of strictures communicated from Abyssinia by Prince Henry to the Paris *Figaro* upon the behavior of the Italians in their recent war with King Menelek.

A benevolent Boston woman, who is sorry for the poor seals which are being exterminated for the sake of their skins, proposes that American women shall come to their relief by declining to wear seal skin coats. The suggestion is kind, but not valuable. If the seals can't be protected, they will be wiped out, but it will not be the fault of the women who wear seal skins, but of the government of Great Britain. Meanwhile, if the Boston women really want to help the seals, let them start a fashion of using the scalps of Canadian seal hunters for trimming. That might really do some good.

The Boston *Transcript* finds in Kipling's "Recessional" the forecast of "a very possible day when the first newspaper man to become laureate shall have earned his keep of England's future king." Very possibly, but it won't be much of a day. The appointment of a new laureate would not be an event but only a piece of news, and the selection of a distinguished newspaper man to be poet-laureate would rather be an incident in his career than a clear case of promotion. The laurel has wilted a good deal since Tennyson wore it.

The most stirring news disclosed at the recent meeting of the American Association at Detroit was the announcement by Dr. Spencer of Washington that the habits of the Great Lakes were steadily progressing towards a change, and that, unless something was done to hinder, the lakes would presently discharge their surplus across Chicago, or thereabouts, into the Mississippi River, instead of over Niagara Falls, as at present. Dr. Spencer considered Detroit as well as Chicago in a situation of peril—not immediate, to be sure, but geologically certain, unless means were used to prevent it.

As this peril is apparently due to the prospective closing of the Niagara River, it can probably be averted by keeping that river open. Meanwhile work is progressing on the Chicago drainage canal, and no doubt Chicago will soon be in a position to accommodate any reasonable amount of lake water that inclines to travel southward by the direct route to the Gulf.

The new president of the American Association, Professor Frederick Ward Putnam, of Harvard, has been permanent secretary of the association for twenty-five years. He is Professor of American Archæology and Ethnology at Harvard, and curator of the Peabody Museum of American Archæology and Ethnology at Cambridge. He was chief of the department of ethnology at the Chicago Fair. He was born in Salem, Massachusetts, in 1839, and took with such zeal to the study of natural history that he was elected a member of the Boston Natural History Society in 1850, when he was seventeen years old. The distinguished record of his scientific labors, and of the important places he has filled and still fills in various scientific societies, would take room space than can here be given to it.

Next year the American Association will meet in Boston and celebrate its fiftieth anniversary in the city of its birth.

Lord Kelvin, who passed through New York a fortnight ago on his way to the meeting of the British Association at Toronto, is not, like Lord Salisbury, a peer who is a scientist in his spare time, but a professor whose vocation is science, and who is only incidentally a lord. He is Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Glasgow, and there may be readers of the WEEKLY, not familiarly conversant with contemporary scientists, who may not recall that he was born (in 1824) William Thomson, son of James Thomson, also a Glasgow professor.

Lord Kelvin's term of fruitful labor, which gives no sign as yet of reaching its limit, already covers more than half a century. He went to college in Glasgow when he was eleven years old; at twenty one he was a second wrangler and a fellow at Cambridge, and at twenty two, in 1846, he was appointed to the Glasgow professorship, which he has ever since held. He is especially wise about electricity, and for his labors in connection with the laying of the Atlantic cable in 1866 he was knighted. He invented a form of the mariner's compass and a machine for taking soundings, both of which are extensively used in navigation. He has received all the distinctions that a British scientist can find room for, has five times been president of the British Association, and in 1890 succeeded Sir George Stokes as president of the Royal Society. In 1892 he was created first Lord Kelvin.

Lord Rayleigh, who shared with Professor Ramsay the distinction of discovering argon, got his title by inheritance from his father. He, too, has been at the meeting in Toronto.

On August 16, Justice Stephen Johnson Field broke the record for length of service as a member of the United States Supreme Court. Chief Justice Marshall, whose appointment by President Adams was confirmed on December 31, 1801, served until his death on July 6, 1835. Justice Field was appointed by President Lincoln on May 3, 1863, but he was not sworn in until May 20, and for record purposes the lapse of time seems to be computed from that date.

Justice Field was eighty years old last November, yet there is no reason to believe that he considers his strength as yet unequal to his day. His reverend father lived to be eighty-six, his elder brother, David Dudley, lived to see his ninetieth year, his brother Cyrus sank under a weight of misfortune at seventy three, and his brother Henry is still, at seventy-five, the vigorous editor of the *Evangelist*.

The reason given for the dissatisfaction of Baptists in Kentucky with Dr. Whitsitt, the president of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, is that he told in an article lately published in an encyclopædia that the English Baptists practised sprinkling until 1641. This statement seems to conflict with the convictions of the standard Baptists of Kentucky as to the antiquity of immersion, the conflict being so earnest that the Baptist Associations of several counties have declined to recommend either moral or financial support of the Southern Seminary until Dr. Whitsitt retires. But Dr. Whitsitt is not a quitter. He says he will not resign, and as Baptists of an earlier date than 1641 are now very scarce, it may be difficult to prove that his statement was erroneous enough to warrant his removal.

Interest attaches to the case of Mr. John W. Bookwalter, of Springfield, Ohio, who is reported to have offered his local properties for sale, wiped the dust of Ohio off his feet, and, as the children say, "gone off mad." The story is that Mr. Bookwalter was displeased because a lawsuit growing out of an accident to a wayfarer who fell into a street opening was decided against him. He also ran for Governor on the Democratic ticket, and was beaten, and that may have helped to grieve him. Now, it seems, most of his considerable properties in Springfield are on the market, and he has gone to Europe *sans doc*. Mr. Bookwalter will find much that is pleasing and instructive abroad, but he may search Europe up and down without finding a country so well situated to profit by the distribution of prize packages as the State of Ohio. It is reasonable enough for a Ohio man to feel disgruntled because he cannot have his own way, or get the office he tries for. But how is it in Europe? For the last forty years it has taxed the resources of the whole continent to afford comfortable thrones for the family of the King of Denmark. The pickings of Ohio are far richer than that.

It sounds odd to hear the *Sun* say, in speaking of a recent magazine article about the "Political Aspects of the Plague in India," that "the author is Professor of Sanscrit in Yale University, and is specially qualified to discuss the subject which he has selected." Is there not some basis for the impression that it is one of the planks in the *Sun's* platform of beliefs that the fact that a man is a college professor disqualifies him from intelligent discussion of the political aspects of anything?

E. S. MARTIN.

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THE REQUIEM MASS FOR THE LATE SEÑOR CÁNOVAS DEL CASTILLO—SCENE IN THE CHURCH OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL, NEW YORK CITY, AUGUST 18.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 853.]

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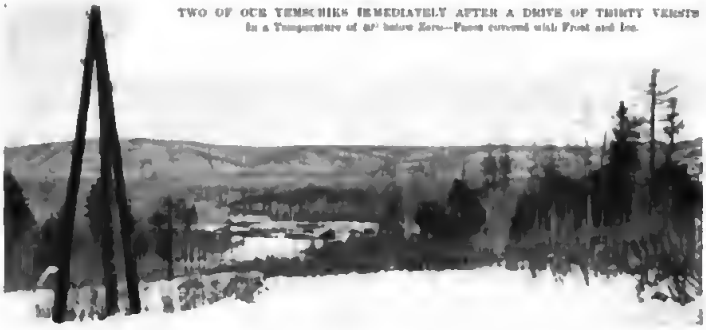
THE "IMMERSION OF THE CROSS" IN THE ANGARA RIVER AT IRKUTSK
A baptismal Ceremony of the Greek Church. The Cross-Font is made of Ice.

TWO OF OUR YEMSCHIKS IMMEDIATELY AFTER A DRIVE OF THIRTY VERSTS
In a Temperature of 40° below Zero—Faces covered with Frost and Ice.

MONASTERY OF VOSNESENSKAYA, NEAR IRKUTSK



Joseph Telegraph Pub.

VIEW FROM A HILL OVERLOOKING A POST-STATION NEAR IRKUTSK.

THE KAZANOFF ORPHAN-ASYLUM, IRKUTSK.

RESIDENCE OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL, IRKUTSK.

A PANORAMIC VIEW OF IRKUTSK FROM THE SOUTH BANK OF THE ANGARA.

BY SLEDGE AND RAIL ACROSS SIBERIA—LAKE BAIKAL TO EUROPE—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. H. JACKSON.

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BY SLEDGE AND RAIL ACROSS SIBERIA.

III.—LAKE BAIKAL TO EUROPE.

LAKE BAIKAL TO KRASNOYARSK

THE popular and familiar idea of a journey across Siberia in winter is that of lonely travel over vast wastes of wind swept snow and ice, its monotony only enlivened by pursuing packs of famished and ravenous wolves. Our experience certainly did not at all come up to this exciting reality, though it must be admitted that the country, as we approached Lake Baikal, gave the impression of being well suited for such experiences. The regular route, going either east or west, in winter, is to cross the lake on the ice somewhat to the south of the point at which it is joined by its great feeder the Selenga, and we had hoped to follow this route until we were warned that the experiment would not be safe, the ice not being considered firm enough at the time we reached its neighborhood. We had consequently to take the longer route round the southern end of the lake, over the most desolate and roughest country we had encountered on our journey. Fortunately the snow lay deep in the neighborhood of the lake, and our yemschiks vied with one another in racing their pony teams at full gallop down the slopes at a headlong speed which was exhilarating even if at first a little alarming.

A MONGOLIAN FALCON TRAINER.

We saw nothing of the wolves, however. Indeed, we were in no want of safer company, for we had now got into the full tide of traffic, such as flows in a continuous stream both ways to and from Irkutsk over eastern Siberia during the whole of the winter months. It is carried on almost entirely by means of pony sledges, each carrying about five hundred pounds weight of goods, and proceeding, apparently without halt or rest, in a long line across the snow. Each pony is fastened in each caravan by a rope to the back of the sledge before him, on which are placed a box of grain and a bundle of hay, that he may eat as he goes. Of course the little animals must rest from time to time, but the impression they give as you meet them by day or night tramping silently onwards through the snow in long unbroken files is that they go on forever. They are evidently entirely accustomed to the life, for they are but little troubled with the attentions of drivers. An attendant who nods drowsily on every sixth sledge has the apparently easy task of looking after them. There was something strange in the sensation of passing one of these creatures by moonlight when the long train looked ghostly and moved silently past, with not the sound of a footfall nor a sign of human life, only the low occasional tinkle of a bell on the "dougas," except when now and then a bundle of fur would move as we passed, and perhaps a face peer curiously at us from the shapeless heap. We were on the road continuously, and yet we hardly ever saw these trains at rest. At all hours of the day or night they seemed to be going going going onwards without rest, and yet the pace was brisk and the little beasts looked strong and well. Of all the thousands of teams we passed on our journey we saw less than half a dozen dead ponies left by the way side.

YEMSCHIKS.

The merchandise exported to Siberia from Russia amounts, it is said, in a year to not less than 300,000 tons, and it is probable that little if any less finds its way across Siberia into Russia, as this includes nearly all the trade with China. Allowing that perhaps from a half to two-thirds of the export trade never goes beyond Irkutsk, some idea may be formed of the number of sledge loads, at the rate of four to each ton, required to transport some 400,000 tons of goods, an inconsiderable part of it ten, over the snows of eastern Siberia.

The hilly country around the southern shore of Lake Baikal will present many engineering difficulties in the way of the great railroad whenever it is found necessary to make the line continuous. For the present it is not proposed to attempt this, and in the mean time it is intended to carry the trains on steam transports over the lake from the mouth of the Angara, or rather its point of outflow, on the western shore a few miles from Irkutsk to a point on the eastern shore where the land is tolerably favorable for railway construction. This will involve a crossing of about fifty miles, and as the lake is subject to violent storms, the problem may well prove a serious one. Sooner or later, no doubt, the necessity of undertaking the work of finding a way for the line through or over the mountainous country will force itself upon the Russian government, and it will doubtless be met with the dogged determination characteristic of the race and its rulers. The projected line of railroad through Manchuria, now arranged for with the Chinese government, diverges in a southeasterly direction from the line originally laid out to Chita and Stretensk, a little to the east of the point where it crosses the Selenga east of the lake, and will unquestionably, both in the character of the country through which it passes and in the point at which it will reach the Pacific, be a vast improvement, in addition to effecting a saving of some 1200 miles in the distance between Irkutsk and a seaport.

Irkutsk itself is unquestionably the most interesting as well as the largest and most important city in Siberia. It is now more than two hundred years since the city was founded by the early Russian conquerors of western Siberia, and there can be no doubt that they showed excellent judgment in the choice of a site. Situated on the Angara, only a few miles below its point of outflow from the great lake of the country which substantially marks the division between eastern and western Siberia, it practically commands the approaches to the upper waters of the two great rivers, the Yenisei through the Angara, and the Lena by an overland approach either direct from the city itself or from the western shore of Lake Baikal over an easy country. The lake itself has somewhat the proportions of an inland sea, being some four hundred miles long by a width of from thirty to fifty miles. It is true that the Lena, running far to the east and then bending west as it approaches the arctic circle, runs for the most part through a district almost unparalleled among inhabited countries for the severity of its climate and for the poverty of its soil. In the mean time its population is very limited, consisting mainly of nomadic aboriginal tribes of Mongolian origin who live chiefly by hunting and fishing. It has, however, of late years been discovered that considerable districts in the valley of the Lena are rich in minerals, both gold and other less valuable metals being present in considerable quantities, so that in spite of its unattractive climate it is more than possible there may yet be a considerable population in the country of which Yakutsk is the centre, the trade of which will always be likely to pass through Irkutsk. The great valley of the Yenisei, on the other hand, which in its southern parts at any rate is notoriously the most fertile district in Siberia, will always have a chief depot at Irkutsk, owing to the fact that the Angara is the largest and most navigable tributary of the great river. The agricultural population of the depression in the northern plateau through which the Yenisei and its tributaries flow is already very considerable, but there is no reason why it should not be very greatly increased within a few years, especially as the railway when it reaches Irkutsk will enable the immense supplies of wheat which it is capable of producing to be sent to the Russian market at a price which will yield at least the modest margin of profit which a Russian farmer esteems sufficient.

The city at present contains a population of fully fifty thousand souls, of whom, of course, a considerable percentage are either civil or military officials. At Irkutsk, for the first time on the journey eastward, the traveller begins to see the western or European type of humanity showing itself in the ordinary population, which hitherto has been submerged under the Mongolian type of eastern Asia. Therefore, of course, still plenty of typical Asiatics to be seen even here, but the regular civilian citizens of Irkutsk are principally of European Slavonic race, and evidently related to the military who may be seen everywhere in the broad streets. There is no want of fine buildings in the chief capital of Siberia, indeed, either from a distance or upon a nearer view, Irkutsk is entitled to be considered a fine city, to which the popular name of "the Paris of Siberia" may be applied with some degree of justice. In the winter it is of course a city of snow, which may be regarded as its regular aspect for seven to eight months out of the twelve, but this hardly takes anything from the appearance of the place and its wide thoroughfares form a brilliant spectacle of life and gayety with their dozens of handsome sleighs and dashing teams. There are many fine buildings, nearly all for public and official purposes, indeed, but this is a common feature in all great Russian towns, and the ample space generally allowed to each helps to give full effect to their architectural beauties. This element of ample space in a very marked feature of Irkutsk and impresses an observer as having some connection with the vastness of the country itself. Such buildings as the residence or palace of the Governor General, the cathedral, and some of the monasteries gain immensely by this freedom from the encroachment of near neighbors and so add greatly to the beauty and dignity of the city.

As usual, much has been done for the military part of the population and the number of officers of high rank who are to be found in Irkutsk at all times, either on business at headquarters or as part of the staff, helps largely to give the city its brilliant appearance, and to lend to its society that glitter which has perhaps had much to do with its Parisian reputation. As usual, our party met with every kindness and attention at the hands of official society, both military and civilian, and the few days we passed in the city were fully and pleasantly occupied in seeing all that could interest us as strangers or inform us on the subject of the railway works, in which we were specially interested.

We were now nearing the end of our posting journey, as we expected to reach Krasnoyarsk in four or five days from Irkutsk, and did, as a matter of fact accomplish the 670 miles on the fifth day after leaving the city. We were now in a position to calculate both the time and expense involved in a winter trip across Siberia, and found that from Khabarovka to Krasnoyarsk, where we reached the completed railroad, we had travelled by sledge 2850 miles; we had stopped at 183 posting stations to change horses, and from these stations we had obtained in all 1630 horses and 549 different yemschiks, or drivers. A troika, or team of three horses, was the usual complement for each sledge, but sometimes, when the roads were good or horses scarce, two sufficed for each, and in the dry region of the Trans-Baikal, where the snow was thin, four, five, or even six were required. In this way we had made an average of 114 miles a day throughout the trip, sometimes accomplishing as much as nearly 150, and at others dropping considerably below a hundred.

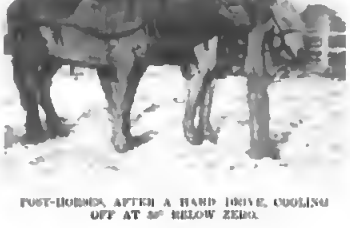
A BURIAT HUNTER.

In the matter of expense, the following figures will show that winter travel in Siberia can hardly be said to be cheap at present. There were six persons in our party, making use of three sledges, and therefore greatly reducing the cost individually. The sledges cost 300 rubles, the hire of horses came to 1161 rubles, the fees to station-keepers, apart from horse hire, 164 rubles, and "drink-money" to the 549 yemschiks, at ten copecks each, about 55 rubles more. In all, therefore, the direct expenses of travel came to 1680 rubles, or £252 nominally. In reality, however, the ruble was only worth about fifty two cents at the time, reducing the actual cost to about thirty cents a mile, or five cents per mile for each person. Extra expenses for food, and expenses of our stay at the various towns at which we rested, no doubt added half as much again to the cost of the journey per head, thus bringing it up to something like eight cents a mile for each of the party.

FROM KRASNOYARSK TO EUROPE

The conquerors of Siberia appear to have exercised a wise discretion in the sites they chose for the towns, which originally were little more than military posts of occupation in a hostile country. It is at least possible, however, that circumstances rather than deliberate choice determined some of these, as we find that they are in every case situated at the point where one or other of the great rivers of the country has to be crossed. Thus while Irkutsk stands on the bank of the Angara, Krasnoyarsk, the next city of importance, is built on the bank of the other great branch of the Yenisei, at a distance, in an almost straight line, of 670 miles to the west. There is little difference in the latitude of any of these cities of Siberia, from Tomsk, the most northerly, in the fifty fourth parallel, to Irkutsk, in the fifty-second, all of them being in about the same parallel as Moscow, and several degrees south of St. Petersburg.

In our sledge journey to Krasnoyarsk from Irkutsk our



POST-HORSES, AFTER A HARD DRIVE, COOLING OFF AT 30° BELOW ZERO.

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A GROUP OF TUNGUSES.

course lay nearly northwest and through a country which we are assured will, within comparatively few years after the completion of the great railroad, be the most prosperous and probably the most populous in Siberia. Our route lay across the depressions in the great Siberian plateau through which the various feeders of the river Yenisei find their way northward towards the Arctic Ocean. Of these, besides the great stream of the Angara at Irkutsk, we crossed no less than five before reaching Krasnoyarsk, each of which would in summer have been a serious barrier to progress, although in their frozen condition they caused no delay as trouble. They will, however, add considerably to the cost of maintenance as well as of original construction of the railway, owing to the risk of great floods when the spring thaw sets in each year, bringing down vast quantities of ice from the mountainous regions of the Altai range, in which it takes its rise. Our route lay across a series of broad low valleys, divided by low ridges of country. A very large part of it is covered with heavy forest at present, but even now there are considerable stretches of cultivated land which bears, it is said, naturally fine crops of wheat, and is capable of almost indefinite extension, nearly all the lowlands being of rich alluvial soil.

Up to the time of our visit, and indeed until the summer of last year, the railroad was only in operation for passenger traffic as far as Tomsk, on a branch of the river Obi, 264 miles to the west of Krasnoyarsk, but the line had been laid as far as the last named town at the time of our visit, the last hundred miles however, being laid entirely on the snow. This, indeed, is part of the policy of construction, and will no doubt answer its purpose, which is to take advantage of the winter season, when all the rivers and streams can be crossed without the bridge-works which on the whole of the enormous line form the one great problem of construction, so as to forward material for the construction, which is being pushed on from a number of different points at once. In this way trains were being run as far as Krasnoyarsk, though not one of the great tributaries of the Obi had been bridged, nor, indeed, had the great channels of the Obi and Irtish themselves, still farther to the west, although regular traffic for passengers and goods was being carried over those sections. Many of these bridges are no doubt completed by this time, and it was intended during 1897 to carry the line onwards from the Yenisei at Krasnoyarsk over the 670 miles to the Angara at Irkutsk.

Krasnoyarsk is neither so large nor so fine a city as Irkutsk, though except for the fact of the latter having been so long the acknowledged capital of Siberia and the chief seat of official expenditure, there does not appear to be any reason for its inferiority. Its position on the western bank of the direct stream of the Yenisei is a fine one, and its command of this great river, with its nearly seven hundred miles of advantage in the matter of land transport into Europe over Irkutsk, can hardly fail, after a few years, to make it the great depot for a large part of the rich valley country of the Yenisei and all its western tributaries. In this and many other respects, indeed, the completion of the great trunk line of railroad across the continent—and perhaps not least its extension to a good and accessible port on the Pacific—will work revolutions in the condition of things in this vast and hitherto unknown country, the nature and extent of which it would be more than rash to predict. Among the least, although the most inevitable of these, will be the rise into importance of new cities, and the change in the relative importance of old ones for reasons no longer regulated by official commands.

At Krasnoyarsk we were fortunate enough to meet Prince Hilkoff, the Russian Minister of Ways and Communications, who had just arrived from St. Petersburg by a special train—the first that had made a continuous trip over the whole line up to this its farthest point of even temporary construction—and very gladly availed ourselves of his invitation to go back with him on his return. The prince's train was in all respects a great improvement upon the sledge accommodation we had enjoyed during our 2800 miles' ride from Khabarovka to Krasnoyarsk. It was thoroughly modern in construction, even to its equipment for Pintsch gas and an ample supply of hot water pipes in each of the three vestibule cars of which it consisted. The minister's private car had two anterooms, a large saloon, and an observation-room in the rear, and was altogether a very grand and luxurious affair. The first-class passenger coach which was given up to us was divided into six compartments, opening from an aisle which ran along one side of the car, and proved very comfortable, its cushioned seats forming good beds at night, and presenting an agreeable contrast to the limited sledge couches we had occupied so long.

The rest of our journey was something in the nature of a triumphal procession, as we enjoyed the full hospitality and some of the consideration that waits upon a great Russian official. East of Tomsk no provision had at that time been made for the refreshment of travellers, but as the guests of the minister we were, of course, independent of such conveniences, and fared sumptuously in the prince's saloon-car, which was equipped with everything from a cooking-outfit of the latest pattern to a French chef of excellent quality. To the west of the great river Obi the station buildings of all sorts are well advanced towards completion, and give promise of being complete in every way. The accommodation for travellers is especially good, the dining rooms being as a rule large and lofty and handsomely finished in hard woods and plaster. The tables at these places were especially attractive in their brilliant display of plate, linen, and épergnes loaded with fruits, while the menus gave evidence of the most competent service in the culinary department. The general service, indeed, witnessed to the truth of the often repeated assertion that the higher classes in Russia, for whose benefit these places were evidently designed, are among the most luxurious people of modern Europe.

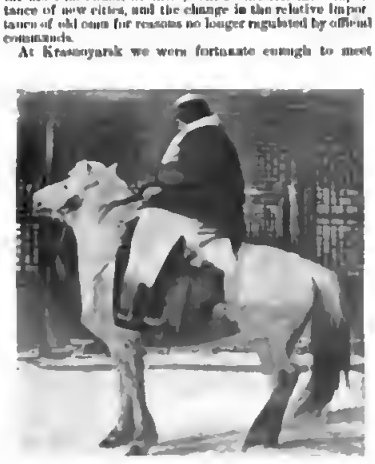
As Krasnoyarsk marks the centre of the last river depression of the Yenisei country, so Tomsk, situated nearly four hundred miles to the west, marks the central point of the country of the Obi proper, the Siberian river which carries the greatest volume of water to the northern ocean. Like all the great rivers of the country, it draws its head waters from the great chain of the Altai Mountains, which, under various names, forms an almost continuous belt

PHOTOGRAPHING ON THE STEPPES OF SIBERIA AT 40° BELOW ZERO.

across the whole continent from Afghanistan to the Sea of Okhotsk in the northeast. It is certainly a majestic stream. The great bridge, the stability of which will form no inconsiderable problem for the engineers, was not yet erected, and our train crossed the broad river, as it had already done a good many of less imposing size, upon a roadway laid on the ice.

The journey from Tomsk on the Obi to Omsk on the Obi's great tributary, the Irtish, a distance of nearly five hundred miles, and thence over a succession of large tributaries of the Irtish, till at a distance of nearly six hundred more miles westward we reached Chelyabinsk, in the neighborhood of the Ural Mountains, was monotonous in the extreme. The vast district, it is true, is said to be at present the most populous and the most extensively cultivated in all Siberia, but as seen by us in passing it seemed to consist of interminable stretches of level prairie, covered with an unbroken mantle of spotless white extending everywhere to the horizon, and giving a peculiar effect of infinite distance and utter loneliness. A picturesque variation was now and then afforded by lines of forest, chiefly of the birch tribe, that served to break the monotonous expanse, but in no way decreased the impression of want of life, which was the prevailing one left on the mind. It is said that the population of the Russian Empire increases at the rate of a million and a half every year. There is room enough in the districts of Siberia that are at least as habitable as a large part of Russia in Europe to find homes for the surplus population for many a year to come.

As we approached the boundary of Europe, and began to ascend the long and gradual slope which marks the eastern side of the Ural range, villages recurred more and more frequently, their uniform array of low thatched roofs resembling huge white mushrooms in their winter covering of snow; windmills stood up gaunt and lone-looking on points of vantage, and the tall white spires and bright green domes of the churches made us feel that once more we were approaching the habitations of our species. Chelyabinsk is the station which marks the dividing line between the European and Siberian railway systems, though the actual line of division between the continents is still another hundred miles to the west, at Zlatoust on the low crest of the Urals. There are extensive workshops at Chelyabinsk, and on the side tracks long trains of cars loaded with railway materials of all sorts waiting to go forward. Among these we saw a



A MANCHURIAN HORSEMAN.

A MONGOLIAN ARCHER OF EASTERN SIBERIA.

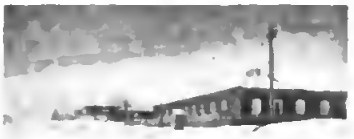
number of lately imported American engines, which seem to be in favor, as the minister's own train, in which we travelled, was drawn by one of these throughout the journey. Not long after leaving this station we came in sight of the rolling and thickly wooded hills which mark the ridge of the Ural range and the dividing-line of two continents. There is nothing impressive in its appearance; indeed the entire elevation of the range at the point where the railroad crosses is only some fifteen hundred feet, and the maximum grade on the Siberian slope does not exceed one per cent. We had thus crossed the largest of the continents at nearly its widest point, and from this point until we were safely landed in St. Petersburg we were on comparatively well known ground. The route which we had followed for something like five thousand miles impressed us with the enormous extent of that yet undeveloped country which owns the sway of the Czar, while the great work, which will soon be completed to open it up to settlement, is evidently one which could only have been carried out by a government possessed of vast resources and entirely unaccustomed to find itself thwarted in anything it chose to undertake.

In the construction of the railway the higher branches of the service are filled by graduates from the Imperial Institute. The engineering department includes the "road master," who receives from 250 to 300 rubles a month as salary. This officer has charge of from fifty to eighty miles of track, and of all the workmen on the section, whose pay runs from eight rubles a month for gatekeepers to forty for track-men. Inspectors, who fill much the same position as general superintendents with us, receive from 8000 to 16,000 rubles a year. Engine-drivers get 150 and firemen from seventy-five to eighty rubles per month.

THE DRAMA OF DEVELOPMENT.

Two conflicting elements enter into the new Klondike situation. On one hand we have brigades of unquenchable fortune-hunters, deaf to caution and blind to hardship, pouring from every point of the compass into the treasure fields. On the other, we have still larger brigades of natural gold-lovers, timidly intrenched within the pale of comfortable civilization, trying to belittle the width and depth of this Yukon El Dorado, and extenuating their own timidity on the ground that all this Alaskan development will prove a flash in the pan.

It is well enough, in the presence of these extreme and belligerent views, to weigh the careful judgment of a practical successful miner, well known in public life for a quarter of a century, a man who rests his prophecies on a profound scientific study of mother earth and her great mineral veins. Senator John P. Jones, of Nevada, believes it foolhardy to place any limit to the gold bearing future of the Yukon fields. Arguing first from analogy, he shows that no fruitful gold-mining was ever done in the coast range of California, though numberless efforts in that quarter have been made. The gold was further back, in the foot-hills of the Sierra Nevadas, deposited by glacial action, he believes, and not washed by the mighty stream which in ages past filled, as the geologists claim, the ancient river bed which traversed the range. Now many of the best paying mines in Alaska, so far, have been found in the hills which skirt the coast, corresponding to the California Coast Range, so barren of golden fruit. If,



ETAPE, OR REST HOUSE FOR CONVICTS, NEAR VERKHNEE OMINSK

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PRINCE HILKOFF, MINISTER OF WAYS AND COMMUNICATIONS, *EN ROUTE* WITH HIS OFFICERS.

ONE OF THE OLDEST CHURCHES IN KRASNOYARSK.

A RAILWAY GUARD AT SAMARA, RUSSIA.

PRINCE HILKOFF IN OBSERVATION ROOM OF PRIVATE CAR.

THE POLICE MASTER OF KRASNOYARSK.

CHELYABINSK RAILWAY STATION—JUNCTION OF THE RUSSIAN AND SIBERIAN LINES.

OUR SLEDGES, *EN ROUTE* ACROSS SIBERIA, APPROACHING KRASNOYARSK.

CONVICT PRISONS AT KRASNOYARSK.

SPECIAL TRAIN OF PRINCE HILKOFF
Crossing the River Obi on the Ice.

BY SLEDGE AND RAIL ACROSS SIBERIA—LAKE BAIKAL TO EUROPE.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. H. JACKSON.

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GROUP OF COSSACK YEMSCHIKS.

LIEUTENANT A. H. RENIRE, A COSSACK OFFICER IN THE TRANS-BAIKAL.
With the Horse he rode from St. Petersburg to Chita, 4000 Miles, in 184 Days, including 30 Days Lay-over for Rest en route

PONIES WITH SLEDGE.

PASSING FREIGHT-SLEDGES.

TEA FROM CHINA *EN ROUTE* FOR RUSSIA.

MONGOLIAN CARTS.

A TARANTASS.

A VILLAGE CHURCH.

BY SLEDGE AND RAIL ACROSS SIBERIA—LAKE BAIKAL TO EUROPE.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. H. JACKSON.

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then, the deposits of the interior Alaskan ranges are as much richer than those of the coast hills as they were in California, mathematics must abdicate in favor of golden dreams.

The Senator furthermore bases his prophecies of a mammoth yellow-metal harvest on the fact that gold deposits are always heavier where electrical disturbances increase in force, as they do as the pole is approached. So immeasurably vast is the Alaskan field, so incredibly equipped with all the gold-bearing requirements of nature and science, that he smiles at the croakers who decry the Yukon's future. One more factor enters into the Senator's yellow dream. He has a theory, which he modestly calls a fad, that Alaska's treasure fields mark the junction of two mammoth mother lodes, one running northwest from Colorado in the Rockies, through Montana, Idaho, and British Columbia, while the other forms in the lower Sierra Nevadas and runs almost due north, through California, the Cascades of Oregon and Washington, and the British territory, till it joins its metal-hearted consort in the Yukon.

Nor is this all. The Senator, standing with flowing beard like the Welsh bard "o'er old Conway's foaming flood," makes a long and majestic sweep of his golden sceptre, spanning an arc from the Yukon to the undeveloped wealth of the Cascades in Washington. Five years ago he made the prophecy that the Comstock Lode and Virginia City would some day be duplicated in the Cascades. But when and how? Is the hour nearly ripe for enterprise to force the door to still another Aladdin chamber? Is all this wild Yukon uproar that echoes through the terraced hills of Seattle a sort of reveille drum to arouse the lethargic dwellers in that Cascade centre to a sense of the treasure lying unreaped at their thresholds? Is the money left by these Alaskan pilgrims in Seattle's lap to prove the electric spark that will quicken the pulse of her comatose enterprise? We shall see.

Seattle has furnished the stage for one of the most instructive municipal dramas ever enacted in the country. From 1880 to 1890 her population leaped from zero to 40,000, her property valuation, assessed, from $1,500,000 to nearly $27,000,000. These were the frontier barnstorming days of the boom. Hordes of graceless, irredeemable gamblers gathered there from every quarter to eat the flesh of land speculation to the bone. Town lots fifty feet below the waters of Puget Sound were marketed at boom figures in the East. Whole fortunes were planted in seductive village property, embellished with streets, schools, and churches, where only impenetrable virgin forests stand to this day. The town was at the mercy of those birds of prey, who sold its honest birthright. And with them came unabandoned a lot of female "follow-the-drums" as ever bivouacked with Alva's army in Flanders. It was a carnival of greed, dishonor, and shame.

And then the after-piece, inevitably tragic. The boom bubble burst. Eastern investors, robbed without conscience or mercy, blasted Seattle with curses, and consigned it to the black list of speculation forever. And, of course, the full blow of the blighting sequel fell, not on the graceless cormorants, who had fed and flown, but on the honest citizens who had gone to the new domain in good faith with their household gods. The vultures have been gone for seven years, a new, sturdy, home-loving element has taken their place, but the curse pronounced on the city by Eastern capitalists seems indelibly branded on her brow. It blocks the avenues of development, cripples the march of industrial and mining progress, and has left the city and the marvellous region over which it reigns to work out their own slow salvation with fear and trembling and slim funds. Such is the legacy the boom vultures bequeathed.

And yet it seems un-American to blast a region richer in the varied forms of wealth than any other in the sisterhood because pirates once stole its livery "to serve the devil in." Within her 70,000 square miles of territory she holds unknown deposits of gold, silver, iron, copper, lead, and coal; timber tracts of inexhaustible resource; fertile valleys that outrival the famed Santa Clara Valley of California, salmon without limit, a climate from seven to fourteen degrees cooler in summer than New England's, and from thirty to forty degrees warmer in winter; scenic splendors unequalled on the globe, and the deepest inland body of water on earth.

Is it not reasonable to believe that Seattle and the Cascade land will be more than silent partners in this great Northwestern drama of development? S. P. Butler.

MUSIC NOTES.

English newspapers lately are specially kindly in their references to Theodora Dorre, an American mezzo-soprano, connected during several seasons with the Carl Rosa English Opera Company, and recently making considerable professional headway. Miss Dorré's dramatic fervor and her remarkable Carmen—one of the very best Carmens on any stage—are not new in New York. She sang here under the name—probably misprinted—of "Thea Dorri" when Mr. Oscar Hammerstein tried his ill-fated venture at "grand opera in English" at the Manhattan Opera-house, to-day a vaudeville theatre, edified expressly for it. Miss Dorré was severely handicapped at the time, but her individuality shone out quite brightly from her surroundings and a most heterogeneous company.

It would seem that Italy's most historic and still most important opera-house, La Scala, must be closed next winter. The annual subscription has been refused by the town. Milan is not any richer than other large Italian cities, whose wealthiest families must economize, and there is a collision between the owners of the boxes, with their right to free admissions, as cheap ones, and the management and municipal interests in the house.

Mr. Alexander Thayer, the venerable and distinguished biographist of Beethoven, on whose life he spent practically the whole of the last forty years, is dead—died last month, aged eighty. The Beethoven biography, requiring four large volumes, has not yet been published beyond its third instalment, and perhaps stands incomplete in the manuscript. It carries the story of the composer's life (including much matter quite unknown or indetermined except through Mr. Thayer) only as far as the year 1816, and Beethoven died in 1827. The work is at present procurable only in German. Mr. Thayer was scarcely able to write with any regularity on his great study during the last ten years of his life, owing to severe head trouble and other infirmities. He was a member of the New York *Tribune's* staff nearly half a century ago, and was still American consul at Trieste, Austria, when he died.

If New York is to have in good earnest an "Independent Theatre," perhaps it will have some influence on the production of the foreign drama, old or new, in which the musical element is a vital one. The repertory is extremely large as to such works, and the finest flowers of composerdom have scored what only by an excess of deference to the spoken play can be called their incidental numbers. Daudet's *L'Arlésienne* is a good, if peculiarly dismal, example of the article in question; and in view of the failure of that play last spring to make the popular heart beat, the kind offices of an independent stage might be invoked on the like occasion with propriety. It is curious that Meyerbeer's fine incidental music—perhaps Meyerbeer's best score—to Jacob Beer's historical drama on Count Struensee has not had a hearing in this country, except when Dr. Hans von Bülow directed its brilliant overture at a final concert of his last tour. Probably, however, the conservatives on the possibility of an independent theatre's success will observe willingly that there will be enough other ways for it to decease without imitating the swan by dying in music. E. I. S.

THE WARLIKE SPIRIT.

According to a French proverb, "it is the unexpected that happens"; and, as nearly allied to this maxim, we may indulge the aphorism that what we most apprehend is the least to be feared. Especially is this true of the apprehension so frequently expressed of the revival of the martial spirit in the American people.

To speak of it as a "revival" is indeed a misapplication of the term, since there has been in the history of our country no marked manifestation of such a spirit, the nearest approach to it having been the state of feeling which prevailed in the South before the civil war, and which was naturally incidental to a peculiar social economy. With the possible exception of our conflict with Mexico, none of our great wars has been due to or in its course has tended to develop a warlike disposition in our people. Patriotism there has been, and the strong love of freedom which is our heritage, but the eagerness with which arms have been taken at the country's call is not more remarkable than the alacrity with which they have been laid down at the close of each contest. Our two wars with England were struggles for national independence, the second establishing the result only partially secured in the first; and the return to the quiet of peace after each only confirmed the principle contended for and so well expressed in the Massachusetts motto, *Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem*.

Our war with Mexico had the appearance of a struggle for territorial expansion, but whatever the pretexts made for its justification, its beneficent result was evident in its promotion of quiet on our southwestern border. It was the extension not of an empire, but of a republic. It secured for us our Pacific slope and the most commanding harbor on the entire Pacific coast; and what the slave power gained by the acquisition of Texas was more than counterbalanced by the gain for the whole nation in the possession and development of California, which, more than anything else material, contributed to the final defeat of that power.

If the Mexican war helped sustain a martial mood in the Southern States, that mood was forever dispelled by the civil war; for in that conflict not only was the cavalier dismounted, but the horrors of war were in that section of our country so fully illustrated that the bravest of soldiers could not desire to see their like again.

It is true that our great military commanders have received at the hands of our people the highest civic honors—though even in this connection the failure of Scott and of McClellan to secure the Presidential office is significant—but our military Presidents have always counselled peace, and none of them has been possessed by dictatorial aspirations.

The warlike spirit proper—the love of fighting for its own sake or for a merely predatory object—exists only among uncivilized races, and even among these it is something far above the brutal thing it seems, so that out of it spring a rare nobility of sentiment and simple amenities and courtesies—the beginnings of that broad human sympathy which, though developed at first under the disguise of aversion, becomes finally the ground of social solidarity. Apart from this latent quality—the human interest which is lodged in all human strifes, and which distinguishes the warlike man from the predatory beast—the warlike spirit, pure and simple, would have no worth or meaning.

Eminence in civil administration never belonged to any race not already distinguished in military administration. The humanities of civilization grew out of the humanities of warfare. The spirit which pervades the Iliad is the dominant spirit of cultivated Hellas five centuries later; even the line separating the Greek cities that fought from those that abetted the Persian host is indicated in the list of cities mentioned in Homer's catalogue of the Greek forces against Troy as distinguished from those conspicuous by their absence. All the great epics of Europe—preeminently songs of war—derived their motives from precisely the features which to-day give, or ought to give, supreme interest to the Eastern Question.

Now what does all this mean, if not that human warfare has always been prompted by passionate interests far transcending the impulse to brutal violence? The spirit that prompted the Crusades was the same that built the great cathedrals. It was a noble passion burning with a white flame that refined men's souls.

It is true wisdom on our part to comprehend this military sacrament of ancient and mediæval heroism—the spiritual element in its enthusiasm, the consecration. To call it fanaticism is only another way of saying that it had in it the flame which burned on temple altars. Neither motive nor means was mercenary. As the people gave their work freely in cathedral building, so they gave themselves in the battles of their faith. It was always *in hoc signo*. All human culture is the refinement of that sacred flame.

What has become of this heroism? Is the glory of our human nature seen only in the retrospect? The conditions are changed, but human nature remains the same. Its fires are not gone out, though hidden beneath the hard crust of our modern civilization. The complex fabric of that commercial and industrial economy which has been woven like a net-work about us during the last half-century has fettered the old fanatic heroism in a necessary armistice, and we dread its release as we fear an earthquake. The nerve forces of Christendom are exhausted in the competitions of economic strife or dissipated in the relaxations of luxury.

This is no peace like that in which the world was held by the great Roman Empire—an empire rotten at its heart, and ready to break in pieces from its own weight, assisted in its ruin by the shock of barbarian invasion. Our Christendom is made up of vigorous and independent nations, in all of which, to a greater or less degree, the spirit of Christ and the leaven of democracy are working for great and worthy ends. It is not sustained in its temper and purpose by merely material considerations or by that hard formal moralism which fixes life in crystalline inflexibility and fragility, as was the fashion of ancient stoicism, but is vitalized by spiritual impulses that quicken and deepen human sympathies, marshalling them also—in battle array if need be—for the maintenance of every righteous cause.

In a merely superficial view, the materialistic phases of our civilization are more conspicuous than among un-Christian peoples. The old fanatic heroism to-day would seem to be confined within the limits of Islam. The Mahdi frenzy is possible only to nomadic tribes. Western nations have given hostages to peace. Their very armaments are primarily such hostages as truly as are their commerce and all the accumulated stabilities of their social economies. Not only is great wealth sensitively anxious for peace, but it holds in its grasp the means whereby alone modern warfare can be carried on.

The warlike spirit in our era is aroused with great difficulty, and when aroused is with still greater difficulty maintained. Even drafts and conscriptions are stubbornly resisted. Though the dangers of social revolution create solicitude, it is not easy to keep up an effective militia.

So dominant is the commercial spirit that we have reason to apprehend greater demoralization from its tense and passionate rivalries than from the possession of immense navies and standing armies, double-faced demoralization, preventing wars that for the highest reasons ought to be, and inciting others for merely material ends. The commercial and mercenary motives incidental to our civil war, and continued in operation for a whole generation thereafter, have done far more than the war itself to demoralize the American people. We would not wish to see revived the dynastic principle which formerly prompted colonization and territorial expansion, but it engaged nobler passions than does the mercenary motive which has to such an extent displaced it.

Civilization, like morality, has the defects of its own excellences; its diseases are peculiarly noxious and loathsome. The rapacity of greed goes hand in hand with an unwholesome pharisaism. Peace is too noble a goddess to receive the sacrifice of our virtues, and degraded thus she will become a Nemesis to her votaries.

There has never been a time when the nations of the world have presented so formidable an array of armies and navies. This, so far from indicating any warlike disposition on their part, is really the result of costly and strenuous efforts to maintain peace. The forced armistice is easily broken. It is not necessary to even the most destructive wars that there should be the old passion of fanatic heroism or any sublime purpose making the sacrifice worthy. It is far more likely that Germany may be embroiled in war with England for some petty cause than that both will unite to throttle the monster whose very existence is at once a menace and a disgrace to Christian Europe. While we Americans are congratulating ourselves upon a situation of isolation and immunity as compared with that of any European power, and though a really warlike spirit appears to be for us almost impossible—whatever efforts we make to arouse it—yet any day some reckless Congressional manifesto or some foolish traditional prejudice may precipitate war between us and Spain, or Japan, or England; and our inadequate preparedness for war is a constant temptation to such provocation on the part of these powers as may seem to justify the manifesto or to re-enforce the prejudice.

Our assurance of peace must lie, first of all, indeed, in our desire for peace, but, next to this, in our adequate armament, and our resolve to maintain a wise but firm and courageous national policy in our external relations, remembering always what is due from us to a militant Christendom.

The policy of arbitrating international disputes is wise and necessary, but it can never serve as a substitute for our manifest ability to maintain a just cause; and the things which lie directly in the line of a nation's proper destiny and responsibility are not subjects for arbitration.

The fact that the wars waged in Europe during even this enlightened century have, for the most part, when we consider their ostensible motives, been apparently contrary to the spirit of Christianity, should not weaken our faith in the effective working of that spirit or blind our eyes to the significance of the results of these wars as related to the general progress of mankind. The ambition of Napoleon aroused and organized European nationalities, even as to-day the Czar and Kaiser, however reactionary, or, rather, *because* they are reactionary, in their policies and in the strifes they promote, are developing and consolidating democracies. The peoples of Europe are being Christianized and emancipated, and they cherish the spirit of heroism which first made and which shall maintain Christendom—the transcendent heroism of the Gospel which proclaims that life is more than meat.

These considerations present themselves with new force in connection with Captain Mahan's article, "A Twentieth-Century Outlook," published in the September number of Harper's Magazine. The view presented by Captain Mahan lifts us above all vain and idle as well as all merely material pretexts in the conduct of our national policy, and discloses the grave responsibility which the American people cannot evade in connection with future conflicts growing out of an Eastern question of our own, already emergent, and fully as significant as that which has so long vexed the great powers of Europe.

H. M. A.

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"THE VINTAGE."*

A STORY OF THE GREEK WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY E. F. BENSON,

AUTHOR OF "DODO," "LIMITATIONS," "THE JUDGMENT BOOKS," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

YANNI got up from where he was lying, and came and sat in his father's chair. He was a big-made young Greek, rather above the average height, with a look of extreme fitness about him. His movements were all quick and decided, like the movements of some young animal, and he rolled himself a compact and uniform plug of tobacco for his chibouk with a few passes of his quick fingers. His hands, like his father's, were long and finely made, and Mitsos watched him nip off the loose ends of the tobacco admiringly.

"How quickly you did that!" he said. "Will you fill mine for me? I am so glad we are going together, cousin."

"I too. It is good to hunt in couples. It is a halving of the cold and the tiredness, and a doubling of all that is pleasant. This is Turkish tobacco, Mitsos, and it is better than ours. Have you ever smoked it?"

Mitsos started, and a flush spread under the brown of his cheek.

"Yes, the other day only. I found it very good. Tell me how we start to-morrow."

"Old clothes—very old clothes," said Yanni, "like peasants. Old mules, and very slow going; but a pistol each—new pistols, with two mouths that make very quick going. Father is going to give us each one. On the mules a load of oranges and a couple of blankets each. Come to the other side of the house, cousin; we can see our first day's journey from there."

The village where they were stood high on the grassy slope leading up to the pine forests and the bare rocks of Taygetus. Sixteen miles to the south rose the spear head of the range, Mount Elias, covered with snow for a couple of thousand feet down, cut out so vividly against the intense blue of the sky that it seemed almost *appliqué* to it. From Panitza their path lay for five or six miles along the slope, ascending gently all the way, and where it struck the ridge they could see the huddled roofs of a village, which Yanni said was Kalyvia, where they would deliver their first message. From there they would cross a path and go down the other side towards the sea. It was rough, cold going, and it would take all day to get down to Platza, where they would sleep. After that they would travel chiefly by night, and sleep when and where they could, avoiding as far as possible, all villages but those where they were to bear their messages. "Oh, it will be very good!" said Yanni. Mitsos's thoughts ached back to the bay of Nauplia, but he agreed. Besides, he would go to Nauplia again soon.

It had been an immense relief to him that he was not going alone, though in that moment when Nicholas had told him the time was come he had made his self-surrender absolute, and would take upon him any task which might have been imposed. But the four days of travelling alone from Nauplia had been to him like a sick dream. He had set off at daybreak, and taking the same path by which Nicholas had come the evening before, he reached in an hour the little bay where he had fished, and sat down under the clump of rushes where he and Suleima had sat together, looking at the well-known places with the eyes of a dog that comes back to a deserted house which has once been its home. In the sand he could see the footprints of his own bare feet as he came up from the water, and close beside them the print of Suleima's little pointed shoes. They had overlooked two or three small fish, which were lying, still fresh and clean after the cool night, where they had emptied the creel to count their spoils, and by them was the end of a smoked-out plug of tobacco. The child within him cried out against his fate. Nothing in the world seemed of any consequence except the need of Suleima. Yet it was no less impossible to go back; even as he said to himself that he would return, he knew that Nicholas's grey questioning eyes were unfaceable. He was hedged in by impossibilities on every way. And then because there was something more than the child within him, some stuff out of which real men are made, he got up, and mounting again, went on his way.

All that day and the next days his heart sickness rode him heavily, and it was but a heart-sick lad who trudged so heavily into Panitza. But to be among people again, and men who received him cousin fashion—for in those days the tie of blood was a strong reality—had an extraordinary sweetness in it, for he felt lonely and sick for home, above all, to know that for the present he would be with Yanni, a boy of his own age, who took for granted that they were going to have a very good time together, and only knew one side of things—and that the cheerful side—was surprisingly pleasant. Again, because he was beginning to be a man, the reliance placed in him made him feel strong and self-reliant, and because he was still a boy, the unknown adventurous days in front of him were very tonic to the spirit. In fact, when they set out, early next morning, Petrobey, looking after them, said to Dimitri that Nicholas was a very wise man, and Mitsos whacked his mule gayly over the rump, and whistled the "Song of the Vine-diggers" with an open heart.

It was a morning to make the heart glad. There had been a slight frost during the night, and the rough grass in the ditches was sprinkled with the powdered cold. To the right the ground fell away steeply down to the outlying hills which bordered the plain. The plain itself was spread out between them, like a map, in patches of yellow-green where the corn was already springing, alternating with dim stretches of good red earth, showing where the leafless vineyards stood. Beyond, again, lay the dim, dark blue of the sea, and across that, more guessed at than seen, the faint outlines of the hills on the other side. Their path, a cobbled Turkish road, ascended steadily, skirting round the edges of the deeper ravines, and making détours round the slopes which rose above them to the top of the mountain ridge. The mules ambled slowly along, with their panniers of oranges on each side, and Mitsos and Yanni walked behind, dressed in their roughest peasant clothes. It took them nearly three hours to reach the foot of the last slope on which the village stood, and here they halted for half an hour to eat and drink, in order that they might pass straight through the village without waiting after giving the message.

Yanni, who knew the village, soon recognized the house to which they were going, which stood somewhat apart from the others, and had a low outlying building standing close to it. "That is the house," he said, "and that shed near is the mill. There is a big stream coming down from the mountains there, which turns the wheel."

"That is good. They will grind quickly, then. Shall we go on?"

The house in question, they found, was entered from a yard, the door of which was closed, and their knocking only seemed to rouse a dog inside to the pitch of fury. But at last a woman came out on the wooden balcony overlooking the street and asked them what they wanted.

"We want Nihetas," shouted Yanni. "Ah, do you not remember me?"

The woman took up a piece of wood, and threw it with force and precision at the dog inside. The barking was changed to howling, and Mitsos guessed that she had hit.

"Yanni Mavromichales, is it not?" asked the woman.

"Surely."

The woman disappeared into the house, and in a moment her step was heard across the yard. The dog had apparently recovered, and as soon as the door was opened flew out like a cork from a bottle, to find himself between the devil and the deep sea, his mistress standing on one side, and Mitsos's whip flirting out at him like the tongue of a snake on the other. So he scuffled away to a safe distance, and barked himself out of all shape.

"Come in, Yanni," said Nihetas's wife. "What brings you here?"

"A message from Petrobey to Nihetas."

The woman's eye travelled slowly up to Mitsos's face, as if she could only take him in a bit at a time. "And the giant?" she asked.

"My cousin. But we are in a hurry, as we go far to-day. Will you take us to Nihetas?"

"Surely, he is at the mill. You will find him there, and then come back and drink a glass of wine."

The stream that worked the mill was confined within a narrow masonry-laid bed for a hundred yards above the house, in order to concentrate its energy. From the end of the yard ran out a tall stone-built wall, on the top of which it was conducted to a wooden shoot, which played on the mill-wheel. The mill seemed to be in full working order, for a heavy booming came from within, which shook the rickety door on its hinges. The two tried the door, but found it locked, and it was not till Yanni had shouted his name that it was cautiously opened.

"Yanni Mavromichales?" said a voice from inside.

"Yes."

"What do you want?"

"This only: Are you grinding corn?"

There was a pause, but the door was still held ajar only.

"Corn for the hungry or corn for the Turk?" asked the voice.

"Black corn for the Turk."

The door was opened, and a little wizened man appeared on the threshold. He had a white beard, close and pointed, and a pair of heavy eyebrows. His face was covered with minute wrinkles, as the sea is covered with ripples under a fresh wind, and two little eyes peered out suspiciously from under his overhanging brows. Mitsos was standing close to the door, and this grotesque little apparition, as he opened it, gave a squeal of dismay, and would have shut it again had not Yanni presented him.

"Who is that?" asked the little man, pointing to Mitsos.

"My cousin," said Yanni, "who comes with me to see about the corn."

The little old man looked at Mitsos with the air of a nervous terrier smelling round a big dog; but as Mitsos did not snap, he seemed reassured.

"Come in, both of you," he said, shortly.

Inside, the noise of the mill was almost deafening, but Nihetas disconnected the wheel, the two stones stopped grinding, and only the water plashed hissing down the channel.

"Black corn, did you say—black corn for the Turk?" said Nihetas, peering into Yanni's face in an odd, short-sighted manner. "I grind corn all day, for there will be many hungry mouths. Look you, I am no fighting man; I leave that to those who are as tall as a church pillar, like this cousin of yours. But the fighters could not do without me. But, oh, lad, don't let the women folk know, else I shall have them all a-screaming round me like the east wind in the mountains." He rubbed his hands together, and broke out into a silent wide-mouthed laugh, which showed a row of discolored, irregular teeth. "Look here," he said, opening a bin behind the door; "is not this good strong corn? I have ground it all myself." His face took an expression of diabolical cunning. "They have promised to buy it of me, all at a good price," he said, "but I do not care so much for that. I only want it to do its work well, and feed the Turks. This is good business for me. I will be a rich man, and I shall have brought death to many." He slipped back to the lever that brought the wheel under the stream, and the stones began to turn again, and from their lips dribbled out a black powder, which he scooped up in a wooden ladle and emptied into a cask. Then seeing that the door was still open, he gave another shrill animal howl of fright, and quickly locked it. "Charcoal," he shouted to them across the rumbling din of the stones, "ground fine, for so it is the stronger. And here is the sulphur and saltpetre. To-night I shall mix them carefully, oh, so carefully, and think that there will be a death for every stroke in the mixing." And then he slipped back to the stones, and fed them with fresh lumps of charcoal.

Mitsos and Yanni were in a hurry to get on, and as they left him after a few minutes, and heard the key grate in the lock as soon as they got outside.

From Kalyvia their road went across the ridge of the mountain, and from there descended rapidly almost due west down to the plain which lies along the bay of Kalamata. They got to Platza, where they were to sleep that night, an hour before dark, and for the sake of appearances drove their mules to the market-place and sold a few oranges. The khan where they put up consisted of two rooms—one occupied by the owner and his family, the other being the café of the village. They sat up smoking and talking till it emptied, then made themselves beds of their blankets and saddle-bags. The villagers were inclined to be rather inquisitive, but Mitsos told them that they had come from Sparta with oranges, and were going home to Tsimova—an entirely false but possible explanation of their presence—and with that the village had to be content.

They descended next day on to the coast and into the warm, fresh air of the winter months in the Greek lowlands, and Mitsos swore that only the direst pinch of cold would drive him again into dirty khans while there were trees to sleep under and good grass beds to lie upon. If, in their character of orange-sellers, peasants' rooms untenanted by the grosser vermin were supposed to be out of keeping, he would have no room at all. Yanni acquiesced, and the point was carried. Mid-day brought them to Prastion, where they had a message to give. They had no trouble in finding the recipient, for he was the mayor of the village, and he was in his vineyard hoeing vines. Yanni waited with the mules in the street while Mitsos went to look for him. He looked up as Mitsos came striding towards him across the hollowed vine-beds.

"You are Zaravenos?" asked the boy.

He assented slowly and reluctantly, as if he would sooner have been some one else.

"Are you grinding corn?"

The man put down his mattock, and looked round suddenly and quickly to see that there was no one within hearing.

"Yes, yes," he said; "which do you mean, corn for the hungry or corn for the Turk?"

"Black corn for the Turk."

"Praise the Virgin! but has the time come? Tell me who sent you. Was it Nicholas, whom I know well?"

Mitsos thought of Petrobey's injunctions.

"I do not know who you mean," he said. "But this I have to tell you: if you have not begun, begin, and grind quickly. That is all."

The man looked at him again.

"Surely you are Mitsos," he said. "Nicholas told me about a mountain of a Mitsos, whom perhaps he would send to us. Why do you not tell me? I have no better friend than Nicholas. He was here a month ago. Where is he now? Is he safe?"

But Mitsos shook his head. "I do not know who you mean," he said, and left him.

For six days the two went on, travelling in a northerly direction, sometimes keeping close to the coast, sometimes visiting strange gaunt little villages perched high on the sides of Taygetus. They travelled a good deal at night, trying, if possible, to come within a mile or two of the village where they were going by daybreak. They would then turn off into some wood, or, if they were close to the coast, down on to the beach, and after tethering and feeding their mules, would breakfast and sleep until mid-day, when they would push on to the village, deliver their message, and pass on. Sometimes it would be received eagerly, and the news would spread at once that the time for which they were waiting had come; sometimes, if there were Turks about, it would be received and answered in a cautious manner; and once the man to whom they had been told to give it shook his head and said he knew nothing of it. This was distinctly an occasion where running away was necessary, and they lost no time about it.

They reached Kalamata on the seventh day—little did Mitsos think how or when he would see it again—and after spending two nights there, for they had been intrusted not only to give messages to three leading Greeks, but also to inquire about the Turkish garrison, and see whether the report which had reached Petrobey, that the fortifications there, as well as at Tripoli, were being repaired—took a boat down the coast to Tsimova, from where they were to work southwards through Maina, cross the lower end of Taygetus, and come back to Panitza on the east of the range; and it was here that adventure met them red-handed.

They had now been twelve days from home, and Yanni remarked discontentedly that there were only four days more. He had never enjoyed himself more thoroughly than during these days with Mitsos, with whom, in a healthy, boyish manner, he had fallen completely in love. Mitsos never lost his temper, but maintained a large serenity under the most trying conditions—as, for instance, when they lost one of the mules during their morning sleep, the day before they were crossing Taygetus, and had to hunt for it high and low in a blinding snow blizzard, and came back to find that the other mule had taken the opportunity to roll in some prickly bushes while they were away, covering their blankets with innumerable thorns. Mitsos, too, had quite regained his normal cheerfulness at the thought of going to Nauplia again soon. Indeed, he had confided to Yanni his interrupted love story, which raised him in his cousin's eyes to hero rank. Besides, he was big and strong and altogether splendid.

Mitsos had just awakened Yanni on this particular morning, remarking that it was after mid-day, and they had a long tramp before them that afternoon. Nymphia, the village to which they were going, lay below them on the plain a mile or two distant. But Yanni refused to go before he had had some more to eat, so they fished out some bread and meat from the saddle-bags and made a meal. They were sitting some thirty yards from the road, which was bordered on each side by a pine wood, when they heard the steps of a mule on the path, and Yanni got up to see if either of theirs had slipped its tether and was preparing to give them another hunt. But it proved

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2188.

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"YANNI WAS STRUGGLING IN THE GRASP OF TWO MEN—THE GREEK AND THE TURK."

to be only a Turkish soldier riding down in the direction of the village where they were going. He asked Yanni what he was doing there, and Yanni, who had a wholesome dislike of all Turks very rudely replied, "Break fasting, pig," and went back to Mitsos, and thought no more about it.

The soldier rode quickly on through the village, and turned into a house that lay some half mile below. He found no one there, and tying his horse up, went down across a couple of fields to a low huddled building, beside which stood a mill wall. He knocked at the door, and was admitted at once.

"Krinos," he said to the man who opened it, "I passed a boy on the road through the wood, who I am sure is the same as I saw yesterday at Kyto and the day before at Akla, only before there were two of them. It is worth while waiting to see if he comes here."

"But if there are two of them," said Krinos, "there are only two of us."

"Nonsense! admit only one; and this is a boy, and we are men. Besides, there is an time to send to the village; and whom should we find there? They are all Greek of the Greeks. And the boy may be here in a few minutes. Remember, he is not to be killed—yet. He has to speak first."

"If it is a Mavromichales, he will never speak," said Krinos.

"That remains to be seen. I will stand behind the door and seize him as he enters, and if there are two of them, lock the door behind the first."

Now from Pigadia, where the boys had delivered the message to a man who said he knew nothing about it, they had been quite right to run away as quickly as they could. The Turks had set spies all over the country since the rumors of an approaching outbreak had reached them, who were instructed to affect sympathy and co operation with the revolutionists, and give information at headquarters of all they could learn. The day after Mitsos and Yanni had left Pigadia, still going northwards towards Kalamata, this spy had had occasion to make a journey southwards. At Tsimova he had inquired whether the boys had been seen. Hearing they had not, for they were then at Kalamata, he gave information to the Turkish magistrate, and went on his way. At Nymphia he visited Krinos, who was also in Turkish pay, and told him to extract any information he could if they came his way. From there he had taken ship and gone on to Gythium, which was out of the boys' route.

The magistrate at Tsimova, with characteristic Turkish indolence, having got hold of a clew, did not put himself out of the way to follow it up. He let the soldiers know that there would be a reward given to any of them who apprehended either of the boys if they turned out to be concerned in the work of the revolution; and one of them—the same who had seen Yanni on the path—being anxious that no other should bite at his cherry, obtained leave of absence, and went a hunting alone. He had seen him on the two previous days at Kyto and Akla, and thought it worth while to follow him on to Nymphia, where, as he knew, there was a Greek whom his countrymen supposed to be a revolutionist, but who was really in Turkish pay. So the soldier hid behind the door and Krinos went on grinding powder, which he eventually was to sell not to the Greeks, but to the Turks. The trap was neatly laid, and promised success.

His mill was an old fashioned one, consisting only of two stones, but of one, which was hung with its axle horizontal to the floor, so that it looked like a stone roller. Underneath it ran a long tray which could be pulled in and out, and which was now filled with charcoal. The tray could be withdrawn to empty or to fill, and he had just withdrawn it—for the charcoal was ground sufficiently small—when the interruption which they had been waiting for came. He had not time to put it back, and the stone remained revolving about eight inches from the ground.

Meanwhile Yanni and Mitsos went cheerily down the hill-side into the village, where Yanni met a cousin, who grinned, and queried, "Black corn?" Yanni looked so important and mysterious at this that Mitsos burst out laughing, and they all three stood in the road and laughed together, for no reason except that they were all in good spirits. Yanni went so far as to explain that they were in a hurry, and having inquired where Krinos's house was, they passed out through the village.

Just below Krinos's house the ground sloped sharply away, so that from the door only the roof of his mill could be seen. This was important, because it prevented Krinos, who was peering out of the door to see whether there were two of them, from seeing either of them till they began to descend towards the mill. Mitsos stopped at the door, then knocked, then shouted, but there was no one in. Yanni followed him, and in the court yard saw the Turk's horse tied up. Mitsos had given up the attempt to make any one hear, and he said to Yanni:

"He's not in. What are we to do?"

Yanni scratched his head thoughtfully.

"There's another building further down which looks like a mill," he said. "We will go there. But wait a minute, cousin; there is a thought in my head."

"Well?" asked Mitsos.

"Do you remember, when we were breakfasting, we heard a horse on the path, and I went to see if it was either of our mules? It wasn't, but it was a Turkish soldier, and that was the horse, I am pretty sure."

Mitsos's eyes brightened.

"Let us think a moment," he said. "What do you make of it?"

Yanni put his head on one side like an intelligent but puzzled collie dog.

"It is a nice horse," he said, "and that is why I noticed it. It would be rather amusing if— I can hear the mill going—Krinos will be there, and I shouldn't at all wonder if the Turk was there too."

Mitsos smiled serenely.

"It is a little trap," he said. "Very pretty. What shall we do? What a devil Krinos must be!"

"It isn't certain," said Yanni, "but we'll make sure. This is the way. The Turk only saw me. Therefore I will go down there alone. I wonder if there are any windows this side. Wait a minute, I will look."

Yanni stole out to the edge of the hill, and keeping behind a bush, reconnoitred.

Krinos was standing at the door, and even as Yanni looked a head wearing a red fez popped out and back again, and Yanni crept back with suppressed excitement in his eyes.

"They are both there," he said, "two of them and two of us. Oh, Mitsos, this is very good! You see, we must go to deliver our message, otherwise we had better run away now; but there is the message to deliver, and that is the first order. This is what I will do. Tie up your mule here, and get behind that bush. Then I will walk down to the mill with my mule, and I expect when Krinos sees me he will go back into the mill and wait. If he does, run down over so quickly and quietly—there are no windows this side—and hide behind the corner of the house. Then I will come and knock at the door, and I expect that when I give the message Krinos will let me in, and if you hear me shout, in with you. There will be no running away."

"It won't do," said Mitsos; "there will be two of them. They may kill you before I can get in."

"Oh dear, big fool," whispered Yanni, excitedly, "this is no time for talk! They will not want to kill me. What good would that do? They will take me to the Turks."

"You are right. Come on."

Mitsos crept to his post behind the bush after tethering his mule well out of sight, and Yanni went unconcernedly down the hill-side. As he had expected, as soon as Krinos saw him he strolled back into the mill and shut the door. Yanni waited a moment and beckoned to Mitsos, who strode noiselessly down and stood behind the corner of the wall, while Yanni came slowly on and reached the mill and tapped at the door. A voice from inside answered him—"Who's there?"

"It matters not," said Yanni. "Are you grinding corn?"

"Corn for the hungry or corn for the Turk."

"Black corn for the Turk."

The door was thrown open and Yanni entered. The moment after it was flung to again, and a half muffled shout came from inside. Mitsos sprang out, threw himself against the door, and went reeling in.

Yanni was struggling in the grasp of two men—the Greek and the Turk—and Mitsos, without losing a moment flung himself on to Krinos, who was nearest him, and dragged him off half throttling him. Krinos dropped his hold on Yanni, and turned round to grapple with his new assailant, whom, to his dismay, he saw towering half a head above him. At that moment all Mitsos's cheerfulness and good spirits were transformed into one white anger at the treachery of the man, and tightening his hold, he fought for his life. Mitsos's extra four inches were counterbalanced by Krinos's extra ten years of hardened bone and knitted muscle, and for the first few moments they toppled wildly about, and either might have won the fall. But then Mitsos's height began to tell, he heard the cracking of some bone in his joint, and knew it came out from him. Then for a moment he felt his adversary's right arm slacken, and knew that his hand was fumbling at his belt, whether for a knife or pistol he could not tell. His own pistol was in his belt, but tumbling, as he had, headlong into the middle of the fight, he had forgotten to take it out. But he knew what that fumbling at the belt meant, and throwing all his force into one effort, he lifted his opponent off his feet and threw him down. Krinos's left hand, with which alone he was holding Mitsos, lost its grasp, and the man went over head and heels backwards, and Mitsos, by the force of his own throw, fell for-

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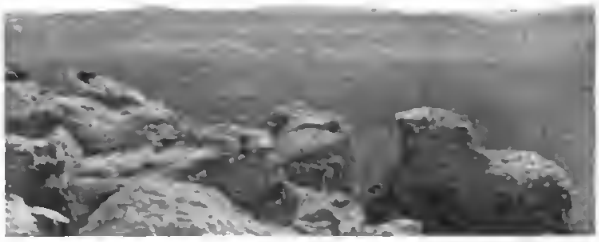
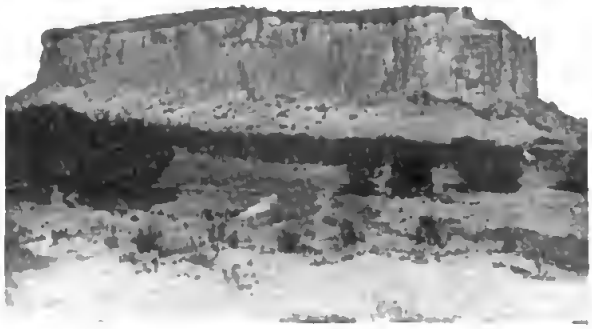


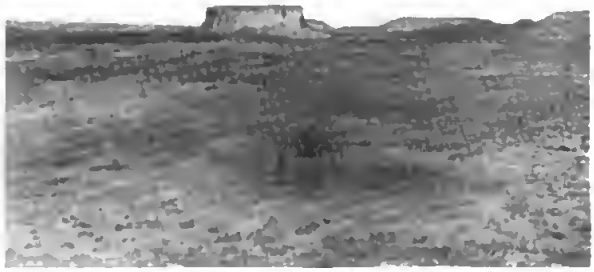
VIEW FROM THE TOP OF THE MESA—ACOMA IN THE DISTANCE

CANNON READY TO SHOOT THE FIRST LINE OVER THE MESA.

SOUTH POINT OF THE MESA, SHOWING THE ROPE USED BY PROFESSOR LIBBEY IN POSITION



EASY FACE OF THE MESA.



THE MESA ENCANTADA, FROM A POINT THREE MILES DISTANT.

ASCENDING IN THE BOATSWAIN'S CHAIR

ON THE SUMMIT OF THE MESA.

PROFESSOR LIBBEY'S ASCENT TO THE SUMMIT OF THE MESA ENCANTADA (ENCHANTED MOUNTAIN), NEW MEXICO.—[See Page 862.]

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warde half across him. Just in front of him the milestone was turning slowly and relentlessly, and for a moment he thought his own head was going to strike it, but he fell free. Not so the other. There was a moment's cessation of the noise, then a hoarse cry of agony, a horrid crack, and the stones began to turn again. Kringa's hand had fallen right beneath it, and it was cracked as a nut is cracked in a binge.

Without waiting a moment, Mitsos picked himself up, and turned round just as Yanni and the Turk, who were still struggling together, fell, the Turk uppermost. Mitsos saw him reach his hand to the butt of his pistol and draw it, keeping his knee on Yanni while he cocked it with the other hand. In a moment Mitsos had done the same, and the two reports were almost simultaneous. Just above Yanni's head there appeared on the wooden floor a raking furrow, as if some wild beast's claw had struck and torn it, but the Turk fell back, shot through the head.

The smoke cleared away, and Mitsos pulled Yanni from under the Turk. He lay quite still, and the edge of his black curls was singed and burned. Mitsos propped him up against the wall, and ran to get water from the oilfil streams outside. When he came back Yanni's eyes were open, and he was looking about in a dazed, confused way. Mitsos made him drink some, and bathed his face in it, and Yanni looked up and smiled at him.

"Did I not say it would be very good?" he murmured.

"Oh, Mitsos, the black devils!" He sat up and looked round, and pointed at the dead body of the Turk.

"I think I was stunned by the fall. I remember falling, and hitting my head an awful bang. So you shot him. Where is the other?"

He staggered to his feet, and looked round at the milestone. It was streaked and clotted with something dark and oily, and its edges dripped with the same. The man's fingers, though he had been dead two minutes at the least, still opened and shut, like sea weed under the rocks of the ebb tide, and the nails scratched impotently on the rough splintered floor.

"We fell—he fell there," said Mitsos. "Come outside, Yanni. It is not good to stop here. Here, let me put my arm round you; you are unsteady yet."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JAPAN'S GRIEVANCE AGAINST HAWAII.

COUNT OKUMA'S OFFICIAL PRESENTATION.

THE assertion has been made repeatedly, in support of the annexation of Hawaii, that prior to June 16, when the annexation treaty was sent to the Senate, the attitude of the Japanese government towards Hawaii was so menacing as to make it necessary for the Hawaiian government to seek immediate protection from the United States.

The history of the relations between Japan and Hawaii prior to June 16 shows, however, that the aggressive was taken not by Japan, but by Hawaii, in a sudden closing of Hawaiian ports against Japanese immigrants. In his instructions of June 9, 1897, to Mr. H. Shimamura, Japanese Minister to Hawaii, Count Okuma, Japanese Minister for Foreign Affairs, writing for the eye of the Hawaiian Minister of Foreign Affairs, has given a statement of the attitude of Japan which will probably be accepted as conclusive on this point.

In these instructions and the documents accompanying them, Count Okuma reviews the controversy which is now used to explain the demand for annexation, and, after doing so, he states the position of Japan in a manner so temperate and friendly that an examination of the official record, as he has made it, is the best answer to assertions that Japan had assumed a warlike attitude.

An examination of the documentary evidence presented on the side of Hawaii itself shows that such assertions as this are the result of after thought. On May 5 last the "Sons of the American Revolution" and other "patriotic societies" at Honolulu adopted resolutions setting forth their theories of the justification for immediate annexation, emphasizing them with the assertion that "Japan is quietly pouring in her people for the purpose of making a peaceful conquest of the islands—which is a perfectly legitimate ambition."

While this, standing as it does for the extreme accusation made against Japan prior to the signing of the annexation treaty, discloses of the charge that the Japanese immigrants were an army of occupation, it is intended to create the impression of an officially forced immigration. There is nothing to sustain such a charge in the statistics of the Japanese population of Hawaii. It is placed at 24,563 for 1896, while during the period of disturbance following the first attempt at annexation there were 21,048 Japanese residents in the islands. This increase is certainly not great enough to warrant the charge of a conspiracy on the part of Japanese officials to occupy the islands. The increase in their Japanese population, as shown by the best obtainable statistics, was more than 400 per cent between 1887 and 1892, while between 1892 and 1896 it is placed at less than 25 per cent.

The Japanese population shows its first considerable increase in 1889, when it almost doubles the population of 1887, and almost trebles that of 1886. The truth seems to be that until very recently Japanese immigration has been assiduously promoted by the Hawaiian planters themselves, importing labor under the contract system. It is under laws ostensibly adopted to check the abuse of the contract system that action was taken against Japan. It is interesting to recall in this connection an unofficial statement, credited to a member of the Hawaiian government and published not long ago, in which it was urged as an objection to further Japanese immigration that when imported as contract laborers they would not keep their contracts, but would leave the fields to become clerks, bookkeepers, and mechanics. It was said that they would make and sell at retail for $1 a shoe as good as the American shoes sold in the shops for $3. Another and seemingly a still more serious objection was that so-called Japanese laborers were often educated men, speaking English as German and Chinese as well as Japanese, and as a result of these accomplishments competing for mercantile places with white Americans, who were at a disadvantage as a result of being able to speak only one language.

At this point Count Okuma may be allowed to present officially the facts of the action of the Hawaiian authorities as they appeared to him. In a letter of instructions, dated June 9, 1897, and written to Minister Shimamura at Honolulu (and which is now and here given to the American public for the first time), he says that "between the beginning of March and the middle of April last no less than 1199 Japanese subjects were refused permission to land in Hawaii, and have in consequence returned to Japan. Of the immigrants thus excluded 480 were passengers on the steamer *Shinshin Maru*, 163 on the *Sakura Maru*, and 556 on the *Kinai Maru*. Dividing these according to qualifications, 146 were contract laborers and 1053 were free laborers.

"The rejected contract laborers," he continues, "were each under contract executed prior to their departure from Japan to perform labor in Hawaii. These contracts had not, however, received the approval of the Hawaiian Board of Immigration, and that fact was assigned as the sole reason for the exclusion of their holders."

As the new Hawaiian immigration laws, professedly modelled on those of the United States, discriminate against "pauper labor," Count Okuma sets forth that at the time of their arrival in Hawaii the expelled free laborers were each in actual possession of not less than $50 in money. "The *bona fides* of such possession," he writes, "was not called in question, or at least not disproved. In addition to that sum of money, these immigrants severally had undertakings from reliable immigrant companies in Japan assuring to them the necessaries of life in case of sickness or other misfortune. These undertakings were in no sense of the word labor contracts. Nevertheless, the provident possession of them was finally given as the reason for refusing the holders the right of entry and residence.

"In order, apparently, to carry on without failure or misadventure the crusade against the newly arrived Japanese immigrants, upon which it had manifestly embarked, the Hawaiian government refused to allow these subjects of his Imperial Majesty, whose residential rights were in jeopardy, to employ counsel or to have access to the courts of justice to defend those rights. The denial of these remedial rights was based upon the propositions, first, that the right of counsel only existed in respect of judicial proceedings, second, that the persons appealing to the courts were aliens and not yet landed in Hawaii, and third, that the decision of the customs officials was final.

"The rule not permitting you [Minister Shimamura] to see your countrymen who were restrained of their liberty in a strange land was, it seems, relaxed after a precedent had been established by the case of the *Shinshin Maru* passengers. While such refusal did not perhaps constitute a positive disregard of conventional engagements, it was at least an unfriendly act, and it indicated a determination to pursue the newly adopted policy of expulsion at all hazards."

After declaring it the deliberate judgment of the government of Japan that "the refusal of hospitality to the 1199 immigrants above referred to was unwarranted by the laws of Hawaii, and in open and direct contravention of the treaty stipulations subsisting between Japan and Hawaii," Count Okuma reviews the immigration acts of Hawaii which make it "unlawful for aliens without visible means of support" to enter the country, exception being made in favor of those in "*bona fide* possession of $50 in money or a *bona fide* written contract of employment with a reliable and responsible resident of the Hawaiian Islands binding such alien to work as an agricultural laborer for a term of not less than two years." This is a provision of Act 66 of the provisional government, as amended by Act 5. Under Act 17 of "the Executive and Advisory Councils" the importation of contract labor is forbidden, with the reservation, however, that "any person or association may bring aliens into the Hawaiian Islands, as aforesaid, upon receiving from the Board of Immigration its written approval of the contracts under which it is proposed to introduce such aliens."

While Count Okuma denies that these acts were fairly administered against his countrymen, it is under them that the Hawaiian government proceeded, and it is their obvious intention to put the whole matter of the importation of contract labor into the hands of a board empowered to suspend or enforce the prohibitions of the law, as may seem convenient.

It is in this connection that Count Okuma makes what will undoubtedly be considered his strongest point against the action of Hawaii. "The imperial government," he writes, "contends that, in the matter of the right of Japanese subjects to enter and reside in Hawaii, the Hawaiian government cannot, without their consent, impose any conditions or introduce any limitations not contemplated by the existing treaty, neither can the Hawaiian government, in view of that treaty, deny to such subjects, in respect of residential rights, a perfect equality of treatment, not only with the subjects and citizens of the most favored nations, but with the citizens of the republic. The accompanying memorandum indicates the treaty engagements with other powers upon which these contentions rest."

This memorandum is intended to force on Hawaii a realization of the inconsistency of attempting to lodge with a mere board of immigration power not only to suspend the prohibitions of an act of the Hawaiian government, but to set aside for the time being the requirements of any treaty which happens to be inconvenient. The treaty with Japan contains the usual provision that the subjects of that country shall not be discriminated against, but shall "at all times enjoy the same privileges as may have been or may hereafter be granted to the subjects of any other nation." In his memorandum Count Okuma shows that among the privileges guaranteed to Japan by Hawaii is that of entering freely its ports, of trading, and "of remaining and residing." In the Hawaiian treaty with Germany it is guaranteed that the "subjects and citizens of each contracting power shall enjoy in the territories of the other the same privileges, liberties, and rights, and shall be subject only to the same imposts or charges in these respects as native subjects or citizens." Under the treaty with France, French citizens have the right "to travel or reside, to trade by wholesale and retail, as if they were native subjects, and to establish themselves wherever they may think it suitable for their interests."

Similar clauses appear in treaties with other countries, and under the guarantee of the treaty between Japan and Hawaii no favor shown to the subjects or citizens of any other country is to be denied to Japan.

After arging these considerations, Count Okuma quotes a specific assurance from Mr. Cooper, Hawaiian Minister of Foreign Affairs, recognizing the equal residential rights of Japanese subjects. Under date of September 18, 1896, Minister Cooper wrote to the Japanese minister, Mr. Shimamura.

"Permit me to draw your attention to the fact that under the treaty existing between this country and Japan the subjects of his Imperial Majesty are permitted to enter the country without restrictions, except such as are imposed upon citizens of other countries having treaty relations with this government."

Throughout several pages of his argument Count Okuma addresses himself to the not very difficult undertaking of showing that "the continuity of policy" towards Japan claimed by the Hawaiian officials had really been violently and suddenly dislocated by acts which amounted to a denial not only of Japanese residential rights, but of the right to employ counsel, to be heard in court, and to appeal for redress to the Hawaiian government itself against an alleged injustice done by executive officers of the government.

"The right of residence is a high and valuable right," Count Okuma continues. "In the case under discussion an executive and not a judicial officer assumed to exercise the power of deciding as to the existence of that right, and that fact furnished the Hawaiian government the reason for denying to the Japanese subjects concerned the privilege of counsel . . . In assigning the fact of alienage as a reason for closing the courts against my countrymen the Hawaiian government ignored the treaty engagement by which it had solemnly promised to extend to the subjects of his Imperial Majesty national treatment in the matter of the administration of justice. And equally untenable is the suggestion that the remedial rights of Japanese subjects under the treaty subsisting between Japan and Hawaii must wait upon a statutory fiction. The Japanese immigrants who required legal advice, and who appealed to the Supreme Court of Hawaii to protect them in the enjoyment of their treaty rights, were not only within the exclusive jurisdiction and control of Hawaii, but were at the time actually restrained of their liberty by the Hawaiian authorities. To assert that persons in that predicament were not entitled to guaranteed remedial rights, merely because a law of Hawaii had declared that persons undergoing quarantine on shore were not deemed to have landed in Hawaii is to advance a proposition which, I am convinced, the government of the republic will not seriously attempt to maintain."

When the Hawaiian authorities first disclosed their policy of excluding and deporting Japanese immigrants at their pleasure, an attempt was made to secure from the Hawaiian courts a declaration of Japanese treaty rights, but it was unsuccessful. In reviewing this phase of the case Count Okuma writes:

"The contention that the decision of the Collector General of Customs was final, and binding upon the Supreme Court of Hawaii, lacked this fundamental fact, as shown by the accompanying memorandum—that at the time the court declined to intervene on behalf of the Japanese immigrants no final decision had been rendered by the Collector General of Customs . . .

"In thus criticising the withholding of remedial rights from Japanese subjects," Count Okuma says, in conclusion, "it has not been my purpose to formulate at this juncture any separate demand on account of the denial of justice. My object has been to make it clear that the decrees of expulsion against the 1199 Japanese immigrants were wholly inconclusive. The imperial government is convinced that the action of the Hawaiian government, both executive and judicial, in respect of all the rejected immigrants, was unwarranted in view of the domestic legislation of Hawaii, and that it must be condemned in contemplation of Hawaii's treaty obligations to a friendly power. You will communicate a copy of this instruction to the Minister of Foreign Affairs as a more exact and complete definition and justification of the contentions of the imperial government than has heretofore been presented, and you will at the same time give expression to the hope entertained by the government of his Majesty the Emperor that the Hawaiian government will perceive the advantage, from every point of view, of an early adjustment of this most serious question upon the principles of exact justice and right.

(Signed) COUNT OKUMA SHIGENOBU,
Minister for Foreign Affairs."

The temperate tone of this document, written, as Count Okuma states, to be presented to the Hawaiian government as "a more exact and complete definition" of the attitude of Japan, is wholly inconsistent with the stories that the Hawaiian government was forced to appeal for immediate annexation to the United States because of fear of being involved in war with Japan. Beyond the customary diplomatic assertion that the conduct complained of is "intolerable," there is not a syllable in Count Okuma's definition of the policy of his government to which the most sensitive Hawaiian annexationist could have pointed as cause of alarm. As far as the relations between Japan and Hawaii prior to the signing of the annexation treaty and its transmission to the Senate in June are concerned, the statement of Count Okuma will without doubt be accepted as a demonstration of Japan's good neighborliness. It is impossible to believe after reading it that the intention in uttering it was to force a quarrel, or to do anything more than to seek redress from the authorities of Hawaii under their own laws and the existing treaty with Japan.

A DISENCHANTED MESA.

About three hundred and fifty years ago a gallant Spanish company, under the leadership of Coronado, marched gayly northward from their Mexican possessions following the will-o'-the-wisp of gold to the gates of the famous Cibola, the goal of the ambitious Cortez. They asked questions about gold, and the natives and medicine men regaled their minds with stories which were fully up to the expectations of the eager explorers. They were finally effectually disenchanted by their experiences.

Many other interesting tales were unfolded which savored of the heroic l[illegible] the tribes through

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whose interesting country they were passing. The capacity of the native for spinning yarns has always been noted, and he generally has the last word and tells the most famous tale. The imaginative faculty has always been very highly cultivated among them and we can easily believe that when called upon on such a show occasion flights would be indulged in which would leave nothing wanting in the line of daring. If we could carry ourselves back to this remote period and to the valley of Acoma, we might in fancy indulge in a most interesting scene. A few hostile passes had been made, but the Spaniards, who apparently understood the method of indulging in a higher "bluff," as a Westerner would say, marched boldly on, to the complete surprise and consternation of the Acomites, who instantly proceeded to receive them as men and brothers. These preliminaries having been arranged, and the motherly protection of Spain having been secured, the on-coming night spread its rainbow tipped wings over the stage of action.

Around the glowing camp fire were gathered the stalwart forms of men-at-arms, vigorous, swarthy, and tried, whose mettle and hardihood had won a new world for their mother-country. After the usual greetings we can see the blanketed form of one from an equally interesting group press forward, as the light from the fire and the softer radiance of the rising moon cast a strange and charming glow upon his typical form and features. The keen eyed child of nature was at his best, and his tried eloquence was now to weave a new and brilliant line into the fabric of history. It is not known whether he was given to the use of "once upon a time," but with words to that effect we may feel sure that he began to unfold the record of the prowess of his ancestors.

The fine castellated crag rising majestically to their right had already excited the wonder and admiration of the strangers, and now its beauties were increased many times by the fairy light of the night. This served as an inspiration in his theme. That rock, now haunted by spirits, had once been the home of his race. Upon its lofty summit their homes had been built. There they and theirs were fully secured against all attacks of their enemies. One long slablike rock, which had slipped away from the main mass, and along which they had carefully hewn the notches which served as footholds, formed their only approach to the dizzy height, 500 feet above the plain. At all other points a frowning precipice presented, as it does to-day, an impassable barrier to almost everything living except the birds.

Their fields were fertile, their flocks were large, and they had been blessed by bountiful nature even beyond their needs. But the nature that had been so kind could also be harsh and cruel. One afternoon a terrific storm took place, and after their work was done in the fields below they reached the base of the rock only to find that their pathway had been destroyed. Many were the eyes that were turned upward wistfully, but in vain. Their poor companions above were cut off from all means of descent, and were doomed to the terrible fate of starvation. The tribe then chose the neighboring rock for the site of their new home, and there they now lived. For many long years no human foot had ever crossed the summit of that bold mesa, and they had reason to believe that the spirits of their dead alone watched the site of the home of long ago.

The medicine man of the future will now have to publish a new and revised edition of the story. He will note that while all their men were away, in July of 1897, piously engaged in cutting timbers to renew the crumbling roof of their cathedral, another party of men, headed by two vandals from the far East, stealthily entered their valley. One of these men was an inquisitive scientist by the name of Libbey, the other a prying journalist called Bridgman. They had much curious baggage, which was brought in upon two heavily laden wagons. Among other things was a small cannon, and miles and miles of rope. The cannon was set up on the eastern side of the southern point of the mesa, and after it had been charged, a large shot with a projecting shaft and ring was placed in the gun. To this shot a cord was attached which led to a box, where a long line had been carefully coiled in a manner never seen before in this part of the country, but which seemed to have a purpose, because, when the gun was discharged, the line left the box without being snarled up. The shot passed up in the air high above the cliff and fell on the western side of the mesa. They then spent two whole days drawing ropes over the top of the rock, until finally, by the aid of a team, the largest rope of all (about an inch in diameter) had been put in place. This rope had a pulley attached to it, through which a smaller rope passed, and this pulley was hauled up exactly to the edge of the cliff. A curious seat was constructed with a board which was suspended from a block which ran along the top of the large rope. One end of the smaller rope was attached to this block, and the other fastened behind a team. The explorer, seating himself in the chair, in spite of the protests of our women and children who were present, was drawn up to the top of the rock, and then another member of the party, called Pearce, was drawn up after him.

They found themselves upon the smaller end of the great rock, however, and were cut off from the main portion of the mesa. They called for a ladder, which was sent up to them, and then the explorer, climbing down it upon the face of the cliff where the rocks were perpendicular on either side of the knife edge over which the ladder hung, jumped across to the other side of the chasm. He wandered around for a long time, and when he came back to where he left his companion, called out to those below that the summit had never been inhabited, that there was no trace of houses ever having been constructed up there; that there were no remnants of pottery, or fragments of household utensils, or implements of any kind, no water tanks for the storage of rain-water; one object alone looked as though it might have been built by human hands, and that was a small cairnlike mass of stones. He spoke of stunted pine and cedar trees growing in scanty masses of earth here and there, but described the remainder of the surface as perfectly bare, and swept clean by the wind. A few grasses and plants common on the plains below were also found, and these, with one gray rat and a number of ordinary lizards, were all the evidences of life to be seen. All of which merely goes to show that he was in reality blinded by the spirits, and that his remark when he reached the plain once more, that the mesa was disenchanted, was an illusion of his mind, that had been unduly excited by his trip up into the thin air only fit for spirits to breathe.

WILLIAM LIBBEY.

MEMORIAL SERVICE IN HONOR OF SPAIN'S DEAD PREMIER.

THE solemn mass for the repose of the soul of the late Premier of Spain, Cánovas del Castillo, held in the church of St. Vincent de Paul, at eleven o'clock on Wednesday last, August 18, was largely attended by the Spanish colony of this city and vicinity.

The church, which is richly decorated in gold and white, was draped in mourning. Facing the grand altar in the main aisle was a large and imposing catafalque. It was a mass of black. On either side, the letter C in white on a shield of black. The catafalque was flanked by large candelabra, three on a side. The end facing Twenty-third Street was buried in rich flowers and crowns from the Spanish Embassy, Washington, La Junta Patriótica Española, New York, Las Novedades, and many others.

The chief mourners were his Excellency Señor Don E. Dupuy de Lome, Spanish Minister in Washington, the secretaries of his embassy, Captain de la Casa, Royal Artillery, representing the army, and Captain Llopis the navy. All wore the rich uniforms of their respective ranks. The Consular Corps was fully represented.

The officiating clergy were three Spanish priests, here temporarily, assisted by the clergy of St. Vincent de Paul. The solemn mass was of the usual character.

The Rev. Father Jannicot, a friend of the late Premier, made the oration. From it the following are brief selections:

(Continued on page 855.)

SICKNESS AMONG CHILDREN is prevalent at all seasons of the year, but can be avoided largely when they are properly cared for. *Infant Health* is the title of a valuable pamphlet accessible to all who will send address to the New York Condensed Milk Company, N. Y. City.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

The snap and tone you lack. Edge to appetite. Fuller joy to life. ABBOTT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS gives these—and more. Must be the genuine.—[*Adv.*]

DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS is a world-renowned article; beware of imitations.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Beautiful muslin for wedding trousseaux—"as fine as linen, as soft as silk."
For sale by all leading retailers.

[Drawn from life expressly for Sozodont.]

Did you ever stop to consider the grateful fragrance of Sozodont, and the refreshing sensation it produces in the mouth, the sense of coolness and cleanliness, these warm vacation days? After a spin, Sozodont is almost indispensable.

A sample for three cents, if you mention HARPER'S. Address P.O. Box 247, New York.
HALL & RUCKEL, Proprietors . . . . New York and London.

Williams' Jersey Cream Toilet Soap

THE PERFECTION OF TOILET SOAP.

It required years of costly and careful experiments to produce a Toilet Soap that should be fully up to the high standard of the Famous Williams' Shaving Soaps.

FOR SUMMER USE.

For the common skin affections during hot weather, the soothing, healing qualities of Jersey Cream Soap are unsurpassed. Those having delicate skins will always find it delightful and beneficial.

ABSOLUTELY PURE,
DELICATELY SCENTED,
GIVES UNIVERSAL SATISFACTION.

FREE! A Beautiful Transparent
Window Thermometer
(18 inches long, 3 inches wide)
to fasten outside the window, is carefully packed with each dozen cakes of
JERSEY CREAM TOILET SOAP.

Sample Cake of this exquisite Soap mailed to any address upon receipt of . . . . . 2 cents.

Full-Sized Cake, 15 cents.

One Doz. Cakes, and the Valuable Window Thermometer sent prepaid to any Ex. Office in U.S. for $2.00.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Dept. H, GLASTONBURY, CONN.
Manufacturers for over Half a Century of
WILLIAMS' CELEBRATED SHAVING SOAPS.

25 CTS PISO'S CURE FOR 25 CTS
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

THE CELEBRATED
SOHMER
Heads the list of the highest-grade pianos. It is the favorite of the artists and the refined musical public.
SOHMER & CO., Piano Manufacturers,
149 to 155 East 14th St., N. Y.

A NIGHT SCENE ON THE BOULEVARD—NEW YORK'S GREAT BICYCLE THOROUGHFARE.

(Continued from page 863.)

Cánovas del Castillo rose from the people to eminence. He shaped the destinies of Spain. He restored a throne undermined by rebellion. He checked a fratricidal war. This man, who advised the throne, who was made famous by his many and great attainments, has ceased to exist.

That well-known figure who gave life and animation to the Athenæum, who supported the Academy, is no more.

That column has been broken, that light extinguished, that fortress destroyed, that man annihilated.

What shall we do in the presence of such a disaster?

We must content ourselves with admiring his great genius, his talents, and his prestige, not forgetting the utterance of the great Bismarck, "I have never bowed before any one, but I bow whenever the name of Cánovas del Castillo is mentioned."

We denounce the crime, and ask for just vengeance on earth, as well as in heaven, against the awful sinner, against the unhappy man who has overwhelmed Spain with sorrow. Our indignation is just. An illustrious Spanish woman, the widow of the unfortunate Cánovas del Castillo, has given the world a beautiful lesson regarding forgiveness. When the funeral procession left La Huerta, she publicly asked pardon for the man who had cut short the life of her dear husband. It was grand. It was magnificent. It arose from a heart truly Catholic, that of a heroine. An admirable lesson for all who cherish feelings of hostility and revenge.

From this sad incident we have to learn another lesson—a very necessary one in our days—that of combating anarchism by the diffusion of Catholic doctrine, and the necessity of submitting human wisdom and authority to that of our Lord.

We must pray for Spain. We must pray for the royal family. Pray for the disconsolate widow of our great statesman. Pray for the soul of our chief. We lament his death as a national calamity. We weep and pray for the soul of His Excellency Señor Don Antonio Cánovas del Castillo. *Requiescat in pace.*

The services were under the auspices of La Junta Patriótica Española, of New York city.

Secretary Sherman telegraphed his regret that the message sent to the President was received too late to permit the Secretary's attendance, and expressed his profound sympathy.

THE POLITICAL CALM IN ENGLAND.

There were only two measures of first-class importance passed in the late session of the English Parliament. One was the act establishing a system of compensation to workmen injured in the course of their employment, and the other was the measure, demanded alike by the Church of England and the Church of Rome, for further help from the imperial treasury to the elementary schools maintained in connection with these churches. These were both noteworthy measures, and both have long been subjects of much controversy. But interest attaching to the late Parliamentary session arises much more out of the extraordinary position of political parties in England, which the session again made obvious, than out of any additions to the statute-book.

The position of parties, especially of the Liberal party, is unexampled in the political history of England. Both in England and in this country there is some disposition to attribute the stagnation among the Liberals to the lack of a popular leader, or to the apathy of those leaders of the Liberal party who sit on the Front Opposition Bench of the House of Commons. Sir William Harcourt may not be a leader who arouses any enthusiasm among the rank and file of the Liberal party, either in or out of Parliament. He may be a poor exchange for a leader like Mr. Gladstone, or even for Lord Rosebery, but however that may be, neither Sir William Harcourt, Mr. John Morley, nor Sir Henry Fowler can be blamed for the apathy which now characterizes English Liberalism. The real reason is that for the present the Liberals are without a mission. It is true that the traditional mission of the opposition in the English Parliament is to criticise the government. The Liberals are still discharging this duty, but for the first time in the history of the Liberal party they are doing absolutely nothing else.

Heretofore, whenever the Liberals have been in opposition, they have, in addition to acting as critics of the government, been busy with some agitation for reform, which gave large and continuous scope for their energy. In the past two sessions they have been occupied exclusively with criticism, and have brought forward no measures to which the Liberal party as a whole is committed, and for which it is working in and out of Parliament. Modern Liberalism dates from the decade of 1770–80, when the need for many constitutional changes was made glaringly obvious by the attitude of George III. and his docile administration towards the Revolution. Then it was that the predecessors of present-day Liberals took up the cry of constitutional reform and of economy in the administration of the government, which had first been raised in the independent county constituencies. In and out of season this agitation was continued, until 1832, when the first Reform Act was passed. That act was hardly on the statute-book before a second agitation for reform was commenced. It began with the people, and culminated in the Chartist movement. From 1832 to about 1856 the Liberal party, then an embodiment of the English middle classes, held aloof from the Parliamentary reform movement. In the sixties, however, the Liberals were supporting it, and in 1867, after nearly a century of agitation, the working classes in the towns got the vote. Following this came another agitation—that for Parliamentary votes for the working classes in the rural districts. The Liberals early identified themselves with this movement, and supported it until the Reform Act of 1884 was carried. Then the Liberals agitated for a reform of county and parish government. A measure for county government reform was carried in 1888, and another for the reform of parish government in 1894.

When the Reform Act of 1884 was carried it looked as though constitutional change must come to an end when county government was reformed. In 1885, however, the home-rule question injected itself into English politics. The Liberals, following the lead of Mr. Gladstone, associated themselves with this movement, and worked for home rule with more or less energy from 1885 until 1895. The general election of that year, however, showed that the English people would have none of home rule. They put the Liberals in a minority of 150 in the House of Commons, and since that general appeal to the constituencies, so far as the Liberals are concerned, home rule has been allowed to fall into the background, and any one reading the Liberal newspapers of to-day would never imagine that in two recent Parliaments the Liberals essayed to carry a home-rule bill. Never before did the Liberal party act towards a measure for constitutional change to which it had once given its adhesion as it has acted since 1895 towards home rule. Its action towards Ireland is utterly unlike the action of the Liberals of the period between 1780 and 1832 towards the movement for Parliamentary reform. That movement, to all outward appearance, seemed to be downed again and again, but the Liberals never let go, and statesmen like Lord Grey and Lord Russell, who had attached themselves to it when, fresh from the universities, they entered the House of Commons, stood continuously by it until the great epoch-making change was accomplished.

The net result of the reforms adopted between 1832 and 1894, and of the curious shifting of parties during the last fifteen years, is that to-day the Liberals are practically without a programme, and are marking time from necessity, not from choice. In the constituencies there are no demands for reform to be pressed upon the Liberal leaders. The people themselves are at rest from political agitation, and until the people set themselves in motion again there can be no work of the old kind for the Liberals in Parliament. It is useless for the Liberal leaders to attempt to raise cries with a view to popular agitation. Things do not move in that way in England. In the past all demands for reform have originated with the people, and at the fit and proper stage the Liberal leaders have attached themselves to these movements and piloted them through Parliament. The Liberals in Parliament are now idle because the people have put no work into their hands, and for the present the people are showing no inclination to do so. From 1780 to 1885 England was never without an agitation for a constitutional change of some kind, and usually an agitation sufficiently formidable to keep the country astir. The country is now enjoying a period of unexampled domestic tranquillity and rest. Any one who looks down the vista back to the time when this country broke away from the mother-land must admit that the rest is well earned, and that it is well that there should be a period of tranquillity, in order that the numerous changes in machinery of local and imperial government made in the last sixty-five years may be tested.

AN EVENING ON THE BOULEVARD.

A few years ago Broadway disappeared in a kind of morass at Fifty-ninth Street.

From that point the "Boulevard" trailed its slimy length northward to nobody but the map-makers knew where, and, as far as the average New-Yorker was concerned, the Boulevard was a place of outer darkness. A few blocks of asphalt laid above Fifty-ninth Street attracted the wheelmen, little shops began to appear, and people who came to watch the wheel-folk thronged the sidewalks. New-Yorkers who chanced to possess a little city pride began to inquire why the two rows of beautiful elms in the centre of the avenue were left to the companionship of rag-weed, thistles, and dog-fennel, when numbers of respectable citizens were anxious to walk in their shade.

Then came the wonderful craze for the bicycle, which attacked rich and poor alike, and made the completion of the Boulevard pavement a public necessity. The rag-weed had to go, and from a howling wilderness the Boulevard in two years has become a beautiful parkway, with grass plots and flowers and gravelled walks.

Every night the lanterns of thousands of bicycles make of the Boulevard a marvellous spectacle, and where all was weeds and mud and blackness is now the most cheerful thoroughfare in all New York. Vacant lots are becoming a thing of the past, but on the few that are left enterprising ice-cream venders put up their tents and string up their Chinese lanterns, until the inevitable builder crowds them out. The tandem is greatly in evidence on the Boulevard this summer; the scorcher has almost disappeared, as has also the young woman in bloomers. Wheelmen and wheelwomen ride better and dress more becomingly than ever before. It is a great sight, and every one should see the Boulevard on a summer evening.

W. A. R.

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AMATEUR SPORT

"SUMMER-NINE" BASEBALL THIS SEASON is very much less of a disturbing factor in the world of amateur sport than since the halcyon days of the Cape May team.

But few players of promise have yielded to the blandishments of resort amusement-procurers, and the majority of those were graduates this year. They are added to the "list," however, by way of forming a reference memorandum, in case of their returning this autumn for post-graduate courses.

Perhaps the most signal victory over "summer-nine" semi-professional hell-playing has been gained in the middle West. Chicago University, which hitherto has maintained such a nine, has this year not only yielded to wholesome counsel and abandoned the practice, but discountenanced summer-nine playing by its students. In other directions a like effort to weed out this professionalizing influence is in evidence.

"SUMMER-NINE" BLACK LIST.

A "summer nine," so called in a baseball team maintained by an individual, or group of individuals, or hotel, or club; wholly or partly dependent for its players upon summer residents, and at the games of which gate-money is accepted and used for other than charitable purposes. A college man who joins such an aggregation is considered to have forfeited his right to represent a university in any department of amateur athletics.

Phillips (Brown); Bradley,* Altman,* Smith,* Jayne,* and Wilson* (Princeton); Barclay (Lafayette); Davis (Wesleyan); Wadsworth and Clarkson (Yale); Scannell (Harvard); Blakeley* and Dickson (Pennsylvania).

* Graduated in '97.

Names will be added to this list as they are learned. In the discovery of off-enders against the ethics of healthful college sport, we invoke the aid of all sportsmen.

There are several others that appear to be candidates for the black list, but of whose fitness for it we have not yet satisfied ourselves. Of these are French, the Andover captain and short stop, Saul, the Cambridge High and Latin School second base man, Crowley, of the same school team; Lynch, Stearns, Gonterman, and F. Goodrich, all of Harvard. These men are reported to be "signed" (there is a most offensively professional twang in the use of that word "signed") by various hotels in the White Mountains.

The Newton Athletic Association (near Boston) put forth a nine this season of college graduates of several years' standing, made up as follows: Dowd (formerly of Georgetown and Holy Cross, those nurseries of professional ball players), who is paid cash; Draper (Williams); Dickinson, Hovey, Whittemore, Winston (all of Harvard); Hubbard (Yale), and Warren (Brown).

DISGUSTED PROFESSIONAL BASEBALL around New York has received such universal condemnation that "managers" have had difficulty in getting together teams that can play well enough to make no interesting game. The right sort of college men are no longer among the "summer-nine" proselytes, and clubs have found the deception unprofitable. One of them—the Orange Athletic Club—has gone to its death because its members and the residents in its vicinity had grown disgusted with the corruption that has scandalized Orange A. C. baseball and football for several years. Sportsmen rejoice in the dissolution of this club, as they did in the demise of that other arch-offender, the old Manhattan A. C.

And thus another illustration is provided to prove that unwholesomeness in amateur sport does not pay—even the piper.

This season some men, with an eye to the dollar rather than to sport, have organized a nine, christened it the Orange Athletic Club team, and started it off on a still hunt for gate money. Time for they have not been enriched.

The Orient Field Club at Hackensack has a nine made up of non-residents—and paid at so much a game. The team has not created the interest of the old days, when the club had at least an occasional resident player.

The much-heralded all-collegiate team of Philadelphia has failed to attract first-class men and has been playing uninteresting ball. Dickson of Pennsylvania is the only "varsity player to debar himself from college baseball by having joined its ranks.

ONE FACULTY THAT HAS DISCIPLINED its refractory athletes in a most military fashion is that of the Missouri State University, which suspended indefinitely from the university the captain of the football eleven, T. R. Shawhan; the manager, George H. English, and discharged in disgrace its coach, Frank M. Patterson, of New York. The reason for such summary action was a trip by the football team to Texas and Mexico, which the faculty had previously forbidden. Thus we see that in the West, as well as in the East, faculties are alive to the harmful influence of tours and games outside the regular college schedules where no admission fee is charged.

WITH ITS FIRST CLASS SERIOUSLY DEPLETED by the untimely retirement of high grade players, and golf trespassing on its recruiting field, there has never been a time during the American life of lawn tennis when nourishment was so needful to its prosperous existence. For that reason, if for no other, it seems especially important that much and unceasing encouragement should be given State and sectional tournaments. That such local play is the most certain developer of raw material is a sporting axiom, corroborated by the experience of every other athletic game. This is a trite statement, no doubt, and yet the lessons of the past show that disregard of its reasonable teachings has accounted for many of our troubles in lawn-tennis and other games.

NO GAME CAN ATTAIN LASTING PROSPERITY, or maintain a first-class standard, unless the second and third and lower classes are given continuous attention. The dependency for permanent good form on the cultivation of stars, to the neglect of the rank and file, is a policy that has been tried and found wanting at all of our universities and in every branch of athletic endeavor. As the maintenance of a 'varsity standard has been found—at Harvard and Yale, for example—to depend largely upon giving the second class teams first class coaching, so the maintenance of a first class standard in lawn-tennis depends very considerably upon the attention given the second raters. The means employed to such an end must differ, of course. At the colleges the recruits are comparatively few, and immediately under the eyes and direction of the athletic officials, and may be coached into better form, in lawn-tennis the recruits are a great army scattered over all the country, who may not be reached directly, and whose development rests almost entirely upon their individual and respective ambition. These cannot be coached; they must be encouraged.

THE AVERAGE INDIVIDUAL requires an incentive to move him to unusual effort. In college baseball this is supplied by the honor roll of batting and fielding percentages, in football and rowing, by the various special rewards, such as caps, trophies, and election to societies and clubs; in general lawn tennis it can be furnished by club tournaments, leading up to State and sectional, and finally to the national championships at Newport.

Club and sectional and even State tournaments are now held not always regularly, and not frequently in sequence or with system. And it is on this point chiefly that I have taken up the matter for comment. The relation of an Advisory Committee to the various sports of its university should be substantially the relation of the United States National Lawn-Tennis Association to its club members and their players throughout the country. In its present condition the game and the clubs and the players need something more than a mere official head, whose chief occupation is the granting of dates and ranking of no occasional rule. They need a counsellor who is both active and sympathetic; one who not only rules against abuses, but who points out the way to prosperity and gives helpful aid to its attainment.

SOME OF THESE ATTRIBUTES the National Association has, and some of them it has not. But certainly whatever the degree of its sympathy, its activity in aid of sectional tennis development has not been notable. Championships have been established and dates granted for club or State tournaments, and there activity at least has ended. A most estimable pattern for the National Association is the organization of the League of American Wheelmen, which encourages and keeps in touch with the interests of its members, far and near. The delegates of the National Association appear to consider their full duty performed by attendance at the annual meeting, the L. A. W. sectional representatives are never done furthering the interest of the sport and lending encouragement to its devotees in their respective districts.

HOW THE L. A. W. membership has increased, and how the purely local sport has developed broadly through the country, intelligent readers of the newspapers know. Now the one official act of the L. A. W. which is almost entirely responsible for that local increase was the rule promulgated a few years ago forbidding a man to race outside of his own district, or a club to pay a racer's expenses to any meet save that of his own section or to the national championships. Before that excellent rule went into effect there had been slight encouragement offered local riders. A band of so-called amateurs went forth from the East every year, touring the country and racing wherever sufficient inducement offered.

This pleased the local club managers at first, because, they argued, the spectators preferred to see the "cracks." But it shortly became evident that local talent languished in the hopelessness of winning even a place against men who followed the racing circuit as a means of livelihood, and were in perennial training. Then came the rule that put an end to the touring, and gave the impetus to local bicycle racing that, in point of arousing local interest, has quite exceeded the greatest enthusiasm the semi professionals ever created.

IN ONLY SO FAR AS IT APPLIES to the disregard of local players is this illustration applicable to tennis. There is no similar semi-professionalism to disturb the Association's complacency, but the tendency to exploit borrowed attractions that handicapped local development—as L. A. W. experience—seems to prevail largely in tennis. If the same energy that is now expended in drumming up an entry-list of "cracks" to local tournaments had been devoted to the cultivation of local players, there would not now be so long a step between our first and second class players, nor would we, in '97, have had but two really first-class players representing American tennis at the national championships.

It has been argued that three or four cracks going from one local tournament to another, carrying off all the honors, and completely smothering such local players as may venture to oppose them, is the best way to arouse local tennis interest and develop local tennis players. It may be even asserted that local players and local "patrons" should believe their provision of cups and of enthusiasm cheap at half the price of providing no opportunity for the exploitation of the cracks.

BUT HUMANITY IN LAWN-TENNIS is much like humanity in general, and not at its ease in altruistic rôles. Perhaps the future may discover cultivation equal to unstingly paying for another's summer holiday, but meantime the L. A. W.'s experience proves us to be of the traditional, if humble, clay.

It seems a reasonable and trustworthy deduction that lawn tennis cannot thrive in pursuing methods which the L. A. W. after a long trial abandoned as unprofitable. If the permanent and general welfare of bicycling was not benefited by touring racers, it appears consistent that, on a similar sowing, lawn tennis will not reap wheat where bicycling reaped only tares. The ones responsible for the meager harvest are the clubs whose misguided directors fancy no tournament satisfying without an outside stellar attraction. This criticism does not, of course, apply to foreign entries; they represent no entirely different and most commendable spirit.

THE TOLERATION I DO CRITICISE is that which permits residents of one State or section to compete in the tournaments of another; that permits a player of any class to tour half a dozen States, winning perhaps the championship of each, though being a resident of none. Finally, to be more definite, the toleration which I condemn is that which permitted Leo Ware, G. P. Sheldon, Jr., and E. P. Fischer to go from New York to Chicago and compete for the Western championships.

It is a bad principle that can be defended on no tenable ground. The L. A. W. found that it impoverished its recruiting field, and the National Lawn-Tennis Association will make the same discovery—let us hope before it is too late.

The rational and wholesome course of a tennis-player would seem to be from his club to his State, then to sectional, and finally to the national championships.

SCHUYLKILL NAVY BOAT HOUSES

Copyright, 1897, by C. H. Graves.

THE NATIONAL REGATTA AT PHILADELPHIA.
Scene on the Schuylkill River Course.

Magazine Juvenal. Whitehead

START OF THE SINGLE SCULLS CHAMPIONSHIP.

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It is too bad that the happy-go-lucky system is employed in the drawings for the National lawn-tennis championships. Whereas judicious distribution of the first eight or ten men would lend interest to all the rounds, now, by the present method, some of the rounds and one-half of the tournament are apt to be destitute of first class men and entertaining play. This year's tournament serves as an illustration. In the lower half there is but one first-class man, Eaves, and Budlong, Sheldon, Ware, and Paret; in the upper half are Larned, Mahony, Nisbet, George Wrenn, Whitman, Fischer, Stevens, and Chace.

In other words, every one of the first and second class men entered in the tournament, and the ranking men of the third class, are drawn in the upper half, while the best men entered, aside from Eaves the visiting Englishman, in the lower half are of the third and fourth classes. Surely a method that permits of so uneven a distribution of contestants in a tournament requiring seven days of play is open to criticism.

Last year another system was used, with very satisfactory results, but this year, for some reason known only to the Association's Executive Committee, it was ignored. The Newport week for its entire length is none too interesting at best, and considering tennis to be in a condition requiring every encouragement, we should think the advisability of doing whatever will increase the game's popularity would suggest itself to the Association.

The most pleasing result in the tournament up to Monday (when we go to press) was the defeat of Mahony and Nisbet by Ware and Sheldon in the national doubles. And next to Whitman's defeat of Mahony in the second round of the singles, it was the most unexpected, for the Englishmen's victory had been virtually conceded. Individually Mahony and Nisbet, of course, outclass Ware and Sheldon, but as a team they were outplayed and completely outgeneralled. That the Englishmen were outgeneralled was not especially surprising, for such has been the result of other international competitions; but to be outplayed, and by two members of America's third class, was a result even the most hopeful native had scarcely anticipated.

Head work, in fact, won the match for America, aided by Ware's splendid driving and Sheldon's excellent smashing at the net, which quite reminded us of that smasher *par excellence*, Hovey.

The Americans started the first set obviously impressed by the momentous position they occupied before the American public, the loss of their match meaning the conveyance of the national championship title to England. Mahony and Nisbet had the score four games to one before Ware and Sheldon settled to work, and then, by lobbing, the latter pair made it four all. They lost the next and won the following game, and the score again stood even at five all. From then until the Englishmen finally won the set at 13–11 the lead alternated, and for the first time it became apparent to the spectators that America stood a chance of keeping its title at home. The second set strengthened hope, for Ware and Sheldon played all around their opponents, earning more aces and making less errors. The third set was similar in play, though not in result, to the first, Mahony and Nisbet running the score quickly to 4–1, when the Americans made it four all by a splendid stand. They lost the next game, but pulled up again to five all, and finally won out, 9–7, by lobbing and persistently driving at Mahony's forehand.

The fourth set went quickly to the Englishmen, who played strongly, while Ware and Sheldon seemed slow in settling after their rest. But the Americans redeemed themselves in the fifth and deciding set, for they showed the cleverest work of the match, drawing the Englishmen up to the net, and then lobbing or driving past them, oftentimes between them. It was as pretty an exhibition of head-work as I have ever seen on the court.

And these were the tactics of the entire match. From first to last Ware and Sheldon lobbed at every opportunity, they kept the Englishmen from the net, and time and again passed them by strong, excellently placed drives, while some of the rallies at the net—between the four—were brilliant to a degree. Ware did the driving and Sheldon the smashing for America, and both lobbed well. Nisbet greatly excelled Mahony, who was decidedly weak. In fact, America's victory is largely due to Ware and Sheldon's persistently playing at Mahony.

FIRST SET.

Ware and Sheldon—
0 1 0 0 4 4 4 0 4 4 0 4 1 4 4 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 4 0 1—71—11
Mahony and Nisbet—
4 4 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 4 0 4 0 0 0 4 0 4 0 4 4 0 0 4—63—13

SECOND SET.

Ware and Sheldon .... 1 4 4 0 0 0 4 4—25—6
Mahony and Nisbet .... 4 0 0 1 4 0 0 1—17—2

THIRD SET.

Ware and Sheldon .... 1 4 4 0 4 0 0 7 0 1 4 2 4 1 4 4 0—50—9
Mahony and Nisbet .... 4 0 4 0 4 0 0 0 0 4 0 4 0 4 1 0 2—40—7

FOURTH SET.

Ware and Sheldon .... 0 2 0 4 4 4 0—22—1
Mahony and Nisbet .... 4 0 4 4 0 0 5—27—6

FIFTH SET.

Ware and Sheldon .... 4 7 0 5 4 0 4—34—6
Mahony and Nisbet .... 0 0 2 4 1 4 2—21—1

It is interesting to study the score in detail:

	Places.	Outs.	Nets.
Ware and Sheldon made	73	75	69
Mahony and Nisbet "	61	43	90

Total games won by Ware and Sheldon 33; points, 205. By Mahony and Nisbet, 29 games, 204 points.

Individually:

	Places.	Outs.	Nets.
Ware made	45	24	41
Sheldon "	24	46	27
Nisbet "	36	20	44
Mahony "	25	21	45

Of the singles matches, none was more interesting than and certainly none so upsetting as the Whitman-Mahony, won by the former, 9–7, 6–3, 3–6, 6–1. Mahony was evidently not at his best, although about as good as he has been since he played at Hoboken. Whitman, however, beat him fairly on merit, earning more points than his opponent, by showing some of that first-class form he generously revealed last year, but had given us but little of this season. He started in poorly, being wild on returns, which he sent into the net or out of court; but when he steadied he did some pretty driving across court, and in the second and fourth sets actually played all around his opponent. Mahony was exceedingly weak on his forehand, and kept driving into the net the many balls that Whitman played to that hand. The soggy court, too, was a handicap to Mahony, who best likes a high-bounding ball on either backhand or forehand. Throughout the match the Irishman's strokes lacked force and accuracy. Whitman did not lob as often as the opportunity offered, but when he did it proved fruitful. More frequently he relied on passing Mahony at the net, and he was successful often enough to warrant the repeated attempts. In the last set Whitman was really brilliant; he had Mahony on the run, so to say, and kept him going, driving with a speed and accuracy that, when he becomes able to control and consistently maintain them throughout a match, will place him among the first players of America.

When Whitman met Nisbet in the third round on Saturday he had to deal with a game quite like his own, and one much harder and faster than that Mahony had played against him the previous day. Nisbet came to America with the reputation of being the least formidable of the three visiting Englishmen, but he will leave us with a playing record very much better than that made by Mahony, who ranks him on the British classification. Furthermore, Mr. Nisbet will leave with us the pleasantest memories of his good-humor on the courts and his sportsmanly conduct in the heat of exciting play and under some provoking decisions at critical moments. An instance of his manly spirit was refraining to make an easy stroke when Whitman fell in the third set and was entirely out of the game for the time being.

From the first to the last of the five sets there was never a time when either seemed assured of victory, and the winning or losing of a majority of the games hung on a single stroke. No match of the tournament has been so closely contested or provided more interesting play. His confidence re-enforced by the defeat of Mahony, Whitman opened the first set with a rush, and soon had his opponent 5–3; but then Nisbet brought the score up to five all, and, eventually, won, 8–6, by some masterful placing in the far corners of the court. Again, in the second set Whitman had run the score up to 3–0 before Nisbet could successfully handle his opponent's brilliant cross-court drives, when the Englishman won three straight games. But Whitman was returning some apparently unplayable balls and doing brilliant driving on his own account, and though Nisbet, after losing the next game, yet pulled the score up to four all, the American was not to be denied, and finally won, 6–4.

Nisbet began the third set returning many easy balls into the net, and Whitman won the first two games with little effort. Then the Englishman took four straight by keeping Whitman running from one side to the other of the back court, and placing beautifully on the underhand volley in which the Englishmen all excel. One game for Whitman and the next for Nisbet made the score 5–3, when the American won again on his service, and lost the next and the set, 4–6.

Nisbet won three straight on the opening of the fourth set, and then lapsed into a period of poor play, returning ball after ball into the net. Whitman, meantime, was playing brilliantly, and by his clever drives and occasional lobs took six straight games and the set, 6–3. Both men were running in on their service, and a continuous struggle for the position at the net marked the match.

The fifth set began with Nisbet taking a game by passing his opponent on his coming to the net. Whitman captured the second, when Nisbet, by grand service, which was very severe all through the match, and clever driving along the lines, won three straight games, and the score stood 4–1 in his favor.

This looked dubious for Whitman, but he had proved himself a strong up-hill player several times during the match, and gave further illustration of it at this point by taking the next three games—the last after 'vantage in his favor had been called four times. Hard service and brilliant placing gave Nisbet the next game, and Whitman the one following on his opponent's return into the net. Thus the score stood two sets all and five games all in the fifth and deciding set. Whitman quickly ran the 'vantage game to 40–15 in his favor, and American hopes rose high, but Nisbet made it deuce, winning on his service, and in the next game, when the result of set and match depended on a stroke, Whitman made two faults, and Nisbet was the victor, 8–6, 4–6, 6–4, 3–6, 7–5.

Although Nisbet netted more balls than has been habitual with him in his American matches, and was less accurate than usual, yet Whitman opposed him with a magnificent game, and achieved much glory for playing to such a close and exciting finish a man generally reckoned two classes above him. How close it was may be judged by the statement that Nisbet beat Whitman 3 sets to 2, 28 games to 27, 178 strokes to 174.

George Wrenn caused Larned to have several uneasy moments in their match, won by the latter (8–6, 8–6, 6–2, 8–6), although the eventual outcome was never doubtful. Wrenn's steady, hard game, sustained from first to last, is just the kind to count against the carelessness into which Larned is quite apt to drop when playing a lower class man. The match may be said to have been, on Larned's part, an alternation between his best and his poorest play, while Wrenn kept steadily on in his always excellent game. When Larned fell off, Wrenn forged ahead, and at such times Larned had to play his very best to extricate himself from some tight places, and he got out of some very tight ones, especially in the fourth set, when Wrenn was four times within a point of winning and making the score two sets all. Wrenn showed a strong game, and one to justify our confidence in his tennis future. It is to be regretted the drawings could not have brought him and Whitman together in one of the rounds.

Of all the lower class men, none has made a more creditable showing than Paret. Although his game may never be called brilliant, it has a more dependable quality perhaps in its consistent steadiness, and it is that quality and a continually improving form which have gradually brought him up step by step in the last two or three years. As a preliminary to Newport he beat Clarence Dodge at Sorrento, and last week beat Sheldon (6–4, 6–0, 6–3), and subsequently E. Wrenn (6–3, 5–7, 6–4, 6–1). He met Eaves and of course defeat simultaneously; but had the satisfaction of getting one set in the four, which is something for a man of the fourth class. Sheldon certainly did not play up to his best, but this is the second time this year he has been beaten by Paret, and the fact is significant.

Two others to deserve especial mention are B. C. Wright, a mere boy, who defeated the Western veteran Ryerson (6–2, 6–4, 3–6, 5–7, 6–3), and made a really clever stand in his match with Nisbet, although of course beaten, (4–6, 3–6, 4–6); and Bond, who lost to Fischer only after a hard fought five-set match. Fischer, by the way, is considerably below his '96 form; he had to work hard to beat M. D. Smith, in straight sets, and subsequently Larned went straight through him (6–4, 6–1, 6–3).

Ware reached the semi-finals after rather an easy course, which presented no more difficult opponent than Holcombe Ward, who was readily disposed of (6–3, 6–4, 6–4). Thus in the semi-finals, played on Monday, Nisbet and Larned, and Eaves and Ware were opposed, and the championship match goes over to Wednesday because of rain in the first of the week that put play behind one day.

The Amateur Athletic Championships will be decided next Saturday at Manhattan Field, New York, and despite the high-class performances which have characterized these annual A. A. U. meetings for the past three years, this year is certain to provide the most exciting racing we have yet beheld. The average quality of entries is sure to be above that of '96, and the activity of the New Jersey A. C. and Knickerbocker A. C. this season assures an interesting contest between these two in the general struggle for points. The N. J. A. C. defeated the K. A. C. 77 to 67 points in their dual meet, and in the Metropolitan Championships the New York A. C. proved supreme, winning 69 points, to the K. A. C.'s 28 and to the N. J. A. C.'s 24.

The National championships will introduce a new aspirant for point honors in the Chicago Athletic Association, and while there is no likelihood of its team outpointing the N. Y. A. C.'s, yet its success will make extensive inroads upon the total score of the New York club.

The great interest of the meeting, however, centres not upon club supremacy, but upon the meeting of Wefers and Maybury in the 100 yards, the same two and Colfelt in the 220 yards, Rush and Burke and Long in the quarter, Richards and Rogers in the 120-yard hurdles, Kraenzlein and Buck in the 220-yard hurdles, Turner and Manvel in the half mile, Walsh, Cregan, and Orton in the one mile run, and Fetterman and S. Liebgold in the one-mile walk.

An exciting struggle is promised in every one of these events, but most of all in the sprints. Wefers seems to have regained his form in the 100 yards, and if Maybury can repeat the performances he is credited with in the West, a grand race will ensue. Last June at the Western Inter-collegiate meeting Maybury did 9⅘ s. for the 100 yards, and 21⅕ s. for the 220 yards with a turn, which is but ⅕ s. slower than Wefers's world record on a straightaway path. The track was first reported short, but subsequent measurement proved it to be nearly a yard over, and so the Western Association accepted his time in both events. Subsequently he is said to have run 150 yards in 14⅘ s., ⅕ s. better than the world's record. Rush is the Grinnell College runner who is reported very fast in the sprints, but who undoubtedly is at his best in the quarter. He has done 50⅖ s., and can do perhaps 50 s., but is not likely to get better than third with Burke and Long fit. Townsend is another Chicago quarter-miler about as fast as Rush.

Richards is the Western champion, and has a record of 15⅘ s. over the high hurdles. He and Rogers will have a great race, and if Richards is in condition his chances of winning are good. He has not been well this summer, however. Kraenzlein has a record of 25⅘ s. over the low hurdles, but he will probably find his master in Buck. These men are the strength of the Western team, although one or two others may be seen—notably Potter, a sprinter with an in-door 100-yard record.

If Wefers is really fit, and the recently reported world-record performance of 11⅕ s. for 120 yards certainly suggests him to be so, he will probably win the 100 yards, but in the 220 yards it looks as though Maybury will beat him. Should Colfelt run, and be in his inter-collegiate form, I rather fancy him above either Maybury or Wefers for the 220. Not that I think either Maybury or Colfelt equal to excelling Wefers's record of 21⅕ s., but rather that they are stronger, and I doubt if Wefers is now the finisher he was two years ago. Accepting Maybury's Western performances to be within his present scope, the outcome of any race between him and Wefers must be regarded as most uncertain. He is unquestionably a very fast man and strongest nearing the tape.

Judging from the recent performances of Long, the latest quarter-mile star of the N.Y.A.C., Burke, to win, must go faster than he has for two years, and he has given no very late evidence of being able to do so, although his record of 57⅘ s. for 500 yards, made in June, shows his possibilities when in condition. If Walsh can duplicate his 4 m. 19 s. performance recently done at Stamford, he will have an easy win of the mile run. But the race between Orton and Cregan for second place will be exciting. The high jump will be a contest between N. Y. A. C. men—Carroll, Baxter, and Leslie—if Winsor is not on hand to take it, while the new man from Syracuse, Prinstein, with his record of 22 ft. 11 in., seems to have a claim on the broad jump, although either Rogers or Clark may win out through superior steadiness.

No one has been developed yet to take Gray's place in the shot, and the Irish champion, Flanagan—a recent N. Y. acquisition—has deposed Mitchell by a hammer record of 150 ft. 8 in. Recently in an exhibition he covered 157 ft. 4 in. Mitchell's record was 145 ft. ¾ in., and that has been beaten also by Edgren the Californian, now a K.A.C. member. Thus are the mighty fallen.

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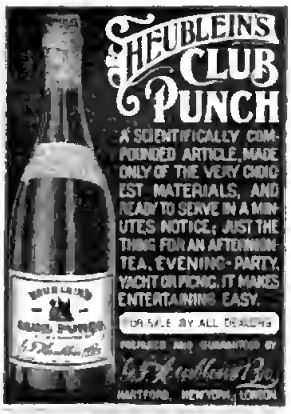

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ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT IN THE "CITY RECORD," commencing on the 4th day of August, 1897, and continuing thereon consecutively for nine (9) days thereafter, of the confirmation by the Supreme Court, and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments, etc., of the assessments for OPENING AND ACQUIRING TITLE to the following named streets and avenues in the 23d WARD, FULTON AVENUE, from Spring Place to the 23d Ward boundary line; RIVER AVENUE, from East 149th Street to Jerome Avenue; EAST 149th STREET, from Mott Avenue to River Avenue.

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ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller.

Comptroller's Office, August 5th, 1897.

ESTIMATES for building platform at Gansevoort Street, North River, Contract No. 661, and for repairing the platform at Seventh Avenue, Harlem River, Contract No. 666, will be received by the Department of Docks, Pier "A," North River, until 11:30 A. M., August 27th, 1897. For particulars see *City Record.*

ESTIMATES for furnishing cobble stones, Contract No. 669, will be received by the Department of Docks, Pier "A," North River, until 11 o'clock, A. M., August 27th, 1897.

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLI.—No. 2104

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1897.

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Attention is called to Mr. William Watson's copyrighted poem, entitled "The Unknown God," on page 884 of the present issue of the WEEKLY. This poem is especially interesting not only as admirable poetry and a noble embodiment of the so-called "logia" of Christ recently found by Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt in Egypt, but as a response to Mr. Kipling's Jubilee hymn "Recessional."

A THING OF SHREDS AND PATCHES.

IN his address before the American Bankers' Association Comptroller ECKELS characterized our present currency as a "thing of shreds and patches." This is a better characterization of the heterogeneous mass of metal and paper of which our money is constituted than Mr. MCKINLEY's in his message to Congress asking for the authorization of a monetary commission. Mr. MCKINLEY considers our currency as sound, but at the same time admits that it needs reform. Of course no money system based on law is sound so long as under the law an unsound money man at the head of the government can put the finances of the government on a silver basis.

"Nowhere in any nation of equal importance," said Mr. ECKELS, "is there to be found a currency and financial system so inadequate for the purposes to be accomplished as here." Mr. ECKELS is perfectly right, and it is a matter of supreme regret that the politicians who have control of the legislative department of the government are either unable to see the truth, or are perfectly willing, even anxious, to see the government forced to a silver basis.

Under the law the country has seven kinds of paper, all but the silver certificates being full legal tender for all debts, public and private. In order that all this currency, both gold and silver, and the representatives of gold and silver, shall be kept "at a parity," the Treasury is made a money-changing establishment. Policy and practice compel the Secretary to maintain a gold reserve of $100,000,000, ostensibly for the redemption of United States notes, or greenbacks, the actual redemption of which the law forbids. Instead of protecting this reserve by law, Congress has created and is maintaining a threatening enemy in the form of demand notes. The declared policy of the government to maintain the two metals, gold and silver, "at a parity with each other" is an element of weakness in the Treasury, because by reason of it the Secretary feels that he is obliged to redeem in gold not only the greenbacks, but the Treasury notes of 1890, and even the silver certificates, whenever gold is demanded in exchange for them. Whenever the rate of exchange makes the export of gold profitable, the government's paper is used for the purpose of depleniishing the government's holdings of gold. If the currency so employed is needed by the regular and legitimate business interests of the country, those interests must go without it or pay a premium for it. In 1893 business men were more than once obliged to pay a premium for the currency which they needed to meet their weekly pay-rolls. Besides the greenbacks and the Treasury notes which expose the government's gold to constant assault, the laws had compelled, by November 1, 1896, the coinage of $436,552,141 in silver dollars, of which only $58,190,802 was in circulation.

The Treasury, regarded as a bank, is clearly a most impotent establishment. It is true that it can compel the circulation of all its paper except the silver certificates, and it must receive all its paper, including the silver certificates, for public dues. Moreover, it must accept its paper whenever it is presented, and must give gold in return for it whenever gold is demanded. If the "parity" is to be maintained between gold and silver. Although the law does not in terms direct the maintenance of a gold reserve it is upon its maintenance that depends the confidence of the world in the government's ability to remain a gold standard country. Every other national bank in the world can check the outflow of gold by raising the rate of discount; and although it be true that when the United States government reissues a greenback it receives value for it, it is also true that it cannot diminish its debt by redemption of its demand paper: and it is furthermore true that the demands against its reserve are so great that its stock of gold is at the mercy of all the world. It is also true that the demands against the Treasury gold weaken public confidence in the government's ability to maintain the gold standard. It was this lack of confidence, as Mr. ECKELS pointed out, which occasioned the disturbances of 1893, and which, coupled with the fact that the expenditures of the government exceeded the public revenues, compelled the increase of the public debt. Without that increase of the debt the government would have been obliged to redeem its paper in silver, and we should now have been on a silver basis, suffering as Mexico is suffering by reason of the enormous decline in the price of silver.

Another important factor in our currency system which Mr. ECKELS pointed out is our treatment of the only banks of issue which our laws permit. These banks are supposed to furnish currency to meet the requirements of business; but having given them the authority to issue notes, and having driven out of existence all possible private competition by taxation, Congress makes the circulation of the national banks so little profitable, both by taxation and by maintaining a competing paper circulation issued by the Treasury, that instead of increasing with the growing demands of the business of the country, the national-bank circulation has actually diminished.

Under the laws, therefore, as they exist, our standard of value is always at the mercy of the President and the Secretary of the Treasury. By reason of the existence of the government's demand paper, not only may our gold be taken from the Treasury, but a silver administration may, by paying out silver for paper and refusing to replenish the wasted stock of gold, place the government upon a silver basis, and range us, in our relations with the great commercial nations of the world, with Mexico, India, and China.

To the demand that this "thing of shreds and patches" shall be reformed the only answers are that there is no immediate necessity, and that even if the laws be reformed a silver Congress, if one should be elected, can change them. The first reply is, as *Puck* suggests, like the refusal of the man to mend his leaky roof in pleasant weather because it does not need it then. The second reply is not worth considering. Its logical consequence would be to leave us entirely without law. A mere presentation of the facts, such as Mr. ECKELS made in his address, ought to convince even Mr. REED, who believes that the House of Representatives should not undertake any work at all because it is at odds on every question with the Senate, that a beginning should be made to reform the "thing of shreds and patches" which we call our money system, and which is not only a disgrace to us, but an element of weakness that has already caused much distress and may yet cause more.

THE FARMER IN PROSPERITY.

SINCE January 1 the farmers have sold nearly $100,000,000 in breadstuffs alone. Last year they had disposed of less than $84,000,000 in the same period, and in 1895 less than $65,000,000. In two years they have gained a market in this single line of products larger by $35,000,000—a most handsome dividend to the agricultural interest. In the face of such an increase in gain, of a continued and even strengthening demand for their wheat, corn, and flour, it is not surprising to read of a "better feeling" in the country districts, of prompt payment of rent and interest, and of reduction in the amount of farm mortgages. This good feeling is reflected in many ways, and in no one more strongly than in rising markets and a stronger demand for the comforts of life.

Let not the farmer be deceived as to the cause of his prosperity. He has for some years been producing wheat in competition with countries which had equal facilities for growing and greater ability to export. The American farmer has looked upon Europe as his market; but Russia, India, and Argentina, having almost unlimited territory for wheat-growing, a vast supply of labor at call, and a surplus production for sale, pushed forward their wares, and not only took a share of the European market for wheat, but threatened to monopolize it. Nature has interfered, and everywhere except in the United States there exist fears of short harvests—a fear which prevents exports and anticipates imports of food. So the farmer of the United States is in the advantageous position of a seller disposing of his goods in a market where many buyers are competing against one another, and in consequence the prices rise. He is selling grain to England and to Argentina, to Japan and to British India. This is the only explanation to be given of the "dividend" now paid to the farmer.

Yet there are some who would have him believe the new tariff duties on imported breadstuffs are the cause of the betterment. No duty on an article where the export is many times the import has, or can have, any influence other than one of restriction. No farmer of the land ever sold a bushel of corn or of wheat for a better price because of the tariff on these grains, and no one ever bought more grain because of these duties. They are obstacles to trade, not encouragements to production or consumption. To-day the American wheat-grower enjoys his market at home and abroad. But before another year has passed he may find Europe raising barriers against his products, imposing duties discriminating against his grain, and excluding his meat products—because he has been induced to accept the theory that in a highly protective tariff is to be found all that is good.

FURTHER BARBARISMS.

THE stories of lynchings continue to constitute an important feature of the news of the day. Barbarism seems to be prevalent in all parts of the country. It is certainly not confined to the South; nor is the offence for the punishment of which the mob has been murdering its victims always what some of the defenders of lynching denominate the "crime against the hearth stone." So long as the whites of the South pleaded in defence of their murders that they were punishing, in the only way impressive to the negro imagination, savage blacks for assaults on white women, there was a seeming exception in some minds to the general rule of civilization that a community ought to be ruled by law and not by passion. But some recent cases indicate that the general spirit of mob murder is abroad. A few days ago the farmers of Cook County, Illinois, killed a white tramp for an assault on a woman. It is true that it was still a case of assault; but there was no race passion in the case, no immediate need of impressing so called savage imaginations and repressing so-called savage instincts. It ought to have been presumed that the law and the courts were sufficient for the punishment of this villain. We have also the news of the turning out of a whole community in Michigan with the avowed intent of lynching the bank-robbers who had murdered a cashier. We have had a mob in Albany pursuing with murderous intent a kidnapper who was in the hands of the police. We hear from Georgia of the brutal killing of a drunken negro, who had not outraged a white woman, but who had killed a black woman in an effort to shoot his own wife. Nor is all the killing done because the administration of the law has failed, for we learn that in Kentucky a mob has taken from prison and hanged a white man who had been convicted and sentenced to imprisonment for twenty years.

Finally, as if in grim irony of all this hand-to-mouth justice, this contempt for delay and investigation and for regular trial, it is discovered that the Louisiana mob that last year killed two Italians for the supposed murder of a Spaniard in St. Charles Parish made a grievous mistake, the real murderer having recently confessed.

There is only one meaning to all this, and that is that there is no respect for the criminal law in many parts of the country, North and South. And we may rest assured that while we have Governors and judges like him of West Virginia and him of Kentucky, respect for the law will diminish; and that while criminals continue to enjoy so many opportunities to escape not only immediate but ultimate punishment, the temptation to the mob to take the law into its own hands in cases arousing popular passion will be very great. And in this phase of the subject it becomes the duty of lawyers to reflect deeply as to their own responsibility, both for the evils that the law permits and for those other evils which professional acumen has created.

JAPAN AND HAWAII.

IN the last issue of the WEEKLY there appeared a full abstract of Japan's grievance against Hawaii. The article contained the substance, including quotations, of an official letter addressed by Count OKUMA to Minister SHIMAMURA, the Japanese minister to Hawaii, summing up the case of the empire against the Hawaiian government. This letter had not heretofore been made public in this country, if indeed it had been published in any country. A careful reading of it will be very en-

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lightening on a subject that is intimately related to the question involved in the annexation treaty between the United States and Hawaii now pending in the Senate.

It will be recalled that the main reason offered by the annexationists for violating this government's pledge to Japan and hastening the annexation project was that Japan was invading Hawaii with the intent of overrunning the islands and making them a dependency of the Japanese Empire. Count OKUMA's letter must convince impartial readers that Japan has a real grievance against Hawaii, arising from the deliberate violation by the Hawaiian government of its treaty obligations to Japan, and of the rights of Japanese citizens, who, under treaty stipulations, have as much right to residence and protection in Hawaii as the Hawaiians themselves. The letter is a temperate presentation of what is apparently a just claim, and we commend it to the careful reading of those of our citizens who have not already made up their minds to take sides against Japan for the purpose of furthering the project of annexation. In the light of it there is something grotesque in the accusations against Japan—or at least it would be grotesque if it were not apparent that the annexationists are so intent on carrying out their scheme that they are willing, for the purpose of accomplishing their end, to risk even war by misrepresenting a friendly nation.

PRESIDENT FAURE IN RUSSIA.

THE break-down of the show-ship which was to escort the President of the French Republic to Russia produced a commotion in France apparently altogether disproportionate to its cause. It was, however, a national mortification that a French man-of-war should have been ignominiously disabled at the moment when the eyes of all Europe might be supposed to be upon her. But behind this irritation there was a very general feeling in France that the visit of the President to the Czar was politically a piece of superfluous nonsense, actuated not by patriotism, but by personal vanity. The break-down of the *Bruix* was especially resented, because it seemed to Frenchmen that the President was making France ridiculous. And making France ridiculous is the one thing which Frenchmen will not stand in their rulers.

The visit itself seems to have gone off very well. All the accounts agree that the popular reception of the President in St. Petersburg was far more cordial than had been that of the Kaiser. The inference has been drawn on this side that that was because the street mob of St. Petersburg was inspired by republican sentiments. But that is a very far-fetched conjecture. It is only a small minority of educated Russians which finds the political institutions of the country burdensome or conceives of any form of government less oppressive. This minority finds that the practical way of expressing republican sentiments in Russia is not by cheering presidents of republics, but by exploding dynamite under officials. The cordiality of President FAURE's reception, compared with that of the Kaiser, is more likely to mean that a great part of the Russian people detest their neighbors the Prussians, while they are friendly to the French, about whom they know much less. And they also know with what cordiality the Russians have been received in Paris on more than one occasion.

Politically the visit has not been a failure, and it may fairly be said that it has been a success. The French press scarcely concealed its chagrin on the first day or two of the visit, that the Czar had not been persuaded to utter the word "alliance," or any synonym of the same. But for this he made ample amends on the last day, when, at the luncheon on board the French man-of-war, he spoke of "our two nations, friends and allies," and gave the cue to the Russian people. The cue was promptly taken by the Russian fleet, which resounded with cries of "Vive l'Alliance!" as the French squadron proceeded to sea. As European politics go this is a substantial gain for France, or at least it will be so regarded in France itself. It is the one substantial result of M. FAURE's visit.

Nobody can blame France or Frenchmen for making every honorable and dignified effort to secure an alliance with Russia. Without some powerful support the league of her enemies would suffice to overwhelm her. She will not renounce her amity to Germany while Germany holds the "Reichsland," and Austria and Italy are engaged with Germany in an alliance about which there is no question. Her isolation is no doubt perilous. But, on the other hand, nothing but necessity would reconcile the French people to an alliance with Russia, which even its necessity cannot make popular. France is in fact as well as in name republican, and a union with Russia is a most unnatural alliance. So that the opposition to the President's making pseudo-royal visits and taking quasi imperial airs is very general and bitter. Moreover, there is not the excuse for the President's visiting the Czar that there is for the President's receiving the Czar—that it is "good for business." That is an excuse that Paris is willing to accept for almost anything, but her disgust with the visit of the President to the Czar is not at all relieved by the fact that it stimulates trade in St. Petersburg.

THE NEGRO IN POLITICS.

EMANCIPATION has brought to the colored people of the United States, with its blessings, also many disappointments. It was very natural that those who had been born and grew up in slavery should, when they heard the word "freedom" pronounced, have pictured to themselves with their naive imagination something very like the life of their masters, which was to them a subject of constant admiration and envy. When emancipation came, freedom struck them, after the first paroxysm of joy was over, in the shape of burdensome responsibilities. For the first time in their lives they were confronted by the stern necessity of taking care of themselves, and this, too, surrounded by a white population which, immediately after the civil war, was exasperated by its defeats and losses, and harassed by its own wants, and therefore by no means in a state of mind to take kindly to the new order of things, and to help the negro over the first bewilderments of his free state. Many of the negroes of the South had then to suffer much for their liberty, which brought to them persecutions and struggles for life unknown to their former condition. Then came the endowment of the former slaves with the right of suffrage, and with it dreams of power, which were artfully stimulated and turned to their own personal advantage by the more unscrupulous of their white leaders. The scandals of the so-called carpet-bag governments during this reconstruction period could not fail to provoke a sweeping reaction, and then the negroes found themselves thrown upon their own resources, face to face with their white neighbors, who, greatly their superiors in intelligence, wealth, and energy, compassed and maintained, sometimes by very high-handed means, their ascendency over the blacks even in those States in which there were largely in the majority. At the same time the efforts to establish the negroes by law in their social position on a footing of equality with the whites—efforts made partly by colored men themselves, partly by white philanthropists—met with exceedingly slim success. The privileges that were conceded to them here and there remained confined to matters of comparatively small moment, while, on the whole, in spite of their advance in education as well as in the possession of property, they continued to be treated as an inferior race. Even those persons of color who have distinguished themselves by extraordinary cleverness have so far rather been looked upon as curiosities, instead of being generally recognized as entitled to that social position which, did they belong to the white race, would be readily yielded to them as their due.

Their ambitions, that had naturally been excited by emancipation, having thus been foiled on the social field by the stubborn resistance of race feeling on the part of the whites—a resistance, perhaps, not now as general or as virulent as it was a quarter of a century ago, but still positive and obstinate enough to forbid all hope of its disappearance in the near future—it is not surprising that the negroes should wish to make that power on the political field, which they exercise through the ballot, tell to the utmost for their benefit. It would be too much to expect that they should do so with great discretion. Like other classes of citizens who are in one way or another different from the rest and form a distinct force in politics, which may be of more or less use to this or that political party, the negro politicians demand "recognition for the colored vote" wherever that vote appears to have contributed to party success. This is by no means extraordinary, and it would be unjust to reproach them for it more than we reproach the patronage hunters who demand recognition for the Irish vote or the German vote or the Norwegian vote. On the contrary, the colored people are, on account of their scanty opportunities and of the peculiar difficulties they have to contend with, entitled to far more lenient judgment.

But owing to the race feeling against them they are as politicians laboring under disadvantages of a serious nature. When organizing for political action and the eventual attainment of political reward in the shape of public employment, they are apt to fall under a leadership which may not be, morally and intellectually, very much inferior to that representing and guiding other organizations of spoils politicians, but which usually, although sometimes unjustly, strikes the general public as much less deserving of respect. The colored politician, unless he be a man of acknowledged ability and character, ordinarily fails to be taken seriously. When pressing his "claims" for recognition with energy, he produces not seldom the impression of a droll forwardness, which is calculated very greatly to weaken the influence which he otherwise might possess. Worse still is the inclination now and then shown by negro leaders or clubs of colored voters to compel attention to their wishes by the threat that unless the "claims" of the colored vote be sufficiently recognized by the party which they have supported, that vote will be transferred to the other side. Such threats cannot but strengthen the apprehension already widely entertained that the colored vote is, or at least is apt to become, a generally venal vote. The more this apprehension grows into an accepted belief with party managers, and the more it is acted upon by them, the more will the colored citizens as a class be regarded and treated as a band of mere mercenaries in politics, and the more demoralized and degraded will the negro politicians and the great body of colored voters inevitably become. It is, therefore, as to their character and the respectability of their standing, of the highest importance to them that their political leaders should not be mere spoils-hunters or patronage mongers, but men of principle, genuine public spirit, and true self-respect. At the same time, it must be admitted that so long as spoils-hunting and patronage-mongering play a great part in politics, there is no class of voters more apt than the colored people to fall under the influence of persons who promise them the distinction of public employment with good pay for easy work, or for no work at all, as the prize of political activity.

Although the time when the rights and welfare of the colored race were especially cared for, not only by hosts of philanthropists, but also by one of the great political parties, has passed away with the abolition of slavery and the reconstruction period, the negro does not by any means lack sincere and solicitous friends among the white people. Those friends have perhaps become somewhat sober and discriminating, but they are none the less earnest and faithful. They generally believe that the social and political advancement of the colored race cannot be accomplished by legal enactments or in other ways by rapid strides, but by gradual development, and especially by judicious and steady efforts on the part of the colored people themselves. While they observe with the warmest satisfaction that not a few colored men in public office have acquitted themselves with great credit, and that, even in the South, the prejudice against colored persons holding public place has somewhat abated, and while they recognize that under the Constitution the right of the black citizen as to holding office is in no way inferior to that of the white citizen, yet they have to admit that so far the negro in politics has, in point of success, not come up to the expectations of the colored race, and that especially the pursuit of public employment or station by negro politicians has, as a rule, not served to raise the colored people in the esteem of their white fellow citizens, but that, on the contrary, the manner in which that pursuit has frequently been carried on has made the negro vote an object of increasing distrust and dread as to the uses that may be made of it.

On the whole, the wiser heads among the colored people themselves can hardly fail to see that their political preferment must not precede but follow their advancement in the other walks of life. A goodly number of negroes achieving distinction as lawyers, or as physicians, or as ministers, or as educators, or as business men, will, by the impression produced upon public opinion, effect far more for the political advancement of their race than ever so many negro politicians getting themselves elected to Congress or appointed to other offices, and infinitely more than the horde of colored place-hunters who besiege party committees for "influence" or appointing officers for favors in the name of the colored vote, and who thus intensify the repulsiveness of one of the most baneful features of our political life. In this respect nothing more helpful can happen to the colored people than that all the government employments be put under civil service rules, so that every colored citizen who gets an appointment be known to have obtained it on account of his own individual merit, in free competition on an equal footing with other citizens, white or black, and that he is therefore fairly and honorably entitled to it. Places so won will indeed be marks of real proficiency and distinction, and raise the colored people in that public esteem which above all things they need.

CARL SCHURZ.

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BRITISH FORT ALI-MUSJID, CAPTURED AND BURNED BY THE AFRIDIS.
The Fort is midway in the Pass, and had a native Garrison, which evacuated August 25

RAILWAY BRIDGE ACROSS THE RIVER INDUS, NEAR ATTOCK.
Showing Barbed entrenching to Forts on Hills to guard the Approach to the Railway

VIEW OF THE GREAT KHYBER PASS BETWEEN AFGHANISTAN AND INDIA, SEIZED BY THE AFRIDIS AUGUST 26-27
Taken from the Walls of Fort Ali Musjid, looking towards India.

FORT JAMRUD, NEAR THE OUTER APPROACH TO KHYBER PASS.
A Party preparing to accompany a Caravan under Escort part of the Way through the Pass.

SIR DENNIS FITZPATRICK AND THE MAHARAJAH REVIEWING THE NATIVE TROOPS

A BRITISH BATTERY OF ARTILLERY USED ON THE INDIAN FRONTIER.

A SEPOY SENTINEL AT FORT ALI MUSJID.

THE TROUBLES IN NORTHERN INDIA—KHYBER PASS, CAPTURED BY THE REVOLTING AFRIDIS, AND ITS VICINITY.
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. H. JACKSON AND OTHERS.—[SEE PAGE 886.]

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A CORNER OF THE CAPTURED FORT ALI-MUSJID.

FEEDING THE ELEPHANTS OF THE HEAVY ARTILLERY.

FORTIFIED BRIDGE OF THE NORTHWESTERN RAILWAY OVER THE INDUS AT SUKKUR.

FORTIFIED BRIDGE OF THE NORTHWESTERN RAILWAY OVER THE INDUS NEAR ATTOCK.

FORT ALI MUSJID FROM THE FOOT OF KHYBER PASS.

A FRONTIER ELEPHANT BATTERY OF HEAVY ARTILLERY AT THE CAMP AT CAMPBELLPORE, NEAR ATTOCK.

BATTERY CAISSONS DRAWN BY BULLOCKS.

THE TROUBLES IN NORTHERN INDIA: KHYBER PASS CAPTURED BY THE REVOLTING AFRIDIS AND ITS VICINITY

From Photographs by W. H. Jackson.—[See Page 880.]

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FOREIGN NOTES.

FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW

Berlin, August 4, 1897

Last week I met an American student at the university here, and he expressed surprise that a country so famous for its achievements in science, literature, and art should have so little to show for them in the way of public monuments—at least in the capital. So we took a walk, with a view to helping our friend Laurence Clinton, should he be inclined to add another volume to his *Literary Landmarks*.

It is certainly remarkable, to each of us as we are disposed to think republics ungrateful, that in this capital of Prussia such great Germans as Goethe, Schiller, and Lessing, that country's greatest three poets, received no monuments until after Germany became an empire. So much for the three men of letters whose names are glorious the world over as apostles of German civilization.

It was only two years ago that Martin Luther received a monument at the centre of this Protestant monarchy—a fact the more incomprehensible seeing that the last four kings of Prussia were God fearing men, not to say pietists. Aside from Luther, I cannot recall the effigy of any great Protestant reformer or theologian in Berlin. Melanchthon, Zwingli, John Huss—some of these is here, whither so many Protestants fled for security in the days of Roman persecution.

The Berlin University is justly esteemed the greatest seat of learning in the fatherland, not merely because it is at the capital and consequently affords special inducements to ambitious young men, but because from its foundation in 1810 it has included in its faculty a large proportion of the greatest names in German science.

There is a statue here to Humboldt, the explorer, and a bust in honor of a philosopher named Hegel, who was so busy with books that the battle of Jena thundered about him unobserved in October of 1806. Even these two men did not receive their monuments until Prussia became head of the German Empire.

My musical friends would be still more distressed. We come to Germany as to the land of song, where composers have achieved the widest fame, and might justly claim some reward from a grateful posterity. Beethoven, Wagner, Schubert, Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mendelssohn—these occur to me spontaneously as part of the grand procession of musicians who have laid the world under obligations. Berlin has not a monument to any of them. If we seek the glorification of such men we must travel to Italy or Austria or France. Literature, science, song—these are as little recognized by official Berlin as in Pretoria or Peking. Germany has her national heroes, whom the people ardently love and who of course require no stone or bronze to assist in keeping their memory alive. Every German American honors the name of Jahn, who organized in Berlin the first German gymnastic societies, who led his volunteers to war against Napoleon in 1813, who preached German nationality when it was the fashion to imitate the speech and dress of other countries; who went to prison at the command of a king whose throne he had propped with heroic energy. This great "Turnvater Jahn" has a monument in a neglected corner of an obscure portion of waste land outside the walls of Berlin. Patriotic Germans from every State of our Union, as well as from Asia, Africa, and South America, contributed to its erection in 1872—no thanks to the German government of the day. Berlin has no monument to the author of "The Watch on the Rhine," or Arndt, who wrote "Was ist das Deutsche Vaterland?" The two great poets of German liberty, Uhland and Körner, have no monuments, though Körner died in battle against Napoleon, and his heart's blood saturated the page on which he wrote that grandest of battle hymns, "Vater, ich rufe Dich."

Judging by monuments alone, the stranger might conclude that Germany was not a nursery of statesmen. The American familiar with the municipal decoration of New York and Washington, not to mention London, naturally learns to respect those who have given a life to the service of the state. The only tribute I can find in Berlin to German statesmanship is represented by the bronze to the popular hero Stein, who saved Prussia from being effaced from the map of Europe after the battle of Jena. Stein was dismissed with indignity from the Prussian service, and it was not till 1878 that the citizens of Berlin, without government assistance, were permitted to honor this greatest of German statesmen. He represented popular liberties, and for that reason he was regarded by the Prussian king and his court as a revolutionary character.

It would be difficult to name more than half a dozen great German citizens or civilians who to-day are honored by statues in Berlin, and of these half dozen not one was there when the Franco-Prussian war broke out in 1870.

The explanation of this strange state of things is not to be found in the indifference of Germans to their great men, but to a Prussian habit of passive obedience which has for its formula that the private citizen should have everything to official initiative.

The great men of Germany, if they are to be sought for in bronze and stone, must be looked at from the standpoint of a soldier, and a Prussian one at that. All the kings of Prussia have magnificent monuments, erected, however, with so little sense of historic perspective that such weak figure heads as Frederick William III. and Frederick William IV are made to appear just as important as Frederick the Great. The late Emperor William is apparently greater than Frederick the Great, judged by the amount of bronze he commands. Berlin has lots of statues glorifying war and successful soldiers. These have been erected at the instigation of the sovereign, and under his personal supervision. The names at the base of these statues are for the most part those of men devoid of any other qualities than those cultivated in the camp. Such names as Blücher, Scharnhorst, and Gneisenau are brilliant exceptions in a long, dreary list of military courtiers.

Berlin is almost as discouraging in its other landmarks of its notable Germans as in its public statues. It is almost as bad as New York where few houses now stand that were in existence when Franklin and Washington were alive. London is rich in buildings associated with great men, and an American can hardly walk from Westminster to St. Paul's without recalling a dozen names of men whose lives are dear to him. Berlin has, however, been almost built anew since 1870. I can remember whole streets that were different when I was a boy. There are, to be sure, a few instances of memorial plates being affixed to houses where notable Germans have lived, but even in these cases the houses themselves are an uninteresting portion of an uninteresting street. The Prussian kings adored uniformity in street architecture, as well as in the dressing of soldiers, and that may be the reason why to day the most beautiful streets of Berlin furnish less interest to a stranger than the grimiest alleys of London with their charming diversity of dirty fronts. The houses here are all equally high, equally broad, equally gaudy on the outside and equally devoid of individuality within. The Anglo Saxon owns his house, and makes it comfortable for himself and his family. The Prussian lives in an apartment house, along with perhaps a dozen more families, all of them subject to the petty tyranny of a porter whose duties are dangerously near to those of a police agent. Thus the individual taste of a Berlin artist, writer, actor, or other notable resident finds no expression through his architectural surroundings. A Helmholtz, a Mommsen, a Menzel, or a Virchow is in Berlin as little identified with his house as a soldier with his barracks. This form of living has its conveniences, particularly to a bachelor, but is not conducive to interest in those who seek the literary landmarks of great capitals.

It may be interesting to summarize here the few statues of great German civilians with the year in which they were erected in Berlin: Schiller, 1870; Goethe, 1880; Lessing, 1890; Jahn, 1872; Stein, 1875; Alexander Humboldt, 1869; Luther, 1895. A German member of Parliament told me lately, with some bitterness, that the unveiling of the greatest of these statues occasioned less official participation than that of the least important of the military ones.

Poultney Bigelow.

THE DRAMA.

The theatrical season in New York opens unusually late this year. The more important plays are held back till autumn, leaving the theatres to the farce-comedies and the melodramas, both of which, even in the warm weather, attract large audiences. Indeed, there is a widespread opinion that the better a play is, the less likely are its chances of popular success. At the present time, however, the outlook for good plays is more encouraging than it has been for many years. For example, only a short time ago our managers used to express contempt for what they called "literary" plays, and a popular dramatist publicly declared that, in his belief, the playwrights of the future were to be drawn not from our authors, but from the "hangers-on" behind the scenes who were familiar with stage *technique*. Since the success during the past two seasons of so many plays either written by novelists or drawn from novels, both dramatist and managers have doubtless changed their minds. At any rate, our authors have found their way into the theatre, and the result cannot fail to raise the standard of dramatic writing.

Among the well known authors whose new plays are to be presented during the coming season are J. M. Barrie, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, and Anthony Hope. Mr Barrie's play, founded on *The Little Minister*, will depart widely from the story, the humorous episodes being so strengthened as to make the work a genuine comedy. Mr Barrie has already produced two plays: the first, *Walker, London*, a farce, prospered when given in England by Tools, and failed in this country; and the second, *The Professor's Love Story*, though full of faults of construction, achieved a great success, both in this country and in Europe, through its skilful characterizations and its delightful humor. So Mr Barrie was able to bring a practised hand to the work of dramatizing his novel, and as the play is to be presented by so charming an actress as Miss Maude Adams, for her debut as a "star," it certainly has an exceptional prospect of being well received. Miss Adams is also to create the leading *rôle* in the dramatic version of *Phroso*, made in consultation with the author by Mr E. E. Rose, who so cleverly adapted *The Prisoner of Zenda* to the stage. *Phroso* is no inferior to its predecessor that it is hardly likely to duplicate its success in the theatre, yet it contains so many dramatic situations and is so permeated with the spirit of romance that it will probably find favor. As for Mrs. Burnett's adaptation of her novel *A Lady of Quality*, made with the assistance of Stephen Townesend, an actor of experience, it ought to make a good melodrama. As a story, for all its faults of exaggeration, it has vividness and movement—qualities that tell strongly on the stage.

Mr Richard Mansfield, who has steadily endeavored to produce the best plays suited to his talent that he could secure, and whose whole career has been marked by a devotion to the very highest in his art, is shortly to present a stage version of that admirable novel *The Four Twins*, by Jessie Fothergill, a dramatization of George Meredith's Pen's story *The Master of Ceremonies*, by Miss Mary Edwina Booth, and, most interesting of all, a new play, entitled *The Devil's Disciple*, by George Bernard Shaw, one of the most brilliant of all the recent writers for the stage. Furthermore, it has been announced that two young Americans, Glen Macdonough and Louis Evan Shipman, both of whom have done some clever writing, are preparing for E. H. Sothern a version of *Twenty Four*, which certainly contains abundant material for the dramatist.

Among the plays from foreign sources we are to have Mr Pinero's latest work, *The Princess and the Butterfly*, first produced in London last season and received with favor. It is so "literary" in execution, which means that the dialogue is brilliant and the action is quiet, that only a *succès d'estime* has been predicted for it. If it proves to be as clever as *The Benefit of the Doubt*, given last year, it ought to have a long run. Mr. Daniel Frohman will stage it at the Lyceum Theatre, where he will also present the latest work of the promising English writer Louis N. Parker, entitled *Chicago Alley*, with Mr E. H. Sothern and Miss Virginia Harned in the principal parts. *The Physician*, the new drama by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, will bring back to us Mr. E. S. Willard, who will appear also in several of the other plays which helped to make him popular with American audiences. Of the play conflicting reports have come to this country. Mr Jones, with not being a convincing writer, understands the mind of the public and nearly always pleases it. Even his overwrought *Michael and His Lost Angel* a vulgarization of the main idea of *The Scarlet Letter*, which failed here two seasons ago, still has enthusiastic defenders.

Of recent works by our own dramatists we have heard very little; but then we have no few dramatists! Bronson Howard long ago lapsed into the silence of the years that precede the final production of one of his plays. He is an example to all writers for the theatre of the patient, thorough workman who never gives anything to the public that has not been polished, as far as lies in his power, to a perfection. It is possible that during the coming season New York will have an opportunity to see Miss Marguerite Merington's strong adaptation from the German drama entitled *The Right to Happiness*, produced with success in the South last winter by Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske, and not given here, on account of Mrs Fiske's success last season in Lorimer Stoddard's dramatization of *Tess of the d'Urbervilles*. This fine play, by the way, which ran for several months in New York, will be given here again early in the present season, and will then be sent through the country where it will undoubtedly continue its career of success. It deserves to be remembered not only as one of the most moving of human dramas ever seen on our stage, but as the work that first won popular appreciation for an actress of unique genius, who had long been kept from the recognition she deserved.

Many other plays with claims to serious consideration have been announced for production during the coming season, and on the whole the outlook is unusually good. The past few years have been disheartening to both actor and spectator, but there is ran in the theatrical world a general feeling of encouragement. Among the pleasantest indications for the future of the American actor is the astonishing revival of the old "stock" system, and the prospect of the decline of "vaudeville," which has driven so many good performers into work that they consider undignified and even degrading. At the present time there are more than twenty five stock companies throughout the country, presenting a succession of plays and employing a large number of actors. The frequent changes of bill that the system demands not only gives the actor a variability that he could not otherwise acquire, but it also affords the dramatist increased opportunities for securing a hearing.

Another encouragement to the American actor comes from the triumph in London during the past summer of Mr William Gillette's production of *Secret Service*. For many years London has been considered practically closed to American players, though a few have won success there. Mr Gillette and his play and his company, however, are supposed to have swept down all barriers of prejudice, and to have prepared the way for successful invasion of the island by his brother artists. The success of the company was emphasized, at the close of their engagement, by the artistic tribute of the English company who continued the performance of the piece.

The condemnation which the English actors received reverberated, of course, to the greater glory of the Americans. So Mr Charles Frohman has been encouraged to the undertaking of a bold scheme which is to send to London, by regular system, other American plays and players. Hitherto American actors have seen the English companies come here and with homage and fortune, now they think their turn has arrived. It will be interesting to watch Mr Frohman's venture in England, and to observe whether the success of *Secret Service* was a prophecy or, as the English say, a mere "fluke."

Mr Frohman looks longingly on England chiefly because a success there means so much more than a success in America. When a play makes a hit in London it is almost certain to run for a year and it sometimes runs for several years. A London success, moreover, secures for it a life of several years in the provinces. In New York, however, a successful play rarely runs for a whole season. Its later career throughout the country may be very brief, and it is rarely as long as that of a successful play in England. There are, of course, exceptions, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* being the most notable. Then, too, the long distances to be traversed by travelling companies make theatrical tours far more costly in this country than in England.

Whatever may be the result of Mr. Frohman's career abroad, there is no doubt that during the next few years an increasing number of actors will seek fortune in London. During the past season three American actresses have been so successful there as to attract the attention of two countries. If they had played equally well in New York their fame would never have spread to England. In other words, a theatrical success in London is worth at least twice as much as the same success would be in New York. Before going abroad Miss Julia Arthur had made a reputation here, and even if she had not won several successes with Sir Henry Irving, she might have been chosen to create the title part in *The Lady of Quality*, so perfectly as she suited to it. But when Miss Fay Davis and Miss Julia Opp leaped into fame they had never been known to the American stage. Miss Davis was undoubtedly the most successful actress in London last season. A Boston girl, who had played with the well known amateur theatrical society of her city, "The Criterion," and had been frequently heard in recitations, her first appearance on the stage took place two seasons ago, in Mr. Wyndham's production of *The Squire of Dames*, as the American millionairess, in which she made the hit of the piece. During the last season her greatest success has been as the young Italian in *The Princess and the Butterfly*. Miss Opp is a very beautiful New York girl, for several years a writer for the New York papers. Last autumn she made her first appearance on the stage, as a member of George Alexander's company. In the production of *As You Like It* she attracted attention by her beauty and by her admirable delivery of the few lines given to Hymen. One evening Miss Julia Neilson was too ill to appear as Rosalind and Miss Opp took the part and played it with great success for a week. Mr Pinero wrote a part for her in *The Princess and the Butterfly*, which she played skillfully, and she also appeared several times as the Princess, which she is to play during the forthcoming production of the piece at the Lyceum Theatre.

John D. Barry.

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THIS BUSY WORLD

AN Arizona correspondent protests courteously against an opinion, lately expressed in this department of the WEEKLY, that when Protestant clergymen of various other sects leave their churches, as they sometimes do to become Episcopalians, the transfer is usually felt to involve a development of taste rather than a change of heart. He thinks it "involves a development of education and in the grasp of great underlying principles." It may be that his experience seems to warrant that conclusion, but so far as the somewhat limited observations of the present paragrapher have enabled him to judge, the fact behind the transfer of a Presbyterian, or Baptist, or other Protestant minister to an Episcopal pulpit is usually some sort of local irritation which has put him out of concert with his own denomination and made him feel that another would suit him better. A recent case that seems to be relevant is that of a Dutch Reformed clergyman, long settled over a church where he was honored and content of until his son became an Episcopalian. That made trouble in his congregation which resulted in his migration from the Dutch Church altogether. In another recent instance two Presbyterians were co-pastors in one church. Both resigned. One was recalled. The other, presently, joined the Episcopal Church. In these cases and similar ones local causes seem to be operative rather than any intelligent grasp of great underlying principles.

Two men at least have started for the Klondike region for whom it seems safe to predict steady and perhaps remunerative work in all seasons. They are Messrs. Young of Massachusetts and McEwen of Missouri, Presbyterian missionaries, who are reported to be on their way to cross the Alaskan mountains to the head waters of the Yukon, their plan being to drift down stream to the mining camps. The Klondike country ought to be an excellent mission field.

The Boston Norwegians are preparing to receive Dr. Nansen when he visits Boston in November, and three Norwegian societies have appointed a joint committee of arrangements. This early premonition of what is in store for Dr. Nansen in this country makes it reassuring to recall that durability is one of his strong points, and that he can probably stand as much entertainment as any man living. It is possible that those famous travellers, the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, may make him an honorary member of their organization.

Dr. Theodore Cuyler complains in the *Evangelist* of a contemporary phenomenon to which nowadays allusion is often made—the extreme difficulty in finding a chance for an unemployed clergyman fifty years old and upwards to practise his profession. Churches seeking pastors don't want elderly clergymen, whether they are competent or not. Consequently, as Dr Cuyler says, many good and gifted men are "shelved from the pastorate on account of an arbitrary and abominable law of limitations that is applied to no other calling, secular or sacred, but the Christian ministry."

This may be putting it a little too strong. Successful lawyers and doctors usually establish themselves long before they are fifty, just as most successful clergymen do. Clergymen who find themselves out of a job at fifty have usually been unlucky or have fallen behind in the competition with their brethren. It is not unnatural that churches should want young men as being more adaptable and more likely to grow up with their charges, but still the preference for brand-new ministers does seem to warrant the suspicion that in the opinion of vestries, consistories, and trustees a man may easily have had too much experience to be a desirable minister.

The "Idler" of the *Evening Post*, in discussing why "our élite" do not take in greater numbers to public life, finds one hindrance in the provision of our laws that a man must reside in the locality which he represents. "Unfortunately," says the "Idler," "our bright young men leave the small towns of their birth and flock up to the great centres, as offering wider fields for their advancement. In consequence the local elector finds his choice limited to what is left—the intellectual skimmed milk, of which the cream has been carried up to New York or other great cities."

This characterization of the folks outside of the big cities as "intellectual skimmed milk" is not adapted to promote the rural elector's tranquillity. While it may be true enough that lads who prefer business or professional life to agriculture leave the country districts for the towns, it seems rather rash to assert that the intellectual cream of the country is "carried up to New York or other great cities." A good many clever young men go from the smaller towns to New York or the other great cities but they do not necessarily constitute the intellectual cream of the communities they leave. They are more apt to be youths who have nothing in particular—no special opening or family influence or strong local ties—to keep them at home. The average clever young man who sees fair prospects ahead of him in a small city is apt to stay where he is, and rather shudders at the notion of getting into the metropolitan maelstrom. It is the lad who has less to risk, or who aspires to succeed in some vocation in which a metropolis offers special opportunities, who drifts to the big cities. In New York State, certainly, if the lesser cities and the country districts do not send their fittest men to Washington or to Albany, it is by no means because all their "best brains" have been absorbed by Gotham. It is for the same reason that New York itself finds it as hard to employ its "élite" in the labor of legislation—partly because the men who seem fittest for the work can make more money or have more fun in some other employment; partly because such men cannot be elected without a greater expenditure of time and effort and money than they care to undertake.

Mr Walter A. Wyckoff a graduate of Princeton, whose interest in his fellow-men recently led him to earn his living for two years by manual labor lived during that period strictly on his earnings, and among his fellow-laborers wherever he found them. As a result of his experience of laboring-men all over the country, he says (among other things):

> There is really not so much difference between the classes as people think from the surface appearance. The constituent elements of human nature are all alike, and the result of education and culture is very shallow. The difference is merely superficial. I found the same variety of character and as much attractiveness of character among these unskilled laborers as among other classes of people, and perhaps even more, as it appeared wholly naturally.

That was not a surprising discovery, but it is worth noting because we are all so prone to forget the truth that is contained in it. Conditions and environment may affect character, but as a rule they do not make it. People are good or bad, sweet or acrid, kind or selfish, thrifty or wasteful, in all grades of life. They are not "nice" because they are well to-do, nor selfish or vulgar because they are poor. We all know that. The commonest experience is continually assuring us of it, but we seem to need to be reminded of it a great deal. People say, "Such and such things are not to be expected of that class," but they don't think of themselves as members of a class from the individuals of which uniformity of behavior is expected. Their class is composed of persons whose conduct is widely various. It is always some other class that impresses them as a body to be thought of in a lump. But no such class exists; not in this country, at any rate.

Jefferson County, Ohio, is a hundred years old, and celebrated its centennial anniversary last week with profuse enthusiasm. Every county in the State of Ohio is proud and humous, but Jefferson County has titles to fame which afford an exceptionally sound basis to legitimate pride. Edwin M. Stanton was born in Jefferson County. So were William D. Howells, General Custer, and the energetic family known as The Fighting McCooks. So were E. F. Andrews, the artist, Doyle the sculptor, Professor Sloane, several United States Senators, and many other good man who have won distinction in art or letters, war or peace. President McKinley was born within the original limits of the county, and it is stated that at one time his father worked in Means's factory, which is still running.

The celebration at Steubenville, the county seat, began on Tuesday, August 24, and lasted three days. The first day was Stanton day, when a bronze memorial tablet, provided by a fund raised by the school-children, and affixed to the wall of the building which stands on the site of the house in which Mr Stanton was born, was unveiled and dedicated. Wednesday was Pioneer day, Thursday, Military day. Each day had its processions. The Seventeenth Regiment of United States Infantry and a regiment and many companies of Ohio troops took part, but nothing in any of the processions was more interesting than 4000 of the school-children of the county who marched in honor of Stanton.

In the two articles about the Klondike mining camps, published in the WEEKLY of August 7 it is narrated how Clarence Berry, a farmer from Fresno County, California, who had been mining in the Yukon district, had a large supply of provisions on hand when the news of the Klondike find came, and started immediately with his whole stock and as much more as he could get for the new camp. He traded his provisions for claims, and also made extremely rich finds on his own account, so that when he came home he brought a large amount of gold with him and left property of great value behind. How much Mr. Berry's advice is in request by intending Klondikers appears from a postal card which he has enclosed in a letter to the WEEKLY, as a sample of those he finds it necessary to use. On one side of it is printed:

> Dear Sir:—Your letter duly received. I receive from 100 to 200 letters per day, and am unable to answer them. I advise no one to go to the Klondyke. It is a rough, cold country with many hardships and a long ways from home. The river and passes are completely blockaded with people and their outfits. For any information get the "Chronicle" from July 15th to this date, (particularly July 31st and 24th,) which you can purchase for 5 cents per copy.
>
> Yours very respectfully
> C. J. Berry.

The Paris *Matin* quotes M Reese, described as "the well-known authority on submarine navigation," as of the opinion that a more practicable device for reaching the north pole than Herr Andree's balloon is a submarine boat which would dive under large ice fields, blowing out a breathing hole where necessary, with dynamite. The attention of M. Reese should be directed to the narrative now running in HARPER'S MAGAZINE, wherein the eminent New Jersey scientist, Mr. Frank Stockton, has developed the idea of the discovery of the pole and the open polar sea by submarine navigation, and has forestalled the achievements of inventive energy in a number of other surprising particulars. Mr Stockton and M Reese seem to agree in thinking that dynamite would be useful in blowing up ice barriers, but M. Reese seems not as yet to have thought of Mr Stockton's excellent device of electric gills, by which submarine vessels may get air out of water, and remain submerged for indefinite periods without inconvenience.

An unusual number of minds seem to be at work just now on the problems of polar navigation. A writer in the New York *Times*, who is sure there is an open polar sea, believes it could be reached with comparative ease if a modern war ship were sent at the proper time, in a favorable season, to ram and blast its way through the ice pack, make a rush for the pole, and return before its channel was closed behind it. To this writer the policy of sending slow ships to be frozen in seems out of date.

Judge Ryan of Kentucky, formerly supervising architect of the Treasury, and one John Orme Cole, are credited with the invention of a particularly ingenious scheme of currency inflation, which provides that the government should pay every pensioner a lump sum in full settlement of his pension claim. They compute that this would take about two billion dollars, and as they recognize that it might be hard to raise so much money all at once, they propose that Uncle Sam should issue for the purpose two billions of new greenbacks, to the gradual redemption of which the sums now disbursed for pensions should be devoted. The inventors of this scheme point out that it would "inject two billion dollars into the stagnant arteries of the nation, and a giant would awake from his lethargy." They were to unfold it at the Grand Army meeting in Buffalo, where, by the-way, is located one of the large "State hospitals" which the State of New York maintains for persons whose imaginations are uncontrollably active.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and Mrs. Jefferson Davis have appealed to the Pope and to the Queen Regent of Spain in behalf of Evangelina Cisneros, the Cuban girl who is in danger apparently of being sent for twenty years to the Spanish penal colony of Ceuta, in Africa, a place, Mrs Howe tells the Pope, "where no woman has ever before been sent, and where, besides enduring every hardship and indignity, she would have for companions the lowest criminals and outcasts." The facts as to the predicament in which Señorita Cisneros finds herself would appear to be these. Her father, her brother, her fiancé, and herself were arrested about a year ago and sent to the Isle of Pines as Cuban sympathizers. The Spanish commander of the island admired her, and paid her attentions—"gross attentions" some narrators say. She discouraged him, but at length, on the advice of the fiancé, appeared to relent, and made an appointment with the Spanish officer to meet her at night. He came; the fiancé and the brother were waiting, pounced on him, and tied him with ropes, but his outcries brought soldiers, who captured his assailants. It seems an ill advised enterprise, for though the Spanish commander was fair game, the advantages of the situation were too much on his side. Consul General Lee has interested himself in behalf of Señorita Cisneros, and it seems likely that so much light has been let in on her case that it will hardly seem advisable to the Spanish authorities to punish her as proposed. To be sent to Ceuta would be a dreadful fate for a woman, almost as bad it would seem, as to be sent to one of those comfort camps in Georgia of the horrors of which recent official inspectors have brought back such grewsome reports.

Paradise Alley and Bone Alley, on Cherry Hill, near Franklin Square, are no more. The tenements that bordered them are demolished, and their population has found shelter elsewhere. Both alleys were crowded and profitable, but their manners and reputation sunk, and their death rate rose until the Board of Health condemned them to destruction, and after a fight in the courts with owners who were not ashamed to fatten on slum property, the sentence of the board has been carried out. On the site of Bone Alley will be opened a new park—Willett Park—where Cherry Hill may find a breathing place. What will succeed the tenements of Paradise Alley is not yet determined, but it will be either a warehouse or a play-ground for school children.

It is understood that always at the annual dinner at Ashfield, for the benefit of Sanderson Academy, something is liable to be said which will be worth remembering. This year's dinner, the nineteenth, took place on August 19. A number of wise gentlemen talked after it and said pleasing and edifying things, but the address which has excited the most notice is that which Professor Charles Eliot Norton opened the exercises. After reading a poem by Mrs. Seffers, in memory of George William Curtis, Professor Norton discoursed at some length upon the increase of lawlessness in the rising generation. From all sides, he said, an hear complaint of it. Increased independence is permitted to the young of both sexes, and is often abused, resulting in a tendency to resist authority, and in a spirit of lawlessness which develops rapidly into the spirit of crime. He went on to recount the presence in every village of loafers and hoodlums, who were neglected by the authorities, allowed to make themselves an offence to decent people, and sometimes, like O'Neil, the Shelburne Falls murderer, to grow up into criminals. He urged the necessity of taking these hoodlums in charge and checking their demonstrations with the strong hand. He deplored the laxity of town officers and the indifference of citizens in general in their attitude toward these culprits. He called for organization to correct hoodlumism by promoting parental discipline, moral training in schools, and courage and efficiency in town officers in enforcing the laws.

Chief Wade, of the State Police of Massachusetts, has commented on Professor Norton's remarks as though he recognized the evil of which they treated, and has mentioned truancy and the presence of children in the streets at night as contributing to it. Perhaps a curfew law such as is in effect in many of the Western States would be useful in the reformation of the rising generation in Massachusetts. It is depressing, just as we have got all the Indians pacified, to hear these complaints of lawlessness and brutish behavior in the New England villages, while at the same time the newspapers print a continuous chronicle of the lynchings in the South. Not only is civilization's work never done, but there are times when its processes seem to be working backwards. It may be that we felicitate ourselves overmuch on living in a state of peace and security which deprives ill-mannered and idle lads who need discipline of the benefit that might accrue to them from a term of compulsory military training. Still, even Professor Norton, who probably dislikes British manners as much as any man living, might find even the hoodlums of New England more tolerable than the military bullies of Germany.

Professor Norton is one of three contemporary writers who were contributors nearly forty years ago to the first number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. The other two survivors are Messrs. J. T. Trowbridge and Parke Godwin. The *Atlantic* celebrates its fortieth anniversary next month. Though it has steadfastly resisted all temptations to deal in illustrations, it is strong and important in the field that it has chosen and is especially high in the favor of that class of readers who are wont to complain of the dearth in this country of reviews such as are supported in considerable number in England. A number of the *Atlantic* seldom appears unwaxed a which does not include some article—by Mr. Godkin, or Professor Norton, or John Fiske, or Mr Roosevelt or some other of the wise in his generation—which reading people cannot afford to miss.

E. S. MARTIN.

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THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY IN RUSSIA—THE IMPERIAL PARTY VISITING THE GREAT MILITARY CAMP AT KRASNOE-SELO.

DRAWN BY MAX F. KLEPPER FROM A SKETCH MADE ON THE SPOT BY HENRY CUMMING FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."—[SEE PAGE 886.]

"THE VINTAGE."*

A STORY OF THE GREEK WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY E. F. BENSON,

AUTHOR OF "DODO," "LIMITATIONS," "THE JUDGMENT BOOKS," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

MITSOS looked anxiously round as they went outside, but no one was in sight. Yanni's mule had strayed into the field, and after depositing his cousin against the wall, he went after it, and muffling the bell with grass, led it round to the back of the mill, where Yanni was sitting. The latter was quickly recovering, but he felt his head ruefully.

"An awful bang," he said. "Did he fire at me? My hair is burned."

"Yes," said Mitsos, "and I at him. He made a devilish bad shot, Yanni, but he was upset at the sight of my pistol, I suppose. If he hadn't been a cracked fool he would have fired at me. But I suppose there wasn't time to think."

"Thanks, Mitsos," said Yanni. "Perhaps I may do the same for you some day. I would do my best for you always."

This bordered on sentiment, and Mitsos changed the subject.

"Yanni," he said, "we must think very hard what we are to do next. If Nicholas was only here! No one seems to have heard the shots, and we must get away as quickly as we can. Are we to leave things just as they are and go? Oh, do think, Yanni, and think quickly. My head is all buzzing."

"The black devils! Treacherous black devils!"

"Oh, never mind them," said Mitsos; "they are with their own sort now. What are we to do?"

Yanni's eye brightened. "This will we do," he said. "There is powder there. Blow it all up. Don't you see? If we leave it as it is they will find those dead things. Yes, Mitsos, that is the way." Yanni got up. "Come inside," he said, "and see if there is much powder."

The two went back, and stopped the millwheel—for it was too horrible to see its shredded burden carried round and round—and Mitsos dragged the headless thing away and laid it by the Turk in the centre of the room while Yanni searched for the powder. "Look," he said at last, "here is a whole barrel. That will do our work. I know how to make a train. I have done it at home to blow up rocks. We must waste no time. Go back to the house, Mitsos, and bring your mule. Oh, yes, and the Turk's horse too; it will not do to leave that, and take them and the other mule up into the woods above the path and lower down. Then come back here. I shall be ready. I will make a train that will give us about three minutes."

Mitsos ran up to the house, as Yanni suggested, and led the two animals down. He stopped at the mill to tie Yanni's mule to his own, and then struck straight off the path into the trees and tethered them all some three hundred yards off, where the trees grew thick. Then he went back to Yanni.

Yanni had laid a train from the centre of the room, where the bodies were, out under the door making it of moist powder wrapped in thick paper. He had waited for Mitsos to lift the barrel, for he was still weak and unsteady; and they bored a hole through it, so that the dry powder ran out on to the end of the trade, and then closed the lid to increase the force of the explosion. Mitsos put the barrel in the centre of the room, laid the two bodies on it, and placed over it all the loose articles he could find.

"I will fire it," he said, "because it will be best to run, and you can't just now. Come out, Yanni, and I will show you where the beasts are. Look—do you see that big white trunk at the edge of the wood? Walk there, and keep straight on, you will find them two hundred yards inside. Now go."

Mitsos waited till Yanni had disappeared, and then, locking the door and pushing the key underneath it, fired the end of the train and ran as hard as he could go after Yanni. He found him with the beasts, having taken off the trappings and saddle from the Turkish horse, which bore the star and crescent, and thrown them into a thick bush. A few moments afterwards a frightful roar came to them from the direction of the village, and they knew that the powder had done its work.

Mitsos made Yanni mount the Turk's horse, and they went as quickly as they could through the trees, meaning to make a long détour, and come down upon the next village from the far side.

For some time they went on in silence; it was as much as Yanni could do to stick to his horse, for he still felt very weak and battered, and Mitsos trotted behind incessantly beating the mules to make them keep up the pace. They were sedate old animals, who hitherto had sauntered through life, and they did not take kindly to a higher rate of going. However, go they had to, and they went. But at the end of half an hour Yanni reined in.

"Let's go slow a bit," he said; "I don't see what can possibly happen to us now. We are in our own country again; no one saw us go to the mill except my cousin Christos, and they might pull his tongue out before he spoke. Besides, there is nothing to say. The mill blew up, the matter is finished."

Mitsos assented, and threw himself down on the ground panting and blowing, for the pace had been stiff. However, a few minutes' rest and a drink from the wooden wine flask set him right, and he opened his mouth, and to Yanni's intense astonishment began to swear. He was in a white hot rage, and he cursed Krisos in the name of every saint in heaven, and labelled him with every profane and muddy epithet he knew, and the Greek language is rich in these.

Yanni was still looking on in surprise when Mitsos's mood changed, and he began to laugh, rocking himself to and fro.

"Did you hear his head crack?" he jerked out. "It cracked like a green nut in September. No, it was more like a pomegranate when you tread on it. He thought he could get so much money for his powder, and the powder has made little bits of him. Oh, Yanni, what shall I do? I can't stop laughing."

Yanni had never seen an exhibition of hysterics before, but he judged that they were not healthy things, and must be stopped if possible.

"Mitsos," he said, angrily, "don't make a fool of yourself. Stop laughing at once. Stop laughing," he shouted.

Mitsos stared at him a moment, and the fit ended as suddenly as it had begun. He had gone through a great deal that day, and it was no wonder he felt unstrung. He sat still awhile, and then spoke naturally.

"It has been a great day, Yanni," he said. "This sort of thing suits me. And now I have cursed that devil I feel better. But I was so angry all the way here that I hardly knew what to do. I wonder what made me laugh just now. Uncle Nicholas said that men often went half mad the first time they killed any one. He told me that I should probably be bloodied before I came home again. Oh dear, it was so funny!" and he began laughing again.

"Oh, Mitsos, dear Mitsos, for God's sake don't laugh. It's horrible to hear you," said Yanni, who really began to be afraid that Mitsos was possessed.

Mitsos made a great effort and checked himself.

"That's right," said Yanni, soothing him as he would soothe a child. "Drink some more wine, and then stop quiet a bit. Go to sleep if you like."

Mitsos drank some wine, shifted his position to a more comfortable one, and putting his head on Yanni's knee, who was leaning against a tree trunk just above him, shut his eyes, and in a couple of minutes was fast asleep. Yanni was not very comfortable, but he sat as still as a mouse for fear of waking Mitsos. How odd it was, he thought to himself, that this great strong cousin of his

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2113.

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should have behaved so queerly. He had been so perfectly cool and collected while there was anything to be done, but as soon as the need for doing anything was over he behaved like a child. During his struggle with the Turk he remembered seeing Mitsos's face as he threw the other man. He seemed to bear no resemblance to the cheerful cousin; he was like a wild beast. If anything had been wanting to put the final touch on Yanni's conviction that Mitsos was the king of men, it was that uprising of the wild beast within him.

The man had come out as they sat there, and shone full into Mitsos's face. Yanni, as gently as a woman, pushed his cap over his eyes, that it should not waken him, and with infinite craft filled his pipe, and managed to get a light from his flint and steel. He felt almost jealous of this girl whom Mitsos loved. It was not fit that he should go mooning after womanhind, who were, as Yanni thought, an altogether inferior breed. It was Mitsos's business to fight and to do the work of men. How splendid he had been at Kalamata, when they sat in the café after supper! The café man had tried to make Mitsos drunk, for the fun of seeing as large a person reeling about, and promised him that if he could drink an oke of wine he should not pay for it. This had suited Mitsos excellently, for he was thirsty; he had drunk it in less than half an hour, and to show that he was as sober as a woman he had played draughts afterwards with one of the Greeks there, and beat him easily in the first two games.

Then his misguided little opponent had tried to cheat; and Mitsos, rising up wrathful, had dealt him so severe a blow over the head with the draught board that he was fain to play no more. Several men looking at the game had seen him cheat, and applauded Mitsos's method of conviction most warmly. They had also asked him to drink more wine, but Mitsos thanked them and refused, saying he had had enough. However, they stopped on, smoking and talking, as there was to be no journey the next day, and Mitsos—who could do everything—had sung the "Song of the Vine diggers" as Yanni had never heard it sung before. Decidedly there was no one in the world like him.

Mitsos stirred in his sleep, woke, and stretched himself.

"Dear old Yanni!" he said; "what a brute I am! Have you been sitting here all the time with my head on you? Why didn't you knock it off? Oh dear, the sun is getting low. We must get on. How's your head?"

"Oh, it's all right," said Yanni. "A bruise like a walnut, but it doesn't ache any more. You ride, Mitsos. I can walk perfectly."

Mitsos wrinkled up his nose.

"Indeed! Get on the horse."

And he broke out again with "Dig we deep around the vines."

They struck straight down the hill, guessing that they had gone beyond the village where they meant to sleep, threading their way slowly through the aromatic-smelling pines, and treading softly on the fallen needles. A gentle wind from the south whispered in the boughs overhead, and Mitsos, purged by his sleep from the trouble of his nerves, whistled and sang as they went along. The sun was near its setting when they got out of the wood, but they found their guess had been correct, and they soon struck the road leading into the village from the north. This village, Kalovressi, was a regular stronghold of the Mavromichales, and Yanni knew that they would have a great welcome when they appeared. At the same time there was a small depot of Turkish soldiers there, and it had been worth while to take the precaution of making a detour and entering from the north.

These Turkish soldiers had a singularly comfortless life of it, for the scornful clan, secure in their remote position, made it quite clear that they were not to be interfered with in any way. If the government thought fit to keep soldiers there, well and good; they should be unmolested till the time came; but in the interval they had better keep to themselves, buy their provisions at double price without a murmur, and if they ventured to meddle in any way with the Mavromichales' womankind, why the Mavromichales would see to it. Otherwise the clan did not interfere with the soldiers, except when they were pleased to drink rather too much on fasta days. Then, it is true, they called them by shocking names, and warned them for their own sakes to keep within barracks.

The two boys entered the village unmolested, and went to the café, where they were sure to find friends, and no sooner had they got there than a great bearded man, as tall as Mitsos, came tumbling over chairs and tables, and took Yanni off his horse as if he had been a child. For this clan were warm-hearted Irish souled folk, and the two were kept like kings that night.

The great bearded man was Petrobey's brother, and to him Yanni knew they might tell everything freely. Never in his life had that genial giant been attacked with so many conflicting emotions. He positively trembled with suspense when Yanni described how he had gone into the mill alone, and kept interrupting him to say, "Go on, go on!" He stared at Mitsos admiringly when he heard how that young man had thrown Kritsos backwards, and gave a whistle of keen appreciation when he learned how Kritsos's skull had been cracked beneath the stone. He wiped his forehead nervously when Yanni told him how he had been thrown, he bit his lips when the Turk drew his pistol; and finally, when Mitsos shot the soldier through the head, he sprang off his chair, danced excitedly round the room, and embraced Mitsos. He chocked with laughter when he heard how they had decided to blow the mill, and said "Poof!" loudly when he was told that the explosion had taken place satisfactorily. Finally, when Yanni came to Mitsos's hysterical fit in the wood, his face clouded with anxiety, and he ran to the cupboard, and forced down his throat about half a pint of raw spirits.

"Well," he said, when the recital was over, "but this is a great day for the clan. And you, too, are of the clan," he said, turning to Mitsos, "and by the God above who made the clan, and the devil below who made the Turk, the clan is proud of you! Ah, but there will be a score of them in presently, and if the dear little Turks happen to meet any of them in the street as they go home again, I would not be surprised if we found them hanging upside down by the heels in the morning. You will be near two metres high, Mitsos!"

The clan, as Kostas Mavromichales had prophesied, soon learned that there was something going on, and dropped into his house in groups of three and four to learn what it was. The recital had to be gone through again to a most appreciative audience, for Kostas took the responsibility of making it public on his own broad shoulders, and the only thing that failed to make the harmony of the evening complete was that the little soldiers had all gone home before they came out. The clan contemptuously supposed that they were tired, for were they not little men? A few of the younger of its members had gone to a party to the barracks, and tried to rouse the little men by throwing stones at their windows, without result, and had subsequently quarrelled so violently at the café over the rival merits of the two conclaves "The little men sleep sound," and "The little men are very deaf," that Katsi had to go out and knock their heads together, which he did with cheerful impartiality, the one against the other.

Confirmatory news of the effects of the explosion came from Nymphin next morning, and fulfilled their most sanguine hopes. The mill, so said the Greek who brought it, was blown to bits, and as for Kritsos, he was as if he had never been. A broken skull had been found some yards off, but of the rest of him no adequate remains were extant. It appeared also that there had been another man with him at the same time, for over forty teeth had been found by the enterprising youths of the village, which were more than Kritsos ever had.

Kostas and a fine selection of cousins accompanied the two for a mile or so out of the village next morning, to set them on their journey. There were no more messages to deliver, for they were now in the country of the clan, which was worked from Pantza by Petrobey, and Mitsos, as the slayer of the Turk and the treacherous Kritsos, enjoyed the sweet sacrifices of hero worship offered by his cousins. Two of them in particular, of about his own age, could only look at him in a state of rapt admiration, and feebly express their feelings by quarrelling as to which should lead his mule. Yanni, good lad, grudged Mitsos not one word or look of this admiration which was so showered on him; it warmed his heart to see that others, like himself, recognized the greatness of their splendid cousin.

On the brow of the hill above the village Kostas and the elder men stopped and went back to their work, but the younger ones escorted them as far as their road lay—little black-eyed young Greeks girt about with the dogs of the clan, which prosecuted an eternal feud among one another to keep themselves fighting fit, and allowed no man to pass along the road until a passage had been whipped through them by one or other of their masters. To Mitsos, who had lived so much alone, with only the companionship of his father, to be thrown suddenly among this crowd of boys of his own age, who welcomed him as a cousin and hailed him as a hero, was an incomparable pleasure, and with Nauplia and all that Nauplia held getting nearer day by day, he was utterly content.

All that afternoon they travelled quietly on, keeping close to the coast, and about sunset saw Mavromati, where they were to sleep, perched high upon the hills below an eastern spur of Taygetos. The tops of the range were covered with snow, and the low sun for a few minutes turned the whole to one incredible rose. But below to the plain there was already a hint of spring in the air, the worst of the winter—the storm and squalls—was passed, and the earth had stirred and thrown forth the early crocuses. And something of spring was in the hearts of the boys, as they wondered—not knowing that they wondered—what the year would bring. For another more glorious spring was ready to burst forth, and that in Greece, which had been sprouting, hidden in the ground, for a long winter, smitten and fed by squalls and rains, was already growing green, and held within it the promise of a glorious flower.

Their last day's journey to Pantza was only a five hours' ride, and the two boys crossed the last ridge, and saw it nestling in a hollow of the hills opposite by midday. There, too, they found Petrobey himself, who had ridden out to meet them, both to give them news and take theirs. He was delighted to see them, and after they had eaten, Mitsos told their story, at which the soul of Petrobey was lifted up within him, and he was filled with an exceeding joy when he heard of the fate of Kritsos.

"But it all makes the next order the more necessary," he said, when Mitsos had finished. "Yanni, my boy, I am very sorry, but it is Tripolitza for you, and Nauplia for Mitsos."

Yanni looked up at Mitsos. "Oh, lucky one!" he said, below his breath. "See that Suleima has forgotten you not." Then aloud, "When shall I have to go to that hennel, father?" he said.

"You can stay two or three days here, and you and Mitsos will go together. That Mehemet Salik has a sharp nose, but you shall be red herring to him, Yanni, and he will smell no further afield."

Yanni wrinkled up his nose with an expression of pungent disgust.

"I want no Turk smelling round me," he said. "It is the devil's business. How long shall I have to be there?"

"Not long, I hope. A month perhaps. It will not be bad fun for you. They will treat you very well. I want Mitsos to go with you as your servant for a day or two, so that he can may have free access to the Governor's house and know where you will be in case they get more alarmed and keep you close, so that when the time comes for your escape he may find you easily and tell you."

"That will be a fine day for me," said Yanni.

"And what do I do," asked Mitsos, "after I leave Yanni there?"

"You go to Nauplia with a letter for Nicholas; but I expect you will stay there just as long as the gull when he dips in the sea and not again. There will then be another journey for you northwards to Patras, to speak with Geramanos. However, Nicholas will tell you all that."

Yanni sat up and pulled Mitsos's hair.

"You lazy dog!" he said. "Is it this I pay you wages for, that you should lie in the grass by your master, and"—he felt in his pouch and found his tobacco gone—"and, by the God above us, take his tobacco, and then not be able to fill a pipe fit for a dog to smoke?"

"Fill it for me, Yanni," said the other, "and let go my hair."

"You shall brush my clothes," continued Yanni, "and lay my supper, and cut my leaxings. It is a fine thing to have a good strong servant. There's your pipe."

Mitsos reached out a huge hand and plucked Yanni's pipe from his mouth and lit his own at it.

"There is a good clean smell abroad to-day," he said. "It is the first of spring. It was good to sleep under the pines and wake to the whispering, was it not, Yanni? Perhaps that will come again when the kennel-work is over."

"Easter candles give I to the Mother of God," said Yanni, "for the days that are gone, and a candle more for every day we journey together, Mitsos."

"The blessed Mother of God will have a brave lighting up one night, then," said Petrobey, "if things go well with us. There's many a tramp for you both yet. And who will be paying for the candles, Yanni?"

The third day after the two set out for Tripoli—Yanni, trinketed out in his best clothes, as was fit for the son of a chief, and going forward on a fine gray horse, Mitsos behind him on his own pony, in the dress of a servant, leading the baggage mule. Four days' travelling—for they rode but short hours, being in no way very eager to get to the "hennel work," as Mitsos called it—brought them to Tripoli, when Yanni went straight to the Governor's house, leaving Mitsos outside with the mules.

The house stood on one side of the square, but on the outside showed only a bald face of wall, pierced here and there with a few iron gratings. As Mitsos waited he saw a woman's face thickly veiled pressed against one of these, and guessed rightly that this was the woman's part. An arched gateway leading into the garden and closed by a heavy door, which had been opened to Yanni by the porter, and shut again immediately after he had entered, alone gave access to the premises. After waiting a few minutes, the door was again opened, and a Turkish servant came out to help him to carry the luggage in. But this was but small, and Mitsos carried it all in himself, leaving the servant to take the horses round to the stables. Behind the gate stood a small porter's room, and on the left as he entered the side of the block of building he had seen from the street. A door was pierced in the middle of it, but the windows, as outside, were all narrow and barred. The path was bordered on each side by a strip of garden bed, and following the porter's directions, he went straight on and past the corner of the same block, from the end of which ran out another narrow building, right up to the boundary wall away from the street. In front of this lay a square garden planted with orange trees and flowering shrubs, the whole face forming an oblong, bounded on two sides by a high garden wall, the house itself taking up more than half its space and making the other sides.

This second block of building was two storied, the upper story being faced by a balcony, which was reached from below by an outside staircase. Four rooms opened on to this, and, following his directions, he knocked at the first of the doors, and a young Turk came out, who, seeing Mitsos with the luggage, reached down a key and proceeded to open the doors of the next two rooms. These, he said to Mitsos, were his master's rooms, and there was a slip of a place where he could sleep if his master wished to have him near. So Mitsos, as Yanni did not appear, unpacked his luggage and waited for him.

Yanni came up presently, accompanied by the porter. The young Turk salaamed respectfully, and Yanni was shown into his rooms, where Mitsos was busy arranging things. He shut the door hastily, and waited till the steps of the porter had creaked away down the balcony steps, broke out with an oath.

"The very devil Mitsos," he said, "but this is no good job we can do. Here am I, and from within this hennel place I may not stir. I sleep and am fed, and for exercise I may walk in that pocket handkerchief of a garden, but out of these walls I don't move."

Mitsos whistled.

"It's a good thing I came," he said. "I suppose this Turk next door is your keeper. Oh, Yanni, but we shall have bitter dealings with him before you get out of this. I shall stop here to-night, there is a room I may use next this, and you inside and I outside must just examine the key of things. I will go out now round to the stables and see if the horses are properly cared for, and before I come back I will go round the outside of this place and see what is beyond them walls. And you look about inside."

Mitsos returned in about an hour. "It wasn't good," he said, but it might have been worse. From the square it was impossible to get into the place except through the gate, and equally impossible to get out. To the right of the gate stood the corner house of the square, and next to it a row of houses opening out on the street leading from the square, and there was no penetrating that way. On the other side the long wall of the back of the house looked out blankly into another street running into the square, but at the back there was hope. Fifty yards down the street the house they were in ended and was succeeded by another standing in the middle of its garden, and bounded from the street by an eight-foot wall. "None so high," quoth Mitsos, "but that a bigger man than you could get up." Standing on the top of the wall, it would be possible to get on to the roof of the block of building to which they were, and from there down on to the balcony, which was covered in and supported by pillars, one of which stood in front of Yanni's door. "And where a man has come, there may two go," said Mitsos, in conclusion. "Cheer up, Yanni."

"It's all very good for you," said Yanni; "but here am I, cooped up like a tame hen for a month, or it may be more, in this devil kennel place, with a garden to walk in and no orange to pick. Eh, Mitsos, but it will be a gay life for me. A fat bellied, slow footed cousin will you find when you come for me. I doubt I shall be sitting cross legged on the floor, with a hoop and a string of beads."

"Oh, you'll soon get fit again on the mountains," said Mitsos cheerfully. "I expect it will be quick going when I come to fetch you out of this."

Yanni nodded his head towards the Turk's room next door.

"Some night when you come tramping on the roof overhead," he said, "will he not wake and pluck you by the heels as you come down on to the balcony?"

Mitsos grinned.

"There will be fine doings that night," he said. "If only you looked into the street we could arrange that you should be at the window every night, and I could whistle you a signal, but here—but back to it!—I could whistle till I burst, and you would not hear. I shall have to come myself."

[to be continued.]

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COPAN: A CITY OF THE DEAD.

BY HENRY COLLINS WALSH.

MUCH has been done in recent years to throw light upon the history of the ancient races of the East, but comparatively little interest has been taken, even by American archæologists and scientists, in the ancient and marvellous civilization whose traces are to be found scattered over our continent, particularly in Central America and Mexico. That a civilization once flourished in these regions, much higher than any the Spanish conquerors found upon their arrival, there can be no doubt. The great antiquity of many of the ruins that have been discovered, as well as some of the ancient Spanish records, proves this fact. But of the political and social life, of the habits, customs, and religion of the aboriginal inhabitants, next to nothing is known.

Some of the Spanish conquerors, to be sure, have left excellent accounts of what actually passed before their eyes, but their thoughts were taken up with present gain, and they allowed the dead past to bury its dead. The early Spanish historians who followed were mainly ecclesiastic, and sought to fit all Indian traditions and customs to an origin in accordance with the accepted Biblical history of the human race. Besides, they were for the most part fierce iconoclasts, and sought to demolish beliefs other than their own rather than to preserve them. Bishop Landa, the first Spanish bishop of Yucatan, boasts that he destroyed one thousand ancient Indian manuscripts.

Since the twelfth century of our era we know next to nothing of the early inhabitants of our continent except what has come to us through the study of the monuments and ruins they have left behind. For if stone walls have ears, they have also tongues, that speak in no uncertain language to the interpreter.

By far the most important work that has been done among the remains of the old Maya civilization has been carried on by the Peabody Museum of Harvard College, through a series of expeditions it has sent to the buried city now called Copan, in Spanish Honduras. In a beautiful valley near the border-land of Guatemala, surrounded by steep mountains and watered by a winding river, the hoary city lies wrapped in the sleep of ages. In hieroglyphs upon ruins of temples and palaces and richly carved monuments the history of its peoples is written; but not so that he who runs may read. What prince of science shall wander into this enchanted domain of the past and wake the sleeping princess that so long has "been lost to life and name and fame"?

Perhaps one reason that Copan has not yet attracted the attention it deserves is because it is so difficult of access. There are no Cook's tours to this old city; indeed, there are no accurate maps of the surrounding country. All roads lead to Rome, but no roads lead to Copan, only winding bridle-paths over steep mountains, and these must be scaled on the back of the slow but sure-footed mule.

The writer made his way to Copan with a small party, composed, besides himself, of Messrs Alfred C Harrison, Jr, C E Hite, and Dr J D MacDonald, all of Philadelphia. We did not go to Copan in a spirit of conquest, to wrest from it the secret of the ages, we had been hunting and exploring over the mountains and wilds of Honduras, and, led by its fame, we travelled through jungles and over steep trails in search of the buried city. Before we reached it we began to think that, like El Dorado, it lay

> Over the mountains of the moon,
> Down the valley of the shadow.

But at length, after weeks of hard riding, we came into the city of our dreams.

We bore letters of introduction to Mr. George Byron Gordon, chief of the Peabody Honduras expedition, and were most hospitably received by him. We combined our forces and stores during our stay, and pitched our tent near by a little house made of upright poles and with a thatched roof, in which dwelt Mr Gordon and his assistant. We even successfully combined our cooks, and they did not spoil our broth, although two more opposite human beings could scarcely be imagined.

We had picked up our cook on the way down. He was a Scotchman of diminutive stature, intensely Calvinistic, and burning with religious zeal. When not engaged in pursuing his art, he delighted in preaching, and on Sundays we always allowed him to have his fling and listened to his exhortations with apparent reverence and devotion. I am glad to relate that his bread was much lighter than his sermons, else we could not have survived it. At Copan a revelation came to "Tam" that the ruins were those of ancient Babylon, and he declared that it was the Almighty's wrath that had overthrown the idols and rent the temples

Chira, Mr. Gordon's cook, was a tall, venerable Indian woman, a prophetess and seer, who was not without honor even in her own country. She was looked upon with reverential awe by all the people about, and old and young consulted her in the affairs of life. The sick and infirm invoked her healing powers, the young sought her advice in love affairs, and even the mayor of the little village of Copan, near by, would take no official action without first consulting the oracular Chira

All about our encampment were curiously wrought idols and carved altars, and the remains of temples and palaces and magnificent stairways. The ruins of Copan are conceded to be the most ancient of any discovered on our continent. The accumulation of soil and the growth of trees over the ruins, to any one familiar with these processes in the tropics, are of no value in determining lapse of time, but the condition of skeletons found in the tombs indicate the greatest antiquity. Moreover, no traces of wood have been discovered among the fallen buildings, though there is strong evidence that wooden beams, jambs, and lintels were once in use. This goes to prove that the ruins are so old that all the wood work has crumbled into dust. Among the remains of neighboring cities in Yucatan carved beams and lintels perfectly preserved are to be found; these are made from zapote wood, a remarkably durable timber, which grows in great abundance about Copan as well as in Yucatan.

FRONT OF ONE OF THE CARVED MONOLITHS.

The modern geographical division of Yucatan corresponds to the mighty Maya empire of early times, whose rulers reared magnificent cities, palaces, and temples, and which had passed through the period of its greatest power and prosperity centuries before the arrival of the Spaniards. Some of its great cities were already abandoned at the time of the conquest. The ruins at Copan, although in a more advanced state of destruction than those of the Maya cities of Yucatan, have a general similarity to the latter in the design of the buildings and in the sculptures, while the characters in the inscriptions are essentially the same. It would seem, therefore, that Copan was a city of the Mayas, but if so, it must have been one of their most ancient settlements, fallen into decay long before the cities in Yucatan reached their prime. The Maya civilization was totally distinct from the Aztec or Mexican; it was an older and also a much higher civilization.

So far as we know, the first Spaniard who gazed upon the ruins of Copan was Diego Garcia de Palacio, Justice of the Royal Audiencia of Guatemala. He passed by the buried city in 1576 and sent a letter to his sovereign, King Philip II of Spain, saying that he had beheld "ruins and vestiges of a great population and of superb edifices, of such skill and splendor that it appears they could never have been built by the natives of that province." Palacio then goes on to describe the ruins, and so far as it goes his account tallies accurately with the condition of the buried city as found by the Peabody expedition over three centuries later. The Spaniard adds that he was unable to obtain from the Indians any satisfactory traditions concerning the original inhabitants, or anything but a vague story, which sounds more like an invention than a tradition, to the effect that in old times there came from Yucatan a great lord, who built the edifices and afterwards deserted them

From the time of Palacio's visit until 1835 Copan remained unvisited, save perhaps by the indifferent natives. Fuentes y Guzmán, to be sure, a Spanish historian, describes the ruins in a history of Guatemala written in the seventeenth century, but his narrative is so absurd that it is evident he did not see Copan himself, but gives his description from wild reports that he had heard, or else evolved it from his inner consciousness. In 1834 Colonel Juan Galindo was commissioned to examine the ruins by the government of Guatemala. His report was never published in full, but a description of Copan by him appeared in the *London Literary Gazette* in 1835. This communication first made the existence of Copan known to the English-speaking world. In 1839 Mr. John L. Stevens was sent by the United States government on a special

TWO OF THE MOUNDS ONE [illegible] VIEWED FOR OTHER [illegible] EXPLORED BY MAUDSLEY

MOUND [illegible] VIEWED FROM MOUND [illegible] SHOWING TERRACES AND STAIRWAY AND THE STEPS INSIDE THE ROOM AT SUMMIT

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G. B. GORDON REMOVING SCULPTURES FROM ONE OF THE RUINED STAIRWAYS

SCULPTURES FROM THE RUINS OF THE GREAT STAIRWAY.

SCULPTURES FROM ONE OF THE RUINED TEMPLES

A MONOLITH—FRONT VIEW

A GROUP OF SCULPTURES FROM THE RUINS OF THE GREAT STAIRWAY

ENTRANCE TO A TOMB.

RANGE OF SEATS ON THE NORTH SIDE OF THE GREAT PLAZA.

UNCOVERING A BURIED CITY—RECENT WORK OF THE PEABODY MUSEUM AT COPAN, HONDURAS.—[SEE PAGE 879]

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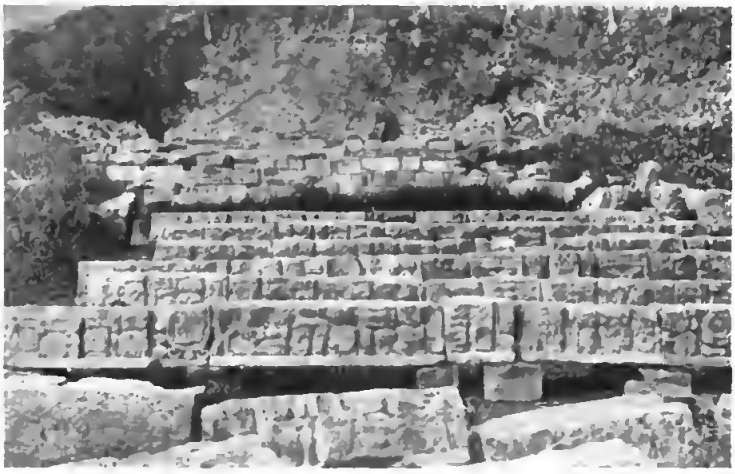
MAIN STRUCTURE ON WHICH THE TEMPLES WERE BUILT

AN ALTAR.

GROUP OF FACES FROM THE RUINS OF A HOUSE.

TRANSPORTING MOULDS OF THE CARVINGS TO THE SEA-COAST.

A MONOLITH—SIDE VIEW.



A FEW OF THE STEPS FALLEN FROM THE GREAT STAIRWAY—ARRANGED IN THEIR ORDER.

TOMB OF JOHN GUNBY OWENS, DIED AT COPAN FEBRUARY 17, 1896.

UNCOVERING A BURIED CITY—RECENT WORK OF THE PEABODY MUSEUM AT COPAN, HONDURAS.—[See Page 879.]

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BACK OF ONE OF THE CARVED MONOLITHS.

commission to Central America. Mr Stevens spent some time at Copan, and devotes considerable space to a description of the ruins in his *Incidents of Travel in Central America*. Owing to the dense forests that hid the city at that time, this author's account is necessarily incomplete, and in some particulars erroneous.

The real character of the principal structures was first understood by Mr. Alfred Maudslay, an Englishman, who visited Copan in 1885. His was the initial attempt at an intensive and careful exploration. He made a number of excavations, and took with him to England a set of moulds of the principal monuments, from which casts have been made and exhibited in the South Kensington Museum and the Archæological Museum at Cambridge. In 1891 Mr Maudslay went again to Copan, as the representative of the Peabody Museum. He made some more excavations, and brought a number of moulds back with him to Boston.

In 1891 the Peabody Museum, through the efforts of Mr. Charles P. Bowditch, acquired the care of the antiquities of Honduras from the government of that country for the period of ten years, with the right of taking away one half of the objects found in the excavations. It was planned to send an expedition to Copan during the dry season of each year; and to further this purpose a committee was appointed, consisting of Mr. Charles P. Bowditch, Mr. Francis C. Lowell, and Professor F. W. Putnam, curator of the museum. The first expedition was sent out in 1891. The work of this and of subsequent expeditions has been rich in results, but I can only outline briefly what they have accomplished, after saying a few words about Copan itself.

In the central part of the ruins of Copan are the great pyramidal foundations on which the temples arose. The principal ruins are grouped about a main structure, a vast irregular pile, rising from the plain in steps and terraces, and terminating in huge terraced elevations, each topped by the remains of a temple. The summit of the highest of these is about one hundred and thirty feet above the level of the river which laps the foundations of the fallen structures. Only the foundations and parts of the lower walls of the temples now remain in position, and these are marked with many hieroglyphic inscriptions. Surrounding the temples and palaces to the distance of a mile or more on every side are the remains of stone houses, probably the dwellings of the nobles and wealthier citizens, and beyond these are found innumerable stone foundations without any remains of superstructure. It is conjectured that on these stood wooden houses, the dwellings of the poorer classes, of which every trace has disappeared.

So far the Peabody expeditions have confined their attention to the temples and palaces, and though for several seasons quite a little army of natives has been engaged in excavating, yet the work that has been accomplished amounts to little in comparison with that which remains to be done. To clear the main structure alone will be the work of years. Indeed, such a bewildering maze of ruins still remains to be excavated and explored that all that has been accomplished appears but to be a little scratching on the surface. Could the vast structures be restored, our greatest buildings would seem as pygmies in comparison; and certainly no city of the modern world could boast such a profuseness and richness of carved and sculptured ornamentations.

The illustration shows a series of steps taken from a stairway recently discovered. This stairway is thirty feet in width, and ascends to the top of a pyramid one hundred and thirty feet in height. Each step is carved along the entire face with a row of hieroglyphs. A grand parapet, elaborately decorated with sculptures, ran up and down on either side, while at different heights in the centre of the steps statues of men in gorgeous attire were seated, one above the other. It is Professor Putnam's intention to preserve every step and every piece of sculpture of this stairway, either in original or in cast, and to reproduce the whole structure at the Peabody Museum. When this is accomplished, the visitor to the museum who examines also the already large collection of sculptures and moulds taken from Copan will be able to form some faint idea of the grandeur and architectural splendor of the ancient city.

Surrounded by ranges of steps or seats which enclose it on all sides but the southern, is what is known as the great plaza of Copan. This has the appearance of an amphitheatre, and within it are thirteen monolithic monuments elaborately carved, each having in front of it a sculptured block of stone, evidently an altar. Six of the monuments are standing in upright positions, but the rest are fallen idols. The dauntless six have maintained their positions for centuries, for they are accurately described by Palacio in the letter before mentioned. The fallen ones were buried beneath débris and rubbish, and were rescued by the Peabody expedition. The monuments average about twelve feet in height and three to breadth and thickness, and are cut from trachyte rock. On the front of each, and sometimes on both front and back, are elaborately decorated human figures, while all sorts of grotesque representations of men and animals and masks and feather work chase each other and are intricately interlaced upon the monuments. The backs of these, and also sometimes the sides, are covered with hieroglyphs. Until they are deciphered it cannot be determined whether the human figures are intended to represent deities or heroes or are portraits of rulers or priests. In some instances vaults have been found beneath the monuments; they are constructed of squared stones laid without mortar, and are strong and well made. Some pottery—vases and jars and ornaments—have been found here.

The altars in front of the monoliths are also elaborately decorated for the most part, though some of them are plain circular stones with some hieroglyphs engraved upon them. A small basin is cut in the centre, with a channel running from it, evidently to allow for the flowing of blood from the sacrifice.

Among the monuments and altars a gleaming white tomb is conspicuous. But it is not the resting-place of one of the ancients; it does not belong to old Copan. There is an infinite pathos about it, because it is a comparatively new-made grave surrounded by monuments hoary with the age of centuries. It is the grave of Professor John Gunby Owens, who had charge of the second Peabody expedition—that of 1892—and who died at Copan during that year.

It was on an anniversary of the death of Mr. Owens that our little colony gathered about his tomb; no rites of any kind had theretofore been held above it. It was one of those intensely brilliant moonlight nights that are known only in tropical climes—so bright that the heavens seemed blue as in the day—and far away we could see the Southern Cross hanging low in the sky. The tomb, which is built of white limestone, gleamed in the moonlight, while all about the huge idols and altars and the remains of temples and stairways stood out bold and clear. The ceremonies were of the briefest. Mr Gordon read a portion of the Episcopal burial service for the dead and delivered a terse eulogy. I closed the exercises by reading an inscription which I had been asked to prepare, and which was subsequently carved upon the tomb.

After the death of Mr. Owens, Mr. Gordon took charge of the excavations, and carried out as far as possible the plans of his predecessor. Subsequently he was appointed chief of the Peabody Honduras expedition, and has been in charge of the field work since.

The plan of operations in the field is as follows: The whole area on which any remains are found has been divided into square sections. Before detailed examination is begun on any particular group of ruins or locality it is carefully surveyed and located on an outline map of all the ruins. Each group of structures is thus assigned to its proper place on the map, which, when completed, will represent with exactness the whole site of the city, the shape and character of its structures, and the natural topography of the valley. Whenever sculptured monuments or hieroglyphic inscriptions are found, they are both photographed and moulded in paper or plaster, to be reproduced in the museum at Cambridge for further investigation and study. The paper moulds that have been made of the great monuments were carried to the coast of Guatemala on the backs of Indians. A great number of the sculptures themselves have been sent to the museum, together with vases, pottery, sections of skeletons, etc. The smaller pieces were taken to the coast on mules, the heavier ones were hauled on improvised carts by men over the rough bridle-paths for a distance of sixty leagues across the mountains to a river, whence they were floated to the coast.

So far all the buildings that have been explored are of the nature of palaces and temples. In exploring them the exterior of the walls was laid bare. These are always buried beneath an immense pile of débris from the toppling over of the upper parts of the buildings and the accumulated vegetable rubbish of centuries. Then the material is removed carefully from the interior. The chambers that have so far been cleared have been so bare of household goods as to suggest a voluntary abandonment of the city by its inhabitants. The only vessels found in the temples were huge stone urns decorated with grotesque figures and elaborate symbolisms. It has been suggested by some that these may have been incense-burners.

A CARVED ALTAR.

The interiors of the walls were covered with a coat of plaster and decorated with stucco ornaments. Images, faces resembling portraits, and a variety of curious ornamentations of beautiful workmanship have been found where they had fallen from the interior walls. The stucco and the plaster covering the walls were decorated with various colors. The exteriors of the buildings were elaborately ornamented with statuary, figures of men, and of animals. A curious figure of a feathered serpent is to be found entwining itself everywhere upon buildings and monuments. It can be truly said of Copan that "the trail of the serpent is over it all." But no really natural representation of a serpent has been discovered, and serpent-worship had probably antedated the development of Central American art. When the temples of Copan were built the serpent, though still retained in the decorative sculpture, had passed through a process of conventionalism and exaggeration in which the sacred character is lost and it remains merely as a symbol.

During the progress of the excavations made by the last Peabody expedition Mr Gordon discovered a stone pavement at the southern end of the great plaza. It was covered with vegetable mould more than a foot deep, when this was cleared away square stones were revealed neatly cut and fitted together. By removing some of these and digging downwards he came to the walls and chambers of a building more ancient than and of a different

Mound. Mound II, after excavation. Mound.

VIEW OF EASTERN COURT

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EASTERN SECTION OF ONE OF THE MOUNDS, SHOWING A BUILDING WITH TWO ROOMS.

character from those now above the surface. Here were found tablets inscribed with characters varying materially from those on the known monuments. In the adjoining structures above ground were found blocks of stone, used in the construction, which had evidently been cut from older sculptures. All this points to successive periods of occupation, of which there are other evidences; but for the present such questions must be left for more extended exploration and study to determine. If the structures now above ground are so ancient as to be lost to the memory of man, what must be the age of those that in all probability had been buried and lost to sight when the former were constructed?

Although a thorough exploration of the valley of Copan has been made in search of the ancient burying place, only a few isolated tombs have been found, and these give indications of great antiquity. The tombs were in the form of small chambers, but the skeletons had almost entirely disappeared, and only a few fragments were preserved, with the greatest difficulty. Teeth were found in which cavities were filled with a hard green stone. Could more perfect skeletons be found, they would furnish data for determining the origin of the people. When some of the dwelling-houses shall have been excavated much valuable information may be expected concerning the private lives of the inhabitants. For a great deal can be learned from material relics about the religion, art, manners, and customs of a people. Should the hieroglyphs of Copan never reveal their secrets, much knowledge can be gleaned from other sources, though the history of the people should never be known.

Though grave difficulties are in the way, there is hope that the hieroglyphs will erelong be translated. Experts are at work both here and abroad making comparative studies of the characters reproduced from inscriptions on the walls and on the monuments of Copan.

Within the past few years two ancient books written in Maya characters have been discovered, one in Dresden, the other in Florence. Their history is unknown, but it is believed that they were sent from some place in Yucatan by Spanish priests, and had been buried on dusty shelves ever since. These are known as the Maya codices, and are the only books of the ancient Mayas that have come down to us. A great number of Maya myths, however, have been preserved in Spanish by the early missionaries, chiefly by Sahagun. He mastered thoroughly the spoken language of the Mayas, but unfortunately did not consider it worth while to make himself acquainted with their writing. It is by means of this mythology learned by Sahagun and his brother priests from the Indians themselves, taken in conjunction with the codices which are supposed to record some of the myths, that scholars hope to get a clew to the writing. The great profusion of inscriptions upon Maya walls and monuments but lends incentive to this work.

[Note.—The readers of the WEEKLY will doubtless recall Mr. Rudyard Kipling's poem called "Recessional," of which the following is the first stanza.—ED. WEEKLY.]

JUBILEE.

God of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle line—
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

THE UNKNOWN GOD.*

When, overarched by gorgeous night,
I wave my trivial self away;
When all I was to all men's sight
Shares the erasure of the day,
Then do I cast my cumbering load,
Then do I gain a sense of God.

Not him that with fantastic boasts
A sombre people dreamed they knew;
The mere barbaric God of Hosts
That edged their sword and braced their thew;
A God they pitted 'gainst a swarm
Of neighbor Gods less vast of arm;

A God like some imperious King,
Wroth, ware his realm not duly awed;
A God forever hearkening
Unto his self-commanded laud,
A God forever jealous grown
Of carven wood and graven stone;

A God from whom obeisance knees
Woo'd, if he raged, a fitful truce,
A God, perchance, by some degrees,
Nobler than Odin or than Zeus,
Withal, of kindred seed and line,
Man a giant shadow, half-of divine.

O streaming worlds, O crowdal sky,
O life, and mine own soul's abyss,
Myself am scarce so small that I
Should bow to Deity like this!
This my begetter? This was what
Man in his violent youth begot.

The God I know of, I shall ne'er
Know, though he dwells exceeding nigh.
Raise thou the stone and find me there,
Cleave thou the wood and there am I.
Yea, in my flesh his spirit doth flow,
Too near, too far, for me to know.

Whate'er my deeds, I am not sure
That I can pleasure him, or vex
I that must use a speech so poor
It narrows the supreme with sex,
Notes he the good or ill in man?
To hope he cares is all I can.

I hope—with fear. For did I trust
This vision granted me at birth,
The arc of heaven would seem I so just
Than many a faulty rum of earth
And so fit seems indeed! But then,
I trust it not, this hooded ken.

And dreaming much I never dare
To dream that in my prisoned soul
The flutter of a trembling prayer
Can move the Mind that is the Whole.
Though kneeling nations watch and praise
Does the primordial purpose turn?

Best by remembering God, say some,
We keep our high imperial lot
Fortune I fear, hath ofttimes come
When we forget—when we forgot!
A lowlier faith their happier creeds
But history laughs and weeps it down.

Know they not well how seven times seven,
Wronging our mighty sires with rust,
We dared not do the work of heaven
Lest heaven should hurl us in the dust?
The work of heaven. 'Tis waiting still
The sanction of the heavenly will.

Unmeet to be profaned by praise
Is he whose coils the world unfold
The God on whom I ever gaze
The God I never can behold
Above the cloud beneath the clod
The Unknown God, the Unknown God.

WILLIAM WATSON.

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THE MYSTERY OF BARNEY O'ROURKE.

From the Annals of a Haunted House.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

A VERY irritating thing has happened. My hired man, a certain Barney O'Rourke, an American citizen of much political influence, a good gardener, and, according to his lights, a gentleman, has got very much the best of me, and all because of certain effusions which from time to time have emanated from my pen. It is not often that one's literary chickens come home to roost in such a vengeful fashion as some of mine have recently done, and I have no doubt that as this story progresses he who reads will find much sympathy for me rising up in his breast. As the matter stands I am torn with conflicting emotions. I am very fond of Barney, and I have always found him truthful hitherto, but exactly what to believe now I hardly know.

The main thing to bring my present trouble upon me, I am forced to believe, is the fact that my house has been in the past, and may possibly still be, haunted. Why my house should be haunted at all I do not know, for it has never been the scene of any tragedy that I am aware of. I built it myself, and it is paid for. So far as I am aware, nothing awful of a material nature has ever happened within its walls, and yet it appears to be, for the present at any rate, a sort of club house for inconsiderate if not strictly horrid things, which is a most unfair dispensation of the fates, for I have not deserved it. If I

IT IS NOT OFTEN THAT ONE'S LITERARY CHICKENS COME HOME TO ROOST.

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were in any sense a Bluebeard, and spent my days cutting ladies' throats as a pastime, if I had a pleasing habit of inviting friends up from town over Sunday, and dropping them into oubliettes connecting my library with dark, dank, and musky subterranean dungeons, if guests who dine at my house came with a feeling that the chances were they would never return to their families alive—it might be different. I shouldn't and couldn't blame a house for being haunted if it were the dwelling-place of a bloodthirsty ruffian such as I have indicated, but that is just what it is not. It is not the home of a lover of fearful crimes. I would not walk ten feet for the pleasure of killing any man, no matter who he is. On the contrary, I would walk twenty feet to avoid doing it, if the emergency should ever arise, ay, even if it were that fiend who sits next me at the opera and hums the opera through from beginning to end. There have been times, I must confess, when I have wished I might have had the oubliettes to which I have referred constructed beneath my library and leading to the coal-bins or to some long-forgotten well, but that was two or three years ago, when I was in politics for a brief period, and delegations of willing and thirsty voters were daily and nightly swarming in through every one of the sixteen doors on the ground floor of my house, which my architect, in a riotous moment, smuggled into the plans in the guise of "French windows." I shouldn't have minded then if the earth had opened up and swallowed my whole party, so long as I did not have to go with them, but under such provocation as I had I do not feel that my residence is justified in being haunted after its present fashion because such a notion entered my mind. We cannot help our thoughts, much less our notions, and punishment for that which we cannot help is not in strict accord with latter-day ideas of justice. It may occur to some hypercritical person to suggest that the English language has frequently been murdered in my den, and that it is its horrid corse which is playing havoc at my home, crying out to heaven and flaunting its bloody wounds in the face of my conscience, but I can pass such an aspersion as that by with contemptuous silence, for even if it were true it could not be set down as wilful assassination on my part, since no sane person who needs a language as much as I do would ever in cold blood kill any one of the many that lie about us. Furthermore, the English language is not dead. It may not be met with often in these days, but it is still encountered with sufficient frequency in the works of Henry James and Miss Libby to prove that it still lives; and I am told that one or two members of our consular service abroad can speak it—though as for this I cannot write with certainty, for I have never encountered one of these exceptions to the general rule.

"SIX EMPTY CHAIRS, SORR, WID SIX SEGYARS AS HOIGH UP FROM THE FLURE AS A MAN'S MOUT'"

The episode with which this narrative has to deal is interesting in some ways, though I doubt not some readers will prove sceptical as to its realism. There are suspicious minds in the world and with these every man who writes of truth must reckon. To such I have only to say that it is my desire and intention to tell the truth as simply as it can be told by James, and as truthfully as Sylvanus Cobb ever wrote!

Now, then, the facts of my story are these:

In the latter part of last July, expecting a meeting of friends at my house in connection with a question of the good government of the city in which I honestly try to pay my taxes, I ordered one hundred cigars to be delivered at my residence. I ordered several other things at the same time, but they have nothing whatever to do with this story, because they were all—every single bottle of them—consumed at the meeting, but of the cigars, about which the strange facts of my story cluster, at the close of the meeting a goodly two dozen remained. This is surprising, considering that there were quite six of us present, but it is true. Twenty-four by actual count remained when the last guest left me. The next morning I and my family took our departure for a month's rest in the mountains. In the hurry of leaving home, and the worry of looking after three children and four times as many trunks, I neglected to include the cigars in my impedimenta, leaving them in the opened box upon my library table. It was careless of me, no doubt, but it was an important incident, as the sequel shows. The incidents of the stay in the hills were commonplace, but during my absence from home strange things were going on there, as I learned upon my return.

The place had been left in charge of Barney O'Rourke, who, upon my arrival, assured me that everything was all right, and I thanked and paid him.

"Wait a minute, Barney," I said, as he turned to leave me. "I've got a cigar for you." I may mention incidentally that in the past I had kept Barney on very good terms with his work by treating him in a friendly, sociable way, but, to my great surprise, upon this occasion he declined my advances.

His face flushed very red as he observed that he had given up smoking.

"Well, wait a minute, anyhow," said I. "There are one or two things I want to speak to you about." And I went to the table to get a cigar for myself.

The box was empty!

Instantly the suspicion which has doubtless flashed through the mind of the reader flashed through my own—Barney had been tempted, and had fallen. I recalled his blush, and on the moment realized that in all my vast experience with hired men in the past I had never seen one blush before. The case was clear. My cigars had gone to help Barney through the hot summer.

"Well, I declare!" I cried, turning suddenly upon him. "I left a lot of cigars here when I went away, Barney."

"I know ye did, sorr," said Barney, who had now grown white and rigid. "I saw them mesilf, sorr. There was twinty foor of 'em."

"You counted them, eh?" I asked, with an elevation of my eyebrows which to those who know me conveys the idea of suspicion.

"I did, sorr. In your absence I was responsible for everyt'ing here, and the mornin' ye wint away I took a quick invintory, sorr, of the removables," he answered, fingering his cap nervously. "That's how it was, sorr, and thim twinty foor segyars was lyin' there in the box forninst me eyes."

"And how do you account for the removal of these removables, as you call them, Barney?" I asked, looking coldly at him. He saw he was under suspicion, and he winced, but pulled himself together in an instant.

"I expected the question, sorr," he said, calmly, "and I have me answer ready. Thim segyars was shmoked, sorr."

"Doubtless," said I, with an ill-suppressed sneer. "And by whom? Cats?" I added, with a contemptuous shrug of my shoulders.

His answer overpowered me, it was so simple, direct, and unexpected.

"Shpooks," he replied, laconically.

I gasped in astonishment, and sat down. My knees simply collapsed under me, and I could no more have continued to stand up than fly.

"What!" I cried, as soon as I had recovered sufficiently to gasp out the word.

"Shpooks," replied Barney. "Ut came about like this, sorr. It was the Froiday two wakes afther you left, I be came un'asy loike along about noine o'clock in the avenin', and I t'ought I'd come around here and see if everyt'ing was shtraight. Me wife sez ut's foolish of me, sorr, and I sez maybe so, but I can't get ut out o' me head that somet'ing's wrong.

"'Ye locked everyt'ing up safe whin ye left?' sez she.

"'I always does,' sez I.

"'Thin ut's a phwim,' sez she.

"'No,' sez I. 'Ut's a sinsation. If ut was a phwim, ut 'd be yours as would hov' it;' that's what I sez, severe ly loike, sorr, and out I shtarts. It was tin o'clock whin I got here. The noight was dark and blowin' loike March, rainin' and t'underin' till ye couldn't hear yourself t'ink.

"I walked down the walk, sorr, an' hearin' the t'under everyt'ing was quiet. I tried the dures. All toight as a politician. Shtill, t'inks I, I'll go insoide. Quiet as a lamb it was, sorr, but on a suddent, as I was about to go back home again, I shmelt shmoke!"

"Fire!" I cried, excitedly.

"I said shmoke, sorr," said Barney, whose calmness was now beautiful to look upon, he was so serenely confident of his position.

"Doesn't smoke involve a fire?" I demanded.

"Sometimes," said Barney. "I t'ought ye meant a conflagration, sorr. The shmoke I shmelt was segyars."

"Ah," I observed. "I am glad you are coming to the point. Go on. There *is* a difference."

"There is thot," said Barney, pleasantly, he was getting along so swimmingly. "This shmoke, as I say, was segyar shmoke, so I gropes me way cautious loike up the back shtairs and listens by the library dure. All quiet as a lamb. Thin, bold loike, I shteps into the room, and nearly drops wid the sheare I hove on me in a minute. The room was dark as a beaver hat, sorr, but in different shpots ranged round in the chairs was six little red balls of foire!"

"Barney!" I cried.

"Thrue, sorr," said he. "And tobacky shmoke rollin' out till you'd 'a' t'ought there was a foire in a segyar-store! Ut queered me, sorr, for a minute, and me impulse is to run; but I gets me courage up, springs across the room, touches the electhric button, an' bat! every gas jet on the flure lights up!"

"That was rash, Barney," I put in, sarcastically.

"It was in your interest, sorr," said he, impressively.

"And you saw what?" I queried, growing very impatient.

"What I hope niver to see again, sorr," said Barney, compressing his lips solemnly. "*Six empty chairs*, sorr, wid six segyars as hoigh up from the flure as a man's mout', puffin' and a-blowin' out shmoke loike a chimbley! An' ivery onect in a whoile the segyars would go down kind of an' be tapped loike as if wid a finger of a shmoker, and the ashes would fall off onto the flure!"

"Well?" said I. "Go on. What next?"

"I wanted to run away, sorr, but I shtood rutted to the shpot wid th' surproise I had on me, until foinally ivery segyar was burnt to a shtub and t'run into the foireplace, where I found 'em the nixt mornin' when I came to clane up, provin' ut wasn't any dhrame I'd been havin'."

I arose from my chair and paced the room for two or three minutes, wondering what I could say. Of course the man was lying, I thought. Then I pulled myself together.

"Barney," I said, severely, "what's the use? Do you expect me to believe any such cock-and-bull story as that?"

"No, sorr," said he. "But thim's the facts."

"Do you mean to say that this house of mine is haunted?" I cried.

"I don't know," said Barney, quietly. "I didn't t'ink so before."

"Before? Before what? When?" I asked.

"Whin you was writin' shtories about ut, sorr," said Barney, respectfully. "You've had a black horse-hair sofy turn white in a single night, sorr, for the soight of horror ut's witnessed. You've had the hair of your own head shtand on ind loike tinpenny nails at what you've seen here in this very room, yourself, sorr. You've had ghosts doin' all sorts of t'ings in the shtories you've been writin' for years, and *you've always swore they was thrue, sorr*. I didn't believe 'em whin I read 'em, but whin I see thim segyars bein' shmoked up before me eyes by invisible t'ings, I sez to meself, sez I, the boss ain't such a dommed loiar afther all. I've follyd your writin', sorr, very careful and close loike. I don't see how, afther the tales you've told about your own experiences right here, you can say consishtently that this wan o' mine ain't so."

"But why, Barney," I asked, to confuse him, "when a thing like this happened, didn't you write and tell me?"

Barney chuckled as only one of his species can chuckle.

"Wroite an' tell ye?" he cried. "Be gorry, sorr, if I could wroite at all at all, ut's not you ut'd be wroitin' that tale to, but to the iditor of the paper that you wroite for. A tale loike that is wort' ten dollars to any man, espescially if ut's thrue. But I niver learned the art."

And with that Barney left me overwhelmed. Subsequently I gave him the ten dollars which I think his story is worth, but I must confess that I am in a dilemma. After what I have said about my supernatural guests, I cannot discharge Barney for lying, but I'll be blest if I can quite believe that his story is accurate in every respect.

If there should happen to be among the readers of this tale any who have made a sufficiently close study of the habits of hired men and ghosts to be able to shed any light upon the situation, nothing would please me more than to hear from them.

I may add, in closing, that Barney has resumed smoking.

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BERMUDA FISHES AT THE NEW YORK AQUARIUM.—DRAWN BY CHARLES R. KNIGHT.—[SEE PAGE 887.]
1. Striped Grunt. 2. Porcupine Fish. 3. Four-eyed Fish. 4. Spanish Lady Fish. 5. Sergeant-Major Fish. 6. Surgeon Fish. 7. Angel Fish. 8. Squirrel Fish. 9. Trunk Fish. 10. Bermuda Lobster. 11. Grouper Fish. 12. Parrot Fish. 13. Devil-Fish, or Octopus.

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THE TROUBLES IN INDIA.

On June 22, while England was in the throes of the Jubilee celebrations, two Englishmen, Mr Rand and Lieutenant Ayers, were murdered at Poona. Poona lies about eighty miles to the southeast of Bombay, and was one of the chief sufferers from the plague It is the centre of the old Mahratta power, once the dominant race of Bengal, and has always been a disaffected city. The murders were thought at first to be due to the intense irritation of the natives at the necessary measures for the segregation of plague patients British soldiers were very foolishly employed in the work, and at every step they trod heavily on native customs They had to invade the female apartments, and they had to carry women off to the hospitals, and both offences violated the extreme sanctity of the zenana A reward of 20,000 rupees was offered for the detection of the murderers, but without the slightest success The whole city was in a conspiracy to screen them, and it became evident that the murders were the result of an organized plot, instigated by the Brahmins, whose race and caste have been dethroned It was, in fact, a secret blow struck at British rule, the first outward sign of the disaffection which has spread so rapidly since. The detective who was engaged in the case was murdered in the same mysterious fashion, and the vice regal government increased the police force at a cost of $75 000 a year to the city, levied as an extra cess on the richer inhabitants, and arrested most of the native editors on the charge of sedition A week later a riot, which lasted three days and resulted in the death of nearly seven hundred people, broke out among the Mohammedans in Chitpur, a suburb of Calcutta. The trouble was about an alleged desecration of a mosque, and ought to have been crushed at once. But the government authorities were away from the city, and, in the absence of a strong man with full freedom to act, the rioters had it pretty much their own way. The really ominous fact of the disturbance was that the Hindus, the inveterate enemies of the Mohammedans, joined with them in the fray They cared nothing about the mosque, but they saw a chance of injuring the British, and they took it.

On July 7 came tidings of a rising of the tribesmen in the Tochi Valley, on the border of Afghanistan and India, some one hundred and fifty miles to the southwest of Peshawur The natives contented themselves mostly with "sniping," desultory skirmishes, and the occasional picking off of a British sentry. Fighting of this casual character has gone on ever since, but the district is comparatively quiet, and no really serious disturbance is feared. Of far more importance was the attack on Malakand Camp, a fortified position dating from August, 1895, when the occupation of Chitral was sanctioned by the Secretary of State. The Upper Swatis, the Boneerwals, and some Hindustani fanatics were stirred up to revolt by the preachings of a mad mullah, one of those religious maniacs who spring up from time to time and throw the Indian government out of joint Re-enforcements were at once moved to Malakand from Mardan and Peshawur, and by the beginning of August the 6000 natives who had risen were hopelessly driven back to the hills, with the loss of nearly half their number Hardly had this business been settled when 5000 Mohmand tribesmen began a march on Shebkadar Fort, in Peshawur Valley. They were defeated only after severe fighting. On August 12 the Amir of Afghanistan recalled his agents at Calcutta, Bombay, Sirala, and Karachi. The Indian government more than suspected that the Amir had himself incited the tribes to revolt, and a strong letter of remonstrance was sent from Simla. The Amir issued a firman forbidding his subjects to join the rebels, but the tribes continued to explode like successive barrels of gunpowder. On August 18 the Afridis, a fierce, fighting race, who guarded the Khyber Pass for the British in the last Afghan war, broke loose The Orakzais, a neighboring tribe, revolted on the same day The Afridis captured Forts Maude, Ali Masjid, and Landikotal in quick succession, and by August 27 the entire Khyber Pass was in their hands. At the present time, therefore, there is one British force in the Tochi Valley, three more, at Kohat, Jamrud, and Peshawur, waiting for a decisive engagement with the Afridis, Mohmands, and Orakzais, and a fifth further up to the northwest, taking care of the Swat Valley. Altogether some 40,000 British troops are on the border

The murders at Poona and the Calcutta riots may be dismissed as isolated occurrences, interesting as showing the deep but spasmodic hatred felt for British dominion The rising in the Tochi Valley, too, is probably nothing more than a mere frontier incident. The Swat revolt is more significant, as it was foretold two years ago as the necessary consequence of England's retention of Chitral. The Indian government gave a definite promise, in 1895, that the British troops should be withdrawn from Chitral. That pledge was never carried out, was, indeed, formally abandoned The consequence is that England maintains at Chitral a small isolated force, with enormous cost and trouble, two hundred miles from her natural frontier, in a mountainous wilderness of rock and snow held by several thousand hostile and exasperated tribesmen A small affair like the Swat rising cuts off Chitral from all communication with Simla Never was the Forward Policy has justifiable than it was in this instance. The Indian government pays about $10,000,000 a year for the pleasure of quelling the periodical outbreaks on the northwestern frontier, which the tribes will always make to shake off an authority which has driven a military road through a country it had pledged itself to withdraw from. The Swatis surrounded two outposts within thirty miles of the old frontier, and compelled the government to mobilize 12,000 men at the hottest and unhealthiest season of the year. The plea of Russian aggression has always been the excuse for the Forward Policy; but if England finds it so difficult to maintain her communications, what chance would a Russian army stand, moving continually farther and farther from its base of operations? Lord Lawrence always protested against any extension north of the mountains, and regarded the Indus as the natural boundary of British rule, and Lord Lawrence was the wisest soldier whom England ever sent to India

It seems hard to separate the revolt of the Afridis and the attack on the Khyber Pass from the intrigues of the Amir of Afghanistan. The terrible visitations that have afflicted India within the last year—the famine, the plague, and the earthquake—have acted strongly on the superstitions of the natives, and rendered them easily accessible to any form of religious fanaticism. The great revival of Mohammedanism, due in part to the Sultan's victories over Greece, which are industriously magnified into the triumph of Islam over the infidels, has run through the whole of India. The Amir has sent out proclamations, taking unto himself the title of King of Islam, and the natives have been encouraged to believe that a deliverer is at hand to free them from the Christian yoke. The Sultan sent out agents from Constantinople to spread abroad the news of his victories and the triumph of the flag of Moslem. The Indian government even found it necessary to put a stop to the importation of Turkish newspapers. The Amir probably would think from an open revolt. He is too old and far sighted, and too much attached to his $500,000 subsidy to risk an overt rebellion But that he indulges in a little mild intrigue with the tribes around him is perfectly well known. The attack on Fort Sirabkadar was organized in Afghan territory and Afghan regulars took part in it. The mullah who did more than any one else to stir up the Afridis and Mohmands has been for many months in communication with the Amir's general at Jellalabad These little things prove that the Amir knew quite well what was going on, and was willing that it should continue, provided he was not called upon to burn his fingers. The revolt on the Afghan frontier will be crushed out, as all former revolts have been With the splendid system of mobilization that India has perfected, any repetition of the mutiny of '57 is impossible. And if the events of the last month open England's eyes to the absurdity of pursuing her Forward Policy any further, they will not have been without their usefulness.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR IN RUSSIA.

With the aid of Mr. Cumming's sketch and notes, the WEEKLY is enabled to offer its readers an impression of Emperor William's recent visit to Peterhof.

The voyage to Cronstadt was made in the *Hohenzollern*, and on the arrival of the yacht the Imperial guests were received by the Tsar and Tsaritsa. That was on the morning of Saturday, August 7. In the afternoon the Tsar and Tsaritsa, with the German Emperor and Empress and Prince Henry, proceeded on board the Imperial Russian yacht *Alexandra* to the pier at Peterhof, which they reached at 7 o'clock. Here they were received by the Guard of Honor, a St. Petersburg infantry regiment which, by a courteous fiction, the German Emperor is supposed to command: the latter accordingly wore their uniform. From the pier their Sacred and Teutonic majesties drove in an open carriage to the palace, followed by an outrider in white and the open carriage, drawn by four horses, in which the two Empresses sat—on the right side the guest, in lilac gown and large white hat with white plumes. A state banquet was given in the evening, at which were delivered the speeches of Tsar and Emperor that were telegraphed to every quarter of the globe, and every where published with comment—but comment so diverse! London attached no marked significance to them; the German papers found intimations in the Emperor's toast of a special hostility to England; Russian papers were willing to assume that Russia could count upon a submarine ally. The fact that stands out quite clearly is that both war lords gave their pledge as gentlemen and emperors and friends that they would keep the peace in Europe.

The next morning (Sunday, August 8) was passed by the visiting sovereigns in St Petersburg, where they inspected the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul and opened a new wing of the German Hospital Later, visits from various ambassadors were received and returned by the Emperor At half past six in the evening a special ceremony took place at the Krasnoe Selo camp—an hour by rail from Peterhof—continuing until eight o'clock Tsar and Emperor rode through the camp, past 60 000 Russian infantry drawn up in double lines, the Tsaritsa and Empress following in a carriage, as shown in the drawing on page 879

And here Mr. Cumming adds certain particulars: "William II was in uniform as chief of the Wilborg infantry regiment, the Tsar in Preobrajensky uniform, the German Empress in a light water green dress and long mantle, the Tsaritsa in goldish yellow The sketch shows a piquet or outrider between the Emperors and Empresses, and beside the latter rides the Grand Duke Vladimir Alexandrovitch. The German Empress is seated on the right; the Tsaritsa on the left, behind them two Imperial Cossacks and the Minister of the Imperial Court Stationed just opposite the Imperial tent an orchestra 1000 strong, with 200 drummers, played the German hymn. At this point the Imperial party dismounted and had tea in the tent, the orchestra meanwhile rendering German songs and waltzes, and the new gavotte by William II., entitled *Sang an Aegir*. At 9 P M a rocket flashed up and exploded in the air, and, at the signal, in a moment 600 cannon were fired—as a still more emphatic token of the close of the day; and (Mr. Cumming continues), "tattoo was played. Next, the chief drummer commanded, 'Halt off!' Emperors and bystanders complied at once, and with audible voice the drummer read the evening prayer; after which the Russian anthem, *Kol Slaven Ibg* was beautifully executed by the enormous band. Then the party left in open carriages."

On Monday morning, August 9 the entire force, numbering 72 battalions of infantry, 43 squadrons of cavalry, 14 Cossack sotnias, with 200 pieces of artillery (all viewed to peace) was reviewed in camp by the Emperors. Returning in the afternoon by train to Peterhof, the Imperial guests were present at an evening entertainment ingeniously contrived for them on Olgin Ostroff (Olga Island): a new grand ballet, namely, produced "on a stage built up from the water, while the audience sat opposite in artistically constructed rufus, surrounded by old red oak trees Connecting the island with the mainland was a specially erected pontoon bridge decorated with palms, interspersed with lanterns—bridge and stage all covered with carpet of a fine blue color."

Another day of manœuvres at Krasnoe Selo, and a sham fight in which 30,000 cavalry were engaged, another evening at Peterhof, where were fireworks and illumination of the lower Imperial Gardens, then on Wednesday, August 11, to Cronstadt once more, and then away. As the stately phrase need to be, "Germany" had visited "Russia"; and it may be noted with some curiosity that, before "Germany," "Austria" had come and gone, and after "Germany" had departed, "France" was the next visitor Thus Russia has entertained her great neighbors in the order of their geographical position, or in a sequence from east to west

MARRION WILCOX.

THE FLOWER CARNIVAL AT COLORADO SPRINGS.

BY WILLIAM ALEXANDER PLATT.

THE carnival, or parade, or festival, as it is variously called, is becoming a feature of life in many Western cities. In a general way they are somewhat alike, inasmuch as they all partake more or less of the festival spirit. But they are different, each in its own way; and the Colorado Springs carnival is not exactly like anything else of the kind. Its distinctive characteristic is the general participation of the citizens in the festivities. The main feature of the flower parade from the beginning has been the large number of decorated vehicles displayed by the people who live in Colorado Springs, who ride in their own carriages in the parade, gayly decorated with all sorts of flowers, and exhibiting the taste of their owners in their combinations of color and substance

Last year some artificial flowers were used in decoration, and the effect was so good that this year there were more artificial decorations in the parade than ever before. In fact, there were so many that it was deemed advisable to offer separate prizes for natural and artificial decorations The prizes given are silk banners.

The grand parade, which occurred on Thursday, August 19, was more than two miles long First came the military, consisting of the Seventh Infantry, U S A., under the command of Major A. W Corlisa, about five hundred strong, and a troop of cavalry under command of Captain Fowler Then came the First Regiment, Colorado National Guard, about two hundred and fifty strong. This was the first division of the parade. The second division included the decorated private vehicles and saddle horses and ponies. It contained the following classes: four-in-hands, spike teams, two-horse four wheelers, one-horse two wheelers, one horse four wheelers, four-wheel pony traps, two-wheel pony traps, college and school traps, and saddle horses and ponies. The third division included the floats and specialties—everything otherwise unclassed The fourth was the bicycle division.

The first prize in the college division went to Amherst, and the second to Lafayette. There were ten institutions represented The Amherst trap was all purple and white, from the horses and their harness to the back seat

There were so many fine traps in the two-horse four-wheel division this year that a decision among them was extremely difficult, it seemed that there ought to be three or four first prizes, and as many seconds. Most of the traps had the harness wound with satin ribbons

The bicycle division was also one of the finest in the procession There were many individual wheels beautifully trimmed, but the best effects were produced with combinations. Three bicycles abreast, ridden by ladies, with a fourth as leader, ribbons reaching from those behind to the one in front, and all trimmed with flowers of the carnival colors—blue, yellow, and white—formed one combination. Another of great beauty was a quartet of riders, supporting two arches reaching diagonally, and from the centre of the arches depending a large bird-cage, in which a little girl sat dressed as a Japanese princess, her outriders being also all in Japanese costume

Among the floats, that of the local post-office was one of the finest A large wagon was covered with a wooden frame eight feet high, eight feet broad, and about fourteen feet long. On the side, represented in flowers, was a post-office cancellation stamp, with the circle and the waving flag all done in the carnival colors.

Another float which drew great applause was that of the Elks it was drawn by six horses, and on it were a dozen of the members of the local lodge, who gave a minstrel show as the procession went on its way.

There were several Klondike exhibits of a humorous character, one being a burro labelled "Klondike beefsteak, $2 a pound," and another a little dog cart, with a boy riding in it, and labelled "Klondike or Bust."

But the flower parade is not all there is to the carnival by any means. The festivities extended this year for nearly four days. The horse show was scheduled for Tuesday afternoon, but a heavy shower made it necessary to postpone that until Friday morning, when more than 2000 people were in attendance, and the show was a complete success: Some very fine horses and traps were shown, and the cavalry troop from Fort Logan—part of the Second Regiment—gave an exhibition drill, and afterwards some fancy riding by the "circus" troop The "regulars" are always favorites here, as every where The exercises of the week began with a concert in the Temple Theatre.

Wednesday was "Military day," and there were evolutions at Broadmoor, about four miles from the city, near the street car line, by regulars and militia, ending with a sham battle. Thursday was the great day of the show. After the parade the evening was devoted to a masquerade and ball. This was the first masquerade ball in years, and the first street masquerade ever given here. There was no holiday business, no rudeness, no disturbance—only everybody had a jolly time At ten the streets were cleared and dancing began inside the Temple Theatre. Nobody but maskers was allowed on the floor, while the spectators sat in the galleries.

It is an old saying that Englishmen take their pleasures sadly, and Colorado Springs has been accused of being an English town; but the carnival spirit was dominant all the week, not to say rampant, and the town gave itself up to the occasion Business was temporarily laid aside The Mayor proclaimed a half holiday on Thursday, and the police regulations were modified to suit the occasion, and to allow masking within the limits designated and at the ball.

Such a celebration has more than one good effect. It is an advertisement for the city, of course: and that is not utterly disregarded in getting up the festival. But that is not the main feature at all. The main object is to have a good time. It does a man good once in a while to give himself up and have a jolly time, and this is as true of a city as of an individual The efforts of the various committees in getting up the various features of the carnival—and more than two hundred people were on the com-

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mittees, not to speak of the hundreds more who took part, and who helped to decorate and otherwise assisted in the celebration—these common efforts in a common cause tend to bring people together, to make them better acquainted with one another and one another's capabilities and talents, and foster a civic spirit which is of the greatest value in a community.

SUMMER HIGHWAYS.

THE CITY.

Dry clatter on the granite-cobbled street,
A clack of voices, tense and over keyed,
The jiggle of a child's velocipede,
The patient vender, drowsing on his way—
The white clad sweeper, toiling listlessly;
And everywhere the dazzle and the heat.

THE COUNTRY.

Tough, pungent weeds that whiten by the road
Where slenderly the tide of travel flows—
The sweating cycler, frowning as he goes—
The nodding farmer satisfied to trust
His nodding team, and under, in the dust,
The tumbling beetle, toiling with his load.

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

BERMUDA FISHES AT THE NEW YORK AQUARIUM.

DURING the past two months the visitors to the public Aquarium in Battery Park in New York have had the opportunity of seeing a number of highly colored and strangely shaped fishes that abound in the waters of Bermuda. Readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY who remember the old Barnum Museum on the corner of Broadway and Ann Street may recall seeing a few specimens of these fishes which that indefatigable show-man succeeded in bringing at that early day; but they were short-lived, and cost so much that they were not replaced. Later another attempt was made to transport them to the aquarium that existed for a short time on Herald Square, but, as before, the difficulties were too great to call the attempt a success. This year, at the suggestion of Dr. T. H. Bean, Director of the city's Aquarium, and for many years before one of the principal officials of the United States Fish Commission, the writer undertook to make another attempt in connection with the Alumni Biological Expedition sent out by the New York University. Thanks to the advice and co-operation of Dr. Bean the result has been highly successful as thousands of visitors to the Aquarium will testify.

The Bermudas, or Somers Archipelago, as they are called in all the official documents of the colony, in remembrance of the brave admiral, Sir George, who was wrecked on them over two hundred and seventy-five years ago, lie in mid ocean, about six hundred miles east of the Carolina coast, and though the islands and rocky islets are perhaps over three hundred in number, they lie in a space of twenty-three miles by three. The rock is entirely of coral formation, the cap of an old mountain peak which rises solitary out of the deep waters around it. The Gulf Stream flows between the islands and the coast of the United States, and forms a definite boundary of northerly migration to the tropical fishes that abound in the waters of the Bermudas and the West Indies. To the north and west of the islands, at a distance from shore in some directions of ten miles, lie what are known as the outer reefs, a belt of coral rocks, which if they were raised thirty feet or more would form the rest of the atoll so typical of coral islands.

These coral reefs and the many bays and inlets are prime feeding and breeding grounds for fishes, abounding in food and protected from the commotion of storms. The clear water and the variegated coloring of the submarine growths on the reefs are responsible for the wide range of colors found in the fishes, and for another remarkable phenomenon exhibited by them. The visitor to the Aquarium will notice sudden changes in the intensity and shade of the colors as he watches the fish in the tanks and in some of them this is so marked that they appear like different varieties in their different colors. This change is found to some extent in all fishes, but in the Bermuda varieties it is much more pronounced.

One explanation is that the dull colored phase renders the fish less conspicuous as it passes over the bare spaces of the bottom, while for the very same reason it is of advantage as a means of concealment among the many hued sponges, sea fans, and corals to assume quickly a bright color and well-marked pattern of stripes or dots.

The best known fish of Bermuda is perhaps the angel, shown in the central part of the illustration on page 885. The colors of this exquisite fish are blue—the deep blue of the sky—and bright golden yellow. These blend about the head, showing delicate tints of purple. The long streaming fins and the tails are pure yellow.

Far daintier and much less known is the little "four eyed" fish No. 3 shown in the upper part of the illustration. It is a small fish, of brightest yellow, delicately shaded in diagonal bands, while over its head and running directly through its eyes are two bars of deepest black. Near the tail are two black spots, one on either side, which so resemble eyes that they have given the name to the fish. They are not eyes, merely patches of color.

The striped grunt, No. 1, is yellow, with pale lilac bands along the sides. It emits a peculiar sound when taken out of the water. The Spanish lady fish, No. 4, is remarkable for the grace of its form and the beauty and elegance of its colors. The head and upper half of its body is a rich chestnut brown, the remainder is a bright golden yellow. The sergeant major, No. 5, is a dainty little fish with black and yellow stripes, while the surgeon, No. 6, is deep ultramarine blue. It gets its name from the lancelike prominence on either side of its tail. The squirrel, No. 8, is bright scarlet, and has a large eye. It is very common, and derives its name from a barking noise which resembles the bark of a squirrel. The trunk fish, No. 9 is a bizarre animal, resembling a Brazil nut in shape. It moves about in a very solemn manner, always attracting an interested group of visitors to its tank. The grouper, No. 11, attains an enormous size and is used largely for food. The parrot, No. 12, is the most showy of all the fishes. The general color is brilliant green, but each scale is edged with a narrow band of chocolate brown, while bright red and yellow stripes and blotches suggest the brilliant plumage of the bird of the same name. A glance at the porcupine fish, No. 2, will account for the name under which he swims.

The Bermuda lobster, No. 10, is not a lobster, at least such as we are familiar with. It is more like the spiny lobster of the Pacific Ocean. It is highly ornamented with streaks and patches of bright colors. The octopus, No. 13, found in the Bermudas, is usually a small fellow, not at all dangerous. It goes under the name of "scuttle" among the fishermen. It lurks in holes along the shores and throws out a black ink when disturbed, under cover of which it "scuttles" away. These two kinds of animals have not lived well in the Aquarium owing to the difficulties of transportation, but all the others are in splendid condition.

The success attendant upon the efforts to transport and keep alive these beautiful fishes has proved so great that next year further effort will be made, under the auspices of the Biological Department of New York University, to bring to the city still more of the strange inhabitants of the waters of those fascinating islands. The other scientific results of the alumni expedition were valuable, and the collections will go to enrich the museum of the university. Among them is a large dome of the brain coral nearly four feet in diameter, the largest yet taken away from the Bermudas.

C. L. BRISTOL.

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From Photograph by H. S. Poley.

FLOAT OF THE LOCAL LODGE OF "ELKS."

THE FLOWER CARNIVAL AT COLORADO SPRINGS—SOME OF THE PRIZE-WINNERS.—[See Page 886.]

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AMATEUR SPORT

THE RECEPTION GIVEN the national rowing regatta two weeks ago, after several successive seasons of indifferent achievement, must be accounted for by something more tangible than can be found in the elements of mere chance which influence the number of entries and the sport they provide from year to year. Nor, in speaking of this year's success, do I refer only to the actual racing. The annual championships of the N. A. A. O. have usually attracted representative entries and furnished some very good contests. But I write more especially of the regatta as an event, and this year it has received wider recognition, attracted entries of higher average quality, and developed more interesting racing than any previous one.

It seems to me the explanation is to be discovered in the environment of the '97 regatta, and that therewith is presented strong argument for the selection of the Schuylkill as a permanent course.

CLUB ROWING IN THE UNITED STATES has for years led an uncertain and only half-satisfactory existence. But for the untiring efforts of Mr. Fortmeyer, the N. A. A. O. secretary, and a few others equally concerned in the interest of the sport, there is small doubt that national organization for annual racing would have resulted in little of consequence. There has been and is so much with which to contend—and the chief handicap is paucity of material. Schools having the facilities for and the inclination to take up rowing are really very few, the number of colleges that maintain crews is equally limited.

B. J. WEFERS—POSITION ON THE MARK.

[illegible]

THE NUMBER OF COLLEGE OARSMEN annually graduated is comparatively small, it is true, and scattered, but they are enough to make an impression if they choose, and there are, besides, the many more undergraduates who have been candidates for or sat in their class boats.

The real reason for the indifference of college oarsmen to club rowing is their disinclination to join clubs whose crews are membered by oarsmen of non-collegiate training, and the total absence of active rowing clubs with any other than non-collegiate oarsmen. It may be asserted that the situation reflects no credit upon the sportsmanship of the college oarsmen—but the cause is not to be removed by rhetorical assault. The facts exist, and are human.

The support club rowing has received from these directions, in fact, amounts to literally nothing, and this is not because there have been no college oarsmen available to boat clubs, but because it so happens in this country, unlike in England, that college men have held aloof from rowing in club boats. Therefore boat clubs in the East, and in the majority of cases in the middle West, have been obliged to depend on oarsmen who have picked up their knowledge of rowing "on the river." It is creditable to this class of oarsmen and to the N. A. A. O. that there has been less scandal concerning the amateur status of individuals in rowing than in any other competitive sport to which clubs give their attention.

THE ONLY SOLUTION OF THE PROBLEM is the encouragement of rowing at schools, through their organization, and their recognition by clubs and the National Association. It has remained for Philadelphia to show the way. Last spring the Bachelor Club conceived the idea of a junior membership recruited from certain worthy schools, which should pay no dues, and yet, under a coach, have the use of the club's boats. Other clubs quickly saw the possibilities of such a recruiting field, and to-day the majority of the clubs on the Schuylkill at Philadelphia offer the splendid facilities of their handsome houses and the best of their boating equipments to any pupil of a certain number of schools. Such an opportunity created an active boating spirit among the Philadelphia schools, which in turn was reflected by organization into the Inter-scholastic Association, that held its first very successful regatta in June. The members, I believe, are Penn Charter, Manual Training, Central High, Roman Catholic High, Episcopal Academy, Germantown Academy, Eastburn Academy, and the Friends' Central School.

WHAT THE NOURISHMENT OF ROWING among these schools means to the sport's future, certainly at Philadelphia, may be easily imagined. Already schoolboy oarsmen are filling places in the regular club crews, and it requires no prophetic ability to foresee the day when they will be in the majority.

As this encouragement of inter-scholastic rowing will benefit club boating, so will it also lessen the task of college coaches, by furnishing crew candidates with at least a rudimentary knowledge of rowing.

University of Pennsylvania must view this inter-scholastic movement with deep satisfaction; it is certain to develop some material for its crews, just as the Cascadilla School does for Cornell.

THE FIRST RECIPIENTS, HOWEVER, and the most needy ones, of this splendid and newly created interest will be the rowing clubs of Philadelphia. Not that the Philadelphia clubs are more needy than those of New York or elsewhere. Indeed, they are greater in number and more active in interest than those of any other section in this country. But N. A. A. O. rowing requires new life—such life, in fact, as is now withheld, for the reasons already stated. There is no reason why the national regatta should not, in every event on the championship programme, have crews of the same collegiate timber as made up the Weld eight this year. The encouragement of inter-scholastic rowing is the surest and most direct means to such an accomplishment.

Following up its good work in this direction, the National Association will give further impetus to the little forward rowing movement now making by choosing a permanent course that is fair, has wholesome and attractive surroundings, and is nearest the centre of the new activity. Such a one is that on the Schuylkill, which has the additional advantage of being (for the length of the N. A. A. O. racing-course, 1½ miles) under the jurisdiction of Fairmount Park, and therefore easily kept clear of craft.

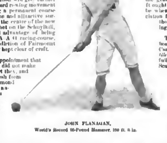
THERE WAS MUCH disappointment that Ten Eyck and McDowell did not make good their entries, and yet they, and especially the former, fresh from his winning of the Diamond Sculls, would have been unwise to compete unless fit to row at top form. Ten Eyck claimed not to be, and, without other evidence to the contrary, we must accept his own estimate of his condition. The entries for the single-scull championship included Whitehead, Alward, Maguire, and Juvenal, champions respectively of America ('96), Canada, New England, and the Schuylkill Navy. Ryan, an ex-champion of America, also rowed. Maguire won easily—so easily as to excite our curiosity as to his possibilities. If Juvenal had worked harder he might have secured second from Whitehead; as it was, he got third. Institute and Ariel made a beautiful race in the senior fours, which the former won by about six feet. Ariel rowed in smoother form, but spurted too late, and Institute had too much strength to be caught in the last 100 yards.

R. EDGREN THROWING 56-POUND HAMMER.

THE INTERMEDIATE DOUBLE SCULLS and intermediate four went to Vesper, and the senior doubles to Pennsylvania Barge Club, the Catlin Club was second in the double event, with a decided break in its stroke. Lewis won the intermediate singles from Greer, Scholze having capsized half way, when leading. The Argonauts, after unsuccessful attempts in several other events, created a surprise by beating Ariel and Institute in the international four, and subsequently the same crew won also the pair-oared, as was expected of it.

What looked like the best crew (that of the New York A. C.) was run into by a pleasure boat in one of the trial heats, and put out of the senior eights. Under the circumstances it would have been fair and sportsmanly, it seems to me, to have allowed the crew to row in the final. Of those remaining the Pennsylvania Barge crew was the best, and won easily, Weld beating out the University of Pennsylvania eight for second.

Viewing the regatta as a whole, the general rowing form was fair. It ought to be much better, and will be when the Inter-scholastic Association fills the places of some of those who learned their rowing "on the river."



JOHN FLANAGAN,
World's Record 16-Pound Hammer, 150 ft. 8 in.

THE INTERNATIONAL small-boat trophy will remain in Canada, Mr. G. H. Duggan's *Glencairn II* having successfully defended it against the Seawanhaka Corinthian Club's challenger *Momo*. Last year Mr. Duggan, correctly judging the prevailing airs of Oyster Bay, designed and challenged with a light-weather boat, *Glencairn I*, and won the trophy so easily as to nearly rob the contest of interest. This year the Americans, in the fond belief that light airs prevailing on Oyster Bay, they must also rule on Lake St. Louis, designed light-weather racers. The pick of these, *Momo*, was sent to race for the cup on Lake St. Louis, near Montreal, against Mr. Duggan's *Glencairn II.*, which had been chosen from a half-dozen Canadian prospective defenders. There was light weather the first day, and it was seen that Mr. C. H. Crane had accomplished his purpose of constructing a flier under such conditions, for *Momo* beat *Glencairn II* on every point of sailing, and crossed the line first by 4 m. 15 s. But that was the end of light weather on Lake St. Louis, and the last evidence of *Momo's* superiority.

M. W. LONG.

W. E. ROGERS.

H. E. MANTEL.

A. C. KRAENZLEIN. 120-Yard Hurdles, [illegible] 220 " " [illegible] — J. R. RICHARDS. 120-Yard Hurdles, [illegible] — JAMES H. MAYBURY. [illegible] — E. J. TOWNSEND. [illegible] — J. M. RUSH. [illegible]

These figures are for Western performances.

THE CHICAGO ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION'S POINT WINNERS IN THE NATIONAL ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIP.

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On the second day there were strong winds and rough Irish water, and as also were the conditions on the third and fourth days (a little lighter, perhaps, on the fourth), and *Glencairn II* won on each occasion—three straight, out sailing *Momo* at every point, and being the better handled by her owner, Mr Duggan. Two and a half and over four minutes represented the Canadian boat's margin of victory in the second and third races. In the fourth, occasional lighter airs and *Glencairn II.*'s torn mainsail enabled *Momo* to keep closer to her rival, and only 2½ m. separated them at the finish.

The chief lesson of this year's match teaches that America profited not by the lesson of last year.

Glencairn II. is an enlarged *Glencairn I.*, and *Momo* an enlarged *El Hecie*. It is not at all unlikely that had Irishish weather prevailed *Glencairn II.* with her greater amount of canvas would have won the '97 series.

Thus for the second time Canada, in the person of Mr. Duggan, has out designed, out sailed, and out handled American small-boat designers and sailor-men.

A well-established superiority surely, and one we must seek to overcome.

It cannot be said that Larned's defeat by Nisbet, in the national lawn tennis championship tournament last week, was really a surprise. Larned's failure at Newport, after a season of brilliant achievement, so too old a story to astonish. Such has been the ending of his year since 1892. During that period his name appears four times—in '92, '94, '95, '96—as the "runner up" in the United States championship. F. H. Hovey beat him in '92 and '95. M. F. Goodbody in '94, and R. D. Wrenn in '96. In '93 Clarence Hubert defeated him in the semi-finals, and this year he attained the same round, only to succumb when as usual he was popularly accredited with victory. There is consistency in this record, even though it be not pleasing to Larned or to those who admire his brilliant if erratic play.

In his play up to the Newport tournament this year there was every indication that added experience and age had at last given to Larned's game that steadiness it so sorely needed. He had beaten Mahony, Nisbet, and R. D. Wrenn at Longwood, Mahony, Eaves, and Nisbet at Hoboken, and the same men again at Chicago. His only defeat of the year previous to Newport, in fact, had been by R. D. Wrenn at Chicago. Considering, therefore, that he had met Nisbet three times, and beaten him on every occasion—once in two sets out of three, and twice three sets to one—Larned's familiarity with the Englishman's game, and confidence in his own ability to successfully cope with it, might have been expected to provide the requisite steadying influence at Newport. The confidence, however, did not last long enough. It continued through the first and second sets, and up to the end of the third set, when it deserted, and Larned missed the chance that would have given him victory instead of defeat. Twice at the end of that third set Larned was within one point of the set and match: once he returned the ball into the net, and the second time he drove it out of court. Thereafter, except at intervals, he did not approach the game of which he is capable.

Neither man played good tennis on the opening of the first set, each earning his points by the other's faults rather than by his own clean work. But the second set showed an improvement, especially on Larned's part, who was driving accurately and brilliantly in that free, open style characteristic of his best game. Nisbet, however, except for his service, which had great pace, was not showing the skillful placing he revealed later. He made a couple of aces on service, and managed to win only two games before Larned finally took the set.

Nisbet was playing a stronger game in the third set, driving down the side lines, or lobbing over Larned, when the latter came up to the net, into the far corners of the court. He led until Larned pulled up to three all and then 4-3; but the next game Nisbet won by a beautiful backhand drive and placing from the net, in which he ran always on his service. The ninth game Larned won without an earned point, Nisbet returning into the net, and the score stood 5-4 in Larned's favor. With the score 40-30 in Larned's favor on the next game, Nisbet made double faults, although but one was called; the next ball Larned returned into the net, and it was deuce. Another play, and vantage was called in Larned's favor, and for the second time he was within a stroke of victory. This time he returned the ball out of court, and the score stood five all. Larned had one more chance—when the score stood 6-5 in his favor, Nisbet's service—but that was his last vantage game in the set, which the Englishman finally won, 9-7.

Nisbet's game had been getting harder at the end of the third set, and he began the fourth set at increased pace. In fact, as the match progressed the Englishman's play grew stronger and more accurate. His forehand drives were the best ever seen at Newport, and he kept returning on Larned's backhand in order to lessen the hard forehand cross court drives of the American. This and his service won Nisbet his victory. Larned appeared to make a great effort in the fourth set, but could not strike his gait. There was no ginger in his play, and only occasionally did he make one of those famous and deadly cross-court drives. He was being outgeneralled and outplayed, and he appeared to realize it. Nisbet ran the score up to 5-2, and then by a desperate effort Larned won two games, but it only delayed the decision, for Nisbet took the next, and the score stood two sets all.

Larned was obviously discouraged in the fifth set, and, what was even more disastrous to his game, evidently fearful of defeat. He took the first game, and made a good fight for the second, but thereafter lost his direction, putting ball after ball either into the net or out of court, so that at the end of the seventh game Nisbet had the score 5-2. By another desperate effort Larned pulled himself together and won the next two games, and the score read 5-4 in favor of Nisbet, with American hopes rising. The tenth and last game Nisbet ran quickly to 30-0, which Larned, by a momentary return to normal form, deuced. Twice Nisbet had the vantage before he finally won the game and match (8-6, 5-6, 9-7, 6-4, 6-4) by a neatly placed ball just over the net, a stroke with which he had fooled Larned several times.

Although Larned by no means played his game in the last three sets, yet the fact remains that Nisbet revealed superb tennis. He was not at his best in the first two sets, but in the last three he had never played better. His service was very severe, and puzzled Larned considerably; his forehand drives have not been equalled in this country, and his head work was superior to his opponent's. Four wretched line decisions marked the match, one against Larned (and a costly one, since it would have given him the third set) and three against Nisbet.

Except in the championship match, poor line decisions were an unpleasant feature of the tournament.

The detailed score presents the curious feature of the loser credited with more games and points than the winner. Nisbet won 3 sets to 2, 26 games to 27. Nisbet won on placed balls, 68, aces on service, 9, on opponent's courts, 46, on opponent's nets, 53, on opponent's double faults, 3—total, 179 points. Larned won on placed balls, 69, aces on service, 4, on opponent's courts, 52, on opponent's nets, 58, on opponent's double faults, 2—total, 185.

The match for the United States championship brought together in R. D. Wrenn, holder, and W. V. Eaves (who had beaten Nisbet), challenger, two men whose games are very much alike. The Englishman is more certain on the backhand, and employs the half-volley and the underhand volley more frequently and to much better advantage than Wrenn, or, indeed, any American; for we use the half-volley seldom, and the underhand even less. But in every other respect Eaves and Wrenn were well matched. Perhaps Eaves might be said to have slightly better command of the ball, but, if so, Wrenn more than made up for it by superior generalship and by more skilful work at the net. Wrenn, in fact, rushed to the net continuously, and remained there except when Eaves, by excellent lobbing, drove him into the back court. The Englishman, on the other hand, maintained a position at the service line for a greater part of the time, and was therefore in a particularly advantageous place to insure him against the lobbing game which Wrenn usually relies on to some considerable extent. Eaves passed him frequently, but Wrenn resolutely held his position, knowing that success depended on his staying where he could the better handle the Englishman's returns, and be more certain of making his own returns inside his opponent's court.

Wrenn scored more placed balls than his opponent in two sets only, the second and third; in all the others he won by deadly smashing from the net and by getting the ball back into the Englishman's court, and relying upon the latter returning it into the net or out of court. He well Wrenn knew his man and played to defeat his game may be gathered from the following detailed score:

	Games.	Outs.	Nets.
Set 1.—Wrenn	7	11	7
Eaves	10	13	7
Set 2.—Wrenn	21	13	8
Eaves	20	21	11
Set 3.—Wrenn	10	10	7
Eaves	10	10	7
Set 4.—Wrenn	7	11	8
Eaves	10	6	4
Set 5.—Wrenn	7	8	8
Eaves	10	10	10

Up to the last set Eaves had himself well in hand, and played invariably a very heady game, keeping Wrenn running from one side to the other of his court, by lobbing and driving into the far corners, until he saw an opening, and then taking swift advantage of it. That was the way the Englishman scored the majority of his points. But all the time Wrenn held to his game and to his position at the net and to his nerve, and by the cleverest of volleying, by returning balls apparently impossible to reach, and by superior and aggressive generalship, he kept the championship title at home—4-6, 8-6, 6-3, 2-6, 6-2.

The first set opened with Wrenn somewhat weak in his play, and Eaves soon had him 4-2. Wrenn made it four all, and later had a chance to make it five all, but was unequal to it, and lost the set, Eaves playing very steadily.

Eaves again took the lead in the second set at 4-2, and with games alternating, soon had the score 5-3 in his favor. Wrenn had been getting into his pace, and now began that play which so often has given him victory when defeat seemed imminent. Winning three straight games, he had the score 6-5, which Eaves equal at six all. Two games—one at love—in quick succession gave Wrenn the set.

In the third set Wrenn not only outgeneralled Eaves, but completely outplayed him; but in the fourth Eaves returned the compliment, Wrenn, apparently tired from his efforts in the preceding set, getting only two games, and the score being tied at two sets all. Up to the fifth game in the fifth set Eaves played strongly, taking the first and third games, and making a good though unrewarded struggle for the fourth. Thereafter he repeatedly drove balls out of court, and Wrenn placing all around him, shortly ran up the score to 5-2. Eaves made a stand for the final game, but Wrenn's work at the net was too good, and the second Englishman to have challenged for the United States championship had finished his effort and been defeated by the same American who, ten years before, had successfully defended the title against M. F. Goodbody.

Wrenn won 3 sets to 2, 26 games to 26, 163 to 158 points. Wrenn made 60 passes, 47 outs, 36 nets, and 5 double faults. Eaves made 70 passes, 61 outs, 42 nets, and 2 double faults.

Wrenn fairly earned his victory by superior volleying, generalship, and a game which, except in the fourth set, was at all times faster than Eaves could maintain. Generally speaking, Wrenn was as steady as his cool-playing opponent, and at critical moments was the steadier.

The only regrettable feature of the match was the noisy and partisan demonstration of the spectators. Naturally Wrenn's victory was desired, and naturally, too, the strain through the exciting five sets, with so much at stake, was intense; but it is deplorable that American enthusiasm ran so high as to betray a minority of the audience into applauding the Englishman's errors. There was no such display of unsportsmanlike partisanship two years ago, when Wrenn said that other Englishman, Goodbody, played for the American championship, nor have I ever seen a similar exhibition anywhere in the country.

The only solace American sportsmen may derive from the *contretemps* is found in the probability that the contributors to the unseemly exhibition were the very young and hysterical among the spectators.

This match closed the run of the visiting Englishmen, whose records in the four tournaments—Longwood, Hoboken, Chicago, and Newport—provide thoroughly satisfying evidence of improvement in first-class American lawn tennis.

	Wrenn.	Eaves.	Nisbet.	Larned.	Mahony.	Wrenn.
Wrenn		3	1		0	0
Eaves	1					1
Nisbet	1			1		3
Larned		2	3		3	3
Mahony	0			0		0
Matches lost	3	3	4	1	3	

This record does not take into account the progress of the Englishmen through the Newport tournament, in which they met and defeated players of the lower classes, although it should be noted that Mahony was beaten by Whitman in the second round.

The Amateur Athletic National Championships on Saturday last at Manhattan Field furnished the good sport that had been promised. No records were broken save in discus-throwing, although the performances in every event were high class, and in some at least notable. But the feature of the day was the long wished for meeting of Wefers and Maybury in the sprints. It may be said in few words that Maybury will never see the day on which he can defeat Wefers if the latter is fit, and it may also be added that Wefers proved on Saturday that he is as strong and as fast as ever he was, despite his ailments of the early summer.

In the 100 yards, Wefers, Rush, and Maybury ran even for quarter of the distance, when Wefers forged ahead, taking Rush with him, and half way was leading by perhaps one and a half yards. In the last 50 yards Maybury increased his effort, and caught Rush just on the tape, Wefers winning by a yard in 0[illegible] s. The running of Rush was surprisingly good, and the race showed that while neither of the Westerners is so fast as Wefers, they are both well within even time.

The 220 flat, more than the 100, revealed Wefers's superiority. From fifty yards to the tape there was never a question of his winning. He drew gradually away from Maybury, and finished first by a good four yards in 21[illegible] s., only ½ s. slower than his own world's record.

Maybury beat Ehrich by about the same distance, and Hoffman was some five yards behind Ehrich. Rush did not start. Maybury is a clean smoking, strong sprinter, but, running alongside of Wefers, he emphasizes the latter's consummate ease and grace of going. Rush lacks the form of Maybury, but evidently has the speed. The discrepancy between reported Western performances of Maybury and Rush and their work on Saturday may undoubtedly be attributed to Western timing. Neither man ever ran faster on an better track than at Manhattan Field.

The 120-yard hurdles provided an exciting race between Richards (the Western champion) and Thompson—Rogers not starting, because of a weak ankle. Richards had a short lead at the first hurdle, but at the third Thompson was even, and thus they raced all the way to the last hurdle, where Thompson led by the width of his body, and won by a scant yard in 16 s. Chase being third. Kraenzlein won the 220 hurdles from Rock by four yards in 25 s., but a more determined finisher would have lessened the lead by half. Chase was third and Bastian fourth. Kraenzlein is an awkward performer, and appears to owe his success at this game to length of leg and considerable natural speed.

The quarter developed another sterling performance by a Western athlete. Chief interest in the race was centred upon Burke, the champion, and Long, the schoolboy who has been doing so well at this distance. The path is straightaway for 200 yards, and Burke led, with Long, Stephens, Rush, and Townsend following. At the first turn Rush failed in his effort to pass Long, and the procession sped on. Fifty yards from the tape Long made his effort, but could not overtake Burke, who finished first in 49 s. by two yards, and Townsend, who had almost reached Long's shoulder, fell prone across the line, a winner of second over Long, who staggered across a few inches behind. Had Townsend kept his feet, Long would have beaten him. The A. A. U.'s revised rule declares no winner the man who gets any part of his body first over the line.

Manvel achieved his greatest work in the 880 yards by beating Turner, but lost first to Cregan, who came with a strong burst in the last 100 yards, and won in 1 m. 58[illegible] s. by three yards. Power third, five yards back; Manvel ran strong and finished in good shape. He will beat Cregan at this distance eventually. Cregan made another high-class performance later, evening scores with Orton by running him to a stand still, and winning the mile from Brodie (Canadian) in 4 m. 27[illegible] s. R. Gimel, another Canadian, third.

Fetterman started in to walk S. Liebgold off his feet, but was not equal to the task, and was virtually out of the race at half-way. S. Liebgold winning in 6 m. 44[illegible] s., with Fetterman second by forty yards. Baxter, Carroll, and Leslie had the high jump to themselves, and won in the order named, the first doing 6 ft. 2½ in. Gray did not compete, and for the first time in years we have another A. A. U. champion in Charles Henneman, of the C. A. A., who did 42 ft. 7½ in. Henneman also developed a winner in the discus throwing making a new record of 118 ft. 9 in., and took second in the 56 lb. weight to Mitchell's first of 32 ft. 2 in. Flanagan won the hammer at 148 ft. 6 in., and made a foul throw of 152 ft. 2½ in. Chadwick did 141 ft. 8 in.; said Mitchell, the erstwhile champion, was third with 134 ft. 4 in. Edgren did 134 ft. 4 in., and up to his best, although he made a foul throw of 142 ft.

The absence of Clark and Rogers, and failure of Feinstein to equal his record work, gave Ross the running broad jump at 24 ft. 10½ in. The management was not very energetic, and the games, with many unnecessary and wearisome halts, dragged tediously over four hours. Thus, too, the wail of the peanut and ginger-beer vendor, which sounded through the grand stand, showed how club track athletics has lost caste. New York A. C. scored 74 points, Chicago A. A., 36, Pastime A. C., 14, Knickerbocker A. C., 12, New Jersey A. C., 8, Montreal A. A., 3.

Tabulated summary of the Seventeenth Annual Championship of the United States National Lawn Tennis Association deferred to next week.

Caspar Whitney

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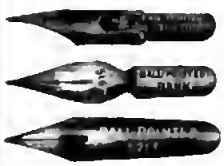

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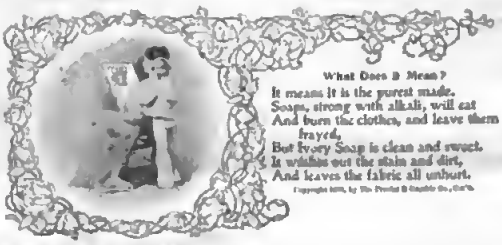

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XLI.—No. [illegible]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1897.

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A SEPTEMBER NOR'EASTER ON THE COAST.

The Surf breaking over the Board Walk at Asbury Park, New Jersey.—Drawn by W. T. Smedley.

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(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1897.

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MANNERS AND MERITS.

THE *London Spectator* is fearful that the bad manners of the American politicians will some day lead to serious difficulties between the two countries. It believes that the American people are "at heart as sound" as the English people, who, it says, "admire and love" America; but it is convinced that the English people will not stand any more bullying from this country, based on the theory that "England is a big cowardly bully, who all bluff, but never fight." If this sort of thing is persisted in, it says—"if America does not keep a better watch upon her politicians, they may hurry her into a conflict with this country of which no man will be able to see the end. We are not the effete or worthless country that the American politicians pretend, and if we were once to enter upon a quarrel we believed to be just we should not withdraw from it lightly. God forbid that such a quarrel should ever come!" To this aspiration we respond with a heartfelt amen.

The article from which we have quoted was inspired by Mr. CLEVELAND'S Venezuela message and Mr. SHERMAN'S letter of instructions to Ambassador HAY on the Bering Sea difficulty. There have been exhibitions of bad manners on the part of our politicians in Congress and on the platform, which our kindly British critic and the British public are willing to overlook. They object only to official insolence, and so far as the manners of our politicians are insolent and overbearing, and are the disagreeable outcome of the unworthy presumption that England is a bully who must be made to take a dose of her own medicine if anything is to be gained from her, Englishmen are clearly within their rights in resenting and denouncing them. We have not taken a consuming interest in the question, also recently discussed by the *Spectator*, as to whether Americans hate Englishmen. We are quite sure that whatever dislike for Englishmen is expressed on this side of the water is due to the rasping faults of English insularity, which are exasperating, but which are not mended by discussion. It is true, however, that each of our two nations resents trifling offences on the part of the other which would hardly be noticed if they were committed by people speaking a foreign tongue. And this promeness to resentment is not inconsistent with a loose sentiment of respect, or even with strong mutual affection.

When we consider the gravamen of the offence which the *Spectator* charges, we find evidence of this tendency on the part of one country to fly into a passion over an insufficient occasion given by the other. We are threatened with war unless our politicians mend their manners, and we are told that such flagrant breaches of politeness as Mr. OLNEY and Mr. SHERMAN have been guilty of cannot be safely repeated. In the first case the British government was vigorously informed that we intended to insist on protecting the Venezuelans against British encroachment, and to that end, if Great Britain continued to refuse to arbitrate, the President intended to inform himself on the merits of the boundary controversy. There was doubtless a threat in the message that made it unpleasant reading to many Americans and to nearly all Englishmen. We confess, for ourselves, that we would have preferred the message without the threat. In the Bering Sea letter Mr SHERMAN has charged certain facts which, if true, show that Great Britain has not carried out the findings of the Paris award in good faith. The language of the letter to Mr. HAY was harsh, and that there was occasion for harshness is to be regretted. There was, however, in each case strong provocation for the roughness employed. The gentlemen of the Foreign Office in Downing Street will doubtless admit that the impoliteness of which they now complain was preceded by many years of correspondence most polite and proper on the part of our Secretaries of State, the essential point of which correspondence was sedulously evaded and ignored by the representatives of the British government. They will probably recognize the justice of the statement, too, that until Mr. OLNEY'S rude message it was the intention of the British government to do as it would in Venezuela, and to protect its enterprising citizens in that country, whether they were right or wrong. They will also probably recognize the truth of the assertion that they have not intended to render more than a perfunctory obedience to that part of the award of the Paris tribunal which was intended to suppress pelagic sealing. But whether harshness in the few instances was justified or not, and therefore whether or not it could be properly called impoliteness, is not of the essence of the immediate controversy.

In the matter of the Bering Sea issue we will assume that Great Britain has been charged with bad faith, and that the charge has been made bluntly and in a manner to arouse deep resentment. Is the manner in which this accusation has been made a sufficient cause for the serious trouble—in a word, for the war—which the *Spectator* has intimated in case we do not mend the manners of our politicians? In the first place, as we have said, there are causes of offence coming from each side of the water that are not mended by discussion, and there are resentments which are the quicker because of the deep respect entertained by the aggrieved party for the other. In the second place, good manners are perhaps not the distinguishing trait of a democracy. The skill in phrase-making which enables the diplomats of countries now or recently monarchies to charge a breach of faith in terms that are recognized as polite is not the virtue of our politicians. We confess that many of them have bad manners, and are afflicted with the sin of bluntness of speech, and we fear that it will be many years before popular government will be distinguished by a strict adherence to the graces of intercourse. But a notion that professes to "admire and love" us ought to be willing to take us as we are, and especially ought it not to threaten us with war on a question of manners. Really it should not make any difference to Great Britain whether it is charged with bad faith in the plain, blunt speech of democracy or with the suavity of aristocracy. The point is the charge of bad faith. And of that we believe Great Britain, acting in the interest and under the dictation of Canada, to have been guilty. We believe, too, that she has compelled the making of this charge in order to induce her to listen to us. That is certainly the impression of every member of Mr McKINLEY'S and Mr CLEVELAND'S administrations who has had anything whatever to do with the seal question. It is greatly to be regretted that such a question exists, but so long as it does exist it would better be raised and settled than permitted to remain a constant source of irritation between the two countries. Above all else, the attention of the two peoples should not be distracted from the merits of the controversy to a question of manners. Good manners are most admirable, but truth is of more value. If all the causes of irritation between the two countries were removed, Englishmen would find Americans their best friends; and even with these causes existing, England has the deep sympathy of the great majority of Americans in all her difficulties with those whom the people on both sides of the water regard as foreigners. But the cordiality of our international relations is not to be strengthened by discussing either the bad manners of American politicians or the insolence of English sporting journals and literary reviewers.

COTTON, GRAIN, AND PROSPERITY.

IT is not the growers of wheat and corn who are alone to benefit by the rising prices and extended foreign markets. Large as is the number of farmers raising grain for export, there is still another item of foreign demand that will continue the spread of better conditions throughout the United States. Since 1877 the largest export of wheat and wheat flour in any one year occurred in 1892, when 225,660,000 bushels were sent out of the country, and the value represented by the outward movement of all breadstuffs was in that year $299,363,117, the only instance where the value of this class of exports has exceeded the value of the exports of raw cotton.

On these two items our command over European markets depends, for they contribute nearly two-fifths of the total value of all exports, and it is on them that the ability to draw gold from abroad depends. The rise in the price of grain has attracted public notice, and has naturally led to much speculation upon a continuance of the foreign demand at comparatively high prices. That the export will continue until the new crops are gathered is reasonably certain, and then the full cotton movement will be in swing.

Thus the rising tide of the past summer will be held by the movement in the coming winter. The grain farmers are now having their day, and the cotton growers are just beginning to realize their possibilities in the same line. The West and middle West have reaped their profits, and the effect has been sensible in every branch of industry. Now the South will come in for its share, and thus the activity of manufactures will have a basis to rest upon and to increase.

All this is due to a remarkable combination of conditions. Such an occurrence as a general famine seems to be beyond the reach of possibility, so many are the kinds of food, grown under all descriptions of circumstance and geographical position. Famine will be more or less local affairs, pressing with terrible force upon a district, or even a single country, but affecting only indirectly all outside of its immediate sphere. The year 1897 presents what is probably the nearest approach to famine the world will see, and in this respect favors all who have grain to sell. It so happens that the farmers of the United States alone are in this position, and they therefore control the supply and reap the benefit of the higher prices. How insignificant a reason appears a new tariff of duties on agricultural imports into the United States by the side of such a world-wide agency! The grain and cotton raisers of this country make its foreign commerce, and on their situation does its prosperity depend.

THE WILLIAMS COLLEGE POLICY.

NOT many days ago there appeared in the newspapers an article on what was called the new policy of the president and faculty of Williams College. The article attracted a good deal of attention and excited much interest. It announced that the college authorities have concluded that the present number of students, about four hundred, is too great, and have determined to lower it, if possible, to three hundred by raising the standard for admissions.

This proposal to reduce the number of students, however, is an inference from certain decisions that had been reached by the president and faculty, rather than their stated determination. The course to which students are admitted to the college without Greek has been thought by some to open an easy way to a degree, and the professors of French and German have determined to raise the requirements for entrance examination in the modern language offered in each case. The professors of Greek and Latin, on their part, have determined that, after this year, no applicant for admission shall be received on certificate unless he has studied Latin four years, and Greek three years. Besides this raising of the standard in languages, ancient and modern, the scholarship allowances are to be reduced.

If these decisions are carried out certain admirable results will doubtless be attained. In the first place, we might have at Williams College, without any real detriment to its scientific course, a great classical school. We do not intend to enter into the discussion of the issue so often raised between classical and scientific, or literary and practical education, because there is no such issue. There ought to be room for all, but just now there seems to be very little room for the study of the classics. The great universities, with their eclecticism, have sunk the classics, and with them, of course, the humanities, to a secondary place. This is not altogether well. Without questioning the policy which in one institution throws a stress on the training which fits its men for gathering gold, and in another for making butter and cheese and for other practical business tasks, we hope that success will crown the effort, if it is to be made, to establish a centre of learning where students shall be bred in close communion with the literature of humanity, for if we are ever to have a great American literature it must come, as literature has always come, from the quiet places where minds are cultivated by contact with the minds of all the ages.

The decision of the faculty of Williams to increase the dignity of the classical course is a pleasing sign that sanity has not entirely disappeared from our seats of learning. As we have already intimated, we do not question the sanity of the departure from the old narrow system. But the old system was narrow because it was made universal. The new system lacks sanity when it degrades the classics. There is a great need for such a classical school as Williams can become, and if the college and its friends will occupy the inviting field which has been neglected or subordinated by the larger universities, it will do more for the cause of sound education in this country and for American literature than it can do in any other way.

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Williams has wisely maintained its place as a college charged with the task of teaching American youth. It has not been touched by the frenzy for adopting the name of university, and for throwing upon its students the responsibilities of manhood by renouncing all control and direction of their conduct and their studies. There is a place for the university in this country, but there is a vastly more important place for the college; and although its number of students gives to Williams a real importance not possessed by some institutions that have assumed university nomenclature and customs, its authorities have wisely insisted on maintaining the college as a school wherein young men shall be guided as well as taught. And this wise conservatism makes the college all the better fitted for the task of influencing and forming the minds of young men by teaching them the beauties of language and literature, for the basis of such instruction must be the thorough study of the classics under the guidance of scholars imbued with the love of letters and devoted to the art of teaching.

It is to be hoped that Williams will take the unique and worthy place to which the recent decisions of her president and faculty point, and that some good friend of learning and letters will see to it that the college receives that endowment which is essential to the kindling of a light that is sorely needed in this practical age and country.

BRYANISM IN PENNSYLVANIA.

THE expulsion of Mr. HARRITY from the Democratic National Committee by the Democratic State Committee of Pennsylvania is, in the first place, a curious illustration of the inaccessibility to experience and the "prehensility of tail" of the "regular" Democrats of Pennsylvania. One would have thought that while the Democrats, in the States in which their party organization was conducted by politicians equally superior to principles and prejudices, were making haste to rid themselves of the incubus of the Chicago platform by giving it an absurd interpretation of international bimetallism, the Democrats of Pennsylvania would rather have rejoiced in the possession, as their representative on the National Committee, of a Democrat who had not bowed the knee to Baal. Mr. HARRITY has, in fact, been the brightest ornament of the Democratic party of Pennsylvania since the lamentable decline and fall of ex-Governor PATTISON at the Chicago convention, where he showed a futile but yearning eagerness to be nominated upon the amazing platform of that assemblage, rather than not to be nominated at all. It was his insistence in holding his pledged delegates to their pledges that prevented Pennsylvania from assuming the dignified attitude of New York.

There is no precedent for the action of the Democratic organization more applicable than that of that character in DICKENS who blew out his brains "in vindication of his great principle that crumpets were wholesome," unless it be the precedent which was set much longer ago in the country of the Gadarenes. But Mr. HARRITY's own behavior is by no means unexceptionable. It has not been adapted to advance either his own reputation or the cause of sound-money Democracy. This is in either case a pity. Mr. HARRITY's reputation was excellent, and was indeed a party possession. He had the prestige which belongs to the successful management of a Presidential campaign, and the still more valuable prestige which comes from conducting such a campaign without trickery or corruption, but by a steady and powerful appeal to political principle. The distinction that he won by succeeding in such a campaign was the more conspicuous by contrast with the preceding campaign, in which the Democratic managers were no more hampered by scruples than their competitors, and in which they lost.

These advantages were public as well as private possessions. It is to be lamented that Mr. HARRITY should have done anything to impair and neutralize them, but there can be no question that that has been the effect of his course. It was, of course, his right and his duty to fight the new heresy within the lines of his party organization so long as there was a chance of success in that struggle. But when he saw that the regular organization was bent upon violently rushing down a steep place into the sea, and abnormally increasing the normal Republican majority in Pennsylvania, he should have maintained his integrity by the sacrifice of his regularity. When the downward movement became irresistible he should have separated himself from the drove. It may not have been easy to tell when that time had arrived. But it is certain that Mr. HARRITY clung to his place long after it had arrived, and long after he had ceased to represent the Democracy of Pennsylvania as at present constituted and organized. He even clung to it by raising technical points and quibbling points as to his right to represent those whom notoriously he did not represent, until he was forcibly detached from the office to which he clung by a vote of two to one. By waiting to be put out of the place which he might and should have quitted with timely dignity, he has marred his reputation and impaired his usefulness.

THE EUROPEAN OUTLOOK.

OF recent events in Europe the official announcement of the "alliance" between Russia and France, on the occasion of the visit of President FAURE at the Russian capital, has no doubt been the most sensational. But it may well be questioned whether this event has really changed the relations between the great powers of the Old World sufficiently to justify the sensation it caused at the first moment. A "friendly understanding" between France and Russia has existed for many years. European diplomacy has long been accustomed to take into account the expectation that under certain circumstances those two powers would support one another's interests and aspirations, and agree as much as possible upon common policies. To be sure, an alliance means much more than a mere friendly understanding. It involves a more or less clear definition of the points the understanding is about, and the assumption by each party concerned of certain definite obligations toward the other, binding it to act thus and so in certain emergencies. A mere friendly understanding may be changed or abandoned, as one party or the other may change its views as to its immediate or remote interests, without any breach of positive obligations. By a formal alliance the friendly understanding receives the character of a matter of honor, and thus a much stronger warrant of good faith and durability. But as to its objects the alliance need not go farther than the more informal friendly understanding did, and it is eminently probable that it does not go farther in the present instance.

To France the open demonstration of intimate friendship with Russia has had a peculiar importance ever since her defeat in the Franco-German war. The French Republic found herself in a state of distressing isolation, partly on account of the issue of the war which stripped her of much of her prestige as a great power, and partly on account of her republican institutions, at which the monarchical governments around her looked askance. Backed by Russia she would be relieved of that isolation; her prestige as a great power would be heightened by the combination with another great power, and in the family of European states the republic would be received on an equal footing with the monarchies. The assiduous wooing of the only great republic in Europe for the friendship of the most autocratic of European governments, grotesque as it appeared, was therefore, as a policy, by no means unnatural. With many Frenchmen, if not with a majority of them, there was in the background the thought that revenge on Germany might be made possible by Russian co-operation. Considering the excitable vivacity of the French temperament, it is not astonishing that the demonstrations of enthusiasm on the part of the French on the occasion of Russian visits in France should have assumed an almost hysterical character. But in moments of soberness it occurred to many of them that such paroxysms of French ecstasy about the Russian friendship had almost regularly been taken advantage of by the Russian government to raise large loans in France, to which the French enthusiasts very liberally subscribed, and that they had a right to demand for their money something more substantial than a mere flirtation, something stronger than a mere friendly understanding, something as solid and impressive as a real alliance. This demand was not unfair, and it has been gratified.

But it is extremely improbable that the Czar should have bound himself to anything in support of any French design of revenge upon Germany. The Czar has not sought the alliance, but he has granted it to France as a boon. It was his privilege therefore to dictate its terms, and so he has undoubtedly done. The policy of Russia is not sentimental. It will sacrifice nothing of Russian interest merely to gratify a friend. It pursues its own aims with cold-blooded calculation, and will shape its alliances accordingly. If it is the predominant desire of France to restore her military prestige as against Germany, it is not at all impossible that Russia may give her to understand that as France was defeated in the war of 1870 by Germany single-handed and alone, her military prestige can be really restored only by her defeating Germany single-handed and alone, and not by Russian armies doing half of the fighting, thus bringing two great powers against one. If it is the main object of France to strengthen herself by recovering from the German Empire the two provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, Russia will consider with the utmost coolness whether it will be to her interest to make enemies of Germany and her allies, or whether it will not be far more profitable to her to make Germany only apprehensive of irksome possibilities, and then to put a higher price upon Russian friendship. Her cleverness in making Germany and France at the same time serve her aims she successfully demonstrated at the close of the war between China and Japan, when, with the aid of both Germany and France, she made the victory of Japan redound to a very considerable enlargement of the moral influence and material power of Russia in eastern Asia. Nobody need be surprised if in the course of time it should turn out that the policy of making both powers subservient to her ends in Asia and in the Orient, by exciting the hopes of one and the misgivings of the other, was the real meaning and intent, so far as Russia is concerned, of the French alliance.

The terms in which the Czar announced the alliance as "a fresh bond between the two friendly and allied nations, which are equally resolved to contribute with all their power to the maintenance of the peace of the world in the spirit of right and equity," must be recognized as admirably serving that purpose. A sanguine French chauvinist may interpret this as meaning that "the spirit of right and equity" demands the restoration of Alsace and Lorraine to France. Another interpretation may be that, as Alsace and Lorraine once belonged to Germany, and were taken from Germany by France, the reconquest of the two provinces by Germany in a fair fight constitutes a state of things which, according to "the spirit of right and equity," should be maintained. The probability is that Russia, while she may permit this conflict of interpretations to go on, sincerely desires the "maintenance of the world's peace," while looking for opportunities to derive from her way of maintaining the world's peace very valuable advantages for herself.

A far more serious danger of disturbance in Europe threatens to arise from the complications surrounding the settlement of the difficulties between Turkey and Greece. The sudden resurrection of Turkish power and prestige as a consequence of the Cretan insurrection and the war made by Greece in behalf of it, is one of the most astounding developments in the history of our time. Nothing could be more grotesque as an upshot of European diplomacy. But however abhorrent to modern civilization, it is now a fact of the most serious significance. It has inspired the whole Mohammedan world with a consciousness of power such as has not been known for generations. It is felt not only in the Turkish dominions, but far away on the confines of the British Indian Empire.

It is the belief of the Moslem that the Sultan has overcome in battle not only Greece, but all Christendom, and that it is in his power to carry the triumphant crescent much farther. Under such circumstances the concert of the European powers seeks to prevail upon the Sultan to evacuate and give up the conquered province of Thessaly. To have the Christian population of Thessaly put back under the Turkish yoke, and thus to permit a substantial extension of Mohammedan rule in these days of ours, is considered by European opinion as an outrage not to be endured. But the question is whether the Sultan can, in the present excitement of the Mohammedan world give up that conquest of Mohammedan arms without risking his life, and whether such an attempt on his part were made, it would not cause an upheaval of Mohammedan fanaticism apt to bring on at once that explosion and that confused and destructive struggle of conflicting interests and ambitions which European diplomacy has worked so long and so clumsily to avert.

There is far more danger of conflagration in the trouble about Thessaly, therefore, than in the Franco-Russian alliance; and Europe cannot look into the future without anxious apprehension until the peace between Turkey and Greece is finally settled and calmly acquiesced in on both sides. In this state of uncertainty the nations of Europe stand there armed to the teeth, "every laborer at his work carrying a soldier or a sailor on his back," all nervously dreading the arrival of the moment when the tremendous engines of war will be let loose for the work of bloodshed and destruction. This republic is the only great power untroubled by dangerous entanglements. What patriotic citizen would advise the American people to forfeit the blessing of such a privilege?

CARL SCHURZ.

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KANSAS CITY LIVE-STOCK EXCHANGE AND STOCK YARDS, THROUGH WHICH IN 1907 WILL BE YARDED, FED, WATERED, AND SOLD SIX MILLION HEAD OF LIVE-STOCK, VALUED AT $150,000,000.
This is the greatest Market for "Stockers" (Stock Cattle) and "Feeders" (Steers for Fattening) in the World. The Yards are valued at $12,000,000.

HORSE AND MULE MARKET AT KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.

TWO THOUSAND CARS OF WHEAT IN THE RAILROAD YARDS AT KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI, AUGUST 14, ALL ARRIVING WITHIN TWO DAYS.

SORTING PEACHES FOR PACKING IN A MISSOURI ORCHARD.

SELLING A HALF-MILLION POUNDS OF KANSAS VALLEY POTATOES TO THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT FOR ARMY USE.

LOADING FRUIT FOR MARKET ON A MISSOURI FARM.

REAL PROSPERITY IN THE WEST—SCENES IN KANSAS CITY'S GREAT GRAIN AND CATTLE MARKET AND AMONG THE ORCHARDS OF MISSOURI.—[See Page 896.]

THE TRAGEDY OF BUCK ISLAND.

BY JOHN A. WYETH

IN northern Alabama the Tennessee River makes its great Southern sweep. On the map the outline of this picturesque stream is not unlike a grape-vine swing, with one end tangled among the mountains of Virginia and North Carolina and the other looped over the Ohio at Paducah.

The seat of the swing is in Marshall County; for here, after fretting its way for hundreds of miles in and out among the mountains of the Appalachian range, tearing bold Lookout in twain for daring to stretch his giant form across its path, baffled at last in its wild rush to the Southern Gulf, and seemingly broken in spirit, it turns with slackened and reluctant flow back to the north, where, with the Ohio, it joins in common tribute to the Father of Waters.

Just in this bend of the river is a group of islands varying in size from one half a mile to as much as two miles or more in length, and from one-quarter to one half of a mile in breadth. They are among the most fertile of all the Southern lands, receiving with each annual inundation, when in early spring the snows in the northern mountains melt, a rich alluvial deposit, giving year after year back to the soil the elements which a rank vegetation abstracts for its nutrition.

"Buck Island" is one of this cluster, and contains about eighty acres of ground. It was named in honor of a cunning old stag, which, in its dense canebrakes in the early settlement of the country, long eluded death from the huntsman's rifle and hounds. It is now cleared and cultivated, paying rich tribute in corn to the farmers' industry. At the time of which I write, however, it was almost wholly covered with a heavy forest of tall oak, hickory, and gum trees, of which the leafy tops shut out the rays of the summer sun, while the soil from which they sprung was hidden in a wilderness of cane from ten to thirty feet high and so thick that in many places a man could not penetrate unless with axe or hunting knife he cut his way. In the early days, when the frosts killed the grasses on the uplands, the farmers drove their cattle into these islands for winter pasturage, where, upon the rich perennial cane, they fattened until the freshets of spring forced them again to the higher ground for safety.

In 1863-4 the storm of war struck North Alabama. It found it a paradise of plenty and left it a wasted, blackened, and desolate land. None but those who knew the fertile and beautiful "Valley of the Tennessee" in the days of the old regime, when its prosperity was a marvel, when its hill-sides were bortrimed with fruit and foliage, and the vast plantations were white with snowy cotton or yellow with tasselling corn, and then revisited it after Appomattox, can realize the change which had transpired.

As I rode through the valley, early in 1865, it seemed one vast burying-ground of the hopes, the happiness, and the wealth of a people once prosperous. From a single elevation I counted the chimneys of seven different plantation homes, standing like gravestones over the ashes that were heaped about them.

Now and then I passed a farm-house which had escaped the general ruin, and more frequently a rude shanty but recently adjusted to a chimney several sizes too tall for it, or a cabin constructed of small logs, and covered with split boards held on the roof by weight poles in lieu of nails. Fences and palings were gone, and over fields and gardens and yards stretched an almost unbroken tangle of weeds and briers. Nor were the towns exempt; within a radius of thirty miles, Guntersville, Vienna, Woodville, Camden, Larkinsville, Bellefonte, Stevenson, Scottsboro', and Chaysville, all thriving towns were wiped out by fire. And, saddest of all, came untimely and undeserved death to many unarmed, helpless, and innocent citizens; for the most cruel and most uncivil of all things is civil war.

There were among the poorest and most illiterate class in northern Alabama a goodly number who, while not caring particularly whether the Union was to be maintained or not, were very particular in keeping out of the Confederate service. They held it was a slaveholders' war, and as they never owned and never expected to own a slave, they did not see why they should do any of the fighting.

When the conscription laws were enforced they dodged the enrolling officers, and when pressed too closely they left their homes and hid out in the mountains and caves or in the canebrakes in the valley. When the Southern forces were driven out of this section, and their cause was waning, these fugitives came out of their hiding places, took sides with the Federal soldiers, went with them as scouts or guides, or on their own responsibility organized bands of cutthroats and marauders, plundered the homes of soldiers, their former neighbors, now off in the Confederate army, driving away their cattle, appropriating their supplies, and at times murdering the men too old or boys too young to be in the service, or any unfortunate soldier who, with or without a furlough, had slipped through the lines to make a hurried visit to the wife and children or parents from whom he had long been separated.

Of these marauders "old" Ben Harris was the acknowledged chief and leader. In all the annals of crime probably no more cold blooded, heartless and inhuman brute ever trod the earth. He lived near Vienna on Paint Rock River, fifteen miles from my father's home, and of course knew the roads and paths and trails throughout this section, and the "lost ferries"* on the Tennessee. He was invaluable as a guide to the Union soldiers. He knew "Buck Island," too, as will appear, and what I am about to relate is only one of the many bloody deeds of this bloody villain.

My witness is Mr C. L. Hardcastle, who now lives near Gailey's, a station on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad. Few men have had such a thrilling experience as this man, and fewer would wish to repeat it.

I knew the Rodens, all of whom were killed, and the fact of their murder is well known to every one in and about this section.

As Hardcastle was also shot, and left for dead, and survived this frightful ordeal, I hunted him up in 1892, and had him write me his story. It is this:

"On the 21st of December, 1863, I was at home on furlough. My people at that time were living in Marshall County, Alabama, on the northern side of the Tennessee River. About ten days before the expiration of my leave of absence we were alarmed by the sudden appearance in our neighborhood of the notorious Ben Harris and his gang of marauders. Knowing that if we were caught we would in all probability share the fate of many others who had been killed by this murderer, I, together with James M. Roden, F. M. Roden, and Porter Roden, sought refuge in Buck Island, where Ben Roden had already driven his cattle, and constructed a rude cabin for the shelter of himself and family in case of necessity, and in order to prevent his cattle from being stolen by various parties of foragers.

"At this place of concealment we were joined by old Mr. Ben Roden himself shortly after we arrived there. We remained here in supposed security until the morning of December 27, when, about two o'clock, we were aroused from our sleep by a knocking at the door and a demand for our surrender. To our dismay, we found that we were in the hands of Ben Harris!

"He demanded to know the place where we had concealed our boat, and we were promised our lives if we would aid him and his men in raising the boat, which had sunk, and ferrying the stock from the island to the north bank of the river. He was accompanied by a squadron of men in the uniform of United States cavalry.†

"After we had accomplished this work we were taken a few hundred yards down the river-bank, and were then informed that we had to be shot. It so happened that old Mr Roden had long been acquainted with Captain Harris, and he asked him to step aside that he might speak with him privately; but his plea for our lives was in vain. When he returned he told us that our case was hopeless, and that we were condemned to be shot, and we all then saw that the object of Harris in shooting us was to prevent it being known, when the war might be over, that he had taken cattle and property belonging to Mr

* At this period all traffic across the river was stopped, and the ferry-boats were scuttled and concealed in portions of the river different of access, and known only to very few. When it became necessary for one of the boatmen to cross the river, the hole was plugged, the water bailed out, and when the opposite side was reached the plug was removed, and the boat again sank to the level of the water; hence the name, "lost ferry."

† Harris and his gang were not enlisted in the Union army.

Roden. Harris stated to us that if any of us wanted to prey, we could do so, and that if we had anything that we wished to send to our people, they would take it to them for any of us. Porter Roden gave them several things to carry back to his wife and little children. I have since learned that they never gave these things to the widow they had made.

"In looking back over this horrible experience it still seems to me the prayer Porter Roden made for himself, and for all of us, as we stood there within a few minutes of eternity, was one of the most earnest appeals to the mercy of the Eternal Judge of Man that ever fell from the lips of mortal. When he had finished we faced them, and as we stood in line it so happened that I was the last one at the end in the right of the line. Harris and his men began the shooting from the head of the line, and shot them all from two to four times each with their pistols. I being at the foot of the line was the last one, and at the flash of the first pistol shot aimed at me at close range I fell to the ground as if dead. The ball, which wounded me, passed through my right arm, for I turned sideways to them as they shot me, and the bullet cut the artery in my arm. When they were dragging our bodies to throw them into the river, they stopped to feel my pulse, but, fortunately for me, they felt the side which had already been wounded. As the pulsation at the wrist was absent, they threw me with the others into the river, like so many hogs. As I was plunged into the water, unfortunately I became slightly strangled and coughed. Some one said, 'Stick your sabre into his d—d body,' but I had floated out from the bank, beyond the reach of this weapon, when they shot at me again but missed me. As they fired I held my breath and sank under the water, and they turned and left me for dead.

"I floated under some drift wood which had caught in the trees on the bank of the river, and under this brush I succeeded in concealing myself where I could get air until sufficient time had elapsed for them to get away. I was so greatly weakened from the cold (for this was winter) and from the loss of blood that I was scarcely able to reach the bank and crawl up out of the water. How long I remained upon the ground I scarcely know, but it seemed like a long time before I was able to travel about one mile to the house of my brother-in-law, Mr. J. H. Stearns, and there got some stimulants, food, and dry clothes. My friends then went with me to the river, where I got a boat and was ferried to the other side."

Such, with very slight changes in phraseology, is the simple story of this remarkable experience. Few persons have ever gone so far into the "valley of the shadow of death" and then returned. No doubt it was to the wonderful presence of mind of this unassuming and pious countryman that he owed his preservation. Many a man would have given up at once, lost his self control, and submitted perhaps with equal courage to his fate. But this man determined at the first crack of the pistol fired at him to drop as if dead, and did, courageously, notwithstanding the wound which had disabled him, and with two or three other shots fired at his supposed inanimate body, remain perfectly still, and by so doing saved his life. Despite this wound and two others received in battle he survived to give to the world a true account of this horrible massacre, only one of many of like ferocity which swept men to untimely death, and left mothers and wives and children helpless and broken-hearted. Such was one war; such are all wars!

FOREIGN NOTES.

FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW.

BERLIN, *August 16, 1897.*

A NICE little German girl, innocent of any political intent, gave me a capital illustration of the all pervading nature of Prussian police supervision. Her father, who is a distinguished member of the Reichstag, bought her a bicycle, and with this the family troubles increased.

The first day on which she appeared outside of the door, a demand was made upon her for a police permit, which she had never heard of before. Next day, after school hours, she went to the police magistrate of her district, and had to wait an hour and a half in a room where all the windows were closed on a hot day in June. When her turn came she was asked her name, her age, a certificate of her baptism, and other evidences of a respectable character. In addition to answering a list of questions she was compelled to produce a formal written application from her father certifying that this little girl was not likely to prove a dangerous element of the community. Had she been seeking an office where dynamiters were expected to apply, the police could not have been more careful. They took her deposition and that of her father, but evidently thought that this was not enough, for on the same evening appeared a police agent with sword and helmet, who called the father out and inquired if he was really the person referred to in this bicycle application.

This matter was settled satisfactorily, and now the little girl jumped with happiness at the thought of being able to ride for the first time in the Thiergarten along with her school friends. So she started next day, but was promptly arrested because she had not yet received the corporative sanction of the imperial police authorities, whose office is in the heart of the city back of the Emperor's palace. It was very embarrassing for the little girl to have a crowd of street boys make fun of her, for I regret to say that young German boys do not display that chivalry towards defenceless women which the much wearing of swords might lead a stranger to expect. In fact, I am inclined to think that an American fist is more useful in this respect than all the sabres that clank along the Berlin pavements.

The little girl cried and went home to wait for an opportunity when some one could take her for a long trip into the city—a journey that might be compared to going from Central Park to the City Hall.

When she arrived at the central police station she found the place crowded with applicants of all kinds, and she had to wait three two hours until a policeman in uniform allowed her to appear before him. Then she was sharply scrutinized, again made to answer every kind of pertinent and impertinent question and at length entered into a big book, as are those whose pictures figure in the Rogues' Gallery.

The color of her eyes and of her hair, the shape of her nose, her height—in short, she was as particularly described that she began to feel as though bicycling must be regarded by the government at least as akin to criminal indulgence. She had now wasted three precious afternoons, but forgot all about her troubles anon at last, on the day following, she started upon her beautiful new bicycle for a ride which she felt sure could be one only of pleasure.

She had not got as far as the avenue to Charlottenburg before a policeman ordered her to stop, which she did with a smile, for she confidently thought to herself, "Now I am safe, for I have continued with every possible official requirement."

The policeman said, roughly, "Show me your certificate."

My little friend continued smiling, and said, gayly: "Oh yes, I have my certificate. My name and address are registered, and everything is in order."

But the sweet smile vanished when the policeman said he didn't care who she was, or what she was, and that she could not ride her bicycle until she showed him her certificate.

She said she would show it to him if he would come home with her, but that he was not empowered to do. Meanwhile the poor child was surrounded by a large crowd of street boys, who called her names and made her feel otherwise uncomfortable. The policeman saw no reason why he should protect from persecution a person guilty of so serious an offence as riding a bicycle. He gravely wrote down full particulars to regard to the child's identity, and then allowed her to trundle her machine before him to her home.

On this ignominious police pilgrimage this modest young girl was hounded by street urchins as though she had been a pickpocket escorted to the common jail. The representative of the law, in consideration for her age and because her father was a prominent member of the Imperial Reichstag, magnanimously refrained from taking her to the prison, but allowed her to go home with the admonition that a special police commissioner would call upon her that evening.

The child cried herself into a fever, and of course the parents were somewhat alarmed at the prospect of police notoriety. At nine o'clock that evening the law came and demanded a fine of seventy five cents, or one thaler, for having moved upon the streets of Berlin with a bicycle and without a police certificate handy.

The little girl recovered from her tearful fever, and the father laughs about it as a joke. But the joke is against the tax payer in general much more than against nice little bike maidens in particular.

"How much money," I asked, "did you have to pay originally for permission to ride a bicycle?"

To my amazement she informed me that there was *no government tax whatever*. So that here is a vexatious hinderance to personal liberty costing large sums of money to already overtaxed people for the support of officials who are too many as it is, and all this torment and expense has not even the questionable justification of being in the interests of the public treasury.

The revolution of 1848 will furnish the theme for many poets and orators on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the Berlin barricade fights of the "March days." It is interesting for us to note that the chief opposition to the liberal movement in Prussia during the years preceding this popular struggle was supported by the large number of officials trained to passive obedience. To these men a new idea was always a revolutionary one, and they allowed no strong men to remain in office because they dreaded the effect of liberal ideas upon an honest king. To day Germany is ridden to death by bureaucratic officialism, which sees in every liberal a "*Vaterlandslöser Gesselle*"—a term which corresponds to a scoundrel who has abandoned one country without acquiring an interest in another.

The City Library of Berlin has just published a catalogue of the books bequeathed to it in 1892 by the late Dr. Friedländer. The German papers speak of this as the most complete collection of documents bearing upon the liberal movement culminating in the revolution of 1848. Of course I hastened to make use of an opportunity offered to me by a Berlin alderman to inspect this treasure, and discovered, to my great sorrow, that the documents most offensive to the police of that day, and consequently most interesting to the historian of this, were wanting. This item may save the steps of many historical students, who would otherwise anticipate new historical wealth in this so much advertised collection.

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

A GREAT GRAIN AND CATTLE MARKET.

THE great agricultural area in the United States tributary to the Mississippi and Missouri valleys never enjoyed greater real prosperity, better conditions, or brighter prospects for the future than at present. This is due to two causes—the thorough liquidation or financial house cleaning of the past five years, and the abundant crops of the present season, which are selling at prices not secured in nearly a decade past. These conditions are widespread, covering many States and applying to all manner of agriculture. The good effects are not confined to rural localities, for every town and city which is handling a portion of this great yield of farm produce in reaping a commercial harvest of its own, calculated to give a stability to its business interests lacking in many cases, for several years past.

With this prosperity so general, it is difficult for one section to establish a just claim to particular notice. Such section exists, however, and the conditions there are more than noticeable—they are phenomenal. Roughly outlined, this section may be said to be 350 miles long north and south, and 300 miles broad east and west. It commences in northern Nebraska, extends southward through Nebraska and Kansas, and ends in a rounded point in Oklahoma. It includes, therefore, the central portion of Nebraska, central and eastern Kansas and the eastern half of northern Oklahoma. Kansas City, Missouri, is the gathering point for the products of this area and the distributing point for its supplies. The story of conditions in the interior is daily being written in the bank accounts of the Kansas City merchants, posted on the blackboards of the live-stock, grain, and produce exchanges, and tallied by the car-checkers of the twenty-eight railroads which enter the Kansas City yards.

The first intimation of something unusual yet to come was an enormous increase in orders for agricultural machinery and farming implements. Kansas City sold in this area in 1896 about 15 million dollars' worth of such goods. Before the 1st of August, 1897, the sales had amounted to over 20 million dollars, and several million more will be added before the season closes. One item of these sales has been 20 million pounds, or about one million dollars' worth, of twine for binding grain. Closely following these orders for harvesting machinery came reports of increased acreage, and as the threshing machines commenced their labors it was soon made apparent that the yield per acre had never been equalled before in the history of the grain raising West. The average wheat yield in the United States is seventeen or eighteen bushels per acre. In southern Kansas and Oklahoma there have been many fields cut during the past month in which the straw was six feet high and the yield forty-five or more bushels to the acre.

Then came the question of prices. It was thought there would be a slump when the new crop came in. Experienced grain men figured September wheat as low as forty-five cents. But it has gone up steadily until it reached and climbed above the dollar mark in Kansas City August 20, and this market may be said to represent farmers' prices, as it is in the midst of the wheat shocks. In Ellis County, Kansas, there is $1000 in wheat for each family in the county. In Sumner County there is $800. There are about thirty five counties in Kansas where the wheat per capita is equally large, some of these counties including good-sized towns. In Barton County a man rented a farm, agreeing to give one-third of the crop to the owner. He also took an option on the 160 acres at $10 an acre. He raised 3618 bushels of wheat on 154 acres, and with the proceeds of his two thirds paid $1000 for the farm and had a $200 surplus. In Fairview a man owed $1000 on a farm. He persuaded a banker to let him have $200 to get out of the country with. The banker did so, and took a deed of the farm, on which was a growing crop. The banker sold the wheat therefrom for $1700 and has the farm left over. Another farmer owed $800 on 160 acres, and in 1896 he sowed a crop of rye. The crop was poor, and refusing to harvest it, he left the country in disgust. The rye ripened and lodged in the ground, coming up again as a volunteer crop. This spring the neighbors wrote to the owner of the land, urging him to come back and harvest his crop. He did so, and out of the proceeds paid off the mortgage and had some left over. Many farms bought last year at from $10 to $20 an acre have been fully paid for by this one crop of 1897.

In 1896 Kansas raised 20 million bushels of wheat, Nebraska 19 million, and Oklahoma 5 million. In 1897 Kansas has 30 million bushels of wheat, Nebraska 30 million, and Oklahoma 20 million. In 1896 the farmers sold their wheat for 40 cents a bushel. In 1897 the farmers are selling their wheat close to the dollar mark. In this territory alone the difference in crop and price means a difference of about 75 millions dollars in the income of the farmers, or as much as the entire cotton crop belongs to the Texas planters. In 1896 this same territory produced 555 millions bushels of corn, and sold it for 12 cents a bushel. This year it will produce 600 million bushels, and will sell it for 17 cents or more. In 1896 5 471,246 head of live-stock, worth 104 million dollars, passed through the Kansas City stock-yards. In 1897 6 million head, worth 150 million dollars, will be handled there. Cattle are twenty per cent. higher this year, hogs thirty per cent., and sheep about the same. The great demand is for stock cattle to restock depleted ranges and for thin cattle, or "feeders," to eat the great corn crop of this famed section. The prices now being paid for feeders indicate a continuation of high prices for beef cattle for at least three years to come. Wheat, corn, and cattle are not the only things being sold at a handsome profit from this area. The Kansas Valley is noted for its potatoes. Potatoes are plenty in the Kansas Valley and scarce elsewhere, hence three times as much is being paid for them this year as last. August 2 there stood in the railroad yards of Chicago 160 car loads of potatoes from the Kansas Valley, for which 50 cents a bushel had been paid. Apples, peaches and other fruits are likewise plentiful here and scarce elsewhere. One man near Atchison, Kansas, sold his apple crop from 135 acres for $14,000, the apples to be picked by the buyer. Just south of Kansas City, Missouri, the owner of 600 acres of apple trees has reckoned his net profits for the season at $35,000, and so on the story goes from farm to orchard and to cattle ranch. Nowhere in all this immense area so favored by fortune can a man be found who does not feel the benefits and is not profiting thereby. It may be said, without fear of dispute, that here exists an agricultural condition the like of which cannot be found elsewhere in the world. The high priced grain is blocking railroad traffic, cattle buyers are scouring the country for herds which they cannot find. The trees of the orchards are breaking to the ground with the weight of the fruit. In 1896, during the week ending August 20, Kansas City paid the people of this section $2,010 000 for the produce they brought in town. In 1897, during the week ending August 20, Kansas City paid these same people $4,202 000 for the products of their farms which reached the Kansas City market in those six days. Of this amount $300,000 went to the railroads for freight, and $60 000 to the Kansas City brokers for commissions.

During the past three years Nebraska has paid off 30 million dollars in mortgages, and Kansas 50 million dollars. In Oklahoma there were few mortgages to pay off, for the people had secured no title to the newly settled land, and had no credit otherwise. The result is that the Oklahoma people have their wheat money clear. They are using it to get title to their land, put improvements thereon, and to buy cattle to feed for market.

The cry for cheap money has been lost in the whir of the harvester and the rustle of the wind in the corn rows. The politicians have changed their tactics, and now it is the "robbery by the railroads" and the "corruption of the United States District Courts." These are the keynotes of the long haired political essayists. It matters little however, as 'most anything will do to arouse the politicians, as the people are too busy to pay much attention to what they are doing or saying just now.

JAMES DAVENPORT WHELPLEY.

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THIS BUSY WORLD

Mr. F. H. Manheimer, of Milwaukee, Captain in the Fourteenth Wisconsin Veteran Volunteer Infantry, takes exception to an impression which seems to have been created by St.-Gaudens's fine statue of General Logan, that when Logan took command of the Army of the Tennessee after the death of McPherson, that army was demoralized and in a critical state. Captain Magelburg quotes General Logan's report of the events of July 22, 1864, to prove that the divisions which were in action when he took command were not demoralized, but had just repulsed Hardee's attack, and had, in General Logan's own words, "by the unsurpassed bravery of the men and the great skill and resources of their immediate commanders, maintained the integrity of their lines."

The estate of the late Henry L. Pierce, of Boston, was the chief owner of the Baker Chocolate Works, which were sold the other day for $4,750,000. Since this sale it has been possible to estimate pretty accurately what sums will be paid to the five institutions which were named in Mr Pierce's will as residuary legatees. These institutions are Harvard University, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the Boston Art Museum, the Massachusetts General Hospital, and the Massachusetts Homœopathic Hospital. It is now computed that they will receive about $700,000 apiece. The uses to which these sums may be put is not restricted. Harvard may use part of hers to add a reading room to her library; the Institute of Technology is in urgent need of several new buildings; the museum will probably build an addition, and of course the two hospitals will build a little, though each of the beneficiaries is likely to add the greater part of its great windfall to its endowment fund. The endowment of the Homœopathic Hospital will be more than tripled by Mr Pierce's bequest.

The National Sculpture Society has advised the Park Board that the clay model of the new statue of Bolivar, by Turini, "fails to reach that standard of artistic excellence" which would entitle it to a place in a New York park. The existing statue, which stands in Central Park, on Summit Rock, near West Eighty-third Street, was given to the city in 1884 by Venezuela. It has never been favorably regarded as a work of art, and the new one, which is a copy of the Bolivar statue at Caracas, was designed to take its place. It is embarrassing to be obliged to divulge to the benevolent Venezuelans that their proffered sculpture won't wash, but the Sculpture Society is an incorruptible band, and perhaps its verdict may in the end be a benefit to Venezuelan art.

Judging from the newspaper reports of the Francis Wilson fort around the soldiers' monument at New Rochelle there is ground for apprehension that the new defence may presently be assailed, captured, and sunk. New Rochelle abounds in finest writers and diligent artists, but none of them as yet has undertaken to demonstrate that the fort is a nice fort and suited to its site. The fort is either much maligned or indefensible.

Folks who live in the northern peninsula of Michigan are of the opinion that it is expedient for them to detach their territory from the rest of the State and set up for themselves as the new State of Superior. They propose to borrow the northern counties of Wisconsin above a line running west from Green Bay to the Mississippi River, including all Wisconsin's water-front on Lake Superior, and the city of Superior, near Duluth. Thus supplemented with land and people they would have a population of half a million, and great wealth of land, lumber, mines, bears, trout streams, islands, scenery, and natural geographical boundaries. Isle Royale in Lake Superior would be in the new State, also the Apostle Islands. The State would include the pictured rocks of Lake Superior, the Calumet and Hecla mines, and other mines of immense value, the cities of Sault Ste Marie, Marquette, Ashland, and Superior, and a tolerably complete outfit of railroads. The peninsula people give as the reason of their desire to flock by themselves that it is exceedingly inconvenient for them especially in winter, to go round Lake Michigan into the lower part of the State and do their share of governing. The geography of their aspirations at least is interesting, and it will pay any Eastern person who has been fifteen years out of school and is not in the lake transportation business to get a map and study it out. Whether there is geography enough involved to warrant the addition of two more senators to the United States Senate is of course another question.

We are told that at the Zionist Congress, held last week at Basle, Switzerland, two hundred delegates were present including one from Baltimore. Dr Stephen S. Wise, of the synagogue at Madison Avenue and Sixty-fifth Street, is quoted as saying the Zionist movement has been discussed by the American Jews, with the conclusion that it is political rather than religious, and that therefore it is not incumbent on the Jews here to support it. Still, even in England and America, where there is no persecution of Jews, the movement has found some favor, and some of the Jews of Baltimore sent Dr Schaeffer to Basle to represent them. The foreign despatches say that the congress unanimously adopted the programme of establishing the Jews in Palestine.

The scheme, which goes by the name of Zionism, grew out of the persecution of the Jews in Russia and eastern Europe, and seems to have taken form in the mind of Dr Theodore Herzl, of Vienna, the author of *Der Judenstaat*. His plan, which is outlined in his book, finds warm support from Max Nordau, and seems to have been fully endorsed at the recent congress. He wants to colonize Palestine with Jews, and form there a self-governing community, with political rights and protection guaranteed by an annual tribute paid to the Sultan. As the movement has developed from a scheme of benevolence into a political movement, strong opposition to it has sprung up. Where the Zionist idea has spread it has tended to detach Jews from their allegiance to the countries in which they live—to make these feel that they were not Germans or Russians or Christians, but simply Jews, and to make them draw away more than ever from their Christian neighbors. This tendency has been encouraged by the social slights and insults to which Jews have been subjected in Germany and Austria as well as by the persecutions in Russia. Its growth gives uneasiness and displeasure to thousands of European Jews who are identified with the countries in which they live, and have no intention or desire to move out of them. These Jews—a majority of the Jews of Europe—deny that there is any Jewish race, or that any bond exists between Jews except their religion. They look upon the Zionist plans as fantastic, and impossible of fulfilment even if they were good. They point out the difficulty of redeeming the soil of a barren country like Palestine so that it will support a population, and the absurdity of relying on any engagement made by the Sultan. They disbelieve that a heterogeneous lot of Jews gathered from all countries could work together well enough to govern themselves, and they disapprove the whole agitation as an unsettling movement adapted to damage conditions that are fairly good and to make bad matters worse. The rabbis of the great German cities have even declared that Zionism is contrary to Jehovah and the Messianic prophecies, and have warned their people to keep away from Basle.

So, though the scheme is interesting and appeals strongly to the imagination, it will hardly in its present stage invite the investments of thrifty persons who expect returns for their money. Nor does it seem adapted to excite any warmer sentiment than curiosity among the Jews of this country. If Lawrence Oliphant were still alive he would be interested in it, and his opinions on the subject would make good reading. Meanwhile the Italians of the movement are Max Nordau and Dr Herzl.

The attention of Boston has been called to an article in the *Nineteenth Century* on "The Growth of Caste in the United States," whereof the author, Mr Joseph Edgar Chamberlin, alludes to "Dr Oliver Wendell Holmes, who did not belong to the best society any more than Theodore Parker did." Of course it is flattering to Boston to suggest that there was better society in that town than Dr. Holmes affected, but even Boston must admit that Mr Chamberlain has been misinformed. It might perhaps be asserted with fair prospects of proof that Walt Whitman never really penetrated the best circles of Philadelphia, but Boston is different, and so was the Autocrat. In Philadelphia birth gives social rank. In Boston, in Dr. Holmes's day, birth and achievement (with some moderate pecuniary lubrication) gave it. Dr. Holmes, with the Holmeses and Wendells and Dorothy Q. behind him, was very well fitted out with lineage, and his achievements were notable, both in his profession and out of it. His intimates included the intellectual and social swells of his time and town, and tradition has it that when he came to New York he ate periodically with members of the Astor family. Some one seems to have imposed on Mr. Chamberlain. Not only was there no better society in Boston during Dr. Holmes's lifetime than that which he adorned, but it is even suspected that the best Boston society of that day was, on the whole, the most representative that existed in the United States. Of course it was a comparatively simple society, made up merely of folks who were folks, and not to be compared with the social product of times of great pecuniary enlargement like those now present, when the best society includes no one whose steam yacht measures less than 170 feet on the water-line and who is not connected by marriage or intense sympathy with the British peerage. Still it was the best society the times afforded, and certainly in its humble way it was good.

The students of Stanford University must enjoy popular government in an unusual and interesting degree. Word comes of a letter that was issued a fortnight ago by President Jordan to a Mr Thorburn, described as a senior and "chairman of the student body that is intrusted with the regulation of undergraduate affairs." Dr Jordan informs Mr Thorburn that there are more applications to enter the university than can be granted, and that the faculty can waste no effort on the idle the dissipated, and the undeserving. Then reminding him that "it is part of the duty of your committee to eliminate unworthy persons from the rolls of university classes," he says:

> It is desired that you should exercise this authority not only as those found guilty of specific acts of immorality or dishonesty, but as any whose personal influence is object-notable. It is desirable also that you should look somewhat to the welfare of students who subject themselves to unusual privations.

Senior Thorburn and his fellow committeemen ought to have salaries, or perhaps they do. There have been cases in the Eastern colleges where specific misconduct has been dealt with by undergraduates and offenders dismissed, but an undergraduate commission empowered and expected to dismiss the idle and undeserving, and to see that the studious are not overworked or underfed, is a novelty.

President Jordan, by-the-way, says there is nothing in the story that Professor Ross of Stanford was swapped from one chair of instruction to another because of his free-silver views. The change, the president says, was due to the return of a professor who had been absent, and accorded with the original plan of the university.

The remodelling and amplification of the Grand Central Railroad Station at Forty-second Street, in New York, is a matter of very general interest and concern. Since the present station was built, twenty-seven years ago, the character of the neighborhood has greatly changed and improved, and fine new buildings, like the Manhattan Hotel, on Forty-second Street, and Sherry's, Delmonico's, and the Hotel Renaissance near by, on Fifth Avenue, have made the old station look dingy and mean by comparison. The plans for reconstruction are thorough, involving the expenditure of a million dollars, and the erection of what will be practically a new building, six stories high, with domes on each corner and over the middle of the building on Vanderbilt Avenue. The material used is to be brick, and a good part of the present walls will be left standing, but all the outside will be covered with Portland cement, which will give the appearance of stone. The plans of the architect, Mr Bradford L. Gilbert, provide for a complete change of the interior and for one common waiting room, 100 feet by 200, for all the roads using the station. The great waiting room, with an area of 12,000 square feet, is to be handsome, modern, and comfortable, both in its construction and furniture, so that passengers who use it will hardly realize that they are in New York, and will have to pinch themselves to remember that they are not in Boston or Philadelphia. There are to be fireplaces, they tell us, and writing tables, and smoking-rooms, and chairs of all sizes, and ladies' rooms of fabulous merit. It is even possible that there may be parcel-rooms like those in the Boston stations, where one may check a hand bag for five cents, but that as yet is not promised. The new station, if it fulfils its promise, will be a great boon to a great many patient and deserving people. Nearly twelve million passengers use the present station every year.

Prince Luigi of Savoy and his party seem to have found no extreme or unexpected difficulties in the ascent of Mount St. Elias. They started inland on June 22 from Yakutat Bay, with 6000 pounds of supplies, which were hauled on sleds by men. In six days they reached Malaspina Glacier, which is twenty miles wide and extremely rough. It took four days to cross it. After celebrating the Fourth of July they crossed the Seward Glacier, after a long search to find a practicable place. Next came the Agassiz Glacier, and next Mount Newton Glacier, which experts regard as about the roughest in the world. At the foot of it they met the Bryant party—Mr Bryant, Mr Ingraham of Seattle, and Mr Latham of the United States Coast Survey—returning from an attempt to scale the mountain. Sickness had turned them back. Crossing this difficult glacier, Prince Luigi reached the foot of the mountain proper. At this point all the Americans in the party were left behind, as previously agreed, and the Italians went on alone. The ascent took place on Friday, July 30. The party were seven hours in reaching the divide, where they rested. Then four hours of further climbing brought them to the summit. They spent two hours on the peak, took photographs and scientific observations, and returned to camp, which they reached before nightfall. They got back to Yakutat Bay without accident, and took ship from there to Sitka. From Sitka they returned by steamer to Victoria, B. C., where they arrived on August 25.

The men who are best qualified to judge of the chances of Herr Andrée's return have no thought of giving him up. Baron Nordenskjöld, who abetted Andrée's scheme and saw him start, says that he expects the balloonist to turn up in Siberia some time this fall. Nansen says, "I fully expect Andrée will pull through all right", and Andrée's sister shows like confidence of his return. Their convictions are shared by Mr E. B. Baldwin, of Chicago, who has been to see them, and conferred with them about the explorer's prospects. Andrée and his two companions took with them a boat, a sledge, and six months' provisions. Wherever they land they are likely to find game or birds, besides which they know at what points in the extreme North provisions have been buried by previous explorers. So we are not unlikely to read Andrée's story; and what a story it may be!

It is reported from Washington that seven architects have been invited to submit competitive designs for the new government building (to cost $190,000) at Norfolk, Virginia. This is the first experiment by Secretary Gage under the Tarsney law, which was expected to secure the competition of architects in the design of public buildings. It is further stated that it is the Secretary's intention to invite architects to submit plans for the new Ellis Island Immigrant Station, which is to cost about $500,000. Inasmuch as Secretary Gage's intentions seem to be good, it is to be hoped that the honorable but sometimes irascible body of architects will deal as gently and politely with him as their sense of professional responsibility will permit.

There is news from the Klondike region to suit every taste and expectation, facts being somewhat scarce in the letters and despatches, and surmises comprehensive and abundant. This is not unnatural, because it is largely a matter of guess-work how many men will reach the new El Dorado before winter, and what supplies of food will be there for their maintenance. All accounts agree in attesting that the Klondike is like heaven in the humor in that no one need expect to be carried there on flowery beds of ease. It is a hard place to get to, hard to stay in, and tolerably hard to get back from. Men fare roughly there, but the creature that fares worst is the Klondike horse. It is a place to send bad horses to for their sins. One correspondent says: "Horses are worked almost to death, and then shot. All that are not dead when snow comes are killed and used for dog food."

September 1 was moving day for Columbia University. The buildings at 116th Street, though by no means all complete, are far enough along now to shelter the university, and the beginning of the fall term will find it in its new home.

The popular and important industry of starting new universities, which has lagged a little during the past four years begins to look up again. Rumors are extant of a Lutheran university to be located at Utica, New York, others more vague but more interesting foretell a Presbyterian university at Denver, with a great endowment, and intentions as comprehensive as those of any university in the country. The Presbyterians already own a two hundred and fifty-thousand dollar college building in the suburbs of Denver, which was built four or five years ago and has not been used yet, and that is doubtless the nucleus around which the current rumors are gathering. The Colorado State University is at Boulder, very near Denver. The Methodists have a university in Denver, there is a Jesuit college there, and large Roman Catholic schools for girls. The Episcopalians and Baptists have also essayed extensive educational projects there, and got as far as to put up large buildings which stand empty. So writes a correspondent to the *Evening Post*, who thinks that Colorado has shown herself very much alive to the interests of the higher education. It may be worth adding that Denver may be a good place to educate young persons from the East whose lungs are under suspicion.

E. S. Martin.

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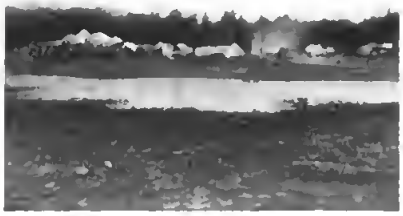
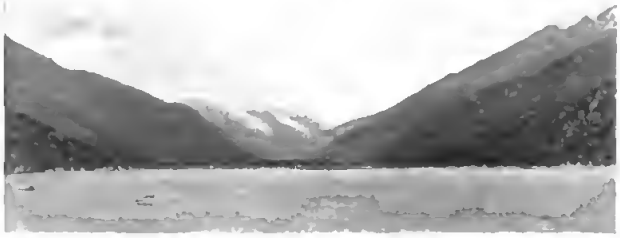
SKAGWAY—THE STARTING-POINT FOR MINERS GOING OVER WHITE PASS TRAIL.

THE ENTRANCE TO LYNN CANAL.



FREIGHT STORED ON THE BEACH AT SKAGWAY



A VIEW OF DYEA.

MINERS LANDING FREIGHT ON THE ROCKS AT DYEA.

LANDING PASSENGERS AND BAGGAGE IN SCOWS AT DYEA.

KLONDIKE MINERS AND THEIR GREAT CAMP AT SKAGWAY, AUGUST 12.

ON THE WAY TO THE KLONDIKE GOLD-FIELDS—SCENES AT DYEA AND SKAGWAY, ALASKA.
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAPTAIN JOHN IRVING AND LA ROCHE.

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NEWS FROM THE KLONDIKE.

LETTER AND ILLUSTRATIONS FROM "HARPER'S WEEKLY'S" SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

I.—FITTING OUT AT VICTORIA FOR THE GOLD-FIELDS.

Victoria, B. C., August 15.

THE streets of leisurely Victoria are thronged with strange men, and there is an earnest look on their faces and a firmness in their step. When the sealers return each autumn there is another crowd, but not like this. Victoria has never seen this crowd before. They are the kind of men who are the pioneers in every new country, men from every station of life, but all of one mind, actuated by one purpose. They are buying horses, and watching men who in front of stores explain the "diamond hitch"; they are buying thick, warm woollens; belts that go around the waist, with flaps that button down over little compartments; little bags of buckskin, with gathering strings at the top; heavy boots and shoes, made in the likeness of nothing in the heavens above or the earth beneath, but strong, durable, and suited for the purpose in view; and moccasins of moose-hide, with socks as thick as a man's hand and that reach to the knee. The moccasins are big enough for two or three pairs of such as these.

TWO CALIFORNIA MINERS BOUND FOR THE GOLD-FIELDS.

The crowd is cosmopolitan. It has gathered from remote points. There are Scotch and Irish, French and German, together with plain American Klondike magic word, that is possessing men so that they think and talk of nothing else. Victoria sells mittens and hats and coats only for Klondike. Flour and bacon, tea and coffee, are sold only for Klondike. Shoes and saddles and boats, shovels and sacks—everything for Klondike. The man who is not going by next boat for the North, or who is not "waiting till spring," or who has not decided reasons for not going at all and why every one else should not go, must be a rarity. He does not exist in this town, so far as I have been able to discover in one week's time. Even in the singsong of the Chinaman the ear will catch the sound "Klondike." Boys who at other times might be impudent, now, with a look of wonder, point and say, "He's going to Klondike!" It's a distinction to be a Klondiker.

Even here the bigness of the undertaking is realized. A dozen men have grasped me by the hand and said, "I wish you success. Any one who has the courage to start there deserves every bit." It may be a business man, an editor, or the man who stands at your back at the hotel table. All are alike interested—all who could, have gone with the first rush; and those who can, are going "in the spring." They doubt if one can get in now before it freezes tight, and they may be right when they say that hundreds if not thousands of men with their outfits at the Chilkoot and White passes will camp there all winter, unable to get across.

When I left New York there were still two distinct routes to Dawson. That by water cost $80. Me had at the mouth of the Yukon, thence up that river in flat-bottomed steamer seventeen hundred miles. The other was over land across the Chilkoot Mountains to the lakes which form the head-waters of the Yukon, the distance being much less, but involving no less expense, and with a large proportion of hardship and danger. The latter I chose, with what wisdom no one can tell until the horses are on the trail that leads from Skagway Bay, on Lynn Canal, up near the big mountain.

Amid the conflicting and confusing reports but one thing appeared certain—the passes were congested with the baggage of hundreds of men struggling to get through, with the rates for packing going up daily like the mercury on an August morning, while the native packers were making no headway on the thousands of tons of miners' supplies.

The telegraph reserved state room to Dyea, and space for freight and for six horses to go by the steamer *Islander*, sailing from Victoria August 15 and due at Dyea by the 20th. This will allow one month for the trip to Dawson, and as much more time as a possible late fall may give.

Victoria is awakening to the realization of a fact—a blunt, hard, yet agreeable fact. Circle City and Juneau, where the gold has hitherto been mined, are in American territory, and so Seattle has practically monopolized the Alaska outfitting business. But Klondike River is in Canadian territory, and the laws that govern the Dominion apply as well to its remotest corner, and every miner's outfit that goes across the international line, whether from Circle City or from Chilkoot Pass, owes a duty.

AN EVERY DAY SCENE AT VICTORIA DOCK.
Carpenters making Scows for lightering the Freight at Skagway Bay (White Pass).

Why, then, should not Victoria and Vancouver do the business for Klondike, and thereby save the miners the duties? Some wide-awake business men answered the question by at once despatching a man to Seattle to purchase an outfit and to ascertain the prices.

That same firm inform me that since the *Portland* came down with her load of Klondike gold they have outfitted some three hundred and fifty men. I had no idea so complete an outfit could be had here. Everything in the way of clothing and supplies is to be bought at a fair price both here and at Vancouver. A miner intending to go to Klondike has the alternative either of buying on the American side and paying duty, or of buying here. Government has been established, and I am assured by the collector of this port, Mr. Milne, that should miners prefer to bring their outfits across the line they will be accorded precisely the same treatment at Dawson or Tagish Lake as in Victoria or Montreal. "There is but one law for every part of the Dominion of Canada. We do not want to be severely strict with the miners, but you know how much easier it is to relax than to tighten." And I can say that there is no hurrying of those who cross the line with their ordinary personal effects to buy their supplies and miners' outfit here. It is going hard with those American cities which have hitherto had the whole business of outfitting, but, it should be borne in mind the next news may be of bigger finds on American soil. Events are moving in such rapid succession that it is simply bewildering, and one rubs one's eyes to make sure that it is not all a pleasant dream. Familiar spots and even old friends have the same unreal look.

TYPES OF KLONDIKERS.
A Group representing Scotland, Ireland, and France.

What does it mean? Some men have been digging with shovels into the earth and filling large pans, and with water washing off the lighter material leaving some heavy yellow metal which, when gathered in bags and old coats made a load that several men could not lift. This came down from there three or four weeks ago. Now vessels and men and horses and dogs are set in violent motion in the direction whence it came. Surely, that is a strange power the yellow metal has!

No one who has not set out to get together all that a man will need for the space of ten or twelve months, so that he may call on no one else for material assistance, has any idea of the time required. The most important item on the list is good advice—take plenty of it—though experience is better than that. One does not fully comprehend the helplessness of average mankind until he meets some of these men on the streets. Scores of men here would never have gotten one inch to the northward of the town of Victoria without the help of others. Two men in three virtually are carried by the odd man. They are without practical experience, it is pitiful to see them groping like the blind, trying to do this thing or that, having no notion of what it is to plan and to have the ends fit like a dovetail. I asked a Frenchman from Ontario how he meant to get over the pass—was he taking a horse? "Oh no; there would be some way." And yet he knew that every steamer returning brought word like this, which is from a recent private letter from Dyea to a large outfitter:

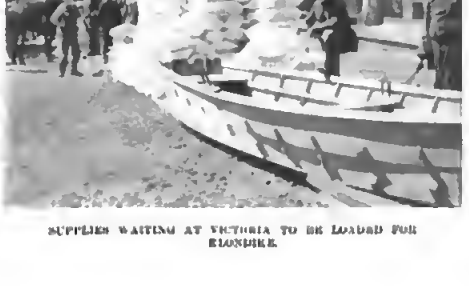
"For Heaven's sake, if you have any influence to prevent it, do not let any one come here without horses, hundreds of people will be encamped here all winter, unable to get across."

Everything should go into heavy water-proof sailors' bags, painted and made practically air tight. These are not to be had here yet, but will be on sale in time for the spring rush. No person who travels with articles that suffer from dampness either through rains or bilge water should be without them. My entire personal outfit (of course excepting the horses and pack saddles) goes into sixteen of them.

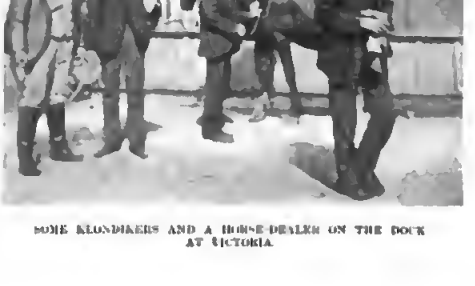
Some queer outfits have gone North in the last few days. One man, evidently a person of means as well as leisure, has taken, among other things, one case of thirty-two pairs of moccasins, one case of pipes, one case of shoes, two Irish setters, a bull pup and a lawn tennis set. He is not a trader, but going "just for a jolly good time, you know." Another man is taking an enormous ox, and he created a sensation leading it through town with a pack saddle on its back. He intends to eat it. Wise man! Some say we shall have to eat our horses.

Boats of every conceivable sort are being taken up since the reports have come down that boat timber is very scarce, as well as high in price. Some of these may be all right, but some that are shown here—well, maybe they are the kind a man packed over at a cost of ninety dollars, only to find that he could have bought the timber there for half.

I had built to order, from plans that I drew, a lumberman's bateau twenty-three feet long, five feet beam, eighteen inches width on the bottom, five and a half feet overhang in front, and four feet at the stern, the bottom being of three-quarter inch cedar, the sides of five-eighth and one half inch stuff. It is, in fact, an extreme type of dory, a perfect rough water boat, its flaring sides preventing the boarding of waves, its narrow bottom enabling it to pass through a narrow channel. It is easily handled with either



SUPPLIES WAITING AT VICTORIA TO BE LOADED FOR KLONDIKE.



SOME KLONDIKERS AND A HORSE-DEALER ON THE DOCK AT VICTORIA.

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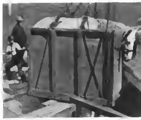


HOISTING A PACK HORSE ABOARD A STEAMER AT VICTORIA FOR DYEA.

pole, paddles, or oars. It is so constructed that the sheer strake may be removed, converting it into a canoe, or it can be built up for a heavier load. I have calculated that one ton will sink it a foot. Its actual load will be much less. But reports are discouraging about boats. The trails up the mountains are reported so narrow and tortuous that long pieces cannot be carried over. In that case I can cut the boat into sections. It may never get over. Hundreds of boats are said to be left behind. News is contradictory, when to be had at all. It is unsafe to leave any precaution untaken. The same rule applies to horses. No one here for a moment says I have too many, though I have more for the amount to be carried than any other outfit that has left Victoria thus far.

The moment I could get accounts at all authentic from the coast papers it was evident that the hope of getting over via Chilkoot was slight. White Pass, leading up the Skagway by a much easier trail, had just been opened to the summit. It was not known that horses could get all the way. But it is now shown that White Pass is *the* trail for horses, though Chilkoot can profitably take them as far as the steep incline over which no horse can go. Dyea, at the beginning of the Chilkoot trail, is but four miles from Skagway, and though booked for Dyea, my stuff will go off at Skagway.

The horses that are being brought into Victoria, alleged to be pack horses, arouse every one greatly. Such ambulating bone yards, the infirm and decrepit, those afflicted with spavins, the spring halt, and with ribs like the sides of a whiskey-cask and hips to hang hats on! With their drooping heads and listless tails, they are pictures of misery. Yet they are being bought to pack over the hardest kind of trail. Why, some of them at the Hudson Bay Company's wharf look as if a good feed of oats would either break their backs or make them sag beyond remedy, while their legs seem barely able to support their bodies. They are brought in from all quarters. They have till now been without value or price. Twenty-five dollars up is the invariable price asked, and it is ludicrous to see some of their owners, who would have fainted in their tracks at the sight of five dollars, now, when you ask the price, shift about, swallow once or twice, and say "Twenty-five dollars." "Thirty dollars" means that the owner has a pretty fair horse, probably an old packer, but "twenty-five" dollars now in Victoria means that much clear profit, and they have plenty of takers. The pack saddles are bought for from five to six dollars, without lash-ropes, but with the extra cinch. In front of the saddlery stores groups of intending miners watch some old-timer explaining the mysteries of the "diamond" hitch. A man is a tenderfoot out here until he can throw the diamond hitch, the only hitch that will hold a load on the horse's back. The squaw hitch, however, does for side packs, and is simple.

It is rare amusement to a tenderfoot getting together a pack-train. A little knowledge of horses helps, but I suppose one should not expect too much. As long as one's pack-train looks positively no worse than one's neighbor's he does not mind. Although he may have a spotted cayuse as big as a sheep alongside a fifteen-hand rawboned roan mare, no one is expected to do any better with the time and material at command. Victorians believe that next spring there will be a wholly better lot of horses; they do not believe the present supply of wrecks will last any longer. My packers consist of a black with a bone spavin which causes him to throw his leg crossways when he trots, his mate is a small bay pony, narrow chested; then there is a white-faced "pinto," a large roan mare, and a bully little packer nearly two feet lower than the old roan. Her name is Nelly, the only name I could get of any of my horses. They make a brave show with their new pack-saddles and coils of new lash-ropes.

How to handle this formidable outfit was a question, until I ran afoul of two fellows bound also to Dawson. I met them and sized them up on the train over. They were with a contingent from Detroit. Jim McCarron had been a trooper in the Seventh United States Cavalry, and young Burghart was travelling on his ability to cook, being a professional baker. Jim was used to handling horses, though he did not pretend to know how to pack any more than I did.

Burghart did claim he could bake bread. I asked him if he thought we were going to live on nothing but bread. These two men were each intending to take but one horse. These they bought in Victoria. Then we joined forces for Klondike on the following conditions: they were to take entire charge of my horses, and were to undertake to put my whole outfit across the pass. Then while I put together my boat, and another for them, they would pack the eight horses for their own outfit.

In the way of food supplies, the dealers here have long lists of canned goods, from which all tastes can be suited. But it is best to stick as closely as possible to the merest essentials. Lumbermen know what a man can live and grow fat on out-of-doors, and so does the United States army. There is something about pork, flour, beans, and tea that makes it easy to add the rest. As to clothing, rubber hip boots and an oil-skin coat are necessary. For the long cold winter, misapprehension exists. Those best qualified to express an opinion say there is nothing better than a deer-skin coat with hood. The essentials are lightness as well as warmth, especially when travelling. Afterwards one should have a fur robe, a bag is preferred. Arctic hare is best, but very expensive. Lynx is said to be next best. I was fortunate indeed to pick up even a marmot-skin robe, nine feet long and six wide, lined with a blanket. If a deer-skin coat is not to be procured, one can get the regulation Hudson Bay Company's blanket-coat, or capote, reaching to the knees. The rest of the suit includes a knit toque, a woollen sash of bright colors, leather mittens lined with wool, arctic oversocks over thick boots, or else "duffle" socks inside of moose-hide moccasins.

A small two-and-a-half point Hudson Bay blanket, blue or white, may be procured, and this may be cut in squares, two of which may serve as leggings in absence of oversocks, being folded around and tied around the leg below the knee and above the foot. The other squares are wrapped loosely around the foot, or else shaped into socks, the work being done by Indian squaws, hence the name, "Siwash" socks. The foot gear must be loose and plentiful. A miner lately returned from three years on the Yukon told me he kept one large sack for nothing but foot gear.

On the advice of Inspector Harper of the Northwestern Mounted Police, who is taking twenty men to Dawson, I added two suits of fine Balbriggan underwear to be worn underneath the woollens, and a shirt of buckskin. A cap of lynx or other light fur could not be procured. He also advised the use of loose kid gloves inside the mittens, which enables the hand to be comfortably withdrawn from the mitten in very cold weather. For rough work, as handling a raft or using tools, a stouter glove of buckskin, very loose, would wear better. As regards the loose glove, this agrees with Caspar Whitney's experience in the extreme north of Canada, or the Barren Grounds east of the mouth of the Mackenzie River, in winter. Most people buy the complete lumberman's Mackinaw suit, of vest and trousers, to which may be added a heavy Mackinaw shirt, with high collar. The gayer patterns seen in the Eastern lumber-camps are seldom sold here.

Many are taking in sleds and dogs. Some splendid St. Bernards are going up. Dogs are expensive. None suitable can be had here at any price, while those for the use of the Mounted Police, brought from eastward, cost nearly as much expressage as a horse would cost to buy. The sleds or sleighs, to one who is accustomed to the Indian toboggan, whether the flat upturned board or the New Brunswick kind with cedar sides and beech shoes, seem needlessly heavy. They are seven feet long, about sixteen inches wide, with a height of six inches. The bow is slightly upturned, and the top, of four longitudinal pine slats, rests upon four cross frames of ash, with ash runners shod with two-inch steel shoes.

The steamer *Bristol* was chartered on a few days' notice, and advertised to sail several days before our boat. She is a large steel vessel, employed as a collier. She was hauled into the outer wharf, and the carpenters went aboard with scantling and converted her entire hold into stalls two feet in width for horses, and there were stalls on deck and hay on top of that. Rough bunks were put in, filling every available spot on the ship. It was a scene on the dock such as Victoria had never seen before. Scores of men at work building scows with which to lighter the freight ashore at Skagway, loading the bags containing the miners' supplies, and hoisting one by one the five or six hundred horses aboard. It characterizes the haste with which the crush has had to be met that, after leaving, the ship is said to have returned to port to adjust her top load, after a delay of four days, during which time the poor animals were crowded in close rows, with no chance to lie down, and, below, not even chance to breathe. The men were hardly better off than the horses, two of which are of my outfit, in charge of the boy Burghart. On account of these delays—which culminated in a meeting of indignant passengers on the dock—we who have engaged to go on the good steamer *Islander*, Captain John Irving, will get there as soon as or sooner than they.

As I conclude the account of the preliminary work, we are all aboard the *Islander*. She has left her wharf at Victoria, to the sound of cheer after cheer from dense crowds, which have taken possession of every vantage ground. The stalwart forms of the Mounted Police, truly a magnificent looking body of men, take the crowd, and cheer after cheer go up for them. There are no more lusty shouts than those given by thirty-six small boys perched in a row on the ridge pole of the wharf overlooking the water. "Three cheers for the Mounted Police!" and "Three cheers for Klondike!"

There are sad faces aboard, and a tear moistens the eye of more than one hardened miner who is leaving wife and family behind. But we were glad because of the cheering crowd, for, as Jim remarks, it would seem pretty blue if there had been nobody here.

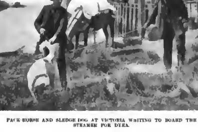
THE PRESENT ROUTES.

1. *Via St. Michael.* This is the easiest, and all who cannot rough it should go this way.

2. *Via Lynn Canal.* Two trails—viz., (a) *The Chilkoot trail.* From Dyea, at the head of Lynn Canal, the trail starts over Chilkoot. This is the oldest route. It is most easily made in spring, when sleds can be used over the snow. In summer horses can be used advantageously to the foot of the famous forty-five degree slope.

(b) *The White Pass Trail.* Within two weeks a trail has been opened by a lower pass from Skagway Bay up the canyon sixteen miles to the east, thence to Tagish Lake, where the Canadian customs officers are located. This trail is available for horses all the way, and is not much farther than via Chilkoot. It has been reported bad in places, on account of rains, nevertheless it is the best, while even if it has not been improved by corduroy in parts (as is reported) it will be rendered passable for the spring rush.

3. *The Stickeen Trail.* I was advised by several persons that as soon as it becomes available this is the best route. The trail, concerning the location of which the several new maps are at variance, leads from Telegraph on the Stickeen River, which must be ascended in boats. The last boat up is chartered by private parties, consequently it is not available this year, but the trail is over a rolling grassy



PACK HORSE AND SLEDGE DOG AT VICTORIA WAITING TO BOARD THE STEAMER FOR DYEA.

country, 150 miles to Teslin Lake. As soon as more boats are built for the Stickeen it should be a favorite route, it puts one around all the bad rapids but one—Five Finger Rapids.

4. *The Taku River Trail* from Juneau is practically the same as the last, but is not opened.

5. *The Trail via Edmonton.* This is the route taken by the Hudson Bay Company's men. It follows the Peace River eventually into the Mackenzie, and thence there is a carry of about seventy miles to the waters of Porcupine River. According to the Hudson Bay Factor at Winnipeg, this route is only available at present during the last two weeks of June and the first two weeks in July. The route is down the Porcupine to its junction with the Yukon. But this is 300 miles below Dawson, with a stiff current against one. The intention is to turn to the southward, and by a trail to be cut of not over 125 miles, to strike the head waters of Klondike.

6. *The Dalton Trail.* This trail is at present known only by the trader Dalton. It is said he does not encourage exploration. It leads north from near Lynn Canal, near Five Finger Rapids, near mouth of Pelly River. One man started in with a herd of cattle, and it is said Dalton came up with a gun and thought there might be some other trail over better for the cattle, and he helped the man look for one. The reason for this is not known. One man is said to have reported that Dalton did a little illicit trading with the Indians, and Dalton hit him over the head with his revolver.

TAPPAN ADNEY.

LOADING FREIGHT FOR THE KLONDIKE AT VICTORIA.

A GREAT CAMP OF ARCTIC GOLD-HUNTERS.

There is no good landing at Dyea; everything must be taken off the steamers in flat-bottomed scows, and landed at low tide on the rocky shore. The tide comes in at Dyea as it does in the Bay of Fundy, the water rushing in swiftly, and reaching a height of twenty-five feet. Most of those who have been landed there this summer have had their outfits damaged by water, and not a few have lost part of their possessions by the sudden rush of the returning flood tide before they could laboriously carry their goods above high-water mark.

Skagway is only four miles from Dyea, but it can be reached solely by water, one high mountain side that runs clear down to the sea separates the two. Skagway has a good landing place, and as it is the starting point for the White Pass trail, it has become the headquarters of the miners who are swarming in by every steamer. At last accounts Skagway had 3500 people, and the town was laid out in regular streets, lined on each side with the

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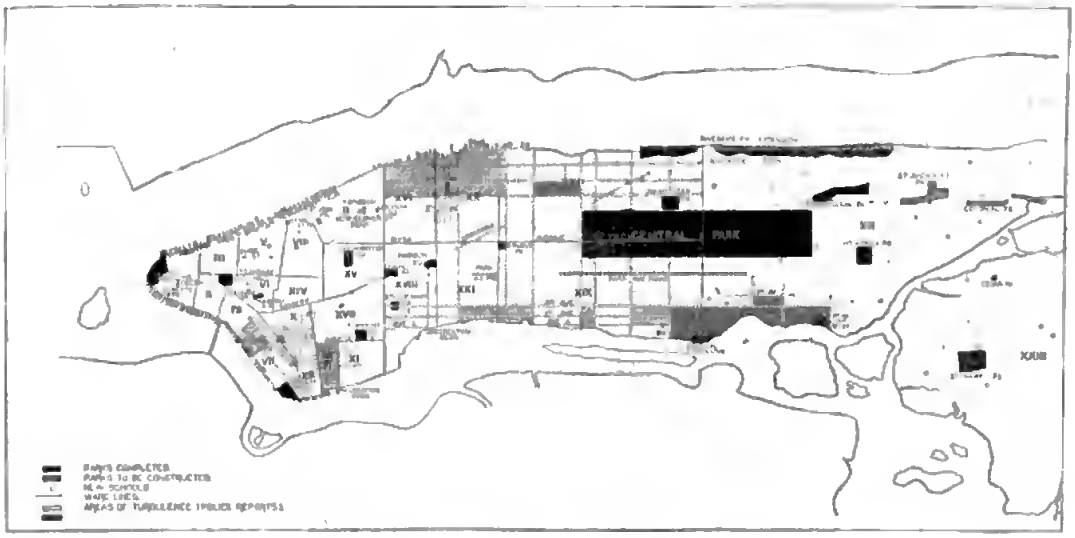

MAP SHOWING THE EXISTING AND PROPOSED PARKS OF NEW YORK CITY.

tents of traders and prospectors. Good order has been maintained, for the miners will permit no theft or other crime, and the lawless element is held in check by the knowledge that Judge Lynch's decrees are swift and sure. One of the remarkable recent incidents as Skagway is the formation of a miners' executive committee, which forced all the able bodied men in camp to go out on the trail and put it into proper condition. With an army of nearly three thousand men, it was estimated that three days would suffice to widen and make passable for horses the rocky parts of the trail, and to build a good corduroy road over eight miles of swampy ground. With this trail put in such condition that a pack horse can go over it to Lake Lindeman, thirty miles from Skagway, most of the men now at tide water ought to reach the Yukon before winter sets in.

SMALL PARKS AND PUBLIC-SCHOOL PLAY-GROUNDS.

New York's children are at last to have a chance to play. Through his play, says Fröbel, the child first begins "to perceive moral relations." As he sees the world about him, he reproduces it in his play. His world, his playground, has heretofore been set between gutters in New York, and as he grew up he faithfully reproduced the gutter in our municipal life. As the twig is bent it grows. The early impressions are notoriously the most lasting. New York has had its kindergarten lesson, and has paid for it. It has cost a good deal, but not too much if the lesson has been fairly learned. The signs seem to show that it has.

"Everything takes ten years," said Abram S. Hewitt at the first session of the Advisory Committee on Small Parks, of which he is the chairman. It was when he was Mayor, and through his active championship, that the small parks law was passed, authorizing the construction of parks for the people where the need was indicated by the congestion of the population below 155th Street. The need was there, but we had not yet learned the lesson of the gutter. The first and for a long time the only park that was laid out under the act aimed at getting rid of a bad tenement block rather than at giving the children a chance. The Mulberry Bend slum had become too bad to be borne, and it was wiped out. It was only in the going that we saw the full bearings of it. By that time our eyes had been opened. "It is your park, boys and girls," said the president of the Park Board at the formal opening this summer, and the square rang with their cheers. I fancy he was rather surprised, he had come to speak to their elders. It was the awakening. The ten years' apprenticeship was ended. There sat there a commission, appointed by Mayor Strong and with Mr. Hewitt at its head, to make the most out of the law that gave a million dollars a year for breathing-spaces for the people.

The very first thing the commission did was to declare the point of view of the children its own. Already a special act passed at the instance of the Gilder Tenement House Committee of two years before, which provided for the laying out of two small parks in the most densely peopled tenement district on the East Side, had directed that they be in part devoted to play grounds, and another act emanating from the same source, ordained that no public school house should be erected henceforth in New York without an open-air play ground, but as yet there was neither small park nor school play ground. Condemnation proceedings were on foot to secure the first, and were hastened by the active assistance of the Good Government clubs, so that the work of demolishing the five blocks of property embraced in the two parks is now nearly finished. The school play ground law had proved a source of perplexity, and its execution had been delayed. The size of the play ground was not fixed. It had, of course, to be big enough for real play, or it would not be a playground, and the minimum of thirty square feet per pupil, which they have settled upon in England, seemed little enough. But it is hardly adhered to there and in New York, where there are often two thousand children, and sometimes three thousand, in one school, that was out of the question. A full sized baseball field would have to go with each school, and in the crowded districts, where playgrounds are most needed, that would be impossible. In this perplexity the school builders had turned to the roof of the school house as offering a solution. Undeniably there was fresh air up there. Roof gardens were everywhere coming into favor. Why not roof play grounds as well? They had been tried, and with success.

The committee on small parks had been busy with its preliminary labors of inquiry. It had had a large map prepared, showing the location of existing parks, and of those provided for under the Small Parks Act or by special legislation. It had secured through the police authorities reports of the precinct captains as to what ailed the districts where there was trouble with the young, where gangs fought with the police or with one another, and made things unpleasant generally. They were mighty instructive reports. While not always willing to own the gang, the police had never any doubt as to what started it, or how it was to be got rid of. "They have no other play ground than the street," was the verdict from the tenement neighborhoods everywhere, "so they smash lamps and break windows. The storekeepers are annoyed." "Many complaints are received daily of boys annoying pedestrians, storekeepers, and tenants by their continually playing baseball in some part of most every street," reported the captain of the Twenty seventh Precinct, on the uptown east side, where the population is crowding more and more every year. "The damage is not slight; arrests are frequent—much more frequent than when they had open lots to play in. These lots are now built upon, and for every new house there are more boys and less chance for them to play." Out of such conditions, with their inevitable irritation and gnawing sense of injury in the boy—who is arrested for the wrong done him, not done by him, as he well knows—grows the "tough," whose chief ambition it is, when he gets big enough, to fight the policeman who stands for the perverted social order. Where the wrong had been undone there was even less doubt about it. "The Hook gang is gone," reported the captain of the Twelfth Precinct. "It has disappeared since the establishment of the Cockeyed Hook Park." Of the Mulberry Bend Park: "The whole neighborhood has taken a change, and decidedly for the better," and so on. More significant than all, from Tompkins Square came the report, "The neighbors are a quiet and orderly people." There were few of the members of the commission who did not remember the day when Tompkins Square was the most turbulent storm centre in the city, given over to rioting and disorder on the least provocation. That was in the days before it became a park. Since then the police have not had to take it by storm once.

These police reports were recorded on the map—the areas of more pronounced turbulence in red, the merely seething, where as yet it was all about ball playing, in gray. Then a list of the new schools for which sites have been chosen by the Board of Education was obtained, and they were marked down on the map too. The moment that was done it became clear that the school was the way out. Where the need of play grounds was indicated schools were planned or being built. Naturally so, they were there because the children were there. Down in the congested district between the Hook and the Bowery, where the two small parks are under way, and where the police had marked out three distinct storm centres, nine great new schools were or would shortly be going up, and strung along the edge of the ball playing region in the Twenty seventh Precinct were seven, all of them with play grounds on roof or surface. What need of looking further? There seemed to be no sense in prospecting for play ground sites, with these already picked out. The thing that was wanted was to secure their general use in the public. Schools are in session only five days in the week. During the idle evening hours, when the boy whom the tenement home repels is being made into a "tough" by the street, and in the long hot summer months, the schools are closed—a sad waste of good room at all times, but, if play grounds were concerned, positively wicked.

The commission laid before the Board of Education the proposition that the future open-air school play ground should be the general neighborhood recreation ground out of school-hours. If on the roof, it might be turned into a great roof garden, where father and mother could go with the children after supper. There might be a band in the evening hours. Why should there not? They have one in the roof garden on the Hebrew Institute, and I doubt if any concert of the Philharmonic was ever more thoroughly appreciated than that amateur band by the tired toilers on the East Broadway roof, or did the listeners, young and old, more real good. It is not a slight thing to put into those weary lives a touch of the beauty and grace they have never known, for hope comes with them. It must have been that thought that inspired the pencil of the architect who drew the plan of the 100th School, with the two ground floor play grounds—the latter it plans. In fact, I know it was. It will be the handsomest school in New York. And why should not a school be handsome, and help educate the eye and the mind in its own way, as the teacher does in his? The love of beauty and beautiful things is born in children, even in the slums, and the hunger for it dies only with their youth. Perhaps some day we shall see that we starved something we little suspected when we forgot to feed it and left only the baser elements to grow, with their affinity for the base things of life. If the city cannot pay for a band in the roof garden, doubtless there are those who both can and will. But, band or no band, the roof garden is the thing or the surface garden where that is best. With the name I do not mean to imply a park or a hot-house. A play-ground is a play ground, and a park a park. The two things are to be kept apart. The children are to be considered first and last, but a hedge or a vine would do no harm, and might justify the name. I know of a back yard in this city that has borne the name of "The King's Garden" for years, and earned it too—independently of the fact that it belongs to the King's daughters—by the shelter of its one vine and the human fellowship that dwells under it. That would come, I think, with the play-ground, and more would come. One cannot help the thought that the boy whose play had once become identified with the school would forget to play hookey. The street would have no further attraction for him. The truancy problem would vanish, and the city would save much money.

The Board of Education has the matter under consideration. It took to the proposition kindly, and, there is every reason to believe, will accept it upon its merits. Fifty-six great schools are planned now, and more are coming. An immense stride would have been taken toward undoing the old wrong were they all to have public neighborhood play grounds, and I think that nothing better could happen to the schools themselves. Meanwhile the commission has taken nothing for granted. It has picked out children's play grounds in the older, crowded quarters, where no new schools are going up, and has already secured one half block for the purpose on Rivington Street. A mere statement of the conditions prevailing there secured this concession promptly from the Board of Street Opening. Mayor Strong's administration has done much for New York, but nothing better than this. It will have to its credit the first municipal play ground, and the children of coming generations will rise up and call it blessed, for, beyond a doubt, it will be the forerunner of very many to come. There is to be no park in future, small or great, without one. The play pen are a blessed fact and all opposition to them is dead. Sand heaps are coming for the little ones, and even at home the child is to have a chance. The twenty five-foot lot has been overcome. The model tenement of the new day substitutes a central court, with room to romp in, for the ten-foot back yard of the barrack. Colonel Waring's combination pub cart market and play-ground—business in the morning, fun in the afternoon—that promises even to yield the city a money interest on the investment, may be looked for next. It is sure to come. A new era has dawned—an era of justice to the children—a new departure, one may hope, also, in education, that shall contemplate the child's play as a legitimate part of his schooling. "Crime," said the Earl of Meath, years ago, "is in our cities largely a question of athletics." So with citizenship, good government. Until we give the child back his childhood we need not expect that he shall be easily persuaded to give his manhood suffrage to us who withheld it from him.

JACOB A. RIIS.

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TYPICAL NEW SCHOOLS FOR NEW YORK CITY WITH OPEN-AIR PLAY-GROUNDS.—[See Page 905.]
ARCHITECT C. B. J. SNYDER, SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOL-BUILDING

Location of School.	Inside Play-Ground.	Outside Play-Ground.	Roof Play-Ground.
	Square Feet.	Square Feet.	Square Feet.
1 Grammar School, Henry Street, between Catharine and Oliver Streets	11,220	2,928	8,630
2 Grammar School, Southwest Corner of Suffolk and Rivington Streets	11,514	3,955	7,665
3 Grammar School, 109th Street, West of Amsterdam Avenue	13,650	10,050	
4 Main Entrance to Grammar School, Hester Street, between Orchard and Ludlow Streets	10,806	6,424	12,806
5 Grammar School, Rivington Street, between Forsyth and Eldridge Streets	12,565	2,775	10,787
6 Grammar School, East Broadway—Scammel, Henry, and Gouverneur Streets	11,014	5,040	9,348

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THE CONSERVATORY BUILDING

LOVERS' LANE

IN THE PALM GARDEN

CLASS DAY IN DEN WEED'S AMPHITHEATRE

VIEWS OF THE GROUNDS AND PRESENT BUILDINGS OF THE UNIVERSITY.

THE UNIVERSITY GROUNDS, FROM THE NORTH.

A WESTERN CITY OF LEARNING—THE GROUNDS AND BUILDINGS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY O. V. LANGE.—[SEE PAGE 906.]

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A WESTERN CITY OF LEARNING.

THE University of California, whose existence was first brought to the attention of the majority of the dwellers on the Atlantic slope by the remarkable success of its track athletic team in the inter-collegiate competitions of 1895, is about to make a much higher bid for fame. It proposes to substitute for its present shabby collection of buildings a harmonious group, worthy of what one of the most eminent of American architects has called the most beautiful site on earth for the purposes of a university.

The grounds of the University of California cover 245 acres on the western slopes of the Coast Range, abruptly rising from an almost level campus to the top of a dominating hill nearly 900 feet high. Back of this the chain of foothills mounts to a height of more than 1800 feet. Looking westward, the eye ranges over shaded streets, groves, villas, and gardens to the superb Bay of San Francisco, studded with islands, and sparkling with the light of noon or chameleonlike in its changing tints under the sunset. Beyond are the bold masses of the city and the purple slopes of Tamalpais. Through the centre of the picture the Golden Gate reveals the immensity of the Pacific, and upon the farthest horizon, like the sails of distant fishing boats, appear the rocky islets of the Farallones, invisible from the Cliff House in San Francisco, but plainly perceptible from this commanding elevation, although fifteen miles further away.

Heretofore the development of the artistic possibilities of this noble site has been hampered not only by the unfamiliarity of most of the Regents with questions of taste, but by those wretched pecuniary considerations that are the bane of almost all modern art. Although the University of California has become one of the richest institutions of the country, with resources whose capitalized value is near $8,000,000, and an annual income, not including the receipts of its professional schools in San Francisco, of about $300,000, which, with the new permanent taxes voted by the last Legislature, will be hereafter over $400,000 without tuition fees, its needs always outrun its means. It has over 150 names on the salary rolls of its literary and scientific colleges, and its students are multiplying at such a rate that they have overflowed all permanent accommodations, and made it necessary to find shelter for the surplus in tents. The University of California makes no attempt to provide homes for its students. Its buildings are devoted entirely to instruction and research; but even for those purposes the limit of elasticity has been reached, and the walls cannot be stretched nor the students compressed to make room for another outrant. Whenever a new structure has been ordered, the aim has been to secure the largest possible accommodations for the least possible money. This ideal has certainly been admirably attained. In the art of stretching a dollar to its ultimate limit the Regents have no superiors. But in their businesslike desire to make the money at their disposal go as far as possible toward satisfying the actual and pressing needs of the students they have unconsciously drifted further and further from all artistic ideals. The beautiful and harmonious architecture at Stanford has lately served to stimulate a wholesome discontent with the discord at Berkeley.

Fortunately the evils of piecemeal, hand-to-mouth construction were realized before it was too late. Mr. B. R. Maybeck, a young architect whose striking individuality is stamped upon several of the newer residences of Berkeley, is an instructor in architectural drawing in the university. Contemplating the wretched crazy quilt of discordant buildings that disfigured the beautiful site, there took form in his mind the image of an ideal university—a noble architectural harmony, in which art should blend with nature, unmarred by a single false note. His dream was one of pure beauty; there was no consideration of cost in it, any more than in the mind of Aladdin when he ordered his attendant genie to create him a palace. There was no thought of whether these buildings should surpass those of this or that other institution. The only question was how the most ideally perfect home for a university could be built on the Berkeley hills if means and time were unlimited.

There happened to be a new Regent just at this time—Mr. J. B. Reinstein, a graduate of the university, of the class of 1873. Mr. Reinstein felt, as everybody was beginning to feel, the shabbiness of the grounds and buildings at Berkeley, but, unlike most others, he set promptly to work to improve them. Mr. Maybeck's vision of an architectural ideal appealed to him at once, and he threw himself into its realization with an ardor that infected all with a kindred contact. He induced the Regents to pass unanimously a resolution authorizing the preparation of a programme for a "permanent and comprehensive plan, to be open to general competition," to which all buildings constructed in future should conform. The work was now rapidly pushed. A tentative scheme was drawn up as a basis for discussion, and all the materials available were submitted to Professor Ware of Columbia for study and advice upon the best methods of securing the most perfect plans.

It was in April, 1896, that the Regents passed Mr. Reinstein's resolution. Six months later Mrs. Phœbe Hearst wrote to Mr. Reinstein, expressing her deep interest in his project, announcing her intention of contributing two buildings, one of them to be a memorial to her husband, the late Senator Hearst, and asking permission to pay the entire cost of the international competition for the general plan. The publication of this letter, with the facts made known in connection with it, enabled Californians to realize for the first time something of the magnitude of the good fortune in store for the university.

Meanwhile Mr. Reinstein had been diligently sounding other people of wealth, with the most surprisingly encouraging results. Instead of reluctance, he found everywhere an eager desire to give. Men who had refused to contribute a dime to the university while there was nothing visible in which a citizen could take pride, welcomed the privilege of giving fortunes when they became assured that the money would be spent in a way that would immortalize the donors. They competed with one another for the honor of paying for particular buildings. One man who was asked to contribute five hundred thousand dollars responded: "I will give the half million when you get your plans, but I would rather give a million." The amendment was accepted. Three millionaires were rivals for permission to put up one building. The private gifts promised for beginning the work amount already to about $2,000,000. In addition the State has appropriated for ten years the proceeds of an annual tax, which will amount in that time to about $750,000. From the experience thus far, Mr. Reinstein is convinced that the rest of the money needed will come just as fast as the work can be carried on; in other words, that when the plans are ready the construction may be pushed to completion, just as if the ten or fifteen or twenty million dollars required to carry them out were already in hand. This project has revealed a degree of public spirit and generosity among rich Californians hitherto unsuspected. It recalls the days when an opulent Greek thought he could find no better use for his wealth than in adorning his native city.

Architects who have been consulted about the proposed competition have asked for particulars. "Do you want your buildings to be classical, Gothic, or Renaissance?" "What is the limit of cost?" "How do you wish the ground to be treated?" "What arrangement would you prefer?" They find it hard to realize that all these matters are to be left absolutely in the architects themselves. The problem is: Given the site at Berkeley, to construct an ideal home for a university upon it. The number and capacity of the buildings required to accommodate the different departments will be specified, and that is all. The grounds will be treated as a blank space. Nothing that has been done thus far will be taken into account at all. No attempt will be made to harmonize the new structures with the old. For once, architects will have a chance to incarnate their ideas of beauty without the necessity of cramping themselves within the sordid limitations of the dollar. The question of cost is not to enter into the competition at all. Of course this is a business age, and money will not be deliberately thrown away on decorations of gold and ivory, as it was in the Greek temples, but whatever is really needed to give beauty and majesty to the work will not be grudged. That there is nothing unduly modest about the expectations of the men who have the scheme in hand may be inferred from Mr. Reinstein's announcement to the Board of Regents: "We contemplate placing upon the noblest site on the earth the most glorious architectural pile in history; not built for a year or for a hundred years, but for all time; not to rise, like Aladdin's palace, in a night, but during the slow centuries the university is destined to last; buildings of a great State university, upon a scale commensurate with the power, the pride, and the dignity of a great and glorious State, and befitting the noblest and best purposes of the State; not built rapidly nor lovishly, but slowly yet grandly, that there may greet the commerce which shall whiten the Golden Gate and the civilization which shall grace this Western shore an architectural pile of stately and glorious buildings which shall rival the dreams of the builders of the Columbian Exposition.

The cool-blooded critic may smile at this unbounded assurance, but it is better to have an impossible ideal than an unworthy one or none at all. People who are honestly trying to secure "the most glorious architectural pile in history" are less likely to be satisfied with a commonplace design than if they were merely trying to cover as much ground as possible for the least money.

Although the details of the programme are still unsettled, it is believed that about thirty buildings will be required, not including dormitories. It is thought that the most effective results can be secured by massing these on successive terraces, the whole crowned by an observatory on the top of the dominating hill. There is a difference of about seven hundred feet in the levels of the lowest and highest parts of the university grounds. This slope will enable an educational city to be laid out with the effect of one superb composition, visible in all its overpowering entirety. The whole mass will culminate in the observatory, as the World's Fair did in the Administration Building, but the designers of the White City, with their level site, obviously had no such opportunity as the bold upward sweep at Berkeley will give to the artist who creates the home of the new Californian university.

It is expected that the new buildings will be constructed of stone and marble, in the most solid and enduring fashion. There will be no shams or makeshifts anywhere.

The grounds will be treated as an integral part of the architectural composition. It is believed that water effects will play an important part in the scheme, as they did at the World's Fair, and here again the City of Learning at Berkeley will have a marked advantage over the White City at Chicago, instead of being confined to fountains and still lagoons for their aquatic pictures, the designers of the new university can add cascades, shaded glens, and rushing streams. It is expected, too, that there will be broad esplanades, massive parapets, statues, and generous marble stairways joining terrace to terrace.

The details of decoration, of course, are not expected to be finished at once. Everything will be harmonious and restful from the start, but there will be great wall and ceiling spaces in the buildings, which, architecturally complete, will yet afford scope for the art of the painter for centuries to come. The decoration of these rooms will give such opportunities for distinction to promising young artists as the French painter has when he is invited to show what he can do in a hall of the Sorbonne. And the statuary needed to give the grounds and buildings their highest distinction will have to come, of course, by slow accretion.

The question remains—how are plans answering in some degree to the desires of the Californian enthusiasts to be secured? The method determined upon is that of an international competition. Many, perhaps most, American architects will protest against this idea. They will say that an architect of the first rank will enter such a competition, that the effort will be a failure, that the plans secured will be commonplace and grotesque, and that the only way to secure really good results is to retain some well-known master, on his record, and give him control of the work as was done at Chicago. Whatever may be said for this view, it is not practical for a public enterprise in California. To satisfy both the law and public opinion there every opportunity for favoritism must be excluded by giving a fair field to all. And when Americans architects realize what this scheme means, how deeply its earnest its projectors are, how solid is their financial backing, and the unique opportunity to enrich America with a monument alone of its kind and at the same time to immortalize its designer, they will surely be willing to risk a little trouble without the absolute certainty of the immediate dollar to draw them on.

The idea at present in favor is this: All the architects of the world are to be invited to submit anonymous preliminary sketches in black and white, on a small scale, of the general arrangement of the buildings and grounds. These sketches are to be merely ground plans, embodying general conceptions, and ought not to require very much labor. The designs to be submitted are to be examined by a jury consisting of one recognized authority from each of the principal European countries, one from the United States, and one representing the university. Prizes will be awarded to all of the competitors who submit ideas of value. The authors of at least ten of the best sketches will take part in a second competition, for which they will be allowed to add to the jury four members of their own selection. On this trial the plans will be elaborated, and several additional prizes will be awarded. The best design of all will be adopted, and its author will receive a special prize and be given the right to furnish detailed plans for all the buildings to be erected, let us say within twenty-five years, and to superintend their construction. To aid the competitors in understanding the nature of the site, contour maps, casts, and photographs of the grounds, of the most complete and elaborate description will be placed on exhibition in certain principal centres in Europe and America, at which, also, all needed information can be obtained.

An advisory board of decorative artists, sculptors, and landscape architects will be created to watch over the harmony of the grounds, buildings, and decorations. Professor Gaudet of the Beaux Arts, in Paris, is engaged in drawing up the formal "programme" containing the data required for the information of the competing architects, and it will probably be completed within a few weeks. The men who have this project in hand are thoroughly in earnest. They are determined that the sine against art committed by one national, State, and municipal government in almost every public building they construct shall not be repeated here. They desire to place at the Western portal of the continent a creation that shall visibly embody the majesty of a State imperial in its resources, and soon to match the greatest empires of the world in population, wealth, and culture. There is to be no narrow spirit of parish self-sufficiency, no preference for second rate Californian talent over first-rate talent with some other domicile. The best work that can be found in the world is wanted, and the architects of the world are freely invited to compete on equal terms, under conditions that assure them of a fair judgment of their work on its merits.

A few years ago such a scheme as that upon which the university is now embarking would have seemed presumptuous. No other educational institute in the country has had such a rapid growth in the past five years as this one. In 1891 the University of California had 777 students; now it has nearly 2400 with about 300 persons on its teaching staff. It has fairly burst its old shell, and its effort to procure a new one is a matter of compulsion. Its friends realize, of course, that buildings alone do not make a university, but they already have a solid foundation for the true scholastic fabric, and with a stately material home, they expect to build still nobler palaces of intellect.

The first question an American asks about any proposed work is, "What will it cost?" Californians are not exempt from this illiteracy, but in the present case the question of cost has been carefully excluded from consideration. It has been estimated, not officially, but purely as a matter of private curiosity, that such buildings as it is decided to procure could probably be obtained for about fourteen or fifteen million dollars. But the competing architects are under no obligation whatever to keep within that or any other figure. Results are what he sought, and cost does not enter into consideration.

No university in the world has ever had such a magnificent *ensemble* of buildings as it is hoped to create at Berkeley. There is a noble harmony at Stanford, but its scale is comparatively meagre as yet, and it can never have such an effect as that of the coming city on the Alameda hills. The new Columbia will have an imposing group of buildings; but it rubs elbows with other institutions, as well as with private homes, and there can be no such overpowering *coup d'œil* as will be presented when the new University of California rises, terrace above terrace, with the gilded dome of its lofty observatory shining over all. Oxford has its stately old quadrangles, but they have grown up through the centuries with no idea, and indeed with no possibility, of forming a general picture of the whole.

Mr. Reinstein's idea is that provision for about 5000 students would be a reasonable limit for the central institution, and experience indicates that this number may be reached very soon—perhaps within ten years. After that branches might be established, or the standard might be raised to regulate the number of admissions, or perhaps in time the instruction at Berkeley might be confined entirely to graduate courses. The university long ago outgrew the idea of localization in a single neighborhood. It is at home now wherever the laws of California are obeyed. It has its schools of art, law, medicine, dentistry, veterinary science, and pharmacy in San Francisco, where it is about to add a technical school. Its great Lick Observatory is on Mount Hamilton, seventy miles away, and it has twenty agricultural experiment stations scattered up and down the State for a distance of six hundred miles. It is absorbing one department after another of the State's scientific work. It has secured practical control of the entire system of secondary education in California, which it has brought up in a few years from a state of chaos to a general level of efficiency unequalled in some respects in the Union; and it is steadily extending its influence in the field of primary education. It is no extravagant dream, but merely a reasonable expectation, to look forward to the time in the near future when the university of California, with branches in every section of the State, all working to a common end under a single wise control, shall educate scores of thousands of students in its own halls, and shall secure to every child, from the kindergarten upward, the best training that the age is capable of giving. In that time, with the entire educational system of a mighty State co-ordinated into one harmonious organism, the palaces of the new City of Learning on the Berkeley hills will be the fitting crown of the whole—the visible symbol of the sovereignty of mind.

SAMUEL E. MOFFETT.

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"THE VINTAGE."*

A STORY OF THE GREEK WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY E. F. BENSON.

CHAPTER XII.

MITSOS stopped in Tripolitza two days, and, before he left, Yanni was taking rather a more cheerful view of his prospects. He was evidently going to be treated as well as possible, he had only to ask for a thing and he had it. It was only not allowed him to set foot outside the house and garden. About his ultimate safety he had not the smallest doubt. Mitsos had examined the wall again, and declared confidently that he would not find the slightest difficulty in getting in, and that a bit of rope would make his exit equally easy. The Turk who was Yanni's keeper was the only other occupant of that part of the house, the story below being kitchens and washing places, not tenanted at night. "And for the Turk," said Yanni, "we will make arrangements." In the mean time he announced his intention of being a model of discretion and peacefulness, so that no suspicion might be roused.

Mitsos was to start on the third day, and it was only just light when he came into Yanni's room equipped for going. Yanni had told Mehemet Salik that his father could not spare his servant longer, and that he was to go home at once. Mehemet had very courteously offered to put another Turkish servant at his disposal—a proposition which Yanni refused with some confusion, as it would mean another in that block of building.

"And, oh, Mitsos," said Yanni, "come for me as quick as may be. I shall weary for a sight of you. Dear cousin, we have had good days together, and may we have more soon, for I have a great love for you."

Mitsos kissed him.

"Yes, Yanni," he said, "as soon as I may come I will, and nothing, not Suleima herself, shall make me tarry for an hour till you are out again."

"Ah, you have Suleima," said Yanni, "but for me, Mitsos, there is none like you. So good-by, cousin. Forget me not, but come quickly."

And so Mitsos swore the oath of the clan to him that neither man, woman, nor child, nor riches nor honor, should make him tarry as soon as it was possible for him to come again, and gave him his hand on it, and then went down to saddle his pony with a little heavy-heartedness about him, for on one side he was leaving an excellent good comrade, but on the other was Suleima.

All day he travelled, and the moon, which rose about midnight, showed him the bay just beneath him, all smooth and sabine with light. He had taken a more roundabout path so as to avoid passing through Argos at night, and half an hour's more riding brought him down to the head of the little beach which his heart sang aloud to see. A little breeze whistled among the rushes and set tiny razor-edged ripples rolling on the pebbles, and sweet was the well remembered freshness of the sea, and sweet, but with how exquisite a spice of bitterness, the remembrance of one night three weeks ago. Then on again down the narrow path where blackthorn and olive brushed him as he passed by the great white house with the sea wall he knew, and into the road just opposite his father's house. The dog rushed out from the veranda, intent on slaughter of this midnight intruder, but at Mitsos's whispered word he jumped up, fawning on his hand, and in a couple of minutes more Nicholas, who was a light sleeper and had been awakened by the bark, unfastened the door.

"Mitsos—is it Mitsos?" said the well known voice.

"Yes, Uncle Nicholas," he said, "I have come back."

Mitsos slept late the next morning, and Nicholas, though he waited impatiently enough for his waking, let him have his sleep out, for though he despised the necessities of life, such as eating and drinking, he had the utmost respect for the simpler luxuries, such as sleeping enough and washing, and it was not till after nine that Mitsos stirred and awoke, with a great lazy strength lying in him. Nicholas had had the great wooden tub filled for his bath, and while he dressed made him coffee and boiled his eggs, for times had gone hard with Constantine Codones, and he could no longer keep a servant. And as soon as Mitsos had finished breakfast, Nicholas and he fell to talk.

First Mitsos described his adventure, down to his parting with Yanni, and the man of few words spoke not till he had finished. Then he said—and his words were milk and honey to the boy—

"It could not have been better done, little Mitsos. Now for Petrobey's letter."

He read it out to Mitsos.

"'Dear Cousin,' it ran,—'This will Mitsos bring you, and I doubt no trusty messenger. He will tell you what he has been doing, and I could hear that story many times without being tired. Yanni, poor lad, is kenelled in Tripoli, and in this matter some prevision will be needed for now we are already being rung to the feast'—Petrobey will not stick to home brewed words,' remarked Nicholas—'and my poor lad must remain in Tripoli till the tick of the moment. Once he is safe out, we will fall to, and he must not be out till the last possible moment. Oh, Nicholas, be very careful and tender for the boy. Again, the meeting of primates is summoned for early in March. Moles and owls may not see what this means. Some excuse must be found so that they go not. Therefore, cousin, lay hands on that weaving brain of yours until it answers wisely'—What a ridiculing bellow this is!' growled Nicholas—'and talk with Germanos through the mouth of Mitsos. A further news for you. The monks of Iberon have turned warmly to their countrymen, and they from Megaspélaion had better keep to their own country and outbreak at the same time as we in the south, so shall then be the greater confusion, and from the north as well as the south will the dogs run into Tripoli. Some signal will be needed, so that on the day that we rise in the south they too may make trouble in the north—something of the beacon sort, I should say.'"

Here Petrobey's epistolary style broke down, and he finished in good colloquial Greek.

"'Oh, cousin, but a feast-day is coming, and there will be a yelp and a howl from Kalamata to Patras. By God! I'd have given fifty gallons of wine to see that barbarian nephew of yours throw Kitsos under the millstone. I think Mitsos can tell you all else. Come here yourself as soon as you safely may. The Mother of God and your house saint protect you.—PETROS MAVROMICHALIS. Tell Mitsos about the devil ships. There will not be much time afterwards.'"

Nicholas thumped the letter as it lay on the table.

"Now Mitsos," he said, "tell me all that we have to do. Yes, fill a pipe, and give yourself a few minutes to think."

Mitsos smoked in silence a few moments, and then turned to Nicholas.

"This is it," he said. "First of all I go to Patras—no, first I shall go to Megaspélaion to tell the monks that they will be wanted in the north and not the south, and arrange some signals so that we from Taygetus or Panitza can communicate with them. Then I go to Patras bearing some message from you to Germanos, whereby he shall excuse himself from going to Tripoli with all the primates, for that is a trap to get them into the power of the Turk. Then there is some business about devil-ships which I do not understand, and at the last I have to get Yanni safely out of Tripoli. But before that, I understand, you will have gone to my cousin Petrobey."

Nicholas nodded approvingly.

"You have a clear head for so large a boy," he said, "though apparently you are not so deep as Yanni. Now, what we have to do, now this moment, is to invent some excuse whereby Germanos and the primates will not be able to obey Mehemet Salik when he summons them to Tripoli. Oh, Mitsos, but it is a wise man's thoughts that we want."

Mitsos knitted his forehead.

"Can't they go there and then escape, as Yanni is to do?" he said, precipitately.

Nicholas shook his head in reproof.

"Fifty cassocked primates climbing over a town wall! Mitsos, you are not a fool."

Mitsos laughed.

"So Yanni often told me," he said. "I'm afraid it's true."

"Try and be a little sensible. Think of all the impossible ways of doing it, and then see what is left, for that will be the right way. Now, first they must either refuse to go point blank or seem to be obeying. Certainly they must not refuse to go, so that leaves us with them seeming to obey."

"Well, they mightn't get there," said Mitsos, "so they must stop on the way."

"That is true. Why should they stop on the way? We will go slow here."

"There must be something that stops them," said Mitsos, very cautiously.

"Yes. You are going very slow indeed, but it is a fault on the right side. Something must stop them which even in the eyes of the Turks will seem reasonable, and let them all disperse again, for they will all go together from Patras. Oh, why did my mother give birth to a fool?"

Mitsos suddenly got up and held his finger in the air.

"Wait a minute," he cried. "Don't speak to me, Uncle Nicholas . . . Ah! this is it. We will imagine there is a Turk in Tripoli friendly to Germanos. We will imagine he sends a letter of warning to Germanos. Do you see? Germanos reads the letter aloud to the priests, and they send to Tripoli demanding assurance of their safety, and so disperse. Quick, Uncle Nicholas. Write a letter from the friendly Turk to Germanos, which he will read to the fathers on the journey."

Nicholas stared at Mitsos in sheer astonishment for a moment.

"'Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings,'" he ejaculated. "Oh, Mitsos, but it's no less than a grand idea. Tell me again."

Mitsos was flushed with excitement.

"Oh, Uncle Nicholas, but it's so plain," he said. "I go to Patras, and before now the summons for the primates and bishops will have come. I take to Germanos your instructions that they assemble as if to go, and make a day's journey or two days' journey. Then one morning there comes to Germanos a letter from Tripoli from a Turk whom he has been a friend to. 'Do not go,' it says, 'without an assurance of your safety, for I suspect treachery.' So Germanos sends back a messenger to Tripoli to ask for an assurance of safety. So they all disperse again, and by the time the Turks can bring them together again with an assurance of safety or what not, why, the feast, as my cousin Petrobey says, will be ready."

Nicholas sat silent a moment.

"Little Mitsos," he said at length, "but you are no fool."

Mitsos laughed.

"Will it do, then?"

"It is of the best," said Nicholas.

The more Nicholas thought it over, the more incomparable did Mitsos's scheme appear. It was amazingly simple, and, as far as he could see, without a flaw. It seemed to solve every difficulty, and made the whole action of the primates as planned inevitable. It would be impossible for them to go to Tripoli, and by the time the demand for safety had reached Mehemet Salik and been granted they would have dispersed. The second piece of business was to let them know at the monastery that their arms and men would not be needed, as Nicholas had expected, in the south, but for a simultaneous outbreak in the north, and there was also some code of signals that could be flashed in an hour or two from one end of the Peloponnesus to the other, to be arranged. The simplest system—that of beacon fires—seemed to be the best, and was peculiarly well suited to a country like the Peloponnesus, where there were several ranges of mountains which overtopped the long intervening tracts of hills and valleys, and were clearly visible to each other. From Taygetus three intermediate beacons could probably carry news to the hill above Megaspélaion, and two beacons more to Patras.

There were, then, two messages to be conveyed to Megaspélaion—the first that their arms would be needed in the north, so that there was no need of their beginning to make depots of them southwards, as Nicholas had suggested in his last visit there, and the second to arrange a system of beacons with them. It was not necessary that Mitsos should give the first message himself as Nicholas had told them to be ready to receive a messenger—man, woman, or child—who spoke of black corn for the Turk; but for the second it were better that he carried with him not only a letter from Nicholas, but also from Germanos, with whom they would have to arrange the beacons between Patras and the monastery. Also he wished Mitsos to take a message to Corinth, go from there to Patras, where he would see Germanos, and from there return by Megaspélaion not to Nauplia—for Nicholas would already have joined Petrobey—but back to Panitza.

Mitsos nodded.

"But who will take the first message to Megaspélaion?" he asked.

Nicholas turned to Constantine.

"Who is there about there? Say, did not one Vlachos, with his wife Maria, move on to monastery land a month or two ago?"

"Maria?" said Mitsos. "Maria is a very good woman. But I doubt if Yanko is any use. He is a wine-bibbing rogue."

"Where does he live?" asked Nicholas.

"At Goura, a day's journey from Nemea."

"Goura? There are plenty of good folk there. You had better go out of your way at Nemea, Mitsos, and spend the night with Yanko, and arrange for the message being taken, and then go back next day to Nemea, and so to Corinth, where you will take ship. Pay horse hire and wage for the messenger for four days, if it is wanted. I will give you letters to Prikeles and Germanos. What else is there?"

"Only the business of the devil ships, of which I know nothing, and to get Yanni out of the kennel."

"The devil ships can wait till Panitza. When will you be ready to start?"

Mitsos thought of the white wall, and his heartstrings throbbed within him.

"I could go to morrow," he said. "The pony will need a day's rest."

Nicholas rose from the table and walked up and down once or twice.

"I don't want Yanni to stop at the house of that Turk longer than is necessary," he said. "It was a bold move and a clever one of Petrobey's, but it may become dangerous."

Mitsos said nothing, but it was a hard moment. Had not the thought of this evening, the white wall, the dark hours on the bay with Suleima, been honey in the mouth for days past, and become ineffable sweetness as the time drew nearer? Yet, on the other hand, had he not sworn to Yanni the oath of the clan that neither man, woman, nor child should make him tarry?

He desired definite assurance on one point.

"Uncle Nicholas," he said at length, "if I went to day would Yanni get out of Tripoli a day sooner?"

Nicholas turned round quickly.

"Why, surely," he said. "When this business is put through there is still but little more to do, but until it is all done Yanni is clapped in his kennel. The moment it is over he is out."

Mitsos sat still a moment longer.

"I will start to day," he said. "It is only a short day's journey to Nemea. Write your letters, please, Uncle Nicholas, and then I will go."

"I don't know whether it really matters if you go to day or to morrow," said Nicholas, seeing that the boy for some reason wished to stop.

"No, no," broke out Mitsos. "You think it is better for me to go to-day. The sooner the business is over, the sooner Yanni comes out. You said so."

Nicholas raised his eyebrows at this outburst. He did not understand it in the least.

"I will write them at once," he said. "It is true that the sooner Yanni comes out the better."

Mitsos stood with his back to him, looking out of the window, and two great tears rose in his eyes. He was giving up more than any one knew.

Nicholas saw that something was wrong, but as Mitsos did not care to enlighten him it was none of his business. But he had a great affection for the lad, and as he passed his hand on his shoulder

"You are a very good little Mitsos," he said. "The letters will be ready in an hour. You will have dinner here, will you not, and set out afterwards? You cannot go further than Nemea to-night."

So after dinner Mitsos set out again, and it seemed to him as he went that the heart within him was being torn up as the weeds in a vineyard are rooted for the morning. And on this journey there was no thought that he would soon come back, he was to return, Nicholas told him, not to Nauplia, but to Panitza, where there would be work for him to do until the time came for him to get Yanni out of Tripoli. By then everything would be ready, the beacons would flare across the Peloponnesus, and simultaneously in the north and at Kalamata the outbreak would begin.

The reason for this was twofold. The Greek forces were not yet sufficiently organized to conduct the siege of Tripoli, which was strongly fortified, well watered, and heavily garrisoned. Kalamata, however, was a more praticable place, the water supply was bad inside the citadel, and the garrison not numerous. Again, it was a port, and by getting possession of the harbor, which was not defended and separate from the citadel they would drive those who escaped inland to Tripoli. The movements in the north, too, would have the same effect. Tripoli was the strongest fortress in the Peloponnesus, and by the autumn when, as Nicholas hoped, the Greeks would be sufficiently organized to undertake the siege, it would be the only refuge left for the Turks who were still in the country. Then it would be that the great blow would be struck which would free the whole Peloponnesus. In the interval the plan was as far as possible to cut the whole Peloponnesus off from the rest of the world by a fleet which was being organized in the islands, and by means of the fire ships, which should destroy the Turkish vessels seeking to leave it, and prevent others from coming into

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2112.

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"AFTER SUPPER MITSOS EXPOUNDED, AND YANKO SHIFTED FROM ONE FOOT TO THE OTHER AND SEEMED UNCOMFORTABLE."

the ports. For practical purposes there were only four ports—at Corinth, Patras, Nauplia, and Kalamata. The first two would be the care of the leaders of the revolution to the north, for Kalamata and Nauplia, Nicholas and Petrobey had arrangements in hand.

That night Mitsos slept at Nemea, and all next day travelled across the great inland plain where lie the lakes. Through the length and breadth of that smiling land the spirit of spring was abroad, crocuses and the early anemones bloomed in the thickets, and the dim purple iris cradled bees in a chalice of gold. Brimming streams crossed the path, and the sunlight lay on their pebbly beds in a diaper of amber and stencilled shadow, and Mitsos's pony at the mid day halt ate his fill of the young juicy grass. But in Mitsos's heart the spring woke no echo, he went heavily, and the glorious adventure to which he had sacrificed his new found manhood, fully indeed and without a murmur, seemed to him a thing of little profit. And if he had known what hard days were waiting for him, and the black agonies and bitterness through which he was to fulfil his destiny, he should, it is to be feared, have turned his pony's head round and said that an impossible thing was asked of him. But he knew nothing beyond this two weeks' task now set him, and to that he was committed not only by his promise to Nicholas, and, to do him justice, his own self respect, but by the oath of the clan, which, rather than fail in, he would have died.

The second evening, a little before sunset, he saw Goema close before him, standing free and roomily on a breezy hill side, and ringed with vineyards. Behind lay the great giants of the mountain range—Helmos, with a cowl of snow, and Cyllene, all sunset flushed. Yanko's house proved to be at the top of the village, and there he found Maria, with a face all smiles for his welcoming. Yanko was still in the fields, and he and Maria talked themselves up to date with each other till he came home.

"Oh yes, he was a good husband," said Maria, "and he earned a fine wage. He was as strong as a horse, and when he left the wine shop alone he did the work of two men. And I am strong too," remarked Maria, "and when he doesn't come home by ten in the evening it will be no more thing for me to bring him back with a thump on the head for his foolishness. And why are you here, Mitsos?"

"Business," he said; "business for Nicholas. It is Yanko who can do it for me. I may tell you about it, Maria, for so Nicholas said. He is wanted to take a message to the monastery. Four days horse-hire, if he wishes, will be paid, and he will do a good work, too, for many."

"On business against the Turk?" asked Maria.

"Surely."

Maria shook her head doubtfully.

"Yanko is a good man," she said, "but he is a man of the belly. So long as there is food in plenty and plenty of wine he does not care. But he will not be long, you shall ask him. It is no good to see you again, Mitsos. Do you remember our treading the grapes together in the autumn? How you have grown since then! Your height is two of Yanko's, but then Yanko is very fat."

Maria looked at him approvingly, with her head on one side, she distinctly felt a little sentimental. Mitsos remonded her of Nauplia, and of the days when she was so proud of being engaged to Yanko, while still only seventeen, of having Mitsos, whom she had always thought wonderfully good looking and pleasant, if not at her feet, at any rate interested in her. She had been more than half disposed, as far as her personal inclination had gone, to put Yanko off for a bit and try her chance with the other; but she was safe with Yanko, and he did quite well. But it both hurt her and pleased her to see Mitsos again. He was better-looking than ever, and had a wonderful way with him, an air of breeding—Maria did not analyze closely, but that is what she meant—which Yanko was entirely free from. And this strange adventure of his, of which he told her the main outlines, his kinship to and superior adoption by the great Mavromichales clan, gave him quite a new and powerful attraction. And when Yanko's heavy step was heard outside, Maria turned away with a sigh, and said he seemed earlier than usual.

Yanko, always sleek, had grown rather gross and his red face, a little shiny, and small, rather boiled looking eyes, presented a strong contrast to Mitsos's thin bronzed cheeks and clear iris. But Yanko seemed glad to see him, and agreed that Mitsos's errand had best wait till after supper.

So after supper Mitsos expounded, and Yanko shifted from one foot to the other and seemed uncomfortable. "And," said Mitsos in conclusion, "I can give you horse-hire for four days."

Yanko sat silent awhile, then told Maria to draw another jug of wine. Maria had a sharp tongue when her views were discounted from his, and he would speak more easily if she were not there. Maria, who had listened to Mitsos with wide, eager eyes and a heightened color, went off quickly and returned in equal haste, anxious not to lose anything.

"It's like this," Yanko was saying. "What with this and that, I've a lot of farm work on my hands, and to tell the truth, too, but little wish to mix myself up in the affair; and as for four days' horse-hire, it will pay my way, but where's my profit?"

Mitsos frowned.

"You won't go?" he said, half rising. "Then I mustn't wait, but find some one else."

At this Maria burst out.

"Shame, Yanko," she said. "But I have a male man for a husband. It is that you think of nothing but pastures, and are afraid of taking on yourself for two days such work as Mitsos speaks his mouth in. And to sit here and see you drinking and eating and sleeping, and never lifting a hand for the sake of any but yourself! Ah, if I was a man I would not have chosen a wife with so little spirit as my husband has."

Maria banged the wine jug down on the table, and cast a scornful look at Yanko. Then she crossed over to Mitsos, and took his glass to fill it, filling her own at the same time.

"This to you," she said, clinking her glass at his, "and to the health of all brave men." Then, with another scowl at Yanko, "Can't you even drink to those who are made different from yourself?" she said. "Or is there not spirit in you for that? I should have been a male on the way by this time," she said to Mitsos, "if it had pleased the good God to make me a man and send you with such a message to me."

"You, Maria?" said Mitsos, suddenly.

"Yes, and how many days of horse hire does Yanko think I should have asked for my pains? I should have thought shame to ask a penny for what I did, if I had had to beg my way."

Mitsos remembered Nicholas's directions. "Will you go?" he said. "You would do it as well as any man. It is just Father Pribeles you have to ask for, and give the message."

"Nonsense, Maria," said Yanko; "a woman can't do a thing like that."

Maria's indignant speeches had a touch of the high rhetorical about them, but Yanko's remark turned them into sober fact.

"You'll be drawing your own wine for yourself the next few days," she said, "and I shall be over the hills doing what you were afraid of. I'm little to go," she said to Mitsos, "and to morrow daybreak will see me on the way."

Yanko, on the whole, was relieved. It would have been a poor thing to send Mitsos to another house in quest of a sturdier patriot than he, and Maria's offer had obviated this without entailing the journey on himself. Poor Yanko had been born of a poor and weak spirit, and the possession of the earth in company with like minded men would have seemed to him a sufficiently beatified prospect. He had no desire for brave and boisterous adventure, new experiences held for him no ecstasy, even in the matter of drinking, which was the chief pleasure of his life, he maintained a certain familiar moderation, never passing beyond the stage of a slightly fuddled head; and a wholesome fear of Maria—not acute but steady—as a rule, drove him home a little he was still perfectly capable of getting there. The rule of his life was a certain sordid mean, which has been the subject for praise in the mouth of poets, who have even gone so far as to call it golden, and is strikingly exemplified in the lives of cows and other domestic animals. He was possessed of certain admirable qualities, a capacity for hard work and a real affection for his eminent wife being among them; but he was certainly cast in no heroic mould. He had no fine heady virtues which carry their own reward in the constant admiration they excite but of the less admired virtues he had an average share.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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MRS. JOHN DREW.

In the pleasant years of their home companies a few quiet minded people of the stage found their way to spend the summer months together in a little nook of the Pennsylvania mountains, where people and manners have not changed in all the hundred years that their comfortable farm-houses have been snuggling up to the warm hill sides. The names of Joseph Jefferson, Mrs. John Drew, Barton Hill, Mrs. Sefton, "the Captain" (as John Sefton was called by his friends), and those of the children of these player-folk, nursed by their hearth-sides, are still fondly echoed by the humble roofs of Paradise Valley. Not many days ago I sat beside one of those hearths with a dear comrade of the theatre as he reverently opened a treasure-box of old letters and pictures and showed me the words and faces of beloved ones, dead and living. There was one packet which he touched with the gentlest and tenderest care. From many like them he chose and showed me four bits of faded paper. They were letters, all in the same delicate handwriting, and addressed in affectionate terms to his mother, but signed respectively "Louisa Lane," "Louisa Hunt," "Louisa Mossop," "Louisa Drew." We both knew and loved Mrs. Drew, both had enjoyed the honor of standing beside her in the incomparable scenes of *The School for Scandal*, *London Assurance*, and *The Rivals*, and our hearts were sad because the mails had brought us news of her illness.

From the lovingly told stories of the gentle lady's life, one especially came back to me from the hush of that summer night when I read in my morning paper that Louisa Drew had died at Larchmont on the afternoon of August 31 last.

The Pennsylvania German farmers at Paradise Valley were very shy in the presence of the people who came into their aventless homes from distant cities, and an unreal and rustic *show* life. The strangers were absolute outlanders, and their outlandish ways and talk at first disturbed the balance of the slow and sure minded countrymen. The frank gayety of these big children, let loose for a time from the tyrannous playhouse and full of the joy of having a play-time of their own, was met by the natives with a kind of shrinking awe. But one day, in the little store at the cross roads, where the letters and groceries of the settlement were dispensed by the patriarch of the valley, that worthy man declared to his deferential generation the worth of the new comers in this judgment, uttered slowly and solemnly, as befitted the occasion.

"I like that Mrs. Drew. She's a neighborly woman."

The unskilled old man, not unfamiliar with Scriptural meanings, had touched the very heart of Louisa Drew's nature. She was of those whose hearts never form the question, "Who is my near dweller?" Trained from childhood in an art whose purpose is the study of mankind to lift it up towards good, she gave in herself an example of its supremest teaching—charity and honor to every human being, whether he be alive or dead.

To me it seems but a few evenings ago that I saw Mrs. Drew's mother, Mrs. Kinlock, as she sat in a stage box in the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, to witness her distinguished daughter's performance of Lady Gay Spanker. She died within a breathing space of having spent a century among the living. So Mrs. Drew, like many of her fellow-players, was not only blessed with a long life herself, but came from a long lived stock. Her mother, whose maiden name was Eliza Trautner, born 1796, was first married to an English actor and manager named Henry Lane. Mrs. Drew was the only child of this marriage, and was born in England, January 10, 1819, a very short time before her father's death. Mother and daughter used fondly to tell how the little Louisa made her first appearance on the stage, at nine months of age, in *Giovanni in London*. The only requirement of her part was to cry. The baby exemplified the paradox of acting by playing so well that she spoiled her scene, for no one else could be heard.

English and American audiences of that time were as fond of and indulgent towards child actors as were the people of Hamlet's unnamed "City." Mrs. Lane introduced her gifted daughter to the English public in a Liverpool theatre, as Agib in *Timour the Tartar*, in 1827. Coming to America almost immediately afterward, both mother and daughter became in a short time distinguished honors of our stage. Louisa Lane's first appearance in this country was as Duke of York in *Richard III.*, to the elder Booth's Richard, at the Olympic (Walnut Street) Theatre, Philadelphia, September 26, 1827. Her first New York appearance was at the Old Bowery Theatre, March 5, 1828. After a successful tour with her mother, she visited Philadelphia again and played a number of different and dissimilar characters, including Doctor Pangloss, Little Pickle, and the Actress of All Work. On September 22, 1829, she made her first appearance at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, with the glory of which house she was afterward to be long wedded. The seasons of 1831-2-3 were occupied with successful starring tours through the South and West, during which *Richard III.* was added to the repertory of the wonderful child actress.

In 1833 she began, at the Old Bowery Theatre, the regular work of a stock actress. She married, in 1836, Henry B. Hunt, an English singer, and left the stage for a short time, returning, however, as a member of the Old Bowery company in 1838. The season of 1839 took her to Philadelphia as a member of the Walnut Street Theatre. August 28, 1841, she joined the Chestnut Street Theatre company, being now in rank as an accepted juvenile lady. Miss Hildreth, who became the wife of General Benjamin F. Butler, was at the same time a member of this company. In 1847-8 she was in the theatres of Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans, and Mobile, under the celebrated management of Ludlow & Smith. Coming East to Albany in 1848, she married George Mossop, an Irish singer and comedian. While with the Albany company the then widowed Mrs. Mossop had for one of her associates the popular and talented comedian John Drew, to whom she was married in that city on July 27, 1850. From that date the names of Mr. and Mrs. John Drew are inseparably joined with the highest honors that a fond and delighted public could bestow. Together they went to the company of the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, for the season of 1852-3, and on February 21, 1853, opened the Arch Street Theatre in the same city, under the management of Thomas J. Hemphill, in Cibber's comedy, *She Would and She Would Not*. They subsequently became lessees of this theatre, and produced the full repertory of standard drama in the most admirable and artistic manner.

When William Wheatley and John S. Clarke manned the management of the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, in 1858, Mrs. Drew became a leading member of their company. In August, 1867, this theatre was leased to Mrs. Drew—once more a widow, John Drew having died at Philadelphia, May 21, 1862. From that date until the expiration of the season of 1877-8 she maintained a stock company, whose roster includes the names of the most distinguished actors of our country, and whose history entitles Mrs. Drew to claim distinction as one of the most successful of managers.

Mrs. Drew held out long and loyally against assaults from the destructive combination "system," but the fascinating stories of great wealth acquired by actors who had organized and conducted travelling companies set an inexhaustible cable leaven in the hearts of the players, and the stock theatre, deserted year by year by its best actors, had to take down the call board, shut up the greenroom, and open the stage door to the plays and people that the restless locomotive hauls helter-skelter about this big country.

After some efforts, always distasteful to her, to take

MRS. DREW AS MRS. MALAPROP.
DRAWN FROM LIFE BY ARTHUR J. GOODMAN.

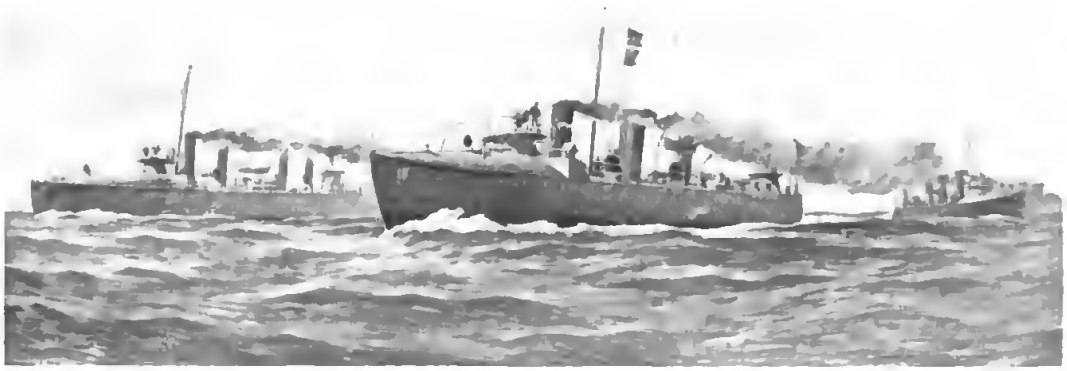
rank with the "stars," Mrs. Drew remained in retirement, appearing but occasionally. Seven or eight years ago she gave up the lease of the Arch Street Theatre, and in 1892 joined Mr. Joseph Jefferson and Mr. William Florence, who, with a travelling company, gave a magnificent series of productions of the old comedies in the different cities of the United States. Again, in the spring of 1895, she made a tour with Mr. Jefferson, joined with Mr. W. H. Crane, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Taber, and Nat C. Goodwin in *The Rivals*. This was her last notable engagement.

Although the favorite heroines of the Shakespearian and other classic dramas had, from her earliest years, been Mrs. Drew's handmaidens of honor, she is best known for her incomparable performances of Mrs. Malaprop in *The Rivals*, Lady Gay Spanker in *London Assurance*, and Lady Teazle in *The School for Scandal*.

Mr. Joseph Jefferson, in his Autobiography, speaking of the part of Mrs. Malaprop as rendered by Mrs. Drew, gives an illustration of the care and invention which she bestowed upon her work. He says:

"During our first rehearsal of the comedy in Philadelphia Mrs. John Drew, who had evidently been considering the part of Mrs. Malaprop with great care, introduced some novel business in her first scene with Captain Absolute that struck me as one of the finest points I had ever seen made. When Mrs. Malaprop hands the letter for the Captain to read, by accident she gives him her own love-letter, lately received by her from Sir Lucius O'Trigger. As the Captain reads the first line, which betrays the secret, Mrs. Drew starts, blushes, and simperingly explains that 'there is a slight mistake.' Her manner during this situation was the perfection of comedy. She asked me if I thought that the introduction was admissible. I replied that I not only thought it admirable, but believed that Sheridan himself would have introduced it if the idea had happened to occur to him."

It must, of course, be understood that this detail of her



THREE NEW THIRTY-KNOT TORPEDO BOAT DESTROYERS, NOS. 19, 20, AND 21, FOR THE UNITED STATES NAVY.—DRAWN BY R. G. SKERRETT.—[SEE PAGE 910.]

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impersonation had been developed by Mrs. Drew through many years of experience in her own theatre.

A little more than a year ago it was my great privilege to play Joseph Surface to Mrs. Drew's Lady Teazle, and a recollection of the exquisite grace and delicacy with which this great artist conveyed to her associates and the public the meaning of her scene is an unfailing delight. She owned and used the great power of the truly great actor, that of silently leading those about her to act responsively. She had a way all her own of checking Joseph's advances towards familiarity in the famous screen scene. It was only a quick glance at his advanced hand, and a slight, a very slight, but very positive withdrawal of the form, but it told the lady's innate and unchangeable modesty. An actress less skilled would have done more and pleased less.

Of the children of Mr. and Mrs. Drew, one, Mr John Drew, is now established in the esteem of the American public as one of the ablest of comedians. A daughter, Georgiana, wife of Maurice Barrymore, was until her untimely death but a few years ago a brilliant and favorite actress.

JOHN MALONE.

SENATOR QUAY AS A REFORMER.

Two years ago this summer a determined effort was made to depose Senator Quay from his leadership of the Republican party in Pennsylvania. In the cities the powerful "combines" were opposed to him, in the country influential politicians were turning against him because the Governor, who was leading the opposition, had the distribution of the State patronage. Quay, with that shrewdness which has given him his control of Pennsylvania politics during the last quarter of a century, appealed directly to the country on the issue that the city "combines" were trying to extend their influence to the districts by the use of those methods that had made the government of Pennsylvania cities a synonym for corruption and extravagance. He promised the cities, if successful, reform and relief from the oppression of the machines which had dominated their politics. He won his fight, and the State convention of August, 1893, adopted the following reform planks:

> We decry the growing use of money in politics, and corporate control of legislatures, municipal councils, political primaries, and elections, and favor the enactment of legislation and the enforcement of laws to correct such abuses.
>
> We earnestly insist upon a form of civil service which will prevent the coalescement of public officers and employees, and the compelling of those appointed to preserve the peace to confine themselves to their duties; which will insure absolute freedom and fairness in bestowing State and county and municipal contracts, and will punish any form of favoritism in granting them; which will forbid the grant of exclusive franchises to deal in public necessities, comforts, convenience, and ordinary requirements; and will insure the recognition of ability and fidelity in the public service, keeping service to the country ever foremost, when accompanied by ability and fitness.
>
> We demand that public office shall be for public benefit, and its term in subordinate positions shall be during good behavior. No public employee or officer shall be permitted to influence primaries or elections, nor upon any pretence be assessed upon his salary, and all unnecessary positions and salaries should be abolished, and expenditures and taxation reduced. There should be uniform valuation of property for public purposes, corporations enjoying public privileges should pay for them, and schools should be divorced from politics and kept absolutely free from political influence and control.

In accordance with these explicit pledges, the State Executive Committee appointed a special subcommittee to draft the bills necessary to carry them into effect. It prepared four bills—one providing for a system of civil service reform that was satisfactory to the Civil Service Reform Association, the Philadelphia Municipal League, and other civic bodies, and received their support and endorsement; another prohibited the assessment of public employees for political purposes, and its terms were sufficiently broad to put an effective stop to partisan political assessments; a third was designed to prevent the interference of municipal employees and those of corporations enjoying public franchises from interfering or influencing primary and general elections, the fourth was intended to put a stop to the practice of political committees purchasing poll tax receipts in bulk.

These bills were wisely and conservatively drawn, and would, had they become laws, given a very substantial measure of reform, and further, would have been a satisfactory redemption of the pledges of the party. The State convention of April, 1896, formally incorporated them in the State platform, and every Republican member of the Legislature elected in November was elected on a platform of which they formed an integral part.

The people of Pittsburg, relying on these specific promises, and at the instance of Quay and his principal lieutenants, prepared a much needed new charter for their city; and the Municipal League of Philadelphia, encouraged perhaps by the same platform, although entirely of its own volition and without any consultation with Quay or his adherents, for it had but little confidence in his conversion, prepared several bills to give to Philadelphia certain much needed reforms in harmony with the letter and the spirit of the platform.

Accordingly, when the Pennsylvania Legislature assembled in January last, its reform work had been definitely mapped out and was in a shape to be passed without delay. Quay was in complete control having elected his candidate for United States Senator by a decisive vote, and having organized both branches by the election of his retainers and supporters. His control was continued throughout the session, as was demonstrated by many test votes.

With the reform measures in a satisfactory shape, and Quay, who had voluntarily assumed responsibility for them, in control, what was the result?

The four general reform bills were introduced into the Senate and promptly passed by that body. When they reached the House a blight seemed to fall upon them. They were held in committee for a considerable length of time, and then referred to a subcommittee, from which they emerged late in the session so changed and mutilated that all their meritorious features were eliminated, and, in some cases, new and peculiar provisions added.

The civil service bill, as manoeuvrated, made the Secretary of the Commonwealth, the Lieutenant Governor, and the Secretary of Internal Affairs (three tried and true Quay henchmen and friends of the spoils system) the Civil Service Commission. It provided for a four year tenure of office; the re-examination of all office holders at the end of four years, and constituted the State, city, and county superintendents of education and certain of their subordinates the examining boards; and omitted the provision for the appointment of those passing highest at the examinations. Could a greater burlesque on civil service reform be imagined? One reformer in criticising this amended bill said, "This may be Quay reform, it is certainly not civil service reform."

The bill in its new form was not reached on second reading until within a few days of adjournment, when the friends of real civil service reform were able to muster sufficient forces to secure its defeat. The Quay managers gave as an excuse for producing such a bill that no other could pass the House. How they learned this was not stated nor why they did not give the members another opportunity to vote on the original measure, which formed a part of the platform that had been overwhelmingly endorsed at the polls and by nearly every newspaper in the State and upon which they were elected does not appear. As a matter of fact, they felt that they had made all they possibly could out of the reform issue, and that they could safely let it go by the board. Whether their judgment was sound, time only will show.

The political assessment bill underwent a similar course of emasculation, and emerged with the important words "request or suggest" left out, so that only the "demand" for a contribution was made unlawful. The politician who will be caught demanding when the milder alternative of requesting or suggesting is open to him will certainly deserve the severest punishment provided under the bill, which was duly passed and approved by the Governor.

The poll-tax bill was also passed and approved after it was deprived of all value by the insertion of a clause to the effect that no receipt should be issued "except on the written and signed order of such elector authorizing the payment of the poll-tax," so that all the voter has to do now is to sign a general order authorizing the payment of his tax, and it will be paid by the ward or division worker, as at present. According to the testimony of one boss this law has greatly facilitated the practice, and is a distinct gain for the political worker.

The "non-interference" bill was rendered harmless by the insertion of the single word "unduly." The amended bill prevented any employee within the classes named from *unduly* soliciting or influencing any voter. As no two persons, and certainly no jury of twelve men, could agree as to what constitutes *undue* influence, the bill was worse than useless, and the House, in the four of appearing ridiculous, unexpectedly defeated it.

Thus the four platform bills of the Republican party fared at the hands of Senator Quay and his friends, the majority of the Pennsylvania Legislature of 1897 and the Pittsburg and Philadelphia reform bills received no better treatment. The Pittsburg legislation was sidetracked early in the session, and some characteristic Quay measures substituted therefor. One provided that within ten days after its passage the Mayor and certain city officials of Pittsburg should be ousted from office, and their successors appointed by the Governor. This "ripper" bill also provided for the transfer of Pittsburg from the second class of cities to the first, as Allegheny, the other city of the second class, did not want any reform, inasmuch as it was already in the hands of Mr. Quay's friends, while Pittsburg was not. On the other hand, his Philadelphia lieutenants did not desire to be hampered in their plans by having Philadelphia and Pittsburg in the same class, and so between the conflicting interests of his friends in the three cities, poor boss ridden Pittsburg was lost sight of, and has not to this day received any of the relief it was led to expect and had been so frequently promised.

The citizens of Pittsburg who confided in Quay's promises of reform until the last week or ten days of the session are a sadder and a wiser lot, and they now plow about the same confidence in his reform utterance that the Philadelphia reformers did at the beginning. These latter took the position that if Quay was sincere, well and good, if he was not, the cause of reform would not suffer in the long run, but he should at least be given a fair opportunity to demonstrate his sincerity. This he has had. How he has utilized it we have seen.

The Philadelphia reformers very soon saw that they had little to expect from the Legislature, but they hardly expected that they would have to fight for the very life of their city charter. But they did have to, because of the introduction and passage of Quay's pet measure—the Becher bill—by the terms of which every municipal appointment had to be confirmed by two-thirds of *all* the members of Select Council, thus putting it within the power of one-third this number plus one (or fourteen Selectmen) to reject every nomination unless satisfactory to them. Quay, who had been "harmonizing" in Philadelphia by forming a new combine, was anxious for this bill. It would have enabled him, through the Leaders' League, which controlled enough puppets in Select Council, to secure the rejection of all undesirable (*to*) appointments. Quay wanted this bill as he did the Senatorship, and of course it passed, despite one of the strongest popular protests ever presented to the Legislature. Philadelphia was only saved from a measure which would have taken the very vitals out of its present excellent charter by the timely veto of the Governor, who said in his message that a worse bill had never been presented to him for consideration.

This is Quay's record for reform in the Pennsylvania Legislature of 1897. It speaks for itself, and further comment is unnecessary. It will be interesting to observe whether the people of Pennsylvania propose to continue in power a leader with such a record.

C. R. W.

OUR LATEST THIRTY-KNOT TORPEDO-BOATS.

The only substantial provision made by the last regular session of Congress for the increase of the navy was an allowance of $800,000 for the construction of three thirty knot torpedo boats. These boats are really torpedo boat *destroyers* but because of the wording of the act must be known officially as torpedo boats simply, and as such will take their places on the list as Nos. 19, 20, and 21.

The competition for the construction of the boats was upon the builders' designs, and nearly every prominent shipyard of the seaboard cities was entered in the contest. The reason is not hard to find. Next to a battleship no other craft is so conspicuously considered by the profession and laity at large, and the yard that has turned out a successful thirty knot boat has met and accomplished about the most trying task that naval architecture and marine engineering can set. The work was awarded to Harlan & Hollingsworth of Wilmington, Delaware, to the Gas Engine and Power Company of New York, and to Wolff & Zwicker of Portland, Oregon, and, prospectively at least, the feathers are in their caps.

No. 19 is the Harlan & Hollingsworth boat, and the largest of the lot. She is patterned after the British Thornycroft boats of like speed, but will be engined upon American designs.

She will be 225 feet long on the water-line, will have a maximum beam of 22 feet, and will draw 7 feet 3 inches of water on her trial displacement of 340 tons. This trial displacement is about seventy tons less than her loaded, service condition, and really represents no state of efficient readiness.

It is a happy condition for the development of the designed speed, and the contractors expect to exceed the requirements by at least half a knot.

The boat has considerable freeboard, and that promises to make her reasonably dry for a craft of her type.

Common to all torpedo-boats, the craft will be divided into something like a dozen water-tight compartments, without any means of fore-and-aft communication. This is done for the sake of added safety, and to completely obviate the risk of open water-tight doors in times of action or accident.

In one of these compartments will be placed the two sets of triple expansion engines which are to drive the twin screws. These engines are of the four-cylinder type, and, when working at something like 400 revolutions a minute, will develop quite 7200 indicated horse-power. Four Thornycroft water tube boilers, in the two compartments ahead, will generate steam at a working pressure of 240 pounds to the square inch, and for the sake of moderate protection against gun fire the coal-supply will be stowed abreast these boilers.

The boat will carry a complement of nearly forty, and reasonably comfortable quarters are promised so far as a parlor car adjustment of space will permit.

There are two conning-towers—one forward and one aft—each fitted with hand and with steam steering gears, and the boat can be navigated from either, although in action the forward one would more likely be used.

As a destroyer, she carries an effective battery of seven 6-pounder rapid fire guns. Four are carried conveniently on the main deck, while the two remaining are placed on top of the conning towers, and worked from the surrounding bridges. These guns are amply heavy to demolishes any torpedo-boat, even though she carry slight armor protection.

As a torpedo boat, she carries two torpedo-tubes for the discharge of 18 inch Whitehead torpedoes, of which her supply will be four. These tubes are placed on the centre line, one forward of the other, and between the last smoke stack and the after conning tower. They can be fired on either broadside.

She will cost, exclusive of armament, $236,000.

No. 20 will be built by Wolff & Zwicker, and is second in size.

She will be 197 feet long, will have a beam of 20 feet, and, upon her trial, displacement of 247.5 tons—112.5 tons lighter than her sister condition. She will draw 8 feet 4 inches of water.

She will be propelled by two four-cylinder triple expansion engines, capable of developing a maximum of about 6000 indicated horse power; and steam will be supplied by four water tube boilers—type yet to be determined—at a pressure of 250 pounds.

She will carry the large supply of 131 tons of coal; and the fuel will be placed abreast both the engines and boilers for the sake of protection.

The same water-tight disposition prevails, with communication to be had only by passing up to the deck and down again; and the same idea economy of space is studied in the accommodations for the complement of thirty-odd.

She carries two conning towers, each provided with steering gears and the usual vocal, mechanical, and electrical means of communication.

She will bear a battery of four 6-pounder rapid-fire guns and two 18 inch torpedo tubes. Only one of the guns will be carried aloft and on the forward conning tower; the others will be distributed advantageously on the deck below. The torpedo tubes will be placed on the centre line, one forward and one abaft the after tower.

Her contract price is $214,500, and does not include her armament.

No. 21 will be built by the Gas Engine and Power Company.

She will be 206 feet 9 inches long over all, will have a maximum beam of only 19 feet, and will draw, when loaded down to 265 tons displacement, 8 feet of water over her screws. She will be tried 30 tons lighter.

She too will have two four-cylinder, triple expansion engines driving twin screws, and they will develop 5000 indicated horse power when making 400 revolutions a minute under the impulse of 245 pounds of steam. That steam will be supplied by four Seabury water-tube boilers in two compartments, one forward and one aft of the machinery space.

There will be accommodations for about forty persons, and she will be subdivided by the same system of water-tight bulkheads.

She will carry four 6-pounder guns, one on top of each conning tower, and two 18 inch torpedo-tubes, one amidships and one way aft.

Like the other boats, she will have a steam windlass for handling the anchors and doing the heavy lifting, and, like the other boats, she will be lighted by electricity and amply ventilated by a system of blowers.

Exclusive of armament, her contract price is $210,000.

The reason for being for the torpedo-boat destroyer is sufficiently manifest when one realizes the large numbers of torpedo-boats of foreign powers, and only in a craft of greater speed, capable of operating in the same shallow waters, can the successful match be found. The destroyer is that answer, while her sea-rior sea-keeping qualities accentuate her usefulness by making her more than ever a great menace to an enemy's largest ships.

There are those who say that the navy of to-day is lacking in romance, and that the next great war will be

one of machines and mechanical control. To them the torpedo boat destroyer is a denial. To the young officer that commands one of these boats is intrusted the same great mission as that assigned the commander of our largest craft, the destruction of a battleship, *but without any means of defence*. With consummate cunning he must creep upon his quarry under cover of darkness, and in the face of certain destruction if he be discovered in the approach; and with such fearful odds against him he must act with that coolness and deliberation that alone mean success. The glory of such work well done is enough for any man, and yet to-day it lies in the reach of the youngest officer.

As a peace time study, the control of the torpedo-boat destroyer is a call upon the nerve and courage of the bravest and brightest; and from the man at the wheel to the man in charge of those racing engines or those roaring furnaces there is a tax of ceaseless vigilance and endless response.

R. G. SHERRETT.

MUSIC NOTES.

THE colossal bust of Mozart, won last June by Brooklyn's United Singers at the Philadelphia Sängerfest, will be set up in Prospect Park, near the flower garden, and is to be solemnly received by the authorities in October.

Moriz Rosenthal has quite recovered his health. He has been summering and practising at Gastein. He returns to America this autumn, making his first appearance in November.

Italy is as devoted to the memory of Donizetti as a country well can be when some sixty odd years have elapsed since he closed nancy of a national stage. At the memorial celebration of next month in Bergamo an enthusiastic force of Italian singers, under Pizzi, will assist, and no small group of notable artists of other nationalities, including, by-the-bye, that excellent American florid soprano, Madame Lillian Blauvelt, who will be one of the chief coloratura singers of the celebration.

Dr Antonin Dvorshák resumes his post at the head of the National Conservatory of Music in this city this autumn, and expects to produce certain new compositions in this city during the season.

A great discovery has been made, or is on the way to be made, and announced by our scientific æsthetic. Some weeks ago a London lady, a thorough paced musical amateur and devotee of St. James's Hall, called for a friend, also a musical amateur of ardent sentiments, to escort the latter to a concert. The friend declined—she had changed her mind—the programme of the concert had been altered and was to be chiefly Wagnerian instead of a more general making up. "I am a blonde," she said, "and Wagner's music is only suitable for brunettes. Wagner has a distinctly bad effect on the complexion of blondes and on their nervous systems."

Mr Maurice Grau, as lessee of the privileges of the Metropolitan Opera House under the new and improved condition of its affairs, has again announced that he has no intention of undertaking a season of opera in this city next winter, not even with the obliging forbearance on the part of the stockholders for a company that necessarily would be uneven and makeshift, in view of the present engagements of many artists.

Leoncavallo has decided on *Tosca* as the subject of his next opera. Mr Du Maurier's novel certainly has material and indeed suggestions, for a lyric drama, even more obviously than for the spoken article. Exactly how the "Ben Bolt" song and the even less accommodating Chopin quotation are to be practically treated may be a matter of expert musicians' doubts.

(Continued on page 922.)

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(Continued from page 911.)

The critics of Italy and Germany are devoting compliments in generous measure to Spinelli's dramatic little opera *A Basso Porto*, composed on a text book that draws its material from the *Neapolitan Folk Scenes* of Cognetti. The title refers to a particularly democratic and unsavory quarter of Naples; and the action of the opera is in keeping. It deals with a low-life tragedy, of the rank-spiced sort, such as Mascagni and Leoncavallo have embellished—jealousy and murder the mainspring. The opera has pleased Berliners, though in an imperfect representation. What a pity that we have not yet our Mascagni, our Leoncavallo, to set a police sensation of the Bowery, or a stabbing affair in Elizabeth Street, when half a dozen of the residents "see red." Where is our Spinelli to give full rich lyric swing to a Guldensuppe mystery, in two acts, with a descriptive intermezzo!

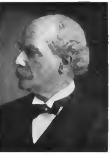
One of the dramatic little stories of Mr. F. Frankfort Moore, the London novelist, turns on the actual stabbing of a Juliet by a jealous Romeo during a performance in a German court theatre. Such tragic incidents have not infrequently occurred in the annals of opera and play house. In our own city's chief lyric theatre last season we had what seemed the lively comedy of an actor something leading up to his sudden death, when the unfortunate Castelmary, as Sir Tristan Mickleford, was pursued by the crowd of Richmond Fair folk in *Martha*. There are at least a dozen well-attested suicides that have been consummated by luckless actors or singers under cover of the tragic movement of their part. A more recent example occurred at the theatre in Arad, Hungary, when a well-known leading member of the company, Koloman Balla, put a real and loaded revolver to his forehead in concluding the last act of the night's drama. He fell dead, amid an immense demonstration of applause from a crowded house quite unaware of the reality of the actor's emotion and gestures. He was a man of excellent family and bright in professional prospects, disappointed in love, morbid, and, as he grimly wrote to a friend, "determined to end his days as an actor ought to do—to the satisfaction of his public."

Keinzl's *The Evangelist* has been produced at one hundred different opera houses abroad since its first performance some three years ago at Vienna. Not a note of it has yet been heard in New York, and it is still a novelty in London. The composer has completed the score of his new work, *Sracha*, for the Viennese stage, and it will be brought out in November. E. I. S.

THE NEW MINISTER TO ST. PETERSBURG.

Ethan Allen Hitchcock, the newly appointed minister to the court of St. Petersburg, is a great-grandson of Colonel Ethan Allen, who demanded the surrender of Fort Ticonderoga "in the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress." Mr. Hitchcock's grandfather, Samuel Hitchcock, a native of Massachusetts, migrated to Vermont, voted in the convention for the adoption of the United States Constitution, and was made United States Circuit Judge for the Second Circuit by President John Adams. His son, Henry Hitchcock, moved down into Alabama, was eminent as a lawyer, and died Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the State.

The subject of this notice was born sixty-four years ago in Mobile, whence his family moved, when he was five years old, into Tennessee. After taking an academic course at New Haven, Connecticut, he settled in St. Louis and entered business. In 1860 he went to China, where he remained twelve years with the house of Olyphant & Co., making only two visits home. He married Miss Margaret D. Collier, of St. Louis. Mr. Hitchcock has travelled extensively in India, and has visited both St. Petersburg and Moscow. Since 1874 Mr. Hitchcock has been actively engaged in business in St. Louis as president of several large manufacturing and railway corporations, which positions he has resigned, on accepting the post of minister to St. Petersburg, at the personal request of President McKinley.



ETHAN ALLEN HITCHCOCK.

In view of Russia's appearance at Vladivostok, and her Manchurian railway extension, our trade relations with her are capable of indefinite development. Mr. Hitchcock's experience with large business concerns, and intimate acquaintance with the East—which we shall soon be speaking of as the West—should stand him in good stead in his new field of action.

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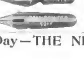

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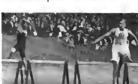
AMATEUR SPORT

THE ALL-ROUND INDIVIDUAL ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIP more nearly attained rightful recognition this year than since those days of about ten years ago when the meetings of Malcolm Ford and A. A. Jordan made the event one of the most important of the athletic year. After these two retired from competition, a mediocre lot came into the field, and for several years performances were rather ordinary and interest lacking. In the last several years, but especially in the two immediately passed, have come a higher class of performances and a return of interest.

To win the all-round championship is the greatest of athletic achievements, beside which success in any single event is insignificant. It is commendable to do a record



AT THE LAST HURDLE IN THE 220 YARDS—KRAENZLEIN WINNING FROM BUCK, 26 SECONDS.

performance on the track or in the field, but to triumphantly sustain the test of two hours' work in ten events, and to make even a creditable showing, is infinitely more notable. To make a winning record is the highest athletic glory of the year.

The event was held this year as usual under the auspices of the New Jersey Athletic Club, July 5, and well managed, also as usual. But it should be given at least a month earlier, or postponed until the early autumn. The competition is hard enough, without adding insufferable climatic conditions.

Nine men entered for the championship, but one, F. B. Bloss, was struck on the leg by the handle of a hammer and incapacitated.

ELLERY H. CLARK, BOSTON ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION, won the national championship as easily as he had previously in New England won there the sectional honor. He was, in fact, so distinctly superior to the others that his ultimate success was at no time doubtful. His total percentage was 6244½, which exceeds by 864½ points the record of Louis P. Sheldon, the all-round champion of last year. John Cosgrave, New Jersey A. C., who won second place this year with a percentage of 5687, was the champion in '95, and his '97 record bettered that of the '96 champion. Daniel Reuss, of the Knickerbocker A. C., who won fourth this year, made a record of 5380 points, which was but twenty points lower than that made by the '96 champion. Thus is the high quality of performances in the '97 meeting made apparent.

Charles S. Dole, Leland Stanford Jr. University, was third, with 5434½, and Ernest C. White, of the K. A. C., fifth, with 5157 points. The others, J. A. Mahoney, K. A. C., George C. Winship, N.Y.A.C., and George P. Smith, N. J. A. C., finished sixth, seventh, and eighth, with 4633, 3946, and 3600 points respectively. No one of them at any time was a factor in the winning of the competition.

THE MOST INTERESTING and in fact the only real competition was for second place, by Cosgrave, Dole, and Reuss. Had Dole done only fairly well in the weights, he would have beaten Cosgrave. But he was even below the very poor average which marked the weight performances of nearly all the entries. Clark's work was remarkably even, as his figures show, and the performances of the first three were all good, some of them notably so.

	100-yd.	16-lb. shot	High jump	880-yd. walk	16-lb. hammer	Pole vault	120-yd. hurdle	56-lb. weight	Broad jump	1-mile run	Total
Clark	860	566	764	508	667½	566	701	600	736	815	6244½
Cosgrave	832	564	702	618	371	566	740	954	508	578	5687
Dole	700	397	844	586	103½	808	701	190	640	571	5434½
Reuss	725	654	644	671	959	101	691	140	585	565	5380

The performance of the winner in each event will show what a high-class competition this proved. It will be interesting also to those who remember the standards prescribed in the old days of the all-round—the days of Ford and Jordan—to compare these performances with those made at the last one in which Malcolm Ford competed, seven years ago. The entries in that competition were, besides Ford, A. A. Jordan, A. Schroeder, C. L. Livingston, and George R. Gray, all of the New York A. C., Dr. J. K. Schell, Schuylkill N. A. C., Philadelphia, and M. O'Sullivan, Pastime A. C. The 100 yards was won by Ford in 10⅗ s.; 56-lb. weight by O'Sullivan, 25 ft. 10½ in. (Ford's best, 17 ft. 4 in.); running high jump by Ford, 5 ft. 6 in.; 440-yard run by Ford, 54⅘ s.; 16-lb. shot by Gray, 37 ft. 5 in. (Ford's best, 34 ft. 11½ in.); pole vault by Jordan, 10 ft. (Ford, 8 ft.); 120-yard hurdles by Jordan, 17 s. (Ford, close second); 16-lb. hammer by Schroeder, 100 ft. (Ford, fifth, 83 ft. 4 in.); broad jump by Ford, 21 ft. 9½ in.; mile run, Schroeder, 5 m. 21⅘ s. (Ford did not start).

Ford made 30½ points, Jordan, 26, Schroeder, 20, O'Sullivan, 13½. Livingston and Gray were disqualified for failing to reach the standard in three events.

Old timers will remember that all-round as one of the most exciting on record, owing to the strenuous efforts of the New York A.C. to prevent Ford winning.

Event.	First.	Second.	Third.	Performance.
100-yard dash	Reuss.	Clark.	Cosgrave.	10 2-5 sec.
16-lb. shot	Clark.	White.	Cosgrave.	37 ft. 11 1-2 in.
High jump	Clark.	Bloss.	Cosgrave.	5 " 9 1-2 "
880-yard walk	Reuss.	Cosgrave.	Mahoney.	4 m. 8 1-5 sec.
16-lb. hammer	Clark.	White.	Cosgrave.	117 ft. 4 1-2 in.
Pole vault	Dole.	Reuss.	Clark.	10 " 9 "
120-yard h'dl	Clark. Dole.	Reuss.	Winship.	17 1-5 sec.
56-lb. weight	Clark.	White.	Cosgrave.	23 " 4 in.
Broad jump	Clark.	Mahoney.	Dole.	21 "
One-mile run	Cosgrave.	White.	Dole.	5 m. 46 sec.

Clark's performances not shown above were, in walk, seventh, 4 m. 29⅗ s.; pole vault, 9 ft. 6 in.; mile run, seventh, 6 m. 34⅖ s.

THE NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB, curiously enough, was not represented this year, nor was University of Pennsylvania, a winner of the inter-collegiate Championships, nor Yale, nor Princeton. Clark represented Harvard as well as the Boston A. A. The New Jersey and the Knickerbocker athletic clubs were the only others represented. These two clubs have established an excellent system of all-round competition for their respective members, and its beneficial results are becoming apparent.

Yale has recently inaugurated an annual all-round championship, won this year by J. H. Thompson, '97, with R. G. Clapp, '98, a close second, and her good example

CREGAN BEATING MANVEL IN THE HALF-MILE (1.58 3-5) IN THE NATIONAL ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIP.

should be followed by all the other universities and clubs. With each holding a championship prior to that of the A. A. U., we should have an entry list that would insure first-class performances, and raise this event to the point of highest interest, where it belongs.

The following list of all-round champions and their winning scores makes an interesting record:

		Score.
1884	W. R. Thompson, Montreal	5304
1885	M. W. Ford, N.Y.A.C.	5645
1886	M. W. Ford, N.Y.A.C.	5679
1887	A. A. Jordan, N.Y.A.C.	6436
1888	M. W. Ford, S.I.A.C.	5141
1889	M. W. Ford, S.I.A.C.	6106
1890	A. A. Jordan, N.Y.A.C.	5326
1891	A. A. Jordan, N.Y.A.C.	6128
1892	M. O'Sullivan, X.A.C.	6464
*1893	E. W. Goff, N.J.A.C.	5600
1894	E. W. Goff, N.J.A.C.	5748
1895	John Cosgrave, Ridgefield A.C.	4406½
1896	Louis Sheldon, Yale and N.Y.A.C.	5380
1897	E. H. Clark, Harvard and B.A.A.	6244½

* This year marked the beginning of the present percentage system of scoring. Previous to that, counting was by points.

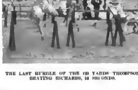
CHARLES B. MACDONALD AND LAURENCE CURTIS, the special committee appointed by the United States Golf Association to revise and interpret the rules of the game, have finally made their report, and it has been formally accepted by the Executive Committee, and ordered to be promulgated as the law of the Association. The committee have taken the St. Andrews (Scotland) code, as revised in 1891, and without changing the wording of the rules, they have appended certain annotations, interpretations, and decisions, based upon general precedent and custom and upon the particular rulings of the U. S. G. A.

OUT OF THE FORTY RULES for match play, all but seven are made subject to these special interpretations. For the most part the rulings are simply in the line of closer definition, and in the particular statement of the penalties incurred.

"Colonel Bogey" is given an official status.

Rule 9, as annotated, provides for the special case of a tie for the sixteenth place in the medal round of the Amateur Championship meeting.

The interpretation of Rule 21 allows a ball on *the putting-green* to be lifted out of casual water without penalty, but nothing is said about casual water upon the fair green,



THE LAST HURDLE OF THE 120 YARDS—THOMPSON BEATING RICHARDS, 16 SECONDS.

WEFERS WINNING THE 100 YARDS IN 9 4-5.

except that it is not a hazard. In the preface to its report the committee advise that the clubs should make this contingency a subject for local ruling. It would have been quite within the committee's province to have decided that a ball may be lifted out of casual water wherever found, for the practice has certainly the authority of almost universal custom.

RULE 23 PROVIDES that if a player's ball strike or be accidentally moved by an opponent or by an opponent's caddie or clubs, the opponent loses the hole. The committee add the following:

U. S. G. A. Ruling.—Penalty incurred: in match play, loss of the hole; in medal play, no penalty.

If the player's ball strike the other competitor or his caddie or clubs, it is a "rub of the green," and the ball shall be played from where it lies. . . .

There is an apparent contradiction in these two paragraphs, and the ruling is certainly open to the charge of ambiguity. The use of the word "competitor," however, shows that the second paragraph refers solely to medal play, where no penalty is incurred. The other player in a match by holes would be called an "opponent." The wording should be changed so as to leave no ground for a misunderstanding.

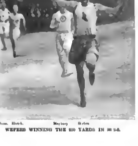
The note to Rule 25 distinctly provides for the case of a player whose ball moves while he is in the act of swinging down upon it. Whether he misses or hits it, he must count one stroke for the move and one for the play. This is the point brought up in a recent English tournament, where a player's ball began to roll just as he was in the act of striking. He was unable to check his club, and played the stroke while the ball was in motion. The English decision on the case was that he had played but one stroke, but it is evident that Messrs. Macdonald and Curtis are of a contrary opinion. Note that this decision does not apply to the case of a ball rolling off the tee while the player is in the act of addressing it.

LAST YEAR the Executive Committee changed Rule 29 so that in match play, as in medal play, a player might lift his ball out of any difficulty, tee, and lose two strokes. This ruling was directly opposed to the spirit of the match game by holes, and the committee have done wisely in restoring the original rule—that the ball must be played wherever it lies or the hole given up.

In match play, if the player's ball displaces the opponent's ball the latter shall have the option of replacing his ball, and must exercise such option at once and before any further play. This annotation to Rule 36 unquestionably legalizes the "stymie by replacement"—a situation which has been made the subject of much discussion among our foreign brethren. The remaining rulings on match play, and the emendations attached to the special rules for medal play, do not call for particular mention. They are judiciously framed, clearly stated, and of real value in elucidating the vital principles of the St. Andrews code.

In the preface the committee suggest that the clubs themselves may properly legislate concerning certain minor points—such as outsiders looking for lost balls, and the keeping of scores in medal competitions.

NOW FOR THE ONE PARTICULAR INTERPRETATION that has stirred up the golfing world and given rise to no end of newspaper correspondence and discussion. I refer, of course, to the annotation of Rule 14, which permits the



WEFERS WINNING THE 220 YARDS IN 21 3-5.

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soling of the club when the ball lies on turf *is a hazard*, and to the definition attached to Rule 15, which declares that long grass on the fair green is not a hazard. In the first place there can be no doubt as to the exact meaning of the committee's ruling. Under no circumstances can *turf* be held to be a hazard, and it makes no difference whether the grass be long or short. It is a simple question of turf or not turf, and persons of ordinary intelligence can be trusted to distinguish between true sod and the sporadic presence (in bunker or what not) of half a dozen straggling blades of grass. Moreover, it is made perfectly clear that the definition "fair green" applies to every part of the course that is not a hazard or a putting green. Now it is quite usual upon our American courses to leave the grass uncut at a reasonable distance on either side of the centre line of play, for the punishment of pulled and sliced balls, and in many cases this line has been marked by hazard stakes. There can be no escape from the committee's ruling. These hazard stakes must be removed, for long grass is declared to be not a hazard, and a ball must either be on the course, in a hazard, or out of bounds, and consequently unplayable.

As to the exclusion of grass *per se* from the list of recognized hazards, the committee rest primarily upon the fact that grass is not specifically enumerated under the St. Andrews code (see Rule 15), and secondly, upon the general trend of foreign precedent. For example, rushes are included in the St. Andrews list, while they are declared to be not a hazard by the local rules of the Aberdeen and Prestwick links. There are very few rushes at St. Andrews, but, judging from the local rules, they exist in profusion at Aberdeen and Prestwick. The principle seems to be that such general features of any particular course may properly be excluded from the list of local hazards.

Since long grass is a prevailing characteristic of our American courses, it may properly be accepted as an integral part of the fair green, and consequently not subject to specific penalty. It may be noted, in support of this view, that the grass is often left unmown for some thirty yards or so in front of a teeing-ground, and in the direct line of play. The practice is in evidence on the Shinnecock course, and the object is unquestionably the punishment of a topped drive. But should the ball come to rest in this same long grass, there has never been any question of the player's right to sole his club preparatory to getting it out. The committee have simply extended this principle to a similar condition on the right or left of the line of play, and they seem to be justified in their position.

It seems to be purely a matter of legislation, and the important thing is to have a law upon the subject that cannot be made subject to misinterpretation. As a matter of general fact, a ball in long grass is penalized quite sufficiently for all practical purposes, and the green committees are unquestionably entitled to reduce their lines of play to the limits of a rifle-gallery should they find that the average scores returned are too low for the golfing reputation of their courses. In other words, while long grass has its use as a punishment, it cannot be construed as synonymous with the crime itself.

Accepting the decision that long grass is not a hazard, it follows logically that the club may be soled wherever and wherever the ball is found resting upon it. The typical case is that of the wagon road that encloses and is bordered by turf. A road is certainly a hazard; but what are its limits—the wheel tracks? Are we to consider that everything between them is hazard, and everything outside of them is non-hazard? Or shall we say that this is turf (*i. e.*, not a hazard), and this is not turf (*i. e.*, a hazard)? Either view of the case may work an apparent injustice in actual play. One ball may be buried in a rut, and another six inches forward or back may be nicely teed upon the turf. The inequality is the result of pure chance; but, after all, the situation does not differ materially from the ordinary "lack of the lie" in playing through the green. The right to sole the club appears to be a moot point (*vide* Lockyer and Rothford's *Rules of Golf*, and Willie Park's annotations upon the St. Andrews code), and the common usage also varies. The consensus of expert opinion is in favor of the American committee's position (although old Tom Morris may insist upon going on record as a dissenter), and it is no small advantage to have some definite utterance upon the subject.

On the other hand, it is evident that there would be much less chance of misunderstanding if the limits of a hazard were alone to be considered, without any reference to the character of the ground enclosed by them. There could then be no dispute over such a delicate question as the imperceptible sinking off of turf into sand or bare ground.

Messrs. Macdonald and Curtis seriously considered the advisability of going a step further and ruling that the club might be grounded anywhere except on sand or loose earth. But in this, it seems to me, they would have been quite wrong. It is true that the soling of the club upon the hard surface of a sidewalk or pigeon-trap could not improve the lie of the ball, but it would be of material assistance to a correct aim. The club is grounded behind the ball as a measure of distance and as a guide to the eye, and this advantage is properly forfeited when the ball has been played into a hazard.

Taking one consideration with another, Messrs. Macdonald and Curtis have had a difficult task to accomplish. The very simplicity of the theory of golf only adds to the difficulties encountered in its practice, and while we are entitled to insist upon the preservation of fundamental principles, we must allow some latitude in their interpretation. The old St. Andrews code is confessedly obscure, numbrous, and non-comprehensive, and the work of the American committee is an important step in the direction of ultimate simplicity and unification.

Considering that this code has been made especially for American golfers, with direct reference to their needs, the least they can do is to aid the committee in its endeavors to clarify the American game by supporting, until they are proved unworthy, the interpretations it has made.

It would be well if the Association appointed another committee with an especial mission to clear the amateur definition of its present inconsistencies.

More interesting golf has not been seen this summer than the recent Shinnecock tournament disclosed. The entry list was long, and the course, which has been lengthened and improved since last year, in perfect condition. The first day's play left among the twenty honor men Bowers and Tyng, 190, Foxhall Keene and Stewart, 191; Emmett and Terry, 194; Rogers and Dixon 196, Reid, Jr., and Chauncey, 198; Robertson, 199; Nicoll, Park, and Clark, 200; and Kerr, Cheney, C. D. Barnes, Jr., Betts, Gray, and Travis, 201. Larocque, somewhat surprisingly, was well down on the list of Consolation Cup eligibles.

Keene's record on the first day may have surprised those who did not know he has been playing a strong game for a couple of years, but his form on the next day was a revelation to even those familiar with his work. He handily beat young Reid (who had, a few days before, put the St. Andrews record at 75), doing 37, or four better than bogey on the first nine holes approaching and putting in rare style. Subsequently he won an exciting match from Terry, 1 up in 19 holes, and followed it up by beating Bowers, maintaining his form, which was especially good on approach shots.

Tyng having meantime beaten Stewart and Rogers, he and Keene were brought together in the final for the President's Cup, and though the match was exciting and played by both men with consummate nerve, yet the golf was not as good as each had revealed in other matches. Tyng finally won by 3 up and 2 to play. Keene's strength lay in his iron shots; his driving and brassey work not being so good. Tyng's strength is in long, accurate drives and unerring putting.

Bowers had the satisfaction of beating Tyng by 4 strokes in the play off of the first day's gross score tie, though Tyng's work was very slovenly. The best golf of the final day was seen in the match between Travis and Larocque for the Consolation Cup. Neither had been in form on the first day; but they redeemed themselves on this occasion, both driving brilliantly and playing through the green in workmanlike fashion. Travis finally won by 6 up and 5 to play.

In the handicap that followed, Stewart made the fine gross score of 178.

Yet another interesting match was that over the Westchester Country Club course for 36 holes between W. H. Sands and W. G. Stewart, the Englishman, which the latter won by 187 to 169. Sands scarcely doing himself credit and driving very poorly.

The Norwood Club Tournament added further laurels to the cargo which the present season appears to have delivered to the order of Mr. Travis. This time, in a close and exciting match, he defeated by two up a no less formidable opponent than W. G. Stewart. It is only fair to Mr Stewart to add that but for very hard luck in his play for the eighteenth hole he would probably have tied if not won the match. He made a fine drive from the tee, but the ball dropping near a clump of trees he was severely and unfairly penalized, taking eight to hole out, whereas he had stood a good chance of making it in five.

The gross score prize, offered in the handicap tournament on the last day, gave these two another opportunity for playing over the same course, and each handed in a card of 93. Last week, Wednesday, they played again over the Norwood course to settle the tie, and Stewart won somewhat easily at 93, Travis being decidedly off his game, and requiring 98.

The formal opening of the enlarged Oakland Club links, now 2950 yards for its playing distance, provided a match between Reid and Travis, which the latter won by three up, his best work throwing in approach shots. It was fairly good golf, though both men had done better several times.

Perhaps the most exciting match of the year was that last week at Newport, between Harriman and Keene, which the former won by one up in twenty-one holes. At the tenth hole they were even, with most of the holes having been halved. Keene took the eleventh and fifteenth; the twelfth and fourteenth were halved, and the thirteenth won by Harriman. The sixteenth was halved, and Keene lost the seventeenth, and the score was even. The eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth were halved, and Harriman, by a clever putt, won the twenty-first and the match. Their driving was about equal, Keene excelling on the approach and Harriman in putting.

The National Golf Championships, which this year, September 14-18, will be held on the links of the Chicago Golf Club, will probably not have so large an entry list as last year, but the quality of play is certain to average higher. The reduced entry list is a blessing, last year the host of mediocre players who appeared at Shinnecock not only delayed the tournament but gave most uninteresting performances. It is not likely many of this class will go to the expense of a trip to Chicago next week. But next year, when the annual tournament comes East again, mediocrity will once more stalk the course, unless, meantime, the United States Association provides a standard score, which every aspirant for championship honors must equal before his entry is accepted.

Those of a speculative turn of mind will find ample opportunity for its indulgence in picking likely winners from the '97 candidates for national honors. The entries are still open as we go to press, and it is not therefore definitely known who will appear at Chicago, but it is safe to say a large percentage of our rather limited first class will drive off next Tuesday.

Of the championship candidates the most prominent are H. J. Whigham, the present holder; C. B. Macdonald, Findlay Douglas, W. G. Stewart, W. J. Travis, J. A. Tyng, H. P. Toler, H. M. Harriman, Foxhall Keene, L. P. Bayard, Jr., J. G. Thorp, S. D. Bowers, and John Reid, Jr. A supplementary list would include Walter Smith, a Chicago college boy, considered out West to be about as good as Tyng; D. R. Forgan, and the Tweedies, H. J. and L. P., J. H. Congdon, W. H. Sands, E. C. Rushmore, A. M. Coats, L. E. Larocque, T. H. Powers-Farr, Q. A. Shaw, W. B. Cutting, Jr., Roderick Terry, Jr., H. R. Sweny, F. W. Menzies, and A. H. Fuss. There are others, of course, some of them no doubt will develop surprisingly good form, but this list seems to include all whose '97 work entitles them to consideration. The first list contains the names of the men that seem most likely to last longest in the tournament.

The chances of our having a native born champion this year seem few. Whigham appears to have held his supremacy at Chicago, and unless he has fallen away from his '96 form is not likely to be beaten by Tyng, Thorp, Travis, Toler, Keene, Harriman, or Bowers, who of the Americans seem most likely to be found in the final rounds. Any one of these men stands a good fighting chance of beating C. B. Macdonald or W. G. Stewart; but Findlay Douglas, although but little of his play has been seen, rather impresses me as being a more formidable opponent. Reid has made some excellent records, and Bayard gave great promise early in the season. So did Terry, but his recent work has not been notable.

Coats played prominently last year, as did Sands also; but neither has given evidence this season of form that will carry him through several of the younger players. Furr, of Essex County, New Jersey; Shaw, of Essex County, Massachusetts; and Congdon, of Watch Hill, have played sufficiently well to stand out among their home club players and attract some little attention elsewhere; but they have not been put to the test, and cannot therefore be placed. Thorp is listed entirely on the strength of his last year's performance, which included defeating Macdonald. He has not played in any of the important tournaments this year, and his present form is unknown. Sweny has not been so prominent a figure in tournaments this season as last, and can hardly be classed as formidable. Cutting has played so little as to make his present position one to be determined only by play.

Whatever the outcome, the men will have a course to play over which to-day furnishes the best golfing ground in America.

"SUMMER-NINE" BLACK LIST.

A "summer nine," so called, is a baseball team maintained by an individual, or group of individuals, or hotel, or club; solely or partly dependent for its players upon summer residents, and at the games of which gate-money is accepted and used for other than charitable purposes. An undergraduate who joins such an aggregation is considered to have forfeited his right to thereafter represent a university in any department of amateur athletics.

Phillips,* Miner, Lauder, and Sedgwick (Brown); Bradley,* Altmus,* Smith,* Jayne,* and Wilson* (Princeton); Barclay (Lafayette), Davis* (Wesleyan), Wadsworth, McDonald, and Clarkson (Yale), Scannell (Harvard); Blakeley* and Dickson (Pennsylvania), Foster and Boyden (Amherst), Erikson (Allen School, Newton), Parks, Beau, and Hildreth (Tufts), Hafford (Somerville High), Wood (Arlington High); N. Gibbons (Exeter); Folsom, Tabor, Crolius, and Drew (Dartmouth), Gibbons (Bowdoin), French (Andover); and Fishel.

* Graduated in '97.

Names will be added to this list as they are learned. In the discovery of offenders against the ethics of healthful college sport, we invoke the aid of all sportsmen.

We are glad to state that at least two of those reported as "signed" by a White Mountain hotel, Crowley of Cambridge High School, and Lynch of Harvard, will not join the colony of summer nine players. Crowley decided not to spoil his amateur baseball career, and Lynch writes that his name was used without his authority, and that he never had an intention of joining a hotel nine, or any other not strictly amateur.

Enterprising though unprincipled hotel keepers who so use the names of school and college boys without permission should be dealt with summarily.

If we discover more offenders we shall start a black list for summer resort baseball managers.

The Warren playing on the Newton Athletic Association team is not the Brown man.

Considering the efforts making for wholesome athletics at institutions of every class, it is somewhat remarkable that the faculties of Manhattan and Fordham colleges should continue to tolerate the semi-professionalism which everywhere else is being stamped out. There is a movement at each of these colleges to promulgate a four year eligibility rule, but a rule more urgently needed is one that will protect their teams from men who during vacation seriously offend the ethics of amateur sport.

There is genuine thanksgiving among Harvard *alumni* and collegiate sportsmen generally over the announcement that Harvard has abolished the so called "summer practice" of her football candidates, and will not begin work before her men return for the regular opening of the autumn term, September 20.

Three years ago preliminary football training was found to exert a demoralizing influence on teams, and forthwith abandoned by Harvard, Yale, and Princeton. Pennsylvania was the only university of the first class (in football) which persisted in the practice, and men competent to judge declare it has done her teams more harm than good. Apart entirely from the ethics of the question, preliminary practice is voted by experts to be valueless. Ethically, the friends of wholesome sport have opposed it on the ground that to board and lodge men under such conditions is to introduce into college sport an element of professionalism.

This year there were renewed demands from some irresponsible Harvard quarters for "summer practice", but wiser counsel has predominated, and Harvard will develop her team without such extraneous and professionalizing aids.

Neither Yale nor Princeton will give their teams a preliminary training season. Of Pennsylvania's intentions for '97 we have not been advised. If we ventured an opinion, however, it would be that Pennsylvania had probably finally learned the lesson taught by the '95 "summer practice," and repeated in '96, and will also abandon the practice, which from every view point is unprofitable.

Lafayette continues to be an offender in this direction.

Publication of the tabulated National Lawn-tennis summary is again postponed a week.

Caspar Whitney

"AMERICAN GAME BIRDS."—By Gordon Trumbull.—90 Illustrations.—8vo, Cloth, Extra, Gilt Top, $2 50.—Harper & Brothers.

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BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

In Albuminuria, Uraemic Poisoning, and Nausea of Pregnancy. A Veritable Antidote to Albuminuria of Bright's Disease.

Dr. Wm. A. Hammond,
Surgeon-General (retired) U. S. Army, formerly Professor of Diseases of the Mind and Nervous System in the University of New York, etc., Hammond's Sanitarium, Washington, D. C.:

"I have used

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

in the ALBUMINURIA of PREGNANCY WITH REMARKABLE EFFECT. When taken in large quantities its influence in such cases is unmistakably beneficial. In one case of PUERPERAL MANIA it was a powerful adjunct to the other means used to effect a cure."

Dr. W. H. Doughty,
Professor of Materia Medica and Therapeutics, Medical College of Georgia:

"OVER THE NAUSEA and VOMITING OF PREGNANCY, particularly in the latter months, where URAEMIC conditions are possibly established, and IN PUERPERAL CONVULSIONS, URAEMIA co-existing,

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

OFTEN EXERTS MARKED CONTROL."

Dr. Caleb Winslow,
Baltimore, Member of the Medical and Chirurgical Faculty of Maryland:

"I have found the

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

of marked service in RELIEVING THE NAUSEA of PREGNANT WOMEN. I FREQUENTLY RESORT TO IT AT INTERVALS DURING THE WHOLE COURSE of PREGNANCY. Being anti-acid, diuretic, and tonic, it seems WELL ADAPTED TO RELIEVE the DISTURBANCE usually ATTENDANT UPON GESTATION, and I have no doubt its free use MIGHT REMOVE URAEMIC POISON, and PREVENT CONVULSIONS produced thereby."

Dr. M. L. James,
Richmond, Virginia, Emeritus Professor of Practice of Medicine, Medical College of Virginia,

reported to the Richmond Academy of Medicine "a case of CONGESTION OF THE KIDNEYS to a lady eight months advanced in PREGNANCY, attended by marked OEDEMA, and by URAEMIC POISONING to such an extent as VERY SERIOUSLY IMPAIRED her VISION, RELIEVED by the FREE USE of this WATER for THREE WEEKS. Other remedies were used in these cases, but the FAVORABLE RESULTS SEEMED CLEARLY ATTRIBUTABLE to the ACTION OF THE WATER."

Dr. Wm. H. Drummond,
Professor of Medical Jurisprudence Bishop's University, Montreal, Canada:

"In the Acute and Chronic Nephritis of Gouty and Rheumatic Origin, as well as to the graver ALBUMINURIA of PREGNANCY, I have found

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

to act as a VERITABLE ANTIDOTE, AND I KNOW OF NO OTHER NATURAL AGENT POSSESSING THIS IMPORTANT QUALITY."

Dr. Preston Roane,
of Winston, N. C.:

"In a case of almost total Suppression of Urine, in a woman in the LATTER STAGES OF GESTATION, WITH strong THREATENINGS OF CONVULSIONS, after exhausting, without effect, the most potent diuretics of the *materia medica*, I put her upon the

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

half a gallon a day, which produced a copious action of the kidneys, followed by relief of the alarming symptoms. I ATTRIBUTE THE SAFE TERMINATION ENTIRELY TO THE USE OF THIS WATER."

Dr. James B. McCaw,
of Richmond, Va., Emeritus Professor Medical College of Virginia, etc.,

before the Richmond, Va., Academy of Medicine, spoke of the "GREAT VALUE of

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

in ALBUMINURIA of Pregnancy."

Dr. Hervey L. Byrd,
of Baltimore, Md., President and Professor of Obstetrics and diseases of Women and Children, in the Baltimore Medical College:

"I have prescribed

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

with the most satisfactory results, both as a remedy and prophylactic in the PARTURIENT or PREGNANT condition, for the relief of troublesome vomiting and the PREVENTION OF PUERPERAL ECLAMPSIA or CONVULSIONS."

Dr. Henry Carpenter,
of Lancaster, Pa.: "I have found

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

HIGHLY EFFICACIOUS IN URAEMIC POISONING supervening confinement."

Dr. Geo. M. Miltenberger,
Professor of Obstetrics, University of Maryland:

before the Medical and Chirurgical Faculty of Maryland, 1886, recommended

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

as a diuretic in ALBUMINURIA OF PREGNANCY."

Dr. R. R. Ball,
Captain and Assistant Surgeon U. S. Army, Fort Townsend, Washington,

reports a case of Puerperal Eclampsia, in the "New York Medical Journal" of Nov. 18, 1893: " " " "The URAEMIC SYMPTOMS continuing, the patient was put upon

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

ad libitum; no other water allowed. About three quarts were drunk daily at first. The urine increased in quantity by next day, color improved, quantity of urea increased to three hundred grains. Head symptoms improved. No medicine was given except to keep the bowels open. This Water was depended upon wholly to increasing quantities. At the end of six weeks the patient was to good condition, and her urinary functions were almost normal. She then decided to go off for a visit to a neighboring public resort, to order to try the effect of a chalybeate water, said to have proved excellent to kidney troubles. One week's sojourn there produced such discomfort, constant headache, puffing around the ankles, and general malaise that she returned. Examination showed that the urine was only THIRTY-TWO OUNCES in TWENTY-FOUR HOURS; ALBUMIN ONE-QUARTER PER CENT.; SOME CASTS; UREA, TWO HUNDRED AND SIXTY GRAINS. The patient was placed upon the former treatment, with IMMEDIATE IMPROVEMENT in EVERY WAY. The water was gradually increased until urea showed five hundred grains in twenty-four hours, and seventy-five to eighty ounces of water passed daily. The patient then rapidly convalesced and MADE A COMPLETE RECOVERY."

Geo. Halsted Boylend, M.A., M.D.,
of Paris, Doctor of Medicine of the Faculty of Paris, in the "New York Medical Journal," Aug. 31, 1895, says:

"There is no remedy so ABSOLUTELY SPECIFIC IN ALL FORMS of ALBUMINURIA and BRIGHT'S DISEASE, whether ACUTE or CHRONIC, as

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

Spring No. 2, accompanied by a milk diet. IN ALL CASES OF PREGNANCY where ALBUMEN is found in the urine as late as the last week before confinement, if this water and a milk diet are prescribed, the ALBUMEN DISAPPEARS RAPIDLY from the URINE, and the PATIENT HAS A POSITIVE GUARANTEE AGAINST PUERPERAL CONVULSIONS."

E. C. Laird, M.D.,
Resident Physician Buffalo Lithia Springs:

"In the NAUSEA and VOMITING, URAEMIC POISONING, and ALBUMINURIA of PREGNANCY, I know of nothing to compare with

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

So uniformly gratifying has been my experience with this agent that it has long been my habit to prescribe it as a PROPHYLACTIC, as well as a most potent remedy THROUGH ALL THE STAGES OF GESTATION, and to this I attribute the fact that in a practice of well-nigh twenty years I have had but one death from PUERPERAL ECLAMPSIA. The women of the adjacent country who make use of the waters are notably free from the disturbances and dangers incident to this period."

Dr. T. Griswold Comstock,
of St. Louis, Mo.:

"I have made use of

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

in gynaecological practice in women suffering from ACUTE URAEMIC CONDITIONS, with results, to say the least, very favorable."

Dr. William B. Towles,
Professor of Anatomy and Materia Medica in the Medical Department of the University of Virginia:

"The effects of

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

ARE MARKED IN CAUSING A DISAPPEARANCE OF ALBUMEN from the URINE."

Dr. James Shelton,
formerly, for more than forty years, Resident Physician at the Buffalo Lithia Springs:

"In a practice of a half-century at and near the Buffalo Lithia Springs, I have noted among the women of the surrounding country who make habitual use of the mineral waters almost entire exemption from the discomforts and serious disturbances of Pregnancy, which I ascribe to two causes: first, the power of the waters to ELIMINATE URAEMIC POISON, thus PREVENTING the not unfrequent sequelae Puerperal Eclampsia, or Convulsions; and, secondly, to its nerve-tonic properties, which give support and strength to the NERVOUS SYSTEM at a time when it is severely taxed; and, what is not less important, the use of the water by the mother during this period insures healthful, vigorous offspring. In the NAUSEA of the latter months of pregnancy, ESPECIALLY WHEN DEPENDENT UPON URAEMIC conditions, its action is exceedingly happy."

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ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT IN THE "CITY RECORD," commencing on the 17th day of August, 1897, and continuing thereon consecutively for nine (9) days thereafter, of the confirmation by the Board of Revision and Correction of Assessments, and the entering by the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments, etc., of the following assessments:

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ASHLEY P. STICH, Comptroller,
City of New York, Finance Department, Comptroller's Office, August 27, 1897.

NOTICE.—Estimates for preparing for and building a new Bulkhead Structure on the pier at the foot of East One Hundred and Twelfth Street, Harlem River, Contract 604, and for preparing for and building a new wooden Pier, with appurtenances, at the foot of East One Hundred and Twelfth Street, Harlem River, contract 605, will be received by the Department of Docks at Pier "A," Battery Place, N. R., until 12:30 o'clock A. M., September 17th, 1897. For particulars see *City Record*.

NOTICE.—Estimates for furnishing Sawed Yellow Pine Timber, Contract 607, and for Repairing Platform at Seventh Avenue, Harlem River, Contract No. 606, will be received by the Department of Docks at Pier "A," Battery Place, N. R., until 12:30 o'clock A. M., September 10, 1897. For particulars see *City Record*.

ATTENTION is called to the advertisement now published in the *City Record* for the construction of a bridge over the Harlem River between 138th Street and 3d Avenue and 139th Street and Willis Avenue, bids to be opened on Thursday, September 16th, 1897, at 10 o'clock M., by the Commissioner of Public Works.

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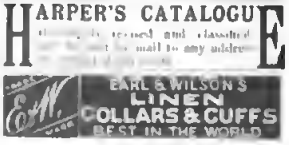

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1897.

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THE BOSS IN LEGISLATION.

MR. REED, who is likely to be Speaker of the House of Representatives whenever the Republicans have a majority in that body, is one of the products of bad political conditions. He is a clever, but not a thoughtful man. In essential things he accepts the policies and principles that exist, and questions only the methods of their application. He came into Congress after the legislative branch of the government had undertaken tasks that were beyond its strength and contrary to the spirit of the democratic form of government, and when its tendency was clearly in the direction of usurping more and more of the functions of the administrative branch of the government, of the States, and of society. Instead of inquiring whether this tendency was well or ill for the body politic, he accepted it as he found it, assumed that it should be energized and its operations hastened, and inquired only as to the best method of making it move more swiftly. In most respects his task was an easy one. Given the proposition that the main concern of the Legislature is the transaction of business, and that rapidity and promptness of action and abundant production are the great legislative virtues, it is clear that deliberation and debate must cease, and that the control of the business of law-making must be placed in the hands of a few, or, better still, of one masterful man. In other words, Mr. REED's conception of the functions of the Legislature is a conception of our times, the outcome and growth from the spirit in which nearly if not quite all political action is governed—simply the application to the business of Congress of the methods by which men like QUAY and PLATT and CROKER control the sources of political power.

The country is to be congratulated, in the first place, that Mr. REED is an honest man. As the WEEKLY has already said, much to the annoyance, apparently, of some newspapers that are still smarting under the result of the trial of the main issue of 1884, a corrupt Speaker exercising Mr. REED's power would have availed himself of opportunities which would have thus created more odious scandals than have ever yet disgraced Congress, disgraceful as some of its scandals have been. Mr. REED is an honest man, and, fortunately for the country, he does not sell legislation or rulings. If, however, the boss continues to be the source of legislation at Washington, and the successors of Mr. REED continue to be clothed with the power which he wields, not only the possibilities but the probabilities of the Speaker's rule are terrifying. For then only one man need be corrupted, while the party passions of that one man may not be tempered nor the injustices of his prejudices prevented by the opportunities for reflection afforded by the old fashioned practice of deliberation and debate.

Aside from the Speaker's personal character, what has been accomplished under Mr. REED'S theory and practice? In the first place, the Speaker has made the House of Representatives contemptible. There is nothing in Mr. REED's theory, unless it be the assumption that representative government has broken down and is a failure. There was a good deal to support an argument in behalf of this assumption in the incompetency of the Congresses which preceded Mr. REED's first Speakership. But Mr. REED has done nothing to remedy that incompetency. He has not even suggested a remedy. He has simply put himself in the place of the House, and has made its members registers of his will. In time this will naturally make the House even more incompetent than it has been thus far, because intelligent men will refuse to become members of a body that is no unthinking, obedient machine, completely under the control of the man whom it has made its Speaker. Even now the Washington newspaper correspondents recognize the unimportance of ordinary members of Congress by rather ostentatiously declining to regard them as valuable sources of information. The House is no more competent than it was when it wasted its time and the country's patience in inconsequential debate or in exasperating tactics of obstruction, except as the Speaker sometimes compels it to act on measures of which he approves. Mr. REED has shown that the members are of no importance, in his opinion, and if his rule is right, the sooner the tasks of legislation are included among the executive powers, so they are in Russia and Turkey, the franker, if not the better, government we shall have.

Has Mr. REED's rule demonstrated that under it legislation is better than it was under the old system? The three worst laws which Congress has passed for many years, the three that stand out most prominently for their crudeness and for the embodiment of evils, are the SHERMAN act and the MCKINLEY and DINGLEY tariff laws. All of these were enacted under the Speakership of Mr. REED. When the SHERMAN act was passed he was hoping for the Presidential nomination, and was coquetting with the silver men by posing as a bimetallist. His chosen representative on the floor of the House, Mr. MCKINLEY, was the most ardent advocate of the measure. The MCKINLEY tariff bill was rushed through the House by Mr. REED, and even Republican amendments were refused admission. The Speaker is also responsible for the DINGLEY bill, and it affords an example of one of the inevitable evils attending legislation without deliberation. We refer, of course, to the provision, discovered after the passage of the act, imposing a ten per-cent. discriminating duty on imports coming to the United States over the railroads of Canada or other contiguous countries. Mr. REED confesses that the provision "slipped into" the bill without being noticed by him who has charged himself with full responsibility for all legislation; and the "slipping in" of provisions which, by reason of their corruption or otherwise, would not get in if the bill were debated, may be accepted as the inevitable consequence of legislation by decree of the Speaker. In other words, Mr. REED has assumed a task that no human being can properly perform.

Mr. REED is responsible for the failure of the House of Representatives to pass any measure reforming the currency. As leader of the minority in 1893 and 1894 he stood in the way of Mr. CLEVELAND, and as Speaker in 1895 and 1896 he prevented the passage of measures for the needed relief of the Treasury. He has shown extraordinary power over the present House, having kept it from the transaction of any business whatever except the passage of the DINGLEY bill, although the President requested immediate action on his message recommending the appointment of a currency commission. It is true that he has prevented the discussion of many bad measures, and perhaps their enactment, but the experience of the country under the old system has been that, in the main, discussion decreases the chances of bad bills and helps good bills.

Mr. REED's effort to reform legislation by making the House a business body for the purpose of recording the will of the Speaker has sadly broken down. There is great need of legislative reform, but it cannot be satisfied by transforming the Speakership into a dictatorship. If representative government is a failure, and we are for from being prepared to agree with Mr. REED on this point, let us not maintain it as a farce. At any rate, we have had enough of the boss in legislation, for we have found him as inefficient as Congress itself ever was, much less reasonable, while the danger of error in the construction of laws is greatly multiplied by the absence of debate.

RUSSIA AND TURKEY.

THE powers have apparently agreed that the Turk shall evacuate Greece, when the revenues of the kingdom, so far as they are involved in the payment of the war indemnity to Turkey and of the interest to the holders of old bonds, are placed under their control. This fortifies the Turk in Europe. He is safe from attack from the Balkans, and if the enemy to the south, the enemy that might make trouble in Macedonia, is placed under the tutelage of the powers, Turkey has a pleasant future that will last until Russia is ready.

When Russia will be ready no one knows, not even the Czar. The diplomacy of the great barbarian, who looks to have, one day, the predominance in the West as well as in the East, is of the slow moving kind. Just at present its concern is the pacification of Europe, and therefore it is the friend of all the powers, with the possible exception of Great Britain. But whatever hostilities are to be the outcome of Russian policy, or whatever the eventual consequences of her forward movement, Russia is content to wait, and while she waits, the Sultan is comparatively safe.

He has, it is true, to face the danger of murder. That, however, is a personal danger. Under existing conditions he would be succeeded by another Sultan. So long as eastern Europe is under the control of its present rulers, so long as France is willing to tie herself to Russia in the vain hope of acquiring Alsace and Lorraine, so long, in a word, as the popular voice of liberal Europe is stifled so long may Russia maintain the Sultan on his European throne, while she creeps steadily westward as well as eastward. But while it is the fashion to predict that Russia will succeed in establishing its great empire and in dominating European civilization, the people of civilized Europe are yet to be reckoned with. Will they permit the barbarian to dominate? Will it not be the worse for the rulers if they attempt to permit it?

LOGICAL POLITICS.

THERE is a Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals to be elected this fall in the State of New York. The height of control to which the machine has attained in our politics is illustrated by the fact that the machines of the two parties are agreed that they will not ask the views of the members of their respective parties as to the best men for candidates for this important position. They will make the nominations themselves without going through the form of calling conventions.

It is true that this is not an unusual exercise of power on the part of the machine. Time and time again the State Committee of each party has made the principal judicial nominations. The power to do so is usually granted to the committee by the convention which selects its members. There has been no criticism, so far as we are aware, of the practice. It has been accepted as proper because judiciary nominations do not excite general interest among the people, and especially among the spoils politicians. But if the State Committee, which is the machine, which is really the "boss," exercises the right to nominate judges, why should it not exercise the right to make all nominations? Is it not the nature of the machine to extend its jurisdiction and to strengthen its grasp upon power? Has it ever been known to surrender any functions that it has grabbed or usurped, or that have been granted to it? Is it not possible, then, that eventually the machine will extend its power to make nominations, and from simply nominating judges come to name all candidates?

It does that now, in truth. Strictly speaking, last year's convention had no more right to grant to this year's State Committee the power to nominate candidates for Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals than they had to make the nominations themselves. They had only the right to make last year's nominations. That was the extent of the power conferred upon them by their constituents. But as they did not really represent their supposed constituents, and did represent their respective "bosses," they did what the "bosses" commanded. Conventions are mere dummies. In the present state of politics they might as well be abolished. Indeed they might better be abolished, because they simply serve to divert responsibility. The "boss" alone has the power, and he should alone bear the responsibility. Therefore the method of nominating judges by State Committees to whom an authority has been given by the voters of their parties is a step in the logical direction. The "boss" should make all nominations by decree. Then we should have frankly and openly the state of things that exists in politics to-day under certain thin disguises.

SEX PREPONDERANCE IN DIVORCE.

THESE "suggestive figures" are given in a recent issue of the Cleveland *Leader*: "Of the 876 divorce cases instituted in the Common Pleas Court of this county during the year ending July 1, only ninety five were begun by men. In 781 cases the wife was the plaintiff." In the opinion of the *Leader* these figures prove, "if they prove anything, that women are, as a rule, better than men," or that men are the "worse offenders" against the laws of civilized marriage, since "desertion, drunkenness, cruelty, and neglect," of which husbands are guilty much oftener than wives, are the commonest grounds on which divorce suits are brought. Were this sex preponderance in divorce reversed, the *Leader* suggests that "there might be stronger and better grounds" for the reform demanded in easy divorce laws.

While the divorce figures given by the *Leader* for its own locality are exceptional, the sex preponderance shown in them has been long established. The special Congressional investigation

of the subject of divorce in the United States, under the act of 1887, covered the period from 1867 to 1886. The report, prepared under the supervision of CARROLL D. WRIGHT, has this to say on sex preponderance: "In the proportion of nearly two to one it is the wife receiving a divorce rather than the husband," cruelty, desertion, and drunkenness being named in the report as among the principal causes for which divorces are sought. In this connection the comment of so conservative an authority as the late THEODORE D. WOOLSEY should be noted, that "cruelty and drunkenness, which are the offences for the most part of the husband, render the wife's state of life intolerable." Again, the Rev. S. W. DIKE, who has devoted many years to the careful investigation of the subject, after speaking of the unsatisfactory character of many divorce statistics, says, "A special study of forty-five counties in twelve States, however, shows that drunkenness was a direct or indirect cause in 20.1 per cent. of 29,605 cases."

Because, however, a much larger number of women than men find the marriage relation "intolerable," to use Dr. WOOLSEY'S strong word, even in the exceptional preponderance noted by the Cleveland *Leader*, it by no means follows that "easy divorce" is an advantage to women. Greater restrictions would strengthen rather than impair the exercise of the right to a divorce in proper cases, since it would check the habit, noted by Dr. DIKE, of choosing this or that statutory cause because it seems "the easier or more congenial"—a habit which brings all causes into common contempt. On the other hand, the fact of the great preponderance of one sex among divorce applicants, and the reasons for it, have received far too little attention in popular discussion. It has a significance which has been carelessly lost sight of to a great extent.

PARKS AND PLAY-GROUNDS.

MR. JACOB RIIS'S lively article in the last number of the WEEKLY upon "Small Parks and Public-School Play-Grounds" may at first seem to pertain to New York alone. But it is not so. The question it raises and discusses is one which affects all large American cities, and will effect them more the more they grow. It is most urgent in New York on account of the populousness of the city, and especially on account of the topographical conditions which produce in the tenement-house districts of New York a congestion of population nowhere else equalled or approached. But it is coming up in the other large cities. Fortunate and wise are those cities which foresee it and provide for it in advance. For an anticipatory provision is far cheaper as well as far more effectual than the belated makeshifts to which New York has been compelled. Here the opening of breathing spaces and play-grounds involves the clearing of ground already occupied by buildings paying a high rental.

The clearing out of the rear tenements in New York would be a work of mercy, if not of necessity, even if the ground they occupy were to be left waste and empty. Much more is it a work of necessity when the ground is at once converted to most necessary public uses by being embellished and left for public recreation. No municipal measure could have been wiser than the appropriation of a million a year to convert slums and rookeries into small parks. It has already borne good fruit, and it is destined to bear more. But Mr. RIIS touches the point when he insists that the main use of the small park is that of a play-ground for children who have no other. It follows that it should be established in connection with the school-house. Here there is a legal difficulty to overcome, for the schools are under one jurisdiction and the small parks under another. This legal difficulty should be and doubtless will be removed. But even in advance of its removal very much can be done by voluntary co-operation upon the part of the two bodies between which the jurisdiction is divided.

In addition to that, or even without that, the Board of Education may do very much by recognizing that the play-ground is as necessary to public education as the recitation room. This it has begun to recognize, and, under the advice of its zealous and intelligent architect, it has come to recognize also that the complaint of want of room proceeds in great part from a failure to utilize what room there is. Looking down upon a modern city from a balloon, it would be seen that the roofs occupy, in the crowded districts, more room than the open spaces, including both the streets and the back yards, and very much more than the back yards alone. Yet the builders of tenement-houses and of school-houses have consented to waste this vast area, whereas it might be made available for the recreation of the inmates or the pupils, and "fleeing to the house-top" for air and coolness be as much the rule in an American city as in the cities of the Orient. In the newer school-houses, where space will not permit a play-ground, the area occupied by the building itself may be made available; but, in fact, a play-ground is a necessary adjunct both of a school and of a small park.

A corollary of this combination of schools and parks is the utilization of the school house, out of school hours, as a place of assemblage. This has been forcibly urged for New York by Professor NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER, and it would be a very great thing. He proposed that when the school-houses were not needed for their primary purpose they should be available for all purposes in which the neighborhood had a common interest—all meetings, that is to say, which were not political or religious. It is plain how much more livable such a provision would make the tenement-house districts. Perhaps it is not quite so obvious what an immense impetus such facilities would give to the development of civic life and public spirit, but a little reflection will show the vast extent of the possibilities opened in that direction. Ample provision of public meeting places and public play-grounds will conduce, as scarcely anything else will, to the safety, honor, and welfare of an American city with a polyglot population.

SPOILS AND STATESMANSHIP.

THE recent discomfiture of Senator WELLINGTON at the Republican State Convention of Maryland has attracted wide attention—deservedly so, for it conveys an exceedingly valuable lesson to young politicians. Maryland had long been a Democratic State. The Republicans carried it at the last State election in consequence of an uprising of the popular sentiment against the scandalous Democratic machine politics under the leadership of Senator GORMAN. This uprising of the moral sense of the community gave the Republicans a majority in the Legislature, by which Mr. WELLINGTON was elected to the United States Senate. No sooner did Mr. WELLINGTON find himself in that position of power than, strange to say, he forthwith began to adopt the very policy which had cost the Democratic party in Maryland its ascendency. He acted upon the assumption that it was the principal duty of a United States Senator, instead of devoting his mind and time and working force to the problems of public policy to be solved, to control the Federal patronage in his State and to reward his friends with offices. He conceived an exalted notion as to his "rights" and "prerogatives" in that respect, the emphatic assertion of which involved him unseemly quarrels with the national administration, not to speak of the heart-burnings and resentments he excited among disappointed constituents. But he expected to overawe the national administration as well as the malcontents among the Maryland Republicans by demonstrating at the State convention that he was the absolute master of his party in his State; and to the end of filling the State convention with his creatures, he resorted to means which might have excited the envy of Boss GORMAN himself. He opened the proceedings of the convention with overbearing words of command. But, lo! the command was promptly repelled and disobeyed by the majority. His discomfiture was complete, and considering the loftiness of his attitude but a moment before, his plight was almost ludicrously humiliating.

It may then have dawned upon the Senator that when the moral sense of the community rose up against Boss GORMAN it was not for the purpose of putting in his place Boss WELLINGTON, but to rid the State of machine rule as such, no matter what party label the machine might bear. He may have found a striking but to him by no means flattering confirmation of this in the fact related thus by a Baltimore newspaper: "The great thing on which the GORMAN people were relying to win back the independent Democrats was the cry that WELLINGTON was as much of a boss in the Republican party as GORMAN in the Democratic party. This cry has been absolutely taken away from them." In the bitterness of his disappointment the thought may have occurred to him how different his situation would be had he, instead of spending his time and strength in selecting and distributing patronage and in building up a political machine, dutifully devoted himself to an earnest study of those public problems upon which as a Senator he has to act—questions concerning the tariff, or the monetary system, or our foreign relations, or methods of administration—and had he thus enabled himself to win the influence and the prestige of a competent and wise legislator—in one word, had he endeavored to become, not a mere spoils-monger, but a statesman. He would then, instead of diverting the victorious revolt against machine politics from its true object, have, as its leader, availed himself of its moral upset to carry out necessary reforms in city and State, and to make his party a fit instrument for the promotion of good government. He would have stood before the convention not as the chief of a lot of ward heelers, but as a public man commanding the power of general respect and the good wishes of the best part of the community. He would have come out of that convention not as a baffled wire-puller and a humiliated pretender, but as a party leader in the best sense of the term, increasing the moral and numerical strength of his party by the very fact of his leadership. "Look here upon this picture, and on this!"

It has been said by some newspapers that Mr. WELLINGTON failed so promptly and ignominiously in his pretensions because he was only a tyro at the boss trade, because he played his cards too openly and defiantly, and because he was too impatient in proclaiming his dictatorship. Had he been more experienced, we are told, and more wary, he might have maintained himself in his position of power for an indefinite time. It is, indeed, true that Mr. WELLINGTON reached out for that dictatorship with a juvenile dash and assurance unusually calculated to provoke resentment and rebuke. But even had his downfall been postponed, it would at last have come, and the final result would have been the same. There would have been at the close of his career the same dreary retrospect of squandered opportunities for good service and of power misused for evil ends, of a public life that should have been devoted to the high business of the statesman spent in miserable deals and mischievous schemings for the benefit of the most selfish elements and the encouragement of the worst tendencies in our politics. It is perhaps most fortunate for Senator WELLINGTON that this reverse should have overtaken him at an early period of his Senatorial term, for if he understands this drastic admonition he still has time to turn his abilities to uses honorable to himself and beneficial to his constituents and to the country at large.

There is, in fact, no example in our political history of a public man who sought to build up his power mainly on the foundation of patronage, and who then left a record behind him which any self-respecting person would covet. Even the shrewdest and most successful of them, who maintained themselves longest, after all flourished only for a time, and then usually perished as the victims of the same practices by which they had risen—in some cases in a manner most disastrous to their fortunes as well as their reputations. Young men of political ambition should carefully study the career of the "bosses" who in their days seemed to wield almost unlimited power, supported by the noisy devotion of organized bands of henchmen and apparently able to defy any opposition. The conclusion of such study will uniformly be that the position won by those bosses in their country's history and the fame achieved by them are just the kind of distinction which a man of honorable ambition would not have.

But while there are no examples of a boss leaving an enviable record behind him, there have been striking instances of men of superior gifts and of fine promise of public usefulness and high distinction being ruined by indulgence in spoils politics. The people of the State not many years ago witnessed a catastrophe of this kind which was especially melancholy and instructive. It was the sudden collapse of the public career of the late ROSCOE CONKLING. It would be doing Mr. CONKLING'S memory great injustice to put him on a level with such men as PLATT, QUAY, and GORMAN. He was very much their superior in ability as well as in character. Notwithstanding his peculiar weaknesses and eccentricities, which were apt to warp his judgment and to distort his eloquence, he had the elements of genuine power in him. Had he devoted his time and energy less to the building up of party organization through patronage, and more to the study and treatment of those public questions which form the real object of statesmanship, he would have become one of the most useful men of the day, and closed his career as brilliantly as he had begun it. He was drawn into the vortex of spoils politics, and was swallowed up by it. He perished through a miserable squabble about a collectorship—a catastrophe all the more painful to a proud man as it had a flavor of the ridiculous. His colleague, Mr. PLATT, revived after a while, and sustained himself by a novel system of political blackmail. This is now rapidly spending its charm, and unless all the signs of the times deceive, his collapse is near at hand, to leave an especially sulphurous smell behind it, and to add his name to the instructive list of warning examples.

CARL SCHURZ.

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"CHANGE ALLEY," THE NEW PLAY AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE, NEW YORK.
Written by Louis N. Parker and Murray Carson, and performed by E. H. Sothern and his Company. Scene in the Fury Tavern, in Act I.—[See Page 993.]

ENTRANCES AND EXITS—CORNER OF TREMONT AND PARK STREETS.

INTERIOR OF A STATION, SHOWING TICKET-OFFICE.

SECTION UNDER TREMONT STREET, SOUTH OF BOYLSTON STREET.

LOOKING OUT TOWARD PUBLIC GARDEN ENTRANCE.

BOSTON'S NEW SUBWAY FOR STREET-RAILWAY CARS.—[See Page 994.]

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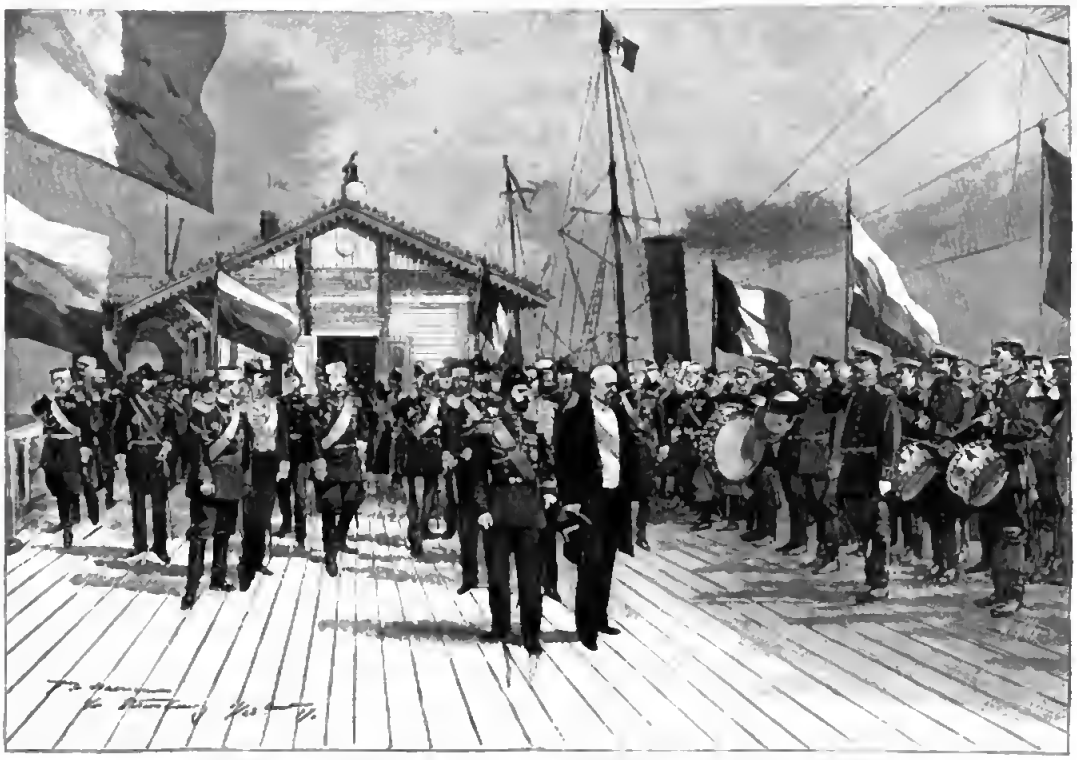

PRESIDENT FAURE'S VISIT TO RUSSIA—THE TSAR AND THE PRESIDENT AT THE QUAY AT PETERHOF.
The Field Music of the Guard playing the "Marseillaise"—From *L'Illustration*.—[See Page 933.]

HOLLYWOOD INN—THE NEW CLUB-HOUSE FOR WORKING MEN AT YONKERS, N. Y.—George Stiarett, Architect.

WILLIAM F. COCHRAN,
Donor of Hollywood Inn.

THE HOLLYWOOD INN.

To possess the ideal working man's club, which is an admitted advance on Toynbee Hall, on London's People's Palace, on all of the famous working men's homes of Germany, and on everything in this country, is no small achievement. Yet no less than this is claimed for Hollywood Inn, just opened in the city of Yonkers, New York. This city adjoins the city of New York. Its population of about 40,000 is made up almost entirely of mill operatives, their families, and the small traders who cater to them, and of New York business men.

A few years ago a society of young men in one of the churches started a reading-room. The object was church extension, the method something designed to veil it. It had the experience of most of such attempts to inculcate religion while making believe to do something else. It failed. The society then abandoned indirect evangelization and became a purely social club. Its visitors grew so numerous that it was unable to bear the financial burden. Some public-spirited men paid its debts, and introduced a pool-table and a restaurant. These made it practically self-supporting, the number of visitors, drawn from the large working population, reaching at certain seasons of the year as many as 3000 per week.

Observing the character of the work, Mr. William F. Cochran, a gentleman whose benefactions to Yonkers are by no means limited to the instance here described, offered to erect a club house for the

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has provided the sum of $3000 would be guaranteed for a period of three years as a maintenance fund. This guarantee fund was soon raised by citizens of Yonkers. A board of trustees was organized with the Rev. James E. Freeman, rector of St. Andrew's Memorial Church, as chairman. A commanding site in Getty Square, the business center of the city, was chosen, and on Labor day last year the corner stone of the building was laid. Then the donor and the chairman of the board of trustees went to Europe and examined all similar clubs there. Returning, they modelled Hollywood Inn after none of them, but took what they considered the best points of all of them.

The result is a handsome stone and brick structure, an ornament to the city, finished inside with every comfort and appointment. On the first floor a large reading room and library fronts the square. It is open to the general public, which may come here to read, and its books may be taken home by members and their families. The library contains nearly 15,000 volumes. On the same floor, in the rear, and facing the side street, is the club room, filled with easy chairs, and furnished with piano, a large fireplace, and plenty of newspapers. Adjoining is a lunch room, where everything is well cooked and well served, but inexpensive.

On the floors above are separate gymnasiums for men and for boys, both equally complete. There are also separate club rooms for men and for boys and rooms in which classes will be formed for instruction in the occupations in which members are engaged during the day. The aim is to help fit men men for such positions as offer in the ranks of the city, and to enable men already holding such positions to add to their knowledge of their trades in order to deserve advancement. In the very centre of the building, and occupying two of the stories, is the assembly hall. The ceiling is panelled in dark wood, and the walls are frescoed. There are seats for five hundred. Here are to be given entertainments of all kinds, for members and their families.

In the basement are the billiard room and the baths. The former is said to be the largest in the State of New York, and the latter is fitted with every possible convenience. Baths also adjoin the gymnasiums, and there are separate sets for men and for boys. Indeed, the boy is never forgotten, nor compelled to put up with quarters inferior to those allotted to the men.

Membership in the Hollywood Club is open to all working men. The dues are six dollars per year for men and three dollars per year for boys, and these sums may be paid in instalments. Dues include everything except each in the pool games, bowling at the restaurant and in attendance at the educational classes. They include also a specified number of free tickets to the entertainments in Assembly Hall. Already a very large number of membership tickets have been taken up. The club-rooms, lately vacated for the new building, were floors above stores, and during the winter season were sufficiently well patronized to make the club self supporting. Hence no doubt is felt that the club will be able in its new quarters, to pay its own way during most of the year without drawing upon its guarantee maintenance fund. It is estimated that the number of visitors during the year will reach 200,000 or 250,000.

The aim of the Hollywood Inn is to form a bridge between the world and the church, although inside the Inn, or in connection with its work, the church end of the "bridge" is never to be mentioned. Incidentally it is a competitor of the saloon. Its social attractiveness is as subtle, its lights as bright and its gilt as glittering. Yet it has none of the evils of the saloon, but in its place an educational advantage open not alone to the working man, but to his wife, his son, his daughter, his relatives.

FOREIGN NOTES

FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW

Berlin, August 22, 1897

THE farmers are the aristocrats of Germany. They own the land and they fill most of the offices in and out of the army. There will be a fight next year between these and the industrial elements of the country to determine whether the landlords shall or shall not tax the rest of their fellow countrymen for the benefit of their special industry—that is to say, the agrarians propose to discourage, if not prohibit, the use of American breadstuffs in order to force the people of Germany to buy German food at higher prices.

With as the aristocracy has been of the opposite character—manufacturers who have sought to maintain high prices for their products by placing heavy taxes upon manufactured articles from other countries.

The Prussian agrarians recently concluded that the Produce Exchange in Berlin was the cause of their agricultural depression, so they got the government to pass regulations regarding brokerage in grain so onerous that the members of the Exchange decided that it was not worth their while to keep their legal meeting-place open. They dissolved the Berlin Produce Exchange and hired a room across the way, where they transacted business, and so conveniently, but more tolerably than under the proposed restrictions, that even this home substitute for a well-organized produce exchange excited the displeasure of the government and it was declared illegal as not having first obtained police permission. The triumph of the farmer aristocracy was now complete, and they looked for an immediate beginning of good times from having so they fancied, done away with the hated broker or middle man.

What was, however, their surprise in discovering that they had only bitten off their noses to spite their faces? They had now no official quotations, and consequently each farmer was forced to accept the price current of his own neighborhood, and usually was at the mercy of a local dealer who was not bound by any rules excepting such as he made himself. The broker meanwhile transacted business with his fellow brokers from office to office, by post or telephone, with the great advantage that he no longer was subject to the government tax or police meddling. The only loser has been the agrarian, and the government is naturally furious at being beaten with its own weapons.

This story is interesting because of its wide applicability. It may soothe the feelings of that large class of citizens who run to the government for assistance whenever they are forced to suffer the consequences of over production or absence of industrial foresight. In parenthesis let us note that the agrarians of Germany like the Hayseeds of the West, are mostly in favor of paying their debts in silver rather than gold.

It is a dreadful thing to live in such strained relations with our neighbors that history dares not discuss what happened more than a century ago. It is hard to imagine any secrets between Americans and English dating so far back, excepting such as relate to spies and loyalists. But in Prussia the government does not allow the political testament of Frederick the Great to be published, because of language therein which is calculated to offend Austrian and Russian sensibilities. History writing in Germany is difficult only as regards Germany history. No German has yet written a fair history of his own country, and if a reason is sought, it may be found by reference to the powers who have forbidden the publication of my mighty state papers as the farewell address of Prussia's greatest king. It was with some surprise that a few months ago I was refused access to the correspondence of Queen Luise, who died eighty seven years ago, and whose influence upon the history of her country was singularly beneficent and powerful. My case, I discovered, was not singular, for eminent German professors had been denied as well. I can imagine no reason for this secrecy excepting that the government desires nothing published that shall detract from the pretended greatness of the present Emperor's ancestors.

The Frenchman is not individually a more fair minded or scholarly man than the German, yet Frenchmen have contributed infinitely more to the world's knowledge of French history than has been done for Germany by the scholars of the latter land.

At one time I was inclined to think that our pension list was the grandest swindle that could be legally foisted upon a long suffering body of tax payers. It did seem pretty bad that thirty years after the close of our great civil war we should suddenly vote millions upon millions for claimants most of whom had not the right to ask anything of the government. But bad as is our pension list, it is one that must in the course of years become rational, and represents, after all, only waste of a definite sum of money. Germany, however, adopts the policy of providing civil employment to her worn out soldiers—that is to say, she is not willing to give them money and let them retire, but she offers them small salaried posts so long they have it in their power to do an amount of mischief infinitely greater than could be repaired by the saving in pensions. The huge military establishment maintained here turns off every year a large number of officers and men who are entitled by law to be cared for at the public expense. These are pushed into positions as postmasters, railway clerks, express agents, tax collectors. The thrifty Frederick the Great inaugurated this policy from motives of economy, and also from a belief that no one but a soldier could be trusted. In early times the business of a postmaster was as exclusively limited to effecting rapid communication by means of post horses that a retired cavalry officer was by no means a bad man for such position in general. Nowadays however, steam and electricity make upon postal and railway officials demands which only special training in these branches can satisfy.

I remember hearing Professor W. G. Sumner, of Yale, in a discussion of free labor versus slave labor, declare that the most improved American machinery handled by our best mechanics in the market place of American labor, would have built the Great Wall of China or the Suez Canal more cheaply, more rapidly and more substantially than was done in these cases by what is supposed to be the cheapest of all cheap labor.

I think the same professor would demonstrate that if Germany would to-day place her railway and postal interests in the hands of high priced, efficient officials she would, in the economic advantages accruing to the whole country, not only be able to give handsome pensions to her worn out soldiers, but make a handsome profit into the bargain. It seems inevitable that monarchical governments should encourage the widest possible extension of bureaucracy or official rule, especially if those officials have been drilled to passive obedience as soldiers. Kings and emperors cannot know much of political economy, and if they did they would no doubt still conclude that the national wealth of a country was of small importance compared to security against revolution. This is, no doubt, one reason why the German government encourages the extension of official activity to every possible branch of human industry. At the same time, an official finds no particular encouragement towards inventing labor saving machinery or devising means of doing work rapidly.

It would be a sad day when the United States government should imitate Germany to the extent of nationalizing railways. We suffer grave abuses at the hands of many transportation companies, and the individual States might do much more than they do now to protect the rights of passengers as well as those of the railways. But the example of Germany makes me feel that even with all we suffer we are better off economically than Germany in this respect, or, let me say, rather better than all continental Europe.

There is no town between any two of the great Continental cities that compares with the expresses joining a dozen or more American centres. Such cities as Berlin and Potsdam, in the matter of tram service, are level with third rate American towns. Aside from a few short runs, such as Berlin to Hamburg or Frankfort or Cologne, the German trains loaf along at a rate of speed little faster than that of a fast trotting horse. The stations are big, and beautiful, the conductors and station masters wear highly decorated uniforms, but there is much waste of time and rolling stock, and the authorities treat the travelling public much as a third class man treats the incoming plebes at West Point. When a German railway superintendent makes out his time table he expects it to last for three months. If any unexpected popular event should happen to call thousands of extra travellers over his lines, he is not pleased, as would be an American or English railway man, but is inclined to resent a disturbance of his preconceived notions of how his travelling public should behave. His salary has nothing whatever to do with the increase or diminution of railway travel, and he regards it as an impertinence when unexpected crowds buy tickets of him. It is a bold citizen who dares ask questions of a German station master. He does it with fear but in his heart and fully prepared for a snarling answer. Of course any one in uniform is most politely treated.

A beautiful American lady well known in the best social circles of New York and who is earning her living by hard work, was in Berlin recently and told me that she proposed going to jail on arrival home. Of course I expressed abundant surprise, whereupon she gave her views regarding the present custom house regulations, which by no means flattered the authors of our tariff. She said that she was accustomed to travel with abundant clothing and if any official pretended to dictate to an American woman whether she should be the owner of clothing worth either more or less than one hundred dollars she would go to jail rather than submit to such personal tyranny. She had been traversing the frontiers of every European country, and was indignant at the idea that she should find in her own country petty custom house regulations which would be regarded as antiquated by Russia or Spain.

POTTER BLOODGOOD.

MR. SOTHERN IN "CHANGE ALLEY."

IN casting about for an explanation of Mr. E. H. Sothern's choice of *'Change Alley* as the play for his new season, which opened in New York at the Lyceum Theatre on the night of September 6, one immediately thinks of the present fondness among actors and managers for sumptuous "productions." Mr. Sothern was evidently allured by the opportunities the piece presented for the making of fine stage pictures. Think of all the inadequate plays that have been forced into popularity by the luxurious manner in which they were staged! Sometimes it seems as if the play were no longer the thing, as if, indeed, it were the last thing thought of.

'Change Alley is a perfect example of this kind of drama. It might have been written around the five sets of scenery through which the piece moves, and around the costumes of the actors. There is no denying that the settings were all picturesque, that the scene in 'Change Alley was a fine reproduction of Hogarth's famous picture, that the costumes of the actors were accurately copied from the dress of the early eighteenth century, and were very beautiful. On the other hand, when the actors delivered their lines, the illusion was marred. But that, of course, was the play, and, as I here intimated, in *'Change Alley* the play was not the thing.

And yet, in writing this piece, Mr. Louis N. Parker had the co-operation of Mr. Murray Carson, an actor, and ever since Pinero and Augustus Thomas, and a few other ex actors, began to write successful plays, we have been told that a knowledge of stage *technique* is of the highest importance in dramatic construction. This means, of course, that the actor, knowing the value of situation, is bound in making a play to create as many situations, and as thrilling as he possibly can. *'Change Alley* certainly contains situations. There is a situation in the first act, in the tavern of The Fox, where young Christopher Heartright, played by Mr. Sothern, learns that he has inherited a fortune, and proceeds to fling gold coin all over the place. In the second act Heartright, now a "gentleman," gives a great banquet, and very beautifully it is managed, too—that is, the settings and the banquet table and the weird retinue of old servitors and a very beautiful picture the guests make as they trip to the table particularly the stately dowagers and sweet Celia Fallowfield, "a lady of quality," madly loved, of course, by her host. The cook disappoints them, and they have not much to eat but for all that they are merry, and they call for a speech from Heartright, who rises and explains that it is beautiful to be rich because you have money to give to the poor! Then they begin to talk about the great South Sea Company, and to cheer for it—and this is the first clear suggestion we receive that the hero is in the toils of the stupendous swindle. In other words, the pivotal episode of the piece seems merely incidental.

The third act, however, which passes in Sadlers Wells Gardens, is dramatic enough. Heartright, forced into a duel by the aged husband of a young woman who loves him but for whom he has never cared, allows himself to be wounded. The woman runs to help him; but, suddenly confronted by Celia, she is obliged to give him up. The wound proves to be by no means serious and it is forgotten toward the close of the act, when the news is brought to Heartright of the bursting of the South Sea Bubble, which means his own ruin. He receives it manfully enough, and turns to his friends for a word of sympathy. But not a word do they offer, instead, they all, literally, turn the cold shoulder to him—that is all but Celia, who gazes at him through tears. As soon as he leaves them, however, the astonished spectator learns that they were only speechless from grief, and that they are going to devise means for saving him!

Whatever plausibility may have been left in the drama at the close of the third act is, at the beginning of the fourth, thrown to the winds, and 'Change Alley, with its constant suggestion of Hogarth, becomes the scene of a series of wild acts in which the child innocent Celia, with the assistance of other faithful friends of the hero, tries to save his fortune by main force. The best that can be said of this act is that it has movement and color, and that in its concession to romantic mechanism it becomes absolutely sane. The last act, of course, brings the two lovers together in one of those unions that promise so beautifully for the happiness of both the young people because they are so utterly unprepared for it.

As the hero Mr. Sothern made a graceful and attractive figure, and in his lightest moments he acted with a great deal of charm. Throughout the piece, however, he never missed an opportunity to be almost weakly sentimental. Whenever he was called upon to express tenderness he would give the tone of his voice and speak in a way wholly different from his natural manner. Miss Harned had a rather thankless part in Celia, but she played it with genuinely artistic restraint and with delightful simplicity. Mr. Blackmore gave an excellent characterization of the old sailor, One Hundred and One, and Mr. Marshall Stedman presented in Sir Barely Standing the curious figure of an eighteenth-century fop.

JOHN D. BARRY.

THIS BUSY WORLD

SIR ISAAC HOLDEN, who died last month in England, attained his ninety first year, an exploit which has attracted the more attention because his old age was laborious, useful, and edifying, and because he was a delicate man with a system. He set out comparatively early in life to live as long as possible. In the matter of exercise his rule was to spend at least two hours a day in the open air, and it is told of him that on first going to work in his youth he agreed with his employer that instead of having a yearly vacation, he should have an hour every afternoon in which to take a walk. In the use of alcohol he was decidedly abstemious, yet not a total abstainer, and he smoked tobacco moderately. In diet his chief peculiarity was that he avoided bread, thinking it undesirable food for a person who wished to live long, because of its excessive starchiness and the amount of earthy matter that it left in the system. His chief foods in his later years were meats, soups, and fruits. He said, a few years ago, that for breakfast he ate a baked apple, an orange, about twenty grapes, and a biscuit made of bensinna, for mid day dinner about three ounces of beef or mutton, and sometimes a half-cupful of soup. When he ate fish, he took less meat. His supper was like his breakfast. He seems to have been somewhat precise as to the quantity of food he took, yet he was not a man who lived in a glass case or by invariable rules, for he was long a member of the House of Commons, and when over eighty years old he saw the sessions run at two, three, or four o'clock in the morning, and smoked long cigars in the smoking room. From what is recorded of his gastronomical preferences, it may be surmised that he would have made a congenial table companion for Pope Leo XIII.

One of the habits favorable to longevity not mentioned in connection with Sir Isaac Holden is to live within your income. It was not the four kinds of bread that he used to eat at breakfast that cut off Sir Walter Scott. It was debt. It would be interesting to know, if any statistician could compute it, by how much the average life of the present generation in this country has been shortened by the financial worries of the last four years.

The Boston Library explicitly denies the story lately circulated that it kept its anarchist and socialist literature under lock and key and declined to let readers have access to it. Mr. Lindsey Swift, of the Library staff, who was named as authority for this story, disclaims it with jeers and lamentations in a letter to *Time and The Hour*. Librarian Putnam also has been at the pains to deny it. The only books the Boston Library withholds from general readers are such as are conspicuously unfit for the perusal of young persons, and such as are of such exceptional value as to require special care.

The owners of property abutting on Copley Square in Boston have agreed in recommending to the city to change the street lines about the square in some particulars, and to put an octagonal grass plot in the centre of it. Another plan, which provided for a sunken garden with masonry, balustrades, and what is described as "monumental treatment," has failed as yet to find sufficient support to make its adoption probable. One of the objections to it is that it offers "appalling opportunities for sculpture," and that, of course, is an objection that any one can understand. Some day, however, when the generation that rejected the Bacchante rests in Mount Auburn, the sculpture will come, for Copley Square is a grand site for a statue, and a proper effigy of a proper person would do well there. And who would be the proper person? Adam? Possibly. Michael Angelo? No; no European. Julia Ward Howe? No, not Mrs. Howe, nor Theodore Parker, nor Charles Sumner, nor any modern now of record, but some giant, unborn or unsuspected, whose opportunity has not come yet.

A sensational rumor to the effect that M. Paderewski has had his hair cut and is learning to ride the bicycle has not been fully confirmed at this writing, but is not improbable. M. Paderewski is nobody's fool (as they say in New Hampshire), and has substantial claims to public consideration which are independent of such details as the length of his locks.

The young Prince of Teck, from whom Lenox seems to expect a visit, is twenty three years old, and is an officer of the 7th British Hussars. He is responsive to the name of Alexander Augustus Frederick William Alfred George. He was born in Kensington Palace. His mother is the daughter of the Duke of Cambridge, seventh son of King George III. His sister is the wife of the Duke of York.

The energies of the Nebraska branch of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union are reported to be engaged in an attempt to prevent the use of real weapons by the high school cadets in the State public schools. At present the State provides real muskets for the boys to drill with, but these ladies are said to maintain that the young men of the State should be taught peaceful methods of settling disputes, and that exercises with fire arms are not conducive to that sort of instruction. In this position, if it is really true that they have taken it, the Nebraska Christian Unionists seem to show themselves not quite up to the times. The modern idea of the use of trained soldiers is to prevent fighting and to compel the peaceful settlement of disputes. All Europe is armed, not for conquest or to bring about the rule of the sword, but for fear some one may commit a breach of the peace. When there is a railroad strike or any sort of eruption of the workers or the unemployed in Nebraska, and the militia are called out, what are the armed soldiers used for? To settle a dispute by force? Not a bit. To compel a settlement by legal, peaceable methods. So the modern idea is that to teach soldiering to schoolboys is not to make warriors of them, but men of peace.

After all, though, to make instructive comments on the actions of the Christian Unionists in the West is a thankless task, since no sooner is an apparent indiscretion criticised than Miss Frances Willard reports that it never happened, or, if it did happen, that the W. C. T. U. was not responsible.

The Kansas City *Journal* sends cheerfully as a recent paragraph in this page of the WEEKLY which spoke of August as "the season of suspended energy." That is the difference, says the *Journal*, between city and country, between East and West, and it invites any town-haunting Easterner who "wants to see fun the first time in his life, and 'hustle' means to take a trip through the season of languor to the humming and abounding fields of Kansas and the markets adjacent."

The *Journal* is right enough in pointing out that the dull season in town is the busy season in the country; but, after all, the dull season in town is only relatively dull. The number of persons at work on Manhattan Island even in August must exceed very considerably the number at work in the State of Kansas. It is probable, therefore, that a Kansas man who came to New York in midsummer would think that there was a good deal going on. Outside of Gotham in New York State agriculture is still carried on, and though the yield of corn and wheat may seem somewhat trifling as compared with Kansas crops, when other grains, and fruit, and hops, and textiles, and milch, and garden truck, and dairy products, and live stock, and wool, and chickens, and eggs, and everything else that New York farmers raise are heaped up together, the total must be respectable even beside the products of Kansas. By the census of 1890 the estimated value of farm products in New York State in 1889 was $101,501,000. In Kansas in the same year it was $95,070,000. It is probable that this year agricultural comparisons may be more favorable to Kansas. Let us hope so. New York is still a pretty fair farmer State, but since the value of her manufactured products has come to be ten times as great as that of her agricultural products, she has ceased to talk as much as formerly about her various crops.

Edward L. Pierce, of Massachusetts, who died in Paris on September 5, was, like his brother, the late Henry L. Pierce, a public spirited and useful citizen, who has left behind a good record of services done for good government and the State. Perhaps he will be longest remembered as the biographer of Charles Sumner. He was an intimate friend of Sumner and one of his literary executors, and devoted nearly ten years of labor to a comprehensive memoir, of which two volumes appeared in 1877 and two more about a year ago. Mr. Pierce was born in Stoughton, Massachusetts, in 1829, was graduated at Brown University in 1850, and at the Harvard Law School two years later. He took rank early as a student and essayist, and his essay on Secret Suffrage, published in 1853, won wide attention, and caused him to be named in later years as the father of ballot reform. He began his law practice in his office of Salmon P. Chase in Cincinnati, and there began a treatise on railroad law which, in its revised and amplified form, is still widely used in law practice. Late in the fifties he moved back to Boston, became a leader in the new Republican party, and was a delegate to the convention which nominated Lincoln. In the months preceding the war he wrote and spoke constantly, and when the fighting began enlisted as private in a Massachusetts regiment. In 1861 Secretary Chase sent him to look after the negroes on the abandoned plantations of the sea islands of the Carolinas, a work which he managed with distinction until, in 1863, he became a collector of internal revenue in Massachusetts. After the war he held many offices, representative and appointive, in Massachusetts. From 1869 to 1874 he was secretary of the State Board of Charities, and made reports which are still valued and consulted. The latter years of his life were devoted to the service of his State and town, to the discussion of public questions, and to literary work. In 1890 he ran for Congress against the late John F. Andrew, but was defeated. At the time of his death he was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature.

Two different conceptions of spiritual matters are illustrated by two recent addresses. One was that of Dr. Bucke of London, before the section of psychology of the British Medical Association, at Montreal. Dr. Bucke told his fellow-doctors of the new and higher form of consciousness which is making its appearance in human beings. There have been cases of it, he said, for the last 2000 years, and it is growing more and more common. It occurs, when it does occur, between the ages of thirty and forty. Many more or less perfect examples of it exist, he said, in the world to-day, and he himself had known personally and had studied several men and women who possessed it. In the course of a few more milleniums, he thought, there would be born from the present human race a higher type of man possessing this higher consciousness, which would make the long labors and slow processes of earth seem worth while. "A higher consciousness superimposed on self consciousness as is that fourth on simple consciousness"—so Dr. Bucke describes this growing phenomenon. He speaks of something that many a contemporary mind has brooded over, and from time to time recurs to.

But Dr. Bucke's faith in the development of humanity would apparently find little sympathy in the mind of Dr. Simpson of the Christian Alliance. Dr. Simpson wants immediate results. "A few more milleniums" have no place in his philosophy. A newspaper report of an address of his at one of the recent Alliance meetings on South Mountain, near Nyack, represents him as saying: "We do not want the kind of religion that makes men good little by little . . . We are going down to the last days . . . The time is growing shorter. We are in the evening time of the world."

There is more solace for sober-minded and thoughtful people in Dr. Bucke's anticipations than in Dr. Simpson's ominous forecast, but Dr. Simpson is exceedingly efficient in his line, and, as will be remembered, is noted far and near for the immense collections that he is able to take up.

Either the great demand for gold has so stimulated prospecting that rich discoveries are being made in unprecedented numbers or else the great demand for stories about "bonanzas" has stimulated the human imagination. No doubt the situation includes both elements. Gold has been turning up in new places at short intervals for years past, but now every new discovery seems to be "enormously rich," and if possible, richer than the Klondike diggings. Inspired by Alaska and the Northwest, California, Washington, Arizona, Utah, New Mexico and British Columbia have developed mineral sensations, and there seems to be not even a temporary exhaustion of the supply. Mr. Clarence King, formerly chief of the United States Geological Survey, is credited with a prophecy of the approach of the day when a belt of mining camps will extend from Cape Horn to St. Michaels. Mr. King knows a good deal about the ingredients of the backbone of the Western Hemisphere, events seem to be hastening to make his forecast good.

Providence permitting, and unless the bottom drops out of the peace of Europe, there will be a world's fair in Paris in the year 1900. The fact is known, but as yet has made little impression on the minds of Americans. Congress and the President have taken so much thought about it as to appoint a special commissioner to look after the interests of American exhibitors. This gentleman, Major Moses P. Handy, sailed for France on August 28 with his secretary, Colonel Charles Long, and Lieutenant Baker, of the navy, to make applications for such space as seems likely to be needed by American exhibitors. Major Handy thinks that 500,000 square feet of space will not be too much for Uncle Sam. Towards the filling of it Congress is expected to appropriate at least half a million dollars.

Over ten thousand dollars ($10,020.50) has been turned over to Harvard University by the committee on the Child Memorial Fund. The money will provide an income for the purchase of books and manuscripts relating to the subjects of the courses in English which Professor Child used to teach. This transfer marks the completion of a successful effort to keep alive in Harvard the memory of one of her best men and most faithful and eminent teachers.

It has been unofficially announced that President Andrews of Brown University thinks it best to let his resignation stand, and to concentrate his energies on the furtherance of Mr. Belden Walker's scheme of the Cosmopolitan University. This decision was reached on September 7. It leaves Brown University in a much better position than if its corporation had accepted Dr. Andrews's resignation at its first meeting. The trustees have done all that they could do to set themselves right before the public. It rested he said of them now that they drove Dr. Andrews out. Their action is a vindication of Dr. Andrews as well as of themselves. It has amounted to a verdict acquitting him of the charge of conduct unbecoming a college president. There is no question about Dr. Andrews's personal popularity at Brown. Many members of the faculty, in a letter congratulating him on the action of the corporation, solicited him to withdraw his resignation, "as an act of general reconciliation, expressing the union now firmly established between all who have the institution's interests at heart—corporation, faculty, alumni, and undergraduates." "Most of all," ran this letter, "we urge you to remain with us because of our personal esteem for yourself, and because of the influence we believe you exert upon the student body." These gentlemen, it would seem, do not share the impression imparted to Dr. Andrews himself, that his influence at Brown is at an end.

Consul-General Lee's version of the Evangelina Cisneros story must be mortifying to that lady's preservers in this country. As quoted in the *Evening Post*, he said on September 8, the day he reached New York:

> The young woman is now confined in Casa Recolidas. She has never been tried, and I do not think that it was ever intended that she should be punished. The stories of her ill treatment are very much exaggerated, and were it not for the hubbub which has been raised about her, the girl would probably have been released long ago. In fact, I was given to understand that her name was on the pardon-list. She has comfortable quarters, and is treated as well as possible under the conditions.

Señorita Cisneros seems to have reason to pray to be delivered from her friends. One Cuban story seems good only until another is told, and not very good even during that interval.

A Boston firm publishes a conspicuous advertisement of astride-riding saddles for ladies. It is no longer a uncommon sight to see women riding astride, nor does there seem to be any sound objection to that method of riding for women who like it. But it is not as pleasing as the old method, at least not in its present development, with a divided skirt costume. Boots and breeches might help it as a spectacle.

An interesting work that has been in progress in Washington for the past fortnight has been the moving of the books from the old Congressional Library to the new building. The work has been so systematized that it is a gratification to the orderly mind to read the details of it. The head master of the moving scene to have been Mr. Bernard Green, the engineer who stood over the erection of the new Library. Mr. Green is credited with planning the transfer. He contracted for enough express-wagons to carry the books from one building to another within a reasonable number of days, he built chutes on which to slide the books in boxes down from the galleries of the Library and down the steps on the east side of the Capitol. He made boxes, each large enough to hold one shelfful of books, and which fitted into the chutes. Then the work began. One shelfful of books at a time was placed in undisturbed order in a box, together with a card on which was marked its exact location in the new building. Then the box went down the chute to the Library floor, out to the second chute, and down that and into an express-wagon, in which with other boxes it was carried to the new building. There, after the books had been dusted while still in their box by a searching and purifying blast of air from a mechanical blower, they went to their appointed shelf, and settled down once more. For greater security against the straying of individual books, each book before it was removed had pasted on its back a label showing the department it belonged in. Mr. Spofford, in charge in the old Library, sent the books out with his benediction; Mr. Young, in the new building, received them.

It is not settled yet what use will be made of the old quarters of the Library in the Capitol. They may be turned into a restaurant, leaving the present restaurant to be used for committee rooms, as into general reading and writing rooms for members.

E. S. MARTIN

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THE PERIODICAL-ROOM

VIEW OF DELIVERY-ROOM FLOOR FROM STAIRWAY

DESK IN DELIVERY-ROOM.

SECTION IN DELIVERY-ROOM.

WASHINGTON STREET AND MICHIGAN AVENUE FAÇADES.

THE NEW BUILDING FOR THE CHICAGO PUBLIC LIBRARY.—MESSRS. SHEPLEY, RUTAN, & COOLIDGE, ARCHITECTS.—[SEE PAGE 934.]

IN VERY HOT WATER.

BY OWEN HALL.

IT was at the beginning of June, 1896, that I found myself in New Zealand. The reason of my visit was uncommunicative, yet fully sufficient. It may, indeed, be expressed in a single word—"rheumatism." I was a rheumatic patient—if indeed a sufferer from rheumatism can ever with propriety be called a "patient." Patient! Good heavens! Fancy a man patient who is painless, yet racked with pains, each of them enough to provoke a war-dance! Laid by from work yet deprived of the consoling dignity of danger. Picture him with red-hot joints and swollen limbs, not ill enough to evoke the anxiety of friends and relatives, yet ill tempered enough to sip tender sympathy in its earliest bud. Heaven knows, there may be rheumatic patients who are patient indeed, just as there may be saints who are saintly, but they are rare, and it did not fall to my lot to make one of the select band. No, in that sense I certainly was not a patient, but I certainly was a sufferer. I had caught my rheumatism in Afghanistan, where I was attached to the frontier commission. From thence I was invalided home, when, like a celebrated character of antiquity, I suffered many things at the hands of many physicians, and was nothing the better, but rather grew worse. Allopathy, hydropathy, homœopathy, one and all did their best—or their worst—and one and all failed to cure me. I had nauseous medicines from one doctor, tasteless medicines from another. I had the waters of one famous bath applied externally, and the nasty liquids which go by the name of waters from half a dozen famous springs applied internally. But all to no purpose. The rheumatism was obstinate, and the doctors were puzzled. In a happy moment one of them suggested New Zealand. There, it was said, springs could be found that would cure any rheumatism. There, if anywhere, I might reasonably hope to get rid of mine. It was a long way to go for a cure, indeed, but no way could be too long that ended in recovery. For myself, I confess I was not sanguine. The chances were that New Zealand would do no good. I knew it, but I took the chances.

It was in this way that upon the 6th of June, 1896, I found myself seated, in somewhat of a Turkish attitude, on an air-cushion on the floor of a Maori whare (or hut) belonging to the old chief Moki (Moses), in the native village of Rukuhia, within a hundred yards of Lake Rotomahana, in the hot-lake district of New Zealand.

I was better already. It was but ten days since I had arrived, but ten days had done wonders. When I was brought to the village I had been lifted out of the canoe and carried on a rug into the hut, and the operation, though careful, had been a painful one. Now I could move about on crutches with but little suffering. For the whole ten days I had led an existence on the damp side of amphibious. Morning, noon, and night had found me immersed in one or other bath, whose slender jet of steam sprang from amongst the scrub and fern in the close neighborhood of Moki's village. Moki himself was the most arbitrary of physicians. Not all the diplomas of all the schools could have given him a more unwavering faith in his own knowledge or more unbounded confidence in his own remedies; and in spite of the progress I had made, he was by no means satisfied. He evidently thought I should be making even more rapid progress still, for the honor of his own special baths, and the consequent fame and profit likely to accrue to his tribe as their owners and guardians. Day after day he had moved me from one steaming caldron to another, giving me at every change the benefit of something hotter, until I began to wonder in what temperature water and steam became too much for human endurance. I was destined to solve the problem, though at the time I little dreamt of it.

The life, if strange and uncivilized, was not without its pleasures. There is something narcotic about these steamy exhalations, and one soon grows reconciled to doing nothing but soak for hours in hot water, or lie dreamily upon a rug at the margin of a pool basking in the sun. The place was a fairyland, and the deity increasing freedom from long-accustomed pain made life for the time a realization of the dream of the lotus eaters. The huts, indeed, were hardly romantic. The reeds that formed their roofs were blackened with smoke and stained by weather. My native entertainers were but scantily clad, and the blankets, which served alike for breeches, coats, and togas, were not too clean. Pigs that rejoiced in the possession of long noses and inquiring dispositions invaded one's hut and uprooted one's bed in the search for eatables. But all these things hardly disturbed the illusion.

Life at Rukuhia was life in a bath, but the baths were fairyland to the senses and healing to the frame. Clear as crystal, blue as sapphire, green as emerald, with the breath of a tender exhalation of steam lingering in scarcely visible wreaths over their basins and partaking softly of the tints below. Such was the atmosphere in which I lived. To lie half asleep on the shallow margin of one of these basins, each sensation of pain lulled to rest by the soothing of the water, was in itself a delight to one who had suffered as I had suffered so long. But to lie on the margin of the deeper pools and to gaze downward and yet down through the glistening sapphire of the surface into the transparent azure of the depths below, basking dreamily meanwhile in the warm sunshine and half intoxicated by the soft vapors, was a deeper pleasure still.

It was on that sixth day of June that Moki interrupted my day-dreams by a new proposal. Moki's English was by no means perfect, but as nearly as I could understand he was dissatisfied with the progress I had made towards recovery. According to him I ought to have been "all right" in the time I had been privileged by the enjoyment of his treatment and the merits of his own peculiar baths. I assured him that I was satisfied—in fact, more than satisfied—but that was evidently a matter of minor importance. The credit of his baths and his system was at stake, and the credit of neither was to be trifled with. He concluded by announcing that to-morrow he would take me to Mokihuia to complete my cure. I asked where Mokihuia was. The old chief only smiled, superior and indulgent, and said, "Mokihuia plenty water—plenty warm!" Experience proved that he was more than right.

Next morning we started. Our baggage was trifling in amount and simple in kind. My own rugs, cushions, and portmanteau, with a few tins of preserved meats, formed the larger share of the whole. The natives of our party, numbering four in all, seemed to regard everything but tobacco, fishing-lines, and a kit of potatoes as wholly superfluous. It was a glorious day. Not a ripple stirred the green surface of Rotomahana as our canoe glided over its still waters. Not a breath of wind disturbed the lazy wreaths of steam that rose and floated with a silver transparency over the lovely but treacherous depths of the fairy-framed terrace pools. We floated rather than paddled down the stream. The alabaster whiteness of the White Terrace glistened with a dazzling radiance through the dense green of the drooping tree ferns as we glided by. The rosy flush of the Pink Terrace, like that of the Eastern sky just touched by the fingers of the dawn, softened by the tender colors of the veil of steam that clung to its slopes and rose slowly into the sunny air, gleamed upon us as we floated past. It was fairyland all! Not a point was rounded but it brought some new and unexpected wonder into view, not a calm reach of the little river was entered but it disclosed some glimpse of unexpected loveliness.

"IT BURST THROUGH THE ROOF WITH AN UNEARTHLY SCREAM."

At last we found ourselves on the waters of Tarawera Lake, and at once a new kind of beauty opened upon us. Far away into the distance the deep blue waters glistened and sparkled in the sunlight. Here and there, dotted upon its surface, lay little islets of various forms, but usually of a grayish color which contrasted with the brightness of the water. On the right rose the bold mountain height of Tarawera, its broad breast sparkling like burnished steel under the mid-day sun, and its solid flat top the very image of the stability and calm of the everlasting hills. Soft fleecy clouds lingered lovingly above it, and lent to the blue depths of the sky beyond a yet more lovely azure. Far away ahead of our canoe there floated on the surface of the lake a little grayish cloud. As we neared it I could just make out the darker shadow of low-lying land beneath. It was a little island, so small that you could walk round its shores in ten minutes; so strange that you might spend days in exploring without exhausting its marvels. It was Mokihuia.

The canoe was paddled into a little creek on the side farthest from the shore we had left, and with the assistance of Moki and my stick I reached the land. The island, except at one end, rose little more than three feet above the surface of the lake, and on the higher ground there stood a small native hut, towards which Moki led me. It was but a few yards distant from our landing-place, yet the journey was not without its perils. Never had I seen or imagined a place like this. At each step we made upon the strangely green and springy turf the soil gave out little puffs of steam, as boggy earth throws off water when pressed. Here and there a little jet of boiling water sprang clear and sparkling into the sunlight, but generally it was only steam, which rose lazily a few feet into the air and hung in a soft misty cloud over the land. The place was never silent for a moment. Now it was with a hollow groan like a wounded creature in its pain, now with a shrill little scream like that of a frightened girl, that a sudden jet would spring from some clump of ferns or beside a rock, rise in a spiral wreath into the upper air, and then subside as suddenly as it had appeared.

The hut was some fifteen feet long by ten in breadth. It was low in walls and roof, and was the merest shell, consisting of walls and a roof of reeds enclosing a rudely levelled earthen floor. This for the most part seemed hard and sound, but at one end there was an intermittent jet of steam which, once in about five minutes, shot up nearly to the roof with a strange gurgling sound like the suppressed laughter of an asthmatic patient. The hut was consequently full of steam. It filled the end at which it rose with a soft gray cloud, it crept along the floor, it floated in lazy wreaths through the air, and hung in strange fantastic shapes about the eaves and round the roof-tree. In a few minutes my portmanteau and cushions had arrived, and I was installed in my new residence.

I asked Moki where the baths were. He smiled, shook his head, and, with a dignified wave of his hand, replied, "Plenty bath! Plenty warm! All right!" Discussion was useless, so I accepted the position, and made myself as comfortable as I could with cushions and rugs at the driest end of the hut.

I soon discovered that Moki was right. There were no baths on the island, indeed, but the island itself was one great bath. Where I lay I faced the doorway, and saw the blue lake and the small mountain through a soft and steamy haze. The steam was everywhere. In the hut it wreathed and eddied round from floor to roof. Outside it rose in sparkling jets and floated in soft clouds overhead. It filled the air with a gray mist, and crept stealthily amongst the drooping ferns and round the moss-covered bowlders. Mokihuia was but one great steam-bath.

I abandoned myself to the novel situation, and for three days enjoyed the sensations of a new life.

Yes, I enjoyed it. As Moki had said, it was "plenty warm." At times the heat would increase till it grew oppressive, and again it would diminish till it was hardly more than warm. Sometimes the steam-jets, both in the hut and outside, grew intensely active, and the place would become for the time a very pandemonium of strange,

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unearthly noises, then gradually the steam-cloud would subside, and the groans and shrieks would sink into gentle mutterings.

Life here was even more dreamy than it had been at Rukuhia. A gentle lassitude, an unwillingness to move, was the prevailing feeling, and before I had spent twelve hours on the island I found myself wholly free from pain. When I walked my joints felt stiff, indeed, and moved wearily, but the pain which for nearly twelve months had made life a misery was gone. Mohi's prescription was an undoubted success. When I tried to tell him so he smiled gravely, and replied: "By and by you all right. Taihoa! presently!"

The days passed dreamily away. The old chief, his daughter, and his two men spent nearly all their waking hours in smoking silently—an occupation only interrupted by the preparing and eating the food they had brought.

On the third day I walked round the little island, and found with delight that the stiffness had nearly left my joints, so much so that I laid aside my stick. It was a lovely evening. The sun slowly sinking behind Tarawera Mountain clothed its broad shoulders in a robe of crimson splendor. The waters of the blue lake, flushed with the reflection, lay glassy calm beneath the shadows of the soft evening sky. The shores of the lake, crowned with clumps of dark forest and ferns, took a thousand shades of color as the western heavens faded slowly from crimson into gold, and from gold to green and gray, while every here and there the eye rested on a shadowy cloud of steam rising slowly from some hollow into the still evening air. Behind me on our island I noticed that the clouds of steam were rising with even more than their usual energy, but with less than their usual noise. Gray clouds, like the fabled genii of Eastern stories, rose straight and gigantic into the upper air, displaying shapes from which imagination could form a hundred monsters.

Slowly I returned to the hut, and found my friend Mohi sitting smoking at the entrance.

"You all right now?" he asked, with a questioning upliftings of his heavy eyebrows.

"All right," I answered; "thanks to you."

He nodded his head slowly, and replied, "To-morrow Rukuhia."

For a time my companions sat around the embers of the wood fire over which they had cooked the evening meal, a few muttered words the only interruption to the silence in which they smoked. One by one the narcotic influence of the heavy cloud of steam which filled the hut overcame them. One by one they drew their blankets over their heads and curled themselves up on the floor to sleep. The air was oppressive in the hut, so I wrapped a rug around me and sat on the ground outside, my back resting against the wall, gazing half drowsily upon the scene. Never had I looked on anything more peaceful.

The night was dark, but the heaven was full of stars that shone steadily in the deep blue of the sky and sparkled in the blue mirror of the lake below with a soft opalescent splendor. My ear had grown so accustomed to the sounds of the island that I scarcely noticed them now. I folded my arms and leaned back against the wall of the hut, drowsily watching the dreamy lake and the dark outline of the still mountain beyond. Even as I looked it seemed to me that a strange lurid glow was rising behind the mountain. It rose and spread, as I stared sleepily at the strange phenomenon, till it looked to me like a vast tree fern slowly rising from the summit of the mountain. Its general color was a dark copper color, but the end of each leaf and frond gleamed like gold and threw out sparks that alternately glittered and ceased, like flashes from some huge electric battery.

I roused myself and rubbed my eyes to get rid of the strange illusion—only to find it there still and more vivid than before. What could it be? I rose and looked round me. Then for the first time I noticed a singular change. The island had ceased to steam! There was not a sound from one of its hundred tiny geysers, not a single jet of steam rose into the still night air. I was startled at the change, but not alarmed. Something new and strange was happening, but what it was I could not even fancy. I thought I should get a better view from the highest point of our little island, so I hastily gathered my rug round me and walked quickly up the slope. As I went I experienced a new sensation. There was a strange, sickening heave and tremble underfoot that made me stagger for a moment and then stand still. Did my eyes deceive me, or did I really see the ground before me heave with a wavelike motion? I recovered myself, and in a few steps I had reached the top of the slope. Then I turned to look at the mountain again, and as I turned I started back. High, high towering above the flat top of Tarawera Mountain, the tree-fern I had seen before now spread and glowed with a dazzling brightness. The dull copper color of the trunk and branches had now changed to a fiery crimson, and as I gazed at it in wonder I saw it shoot up to a vast height, throwing out from its leaves showers of golden sparks, each more brilliant than a rocket. I stared at it in a kind of stupid wonder, unable to take my eyes off the sight, and equally unable to grasp its meaning. The lurid and awful beauty of the scene was beyond description, and yet after the lapse of these years I have but to close my eyes to imagine I see it still. For ever both land and lake the gorgeous yet terrible coloring of light seemed to penetrate in something more than mid-day splendor. The more distant uplands and forests were bathed in a wild dull red glow like the light of the sinking sun on a thunder cloud. The trees nearer to the lake and along its shores stood out black against the background, but with leaves that appeared to sparkle with golden fire, while the waters of the lake itself glowed and sparkled with a thousand lights and shades, and shivered with a thousand dazzling reflections.

Up to this moment all my impressions were those of sight. As yet not a sound had broken the strange and utter silence of the night. The waves of our little island were hushed, and even the usual lapping of the water on the shore seemed for the moment to have ceased. Suddenly, with a roar so vast, so wild and so unearthly that my experience, at least, can find no comparison for it, the spirit of the volcano broke loose. As I gazed at the mountain before me I saw it heave and rock from side to side with a wild vibration and then, to a moment, its flat summit seemed to crumble and split and yawn with a vast fissure, and at the same moment masses of flaming rock and glowing cinders were hurled high into the heavens, only to descend in a molten rain for and wide over the land, and lash the waters of the lake into foam with a wild hiss and scream which were heard even amidst the babel of noises that now rose on every side. Again and again, with roar after roar, the mountain cast up its blazing load at intervals of perhaps a minute, and at each paroxysm of fury it would writhe and heave like some vast creature in mortal agony, till the very heavens seemed on fire, and vast columns of smoke rose from the shore and of steam from the water.

I had stood like a man in a dream during the few minutes since the eruption had broken out. I saw everything, and was conscious of wonder, admiration, and even terror, but up to that moment without a thought of how it might affect myself. A sudden scream, either of terror or of pain, recalled me. It was a human cry, and close at hand. I turned once more, and as I did so a piece of blazing rock fell with a whir and a hiss, like some stone from a giant's sling, and broke into a hundred flaming fragments upon the rock against which I had leaned not an instant before. At the moment, although I started back, I hardly noticed it. I suppose the effect of accumulated horrors is to dull the senses, and for the time to keep the smaller emotions in abeyance. I am not conscious that either then or afterwards I felt anything exactly like personal fear.

The scream had come from the hut, not a hundred yards below where I stood. It was a woman's scream, and even as I turned to look I saw old Mohi's daughter rush from the hut, the roof of which at the same moment burst into flames in half a dozen places where the hail of red-hot stones had fallen on the thatch. She paused, and throwing back the hair that fell wildly over her eyes, gazed round as if paralyzed by what she saw. Then, with an other scream, she turned back towards the hut as if to seek her father. It was already too late. With one wild uproar, in which howls, shrieks, yells, and hisses, were strangely and horribly mixed and blended, the geysers of Mokihuia woke into life once more. From a hundred spots jets of steam and fountains of boiling water sprang into the air, covering the island with a dense shroud of vapor.

My eyes were fixed upon the hut and the figure of the frenzied woman, and this was what I saw. In one moment the jet of steam which had moved to turn our hut into a natural Turkish bath, burst through the roof with an unearthly scream, instantly extinguishing the flames, and throwing high into the air a splendid geyser of boiling water. The spray must have scalded her, for I saw her stop and turn back as if irresolute. Then she began to run towards me; and then the dense gray cloud of steam hid her and everything else from my sight. Instinctively I shouted her name and ran towards the hut to meet her. I had hardly taken a dozen steps when I stumbled over a hewhider and fell. I was up again in a moment, but I had already lost all idea of direction. The dense gray cloud was everywhere and hid everything. In vain the eyes strove to pierce it, they only smarted and ached with the useless exertion. The hot breath of the boiling geysers was on every side, and the hiss and yell of the escaping steam hopelessly confused my senses. There was light, indeed—a strange, dull, crimson glow that filled the mist and lighted it up into a lurid haze more confusing than darkness. I groped my way step by step, unable to see my hand before me, yet impelled to go on, at whatever risk, by the still more awful dread of standing still. Now met by a hot blast, now startled by the shrill scream of a new steam jet just opened in my path, I turned and wound from side to side, in what direction I knew not, and indeed seemed hardly to care to know. I could hear the rush and the patter of falling stones and ashes around me. I could feel the scalding spray of the geysers in my face. I could see the more vivid flashes of electric light when for a moment they brightened the dull haze around to a blinding radiance. I could no longer hear the sound of the human voice which had appealed to my sympathy in the awful solitude of nature's convulsion. Blinded, confused, bewildered, I struggled on.

Again and again I stumbled and fell, bruising and cutting myself upon the rocks. Again and again I only just escaped some falling stone that hissed past me and fell blazing at my feet. Still I struggled on, though feebly and aimlessly now, for I was nearly spent. I began to feel that it was almost over. I had hardly struggled to my feet after my last fall. My limbs trembled and shook as if they would give way under my weight. Slowly, hopelessly, despairingly—still I struggled on.

Suddenly, through the red haze, a darker shadow loomed in front. Hastily I put out my hand to ward off some unknown danger. I touched it—it was alive! At my touch it raised itself, and I knew, though I hardly saw, that it was Mohi's daughter!

"Hakeha!" (white man), she exclaimed, in a trembling voice, and grasped my outstretched hand with a fierce, convulsive clasp, which I half consciously returned.

So we stood for a few moments, then, as fresh showers of stones and ashes fell around us, with one impulse we struggled on. Hand in hand we went through the falling terrors of the burning hell, through the lurid darkness of the crimson haze, each grasping the other as if clinging to the last hope of safety.

How long it was I cannot tell. As men count time, perhaps not many minutes; to me it seemed—nay, it was—an age! Suddenly I stumbled and fell forward. Partly supported by my companion's grasp, I fell upon my knees—and with a splash. We had reached the lake!

Still hand in hand we waded into the lake. The stones and ashes fell around us still hissing as they reached the water, but here we were at least safe from the scalding steam and the boiling fountains. It was lighter too. Close to the water the crimson haze was less bewildering, the cloud of steam less dense. Slowly, wearily, yet with some vague feeling of hope, hand in hand we struggled on.

There was a shallow on the water before me, a step or two nearer and we had reached it. It was the canoe! As my hand grasped its side my senses reeled. I felt myself stagger. I felt my companion's hand grasp my arm. There was a crimson flash before my eyes, a roaring in my ears. I knew no more!

At last I awoke. I opened my eyes. There was light—daylight—around me and by in the bottom of the canoe. Dull and gray and heavy, indeed, but daylight still. With an effort I raised myself and looked around. In the stern sat Mohi's daughter the paddle still clasped in her hand. Her head was bent forward upon her knees, and the masses of her black hair fell neatly to her feet. She was asleep. Around us the lake lay sullen and gray; a thick scum of ashes floated on its glassy surface. Beyond I could see the blackened mountain, rent and torn, still smoking from a hundred cracks and fissures. I looked around. I searched the water far and near. No rock broke the still surface of the lake, no steam cloud interrupted the view. Mokihuia was gone!

OPEN-AIR PLAYS.

OPEN air plays! What could be more idyllic? Rosalind sitting at the heart of Orlando beneath the shade of real "venerable oaks", Lysander and fair Hermia, Helena and her Demetrius, the frolicking troops of fairies, Bottom and his hard handed artisans of Athens, disporting with noiseless tread in the forest glade, coming no whence, going no whither, like veritable creatures of a dream, while a stream of more than moonlight brilliance trembles on the leaves, and the soft summer air throbs with the melody of Shakespeare's verse and the harmony of Mendelssohn's Dream music. Ah, entrancing! No wonder that this fascination of idealistic naturalism appears and reappears in Kenilworth novels, pageants at Fontainebleau, *al fresco fêtes* by English Thames, and pastoral plays at Saratoga!

It is almost a sacrilege to invite you to look on another picture, which has the disadvantage of being drawn from facts. During two summers I was a member of Mr Ben Greet's company of "Strolling Players," who rambled over the length and breadth of England playing Shakespeare in parks and gardens. London was settling down to summer dulness when we started on our first tour, actors, musicians, singers, calcium-light and baggage men—a company of thirty six—enthusiastic with the expectation of playing at work. But though the pastoral manager may propose, it is the weather which ultimately disposes, and the weather both those years was villanous. A passing shower now and then would have been endurable, even welcome as an additional touch of realism to the scene; but when the rain descends in torrents and the auditorium reveals nothing but dripping umbrellas, when the lovers are drenched to the skin, the fairies bedraggled with moisture, and even Bottom's resourcefulness cannot avail to keep him dry, then the idealistic aspect of the scene becomes dimmed. Often it gave rise to amusing incidents. At one place, for example, it had rained heavily before the show, and the dress-circle had to be swabbed over before the audience—that night a small one—arrived. At the back of the stage was a high bank, covered with trees and ferns, down which the actors made most effective entrances. The play was *As You Like It*, and just as the cue came for Orlando to assist the weary form of old Adam down the slope, the calcium-light as will happen sometimes, began to splutter and suddenly expired. In the total darkness was heard Orlando's words of encouragement, "Cheerily, good Adam, cheerily," then a crash of underwood and a prolonged slooooah, and the light, just then resuming its activity, revealed old Adam executing a tobogan slide, which landed him in the centre of the stage, an old gray-bearded man with a youthful head of black hair, for his wig was dangling on a near by bush.

At Birmingham, too, one night after a storm the mist was so dense that it refracted the rays of the calcium light, which formed luminous bars across the stage. It was not always possible to select a naturally elevated stage, and here, as in many other places, it was built of wood, artfully concealed by foliage. The nocturne had been played, the lovers reconciled, and Lysander and Hermia, with arms entwined, slowly faded from the sight, when the tranquil poetry of the scene was rudely shattered by a shrill mad cry. The pair of lovers had in the darkness, missed the stairs, and with startling literalness walked off the stage.

Certainly the dressing accommodation was not stuffy, but it had its own peculiar drawbacks. It was at best a makeshift—a stable, a gardener's potting shed, a summer-house, or tents—illumined with lanterns; and "making up" by the light of a lantern, with nothing but a wardrobe basket for a table, is straining natural simplicity to extreme tension. It must not be supposed that we had not anticipated the possibilities of rain. Our arrangements included in every place the rental of a hall or theatre into which we might retreat if necessary, and on these occasions we kept up the illusion of "under the greenwood tree" by dressing the stage with real boughs. But this was only a last resort, and we constantly took our chances of rain in preference. At Stratford on Avon the day had opened fine, and all preparations had been made for an afternoon performance of *As You Like It* in a gentleman's grounds adjoining the historic park of Sir Thomas Lucy. At noon, however, it began to rain with a persistence that meant continuance. We had rented the Corn Exchange, but it had no stage or scenery; still, it was this or nothing, and in that little hall, on a level with our audience, and surrounded by whitewashed walls, we probably came very near to the experiences of strolling players in Shakespeare's own day. How heartily the audience laughed when Rosalind exclaimed, "Well, this is the forest of Arden!" and Touchstone, who was the manager of the company, replied, with a twinkle in his eye, "Ay, now am I in Ardea, the more fool I; when I was at home I was in a better place; but travellers must be content." Later on, when Orlando exclaimed "There's no clock in the forest," Rosalind threw up her eyes mischievously at a big clock which hung against the wall, and again brought down the house. Unrehearsed effects were frequent. While playing *As You Like It* at Winchester, two gents wandered upon the stage. Of course the picture was complete, though a little marred, when they proceeded to pull at the ferns which grew against the bank and had here a green wooden box which did double duty as bank foundation and receptacle for swords, spears, and hunting horns.

Notwithstanding the exposure in all kinds of weather and the thinness of the *Midsummer Night* costumes, no one suffered from colds. The ladies rubbed vaseline upon their necks and shoulders, and one and all found the constant speaking in the open air a wonderful bracer for the voice. And we had our fine days, when the whole thing was a delightful picnic, and behind the scenes, or, to speak more accurately, the bushes, there was a pervading cheerfulness and many a picturesque gathering of Orlando, Rosalind, and the other merry mirthful around our *al fresco* afternoon tea while waiting for their cues. Still, a painful regard for truth compels one to admit that pastoral playing is not an unalloyed romance.

STROLLER.

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NEWS FROM THE KLONDIKE.

LETTER AND ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

II.—ON THE WAY TO THE GOLD-FIELDS—VICTORIA TO JUNEAU.

Steamship "Islander," August 19, 1897.

ALL the echoes of the cheers that greeted our departure died away and the city faded from view in the growing darkness, we went, each of us, about his respective affairs. Some, worn out by the work and excitement of getting off, turned in early to bed; others took a look at the horses, which were making a regular hubbub on the lower deck. We found them wedged side by side in long rows the length of the ship, with heads toward the engines, with no chance to lie down. Frightened by the pounding of the engines and the blasts of the whistle, they were throwing themselves back on their halters and biting and kicking. Jim McCarron, ex-cavalryman, was now in his element, and I think he wanted to show his friends the Mounted Police that he, too, knew a bit about horses. Several of our halters were broken, and it looked as if we would have to take alternate watches, but Jim patched up some rope halters, and next day the animals had quieted down, but not until nearly every horse had a mark from the teeth of his neighbor. Poles should have been put across, separating them.

One man has eight or ten enormous steers aboard, which, with characteristic bovine philosophy, lie down in the road of every one, and will budge neither for threat nor kick. They will be taken in for packing and hauling. We sincerely trust we shall never have to try to eat them when they reach Klondike. It is a good-natured, sober crowd aboard. Several have remarked how undemonstrative it is. Of our passengers one-half are Americans. They are of every degree and of all sorts but dudes. There is a house-builder from Brooklyn, a contractor from Boston, the business manager of a New York paper, and boys that seem not over nineteen. They have all formed parties or partnerships, some to share every vicissitude or fortune, others only to last until the gold diggings are reached. Only a few are dressed in the loose rough clothes of the miner. Several that I know who are going in have kept on their city suits, and it has been amusing to see men unaccustomed to rough garments emerge, one by one, from their state-rooms with their miner's rig of heavy boots and corduroys. One most picturesque figure is a swarthy man of spare but wiry build who turned out in full buckskin suit, at which some smiled, but after a talk with him it was impossible not to admit that while the buckskin might "draw" somewhat in wet weather, nevertheless he was as well fixed as any man on board. He is a packer and hunter, and hails from the Black Hills, and has a partner seven feet tall.

One noticeable thing is the total absence of oaths or the sort of language one will hear continually from morn till night among lumbermen. The conversation is pitched in a low key; men have serious things to talk about—those they have left behind; the pass ahead of them; their outfits, and those of their neighbors. Some are pretty well equipped; indeed, save for a general lack of water-proof sacks, they are well prepared for the rainy country which, by the lowering clouds and increasing banks of fog, we seem to be entering.

Of the passengers aboard it may safely be said that each man has half a ton of freight stored away in the hold. Some, representing companies, have more than that. There is a large consignment of sleds aboard, and several boats, all of which are in lengths too long to pack over the pass. We learned that boats taken up are being left behind. One New York party have folding canvas canoes.

During the daytime we lounge about on the bales of hay on deck, some of us sleeping, others admiring the grand mountain scenery through which we pass. Others, who have rifles to test, keep a sharp lookout for ducks. Going through the narrows between Vancouver Island and the mainland we came across numerous small coveys, which gave us long shots, in which the excellence of the new "30-40 smokeless" as long-range guns stood forth unmistakably. "Buckskin Joe," as we dubbed our mountain man from the Black Hills, has a gun which, like himself, is unique. It is a 30-40 box magazine Winchester placed side by side on the same stock as a Winchester repeating shot-gun, and there is a telescopic sight between them. It is, however, so put together that it can be taken apart and each gun fitted to a separate stock.

Freight is in utmost confusion; three parcels of my own that came aboard as my personal baggage went into the hold—result, some valuable photographic chemicals are crushed, although in heavy boxes. No one knows where his oats and hay are. Everybody is borrowing from his neighbor. We have three bales of hay and a thousand pounds of oats, and, except for one bale of hay, not a pound of our horse feed have we been able to get at.

The time passes between boxing bouts on deck, singing to the accompaniment of the piano, inspecting each other's outfits, and poker—five-cent limit. The second night out, when just out of Seymour Channel, the engine suddenly stopped. All hands rushed on deck, and we saw lights alongside that were reported to be those of a steamer on the rocks. It proved to be the *Danube*, which was returning from Skagway. She was all right, but sent some word aboard to our captain, which none of us could learn. It was something about the customs, and a report was circulated there was to be trouble ahead. It was well understood by some of us that, strictly, our goods which were in bond, could not be touched by us at Skagway. Several of the Canadian officials on board expressed the hope, which we all shared, that the customs officials had been given power to use discretion in view of the exceptional circumstances, or, if not given such power, that they would use it anyhow. Here is a strip of territory, where both Dyea and Skagway lie, that is actually in dispute, and it is across this territory that every miner must go. It is not his intention to linger in the territory, and it is not the intention of the law to harass any such. If bulk were unbroken—which is the technical term to express the taking of goods in bond and under seal—it would be the poor miner who would suffer. He would suffer by not having access to his food and cooking and camping utensils until after he got over the pass, and if he did break bulk, he would be liable for the duties after he crossed the pass. We were thus in no small suspense until the afternoon of the 17th, when we reached Marys Island, in Alaskan territory. Here the American customs official, Mr. P. A. Smith, came aboard, and after we had had supper he sent for all the passengers to meet him in the dining-saloon, and addressed us in the following words:

"Gentlemen,—I have just a few words to say to you, and I shall speak as loud as I can, but if I shall not be able to make myself heard, I hope those who do hear will tell the others. I suppose that most of you are Canadians, and I wish to make a few suggestions to you, so that you may be put to as little trouble as possible in transit. My advice to you is to get organized, and appoint committees to look after the landing at Skagway. I was on the *Danube* and I gave its passengers the same advice, and they appointed a committee of ten, who saw to the separation of the freight and that each man got his own goods. If you do not do this there will be great confusion, for I suppose you are aware that the landing is done in scows. These committees can attend to everything, and you will have no trouble whatever. The passengers on the *Danube* had no trouble whatever. I would say another thing to you. There are persons in Skagway who gather in things; and your committee can appoint watchers to keep an eye on your things and to guard the supplies.

"Now as to food at Skagway. I suppose you know that, according to the strict letter of the law, goods bonded through cannot be broken without payment of duty, but such things as tents and blankets a man must have. Those you will be allowed to use; but I would advise you to stop off at Juneau and to buy there enough food to last you over the pass. It will not cost you any more than at Seattle, and you can get just enough and take it aboard; there will be no charge for freight.

"Now another thing. The government of the United States is very strict about bringing whiskey into Alaska. Any one found with liquor is liable to a severe fine and imprisonment, and if I should find any of you with liquor I should have to arrest him and take him to Juneau, where he would be punished—"

Just here the seven-foot partner of "Buckskin Joe" jumped to his feet. "Mr. Officer," said he, "I have a flask of whiskey with me, and me and my partner—well, we have a quart flask between us. We don't drink; we are taking it strictly for medicinal purposes. What shall we do?"

"In such case," replied Mr. Smith, "I may say that it is not the intention of the law to examine a man's flask. The purpose of the law is to prevent the sale of whiskey to the Indians, and it is very strictly enforced, but of course we do not look into people's flasks. I only caution you. There are unprincipled men who would traffic in liquor, and such as these I desire to warn in time."

This short speech, delivered with quiet dignity, created the most favorable impression, and from all on board I heard nothing but words of praise of the attitude assumed by our government. Jim McCarron could hardly restrain his feelings. "That man's a credit to the country," he whispered. The customs officer was surrounded by an eager crowd asking questions.

"What is the penalty for theft at Skagway?"

"They [the miners] give him twenty-four hours to leave; and if he doesn't leave, he is shot."

Inquiry was made about the attitude of the Canadian officials. Of course Mr. Smith had no authority to speak, but he gave the impression that the two governments had reached an understanding, and that no hardship would be inflicted on miners by a strict enforcement of the law.

"We came to this agreement," said he, "because many of the miners who are coming up here, after they have bought their supplies and their horses, will have nothing left over to pay duty, and it would be a needless hardship. Our desire is to get them through as easily as possible."

Of our 160 passengers and 100 horses there is not one I know who will go to Dyea and go over the Chilkoot. Those who left, say New York sixteen days ago, knew of nothing but Chilkoot. There were rumors of White Pass, but it seemed incredible that there should be a much easier pass over the mountains only a few miles from Dyea. Even when it was reported definitely that there was a good trail from Skagway Bay, there were conflicting reports. But the facts are these:

The Chilkoot trail was that taken by the Indians who brought gold over from the Yukon to the Russians at Sitka. The White Pass trail was also known to the Indians, but when the miners began to come in the Indians kept it secret in order to do the packing. The White Pass is but 2600 feet, while the Chilkoot is 3700 feet, and in winter there is an easy ascent up the canyon of the Skagway sixteen miles to the summit. This will be seen to be a five-per-cent. grade, one foot in twenty. However, it is not gradual, the first five miles from the Lynn Canal being alluvial flats. The present trail has been cut through the forest by a company formed for the construction of a railway through White Pass. It is known as the British Yukon Mining, Trading, and Transportation Company. The American company is known under the name of the Alaskan and Northwestern Territories Trading Company. Mr. G. H. Escolme, managing director of the American company, who is a passenger on the *Islander*, says of White Pass trail:

"We have cut a trail over the summit from Skagway, at a cost of ten thousand dollars. We own the town site of Skagway, and are building wharves, etc. We cut the trail mainly to prospect for the railroad. I went over the trail on the 15th of July and came back on the 16th. Then the trail did not go beyond the summit, but we have had men working there right along since. It is a private trail; but we are about the only people who are not taxing the miners, and we don't want to do so at any time. We expect to get a few miles of the railroad built this fall; but even when the railroad is done there will be many who will go over the trail. It may be that we shall charge a small toll. One of my present purposes is to try to reduce the price of packing, which is now twenty cents a pound, and we mean to see that the miners get supplies at a reasonable cost.

"We are pleased with one thing. It is reported that the miners had a meeting and fixed a maximum rate of twenty cents for packing. We should like to see it reduced to fifteen cents, which I regard as ample, unless the pack-trains have to establish half-way stations for feed. Another thing has not pleased us so much. You may have heard of the poor fellow who, in trying to cross the Skagway River on a log, fell in with his pack and was drowned. A packer named Young found him, and, I know, at no little cost to himself and delay to his pack train, took the body to Skagway, and foolishly demanded ten dollars for this service. The miners held a meeting, and ordered him to leave within twenty-four hours. As there was no boat so soon, he had to take to the woods, and I don't know what has become of him. The miners are bound to resent any trading on their feelings, but the result of this hasty action is likely to be that any person finding the body of a poor chap who has been drowned will leave the body to float out to sea, knowing he will not be indemnified for the expense he may be put to. In any civilized country some recompense is made in such cases.

"I do not know what may have been back of it, but I know Young, and do not think him the kind of man who would, for instance, take his partner's body in and demand money for it. It means the same to him as a fine of $600.00—a fine disproportionate to the offence."

At Juneau, which we are now approaching, we are to have a few hours to purchase provisions before proceeding to Skagway. We have had, with the exception of a few fog banks, beautiful clear weather, and the trip has been like a summer excursion. But now, well in Alaskan territory, in the shadow of snow-capped mountains and glaciers, the rain is coming down in a steady drizzle. We have been trying hard to overtake the rival boat, the *Bristol*, which was advertised to sail five days before us, but which really started only a day sooner. Two of my horses being aboard that boat, in charge of Burghardt, we at least do not mind the delay. Once we land, the company has no further responsibility, and every man must look out for himself and his own. Then will be the need for a party; a man alone will be at a disadvantage.

From my previous letter, posted at Vancouver, I omitted the miner's list of supplies. This is as follows:

SUPPLIES FOR ONE MAN FOR ONE YEAR.

8 sacks Flour (50 lbs. each).
150 lbs. Bacon.
150 lbs. Split Peas.
100 lbs. Beans.
25 lbs. Evaporated Apples.
25 lbs. Evaporated Peaches.
25 lbs. Apricots.
25 lbs. Butter.
100 lbs. Granulated Sugar.
1½ doz. Condensed Milk.
15 lbs. Coffee.
10 lbs. Tea.
1 lb. Pepper.
10 lbs. Salt.
8 lbs. Baking Powder.
40 lbs. Rolled Oats.
2 doz. Yeast Cakes.
½ doz. 4-oz. Beef Extract.
5 bars Castile Soap.
6 bars Tar Soap.
1 tin Matches.
1 gal. Vinegar.
1 box Candles.
25 lbs. Evaporated Potatoes.
25 lbs. Rice.
25 Canvas Sacks.
1 Wash-Basin.
1 Medicine-Chest.
1 Rubber Sheet.
1 set Pack-Straps.
1 Pick.
1 Handle.
1 Drift-Pick.
1 Handle.
1 Shovel.
1 Gold-Pan.
1 Axe.
1 Whip-Saw.
1 Hand-Saw.
1 Jack-Plane.
1 Brace.
4 Bits, assorted, 3-16 to 1 in.
1 8-in. Mill File.
1 6-in. Mill File.
1 Broad Hatchet.
1 2-qt. Galvanized Coffee Pot.
1 Fry-Pan.
1 Package Rivets.
1 Draw-Knife.
3 Covered Pails, 4, 6, 8 qt. Granite.
1 Pie-Plate.
1 Knife and Fork.
1 Granite Cup.
1 each Tea and Table Spoon.
1 14-in. Granite Spoon.
1 Tape-Measure.
1 1½-in. Chisel.
10 lbs. Oakum.
10 lbs. Pitch.
5 lbs. 20d. Nails.
5 lbs. 10d. Nails.
6 lbs. 6d. Nails.
200 feet 5-8-in. Rope.
1 Single Block.
1 Solder outfit.
1 14-qt. Galvanized Pail.
1 Granite Saucepan.
3 lbs. Candle-Wick.
1 Compass.
1 Candlestick.
6 Towels.
1 Axe-Handle.
1 Axe-stone.
1 Emery Stone.
1 Sheet-iron Stove.

Of course not every miner takes all this; still, the food and tools do not vary much. It is in personal equipment that individual taste shows mostly. Our cooking-tools and grub being in bond, Jim McCarron goes ashore to buy hardtack, tea, bacon, and sugar to last three days, or till over the pass when we can open our bundles again in Canadian territory.

TAPPAN ADNEY.

A SUGGESTION TO THE PRESIDENT.

Come hither, O McKinley, for a moment lend an ear
To what a friend would say to thee—'tis worthy of a seer—
A hint to keep you prosperous your Presidency through,
To keep the country well in funds, and to the standard true.

If so it chance the Dingley act shall fail you in your need
To give your coffers all they'll hold, and leave you poor indeed,
The plan I have in mind will prove a treasure past all doubt,
And when you're facing bankruptcy perchance will help you out.

Take all the office-seekers that are bothering your life
And send them to the Klondike land to face the mining strife,
And let each one his office have the moment that he brings
Into the public treasury the fabled wealth of kings.

Let not a man his office win until the wight returns
Herladen with the nuggets that the Yukon water spurns.
And thus you'll work a miracle. You'll fill the Treasury,
And from a lot of nuisances you'll happily be free.

The hint is yours for what it's worth. I do not seek reward.
I do not care for public place—despise the seeking horde.
Yet, if you choose to offer it, I shall not take offence,
And *might* inspect the consulates abroad at state expense.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

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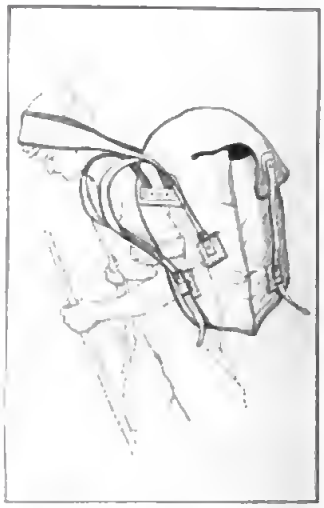
A PLEASANT AFTERNOON ON DECK.

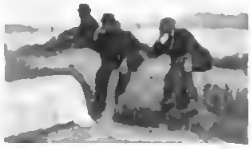


A MINER'S PACK.

TALKING "OUTFITS"

PARTNERS.

LEAVING VANCOUVER—CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE IN FULL UNIFORM

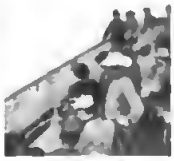


PROSPECTIVE MILLIONAIRES.

A SNAP SHOT

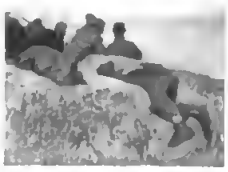
MOUNTED POLICE IN STABLE UNIFORM OF BROWN CANVAS, WITH "HUSKY" DOGS

A LITTLE KLONDIKERS



LOOKING FOR DUCKS

A GROUP OF GRAYBEARDS.



TAKING IT EASY.

ON THE WAY TO THE KLONDIKE GOLD-FIELDS—FROM VANCOUVER TO JUNEAU BY STEAMSHIP "ISLANDER."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TAFFAN ADNEY, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY"—[SEE PAGE 927]

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LAMBERT FILS.

MOUNET-SULLY.

M. WORMS OF THE THÉATRE FRANÇAIS.

MADAME BARTET AS BERENICE.

LE THÉÂTRE FRANÇAIS.

BRANDES.

REICHEMBERG (LES ROMANESQUES).

MADAME WORMS BARETTA.

LE THÉÂTRE FRANÇAIS.

ONE day just before the opening of the Chicago Fair I was sitting in a room at a Paris hair dresser's undergoing that mysterious process known as "*l'ondulation des cheveux*." It was in one of those simple little places, such as one often stumbles on in Paris, where a profession has been in the family from time immemorial. The patron's father had been a hair-dresser, as well as the patronne's, and the two were bringing up their daughter to follow in their footsteps and to marry another hair dresser in order to hand down what they called their "art" to future generations. Meanwhile the establishment was a place of traditions. Over the azure gulfs formed by the deep mirrors on the walls were curious pieces of Brittany faïence bearing the legend "*Le mois commence*," relics of the days when accounts were paid monthly and a plate was turned up to mark the beginning of a new credit; and one or two old carved chests spoke of the same remote epoch. The atmosphere was domestic, for a sleepy tortoise shell cat sunned itself among the plants in the window, while the patronne plied her irons, and in the little shop in front the patron discussed with a customer the Chicago Fair.

"Going to the Exposition of Chicago?" he said. "No, I'm not going, and what's more, I don't want to. Voyons, here's the trouble with America. Sometimes I've thought I'd like to go and install myself out there. But there's only room at the bottom or the top. In France we've graduated the ladder; there's a place for every one on its rounds. Tout le monde peut jouir de Paris. Il y en a pour toutes les bourses."

Everybody can enjoy Paris. There's a place in it for all the purses. This came back to me a few nights later at the Théâtre Français, where Mounet-Sully was playing *Hernani* to a crowded house. Between the acts we went out of curiosity, up into the galleries to look about. Oddly enough, almost the first persons my eyes fell on in the fifty cent places were the patron of the hair dressing establishment with madame la patronne and mademoiselle their daughter; and I looked up afterwards to see them profoundly buried in Mounet and Victor Hugo, as were likewise the people round them in the thirty and twenty cent places—if not hair dressers, many of them men and women in even more modest walks of life. "Tout le monde peut jouir de Paris," I said to myself. "And these people are enjoying it as much as any one."

The moral of this is not that it is addler minded to rest in ambitionless content all one's days a hair dresser, in a shop with old faïence and a tortoise shell cat, rather than to try to climb to the top of the ladder, or that the working people of Paris as a class have tastes so elevated that on an average they would choose a tragedy at the Français for an evening's entertainment rather than a performance at a vulgar little theatre of the Batignolles. It is simply that on whatever round of the ladder one may be, he lives there, and if a man, be he prince or laborer, or whatever in his walk in life, wants to rejoice his soul by a perfectly satisfying and artistic performance at a theatre, there is the Théâtre Français standing open for him, with a "place in it for all the purses." This leads us invariably to ask ourselves why we cannot have something like that in New York.

The delights of this special French theatre have been sung so many times, and well, that it is hardly necessary to repeat them here. There is nothing new to be said about its fine dramatic atmosphere and traditions, about the charm that takes possession of one the minute he finds himself under its dinky dome, about such attention to detail that even the opening of a door or the handing of a letter has a fascination about it, about its dramatic harmonies and artistic effects. It is the most generally satisfactory place of entertainment, on the whole, that can be found, and what interests us is to know how all these remarkable characteristics are achieved and maintained, and what principles underlie them that might be adopted elsewhere. The Odéon, the other state theatre in Paris, is only a second and inferior edition of the Français.

I should say the first and most important feature of the

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Théâtre Français was its stability, its permanency. Its actors in the beginning were comedians to the King, they have always been attached to the state, and the theatre has been endowed by it, and they have made their home in the old house of the Rue Richelieu, where Napoleon established them, for nearly a hundred years. We can see what importance Napoleon gave to the theatre from his taking the time, in the midst of his various other preoccupations during the Russian campaign, to send back to Paris that Moscow decree which, slightly modified, is the foundation of the government of the theatre now. The mail-coach broke down on the way, and the courier who brought the valuable documents was obliged to make the journey from Moscow to the frontier on foot, so that he reached Paris with both feet frozen. The regulations for the theatre reached their destination, however.

The result of these more than two centuries of stable existence—for it was Louis XIV. who united the two companies of comedians playing in Paris into one troupe and gave them the name of the Comédie Française—is that the French theatre has a repertory. M. Weiss, who was during his lifetime one of the best of the French dramatic critics, said that between 1636 and 1850 the French stage, outside of its *chefs d'œuvre*, which of course include the works of Corneille, Racine, and Molière, gave more than a hundred and fifty plays of different types, each possessing a certain value of composition and style, each bearing the impress of the special genius of the French mind, and, all taken together, making a charming history, living and palpitating, of French manners and the French conception of life. When we add to these the works of such an illustrious list of modern writers as Victor Hugo, the two Dumas—father and son—Émile Augier, Scribe, Sardou, Pailleron, Jean Richepin, Jules Lemaître, Meilhac, and numberless others, we see that, to begin with, the Comédie has plays to play. Moreover, the state endowment of 240,000 francs a year not only obliges it to keep up the pieces of the old repertory, but causes it to be fed constantly by a running stream of fresh life in the new plays which it is the highest ambition of every literary man in France to write. The French have a passionate love for the theatre; we must take this into consideration in thinking of their dramatic successes, and also the fact that dramatic expression is particularly natural to them. But the constant presence among them of a dignified and stable theatre so encourages playwrights that a literary success is generally looked on as only a step to a dramatic success. We see Pailleron made one of the forty immortals on the strength of a single play, *Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie;* we see almost every distinguished *homme de lettres* an *homme de théâtre* as well, and we see M. Edmond de Goncourt writing that one cause of his brother Jules's death was his terrible disappointment over the failure of his play, and his feeling that in consequence the door of the theatre was forever closed to him.

But a repertory of good plays is not enough; there must be some one to play them; and through their Conservatory the French are sure of trained and developed actors capable of perfectly artistic interpretations of the widest variety of rôles. Not only the most celebrated actors associated with the Français, such as the two Coquelins, Got, Mounet-Sully, Worms, Le Bargy, Truffier, Muna, Sarah Bernhardt, Reichenberg, Bartet, Baretta, have been what are called *pris de conservatoire*, but the people who play nothing but minor rôles, and whose names one scarcely knows, as well. The Français has the right to stretch out its long arm and to break the engagement of any actor at any other theatre in Paris, and so the other theatres, also largely recruited from the Conservatory, really serve more or less as an apprenticeship for it. Nearly all the actors that we hear much about in Paris have a Conservatory training. Guitry, for instance, Sarah Bernhardt's premier at the Renaissance, a great Paris favorite just now, took Conservatory prizes in both tragedy and comedy. Réjane took a prize in comedy, and even such pretty actresses *à la mode* as Rosa Bréck, Lucy Gerard, Segond Weber, are Conservatory graduates.

As a third important feature of the Français we find its peculiar organization. It is an artistic and commercial society subsidized and administered by the state, represented to the theatre by the Minister of the Fine Arts. The theatre, in its turn, is represented to the state by its general administrator, who at present is M. Jules Claretie. Its corner-stone, however, is what is called its *sociétariat*. All its actors are divided into two classes—*sociétaires* and *pensionnaires*. The *pensionnaires* are engaged by the year at a fixed salary, and have no share in the profits of the theatre. The *sociétaires*, on the contrary, are copartners with the theatre, have a voice in its government, choose its plays, and share its profits at the end of the year. Only half their share of these profits is paid to them in cash, however. The rest is deposited for them to form a *fonds sociétaire*, an equivalent to so much stock in the theatre, which is paid over to them on their retirement at the end of the twenty years for which they bind themselves to play on becoming *sociétaires*. It is not necessary to go into all the details governing the *sociétariat*, which have been published many times, and are to be found in any one of the numberless books on the Comédie Française. The principle of the thing is that it claims an artist to the theatre during the years when his talent is at its finest, and, on the other hand, gives him a solid guaranty for the time when it shall begin to fail. This makes the profession of an actor one of dignity, stability, and honor—MM. Delaunay, Mounet-Sully, and Coquelin *aîné* are decorated purely as *Sociétaires de la Comédie Française*—and it has secured to unstable France during two hundred years a stable theatre with a classical company and a classical repertory.

The mass of traditions and precedents that have grown up during two centuries, by which the theatre is largely governed is an important feature in its success. M. Francisque Sarcey, who, I suppose in theatrical matters has the most weight of any one in Paris, in talking to me about these, seemed to think that it would be quite impossible to frame a system of laws which would prove adequate for the government of a theatre. "Mon Dieu, mademoiselle," he said to me in talking about the Comédie, "it's like an old house that holds together, no one knows how. Put in one wedge and the whole would fall to pieces. The directors and the *sociétaires* and everybody else are always falling out and quarrelling, and they always end by some sort of a compromise, and the theatre goes on, no one knows how. But to begin anything of the kind nowadays, you'd have to lay the foundations, and then be willing to wait two hundred years for the results!"

When we begin to think of adopting the mass of conditions and traditions that make up the glory of the Français to another country, we find a thousand obstacles to consider, as we can see if we look at the question a moment by analogy. Our Metropolitan Opera is as superior as opera, probably, as the Français as theatre, but what is the chief principle underlying its success? Its subscribers take the place of the state, and subsidize it so that its manager is not hampered by considerations of making money. But in return they and the public expect a certain quality of opera, numerous "stars," and a repertory chosen from among the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the world, which the manager can give them by spending the fortune allowed him, since music knows no language. He can even fill the minor rôles with secondary singers, who will have received a sufficient musical education not to spoil the general effect. But you cannot get together an indiscriminate number of actors and have an *ensemble*. Suppose, moreover, that it was a question of chaining these "stars" to the Metropolitan Opera for twenty years, and furthermore saying that there should be no stars at all, but that everybody was to subordinate himself or herself in the general excellence! At the Français there are only two classes of actors—*sociétaires* and *pensionnaires*—all of whom are supposed to forget themselves for the *ensemble*, and as a matter of fact do forget themselves, as is shown by the little story of Mounet-Sully, who played the part of Jupiter in *Amphitrion* one evening without noticing that Thirion, who played Sosie, and therefore gave him his replies in the dialogue, had at the last moment been replaced by Coquelin. Some one spoke to him about this the next day. "I didn't notice the difference," said Mounet, seriously. "The fact is that, being Jupiter, I saw neither M. Thirion nor M. Coquelin. I saw only Sosie." To quote again something M. Sarcey said to me: "Each actor that enters the Français, whether he has more or less talent, has an *ensemble* of traditions that makes him fit into his surroundings—*rentrer dans le cadre*—and keep the whole theatre up to the mark." This is the advantage of what we call a stock company, a company always together, and consequently reaching a perfection of harmony never to be found in the realm of accident. But the very advantage of a stock company is also its disadvantage. We tire of always seeing the same people act, unless they are so many and so great that we could not tire of them. To maintain a national subsidized theatre, or any sort of a subsidized theatre, after we have got the subsidy we should first have to get together enough artists of superior talent to guarantee that feeling of security about their performances which alone would make them a permanent success. Then we should have to bind them to the theatre for a definite length of time, in order to give it stability and to guarantee an *ensemble*, and on their side we should have to make provision for their future, and to insure to them some sort of compensation for the sums they might have made if they had spent their time in exploiting their talent wherever they were offered the most money. All this would mean that back of the theatre should be the state, or some equally abiding organization. But we must remember that in the Old World the theatres and the constitutions have developed simultaneously. Nothing in our Constitution provides for the running of theatres, and no constitutional code adapts itself less easily to new departures.

What do the actors at the Théâtre Français get in compensation for their services, which certainly the amount of money they receive does not pay? They have an artistic home, to begin with, filled with the rarest souvenirs and *chefs d'œuvre*. The greatest French artists are represented there—Mignard, Houdon, Vigée, David, Delacroix, Ingres, Jouffroy, Imbey, Robert-Fleury, Boulanger, Gérôme, Chapu, Falguière, many others. Nearly every marble and picture has a history. The theatre possesses one of the most famous arsenals in the world, as well as one of the most remarkable collections of walking-sticks. The canes of the grands seigneurs and the petits marquis of Molière date from his day, and have their long handles of chiselled gold encrusted with precious stones. The bells of the Théâtre Français are celebrated. One of them, formerly in the belfry of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, gave the signal for the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Joseph Chénier, according to the archives, secured it for the Français, to give the signal for the massacre in the play of *Charles IX.* The store-rooms of the theatre overflow with beautiful Louis XV. and Louis XVI. furniture of pure style, with marvellous old tapestries and embroideries, with old mirrors, silver services, bronzes, clocks, candelabra, lamps.

But more than all else they get fame, and admission into one of the most charmed and distinguished societies of the world as well. The greenroom of the Théâtre Français has always been one of the most brilliant salons of the capital. Through it have drilled princes, dukes, all sorts of titles, the greatest generals of the army, all that Paris accounts most distinguished in the world of politics, art, or letters. One great actress after another, installed like a sovereign in the *foyer des artistes* has held there her court. The foyer has seen the ovations made to playwrights after their great successes—Victor Hugo acclaimed by a feverish and impassioned crowd, and Alexandre Dumas *fils* with the tears rolling down his cheeks in the midst of the wild enthusiasm with which he was acclaimed after the first nights of *Denise* and *Francillon*.

How many people does it take to get up for us the classical perfection that the theatre offers? The Théâtre Français comprises a general administrator, a general financial controller, a cashier, two readers, a secretary accountant, and an archivist secretary. The company consists of twenty-four *sociétaires* and thirty-three *pensionnaires*. There are twelve heads of departments, a secrétaire-régisseur, two prompters, two call men, a chief in figuration, a head property man, a head machinist, and four employés. The magasin has a *personnel* composed of thirty-four persons—stage carpenters, upholsterers, etc. The auditorium is managed by seventy-one persons. There are seventeen scene shifters and ten employées. The music that accompanies certain of the plays is often written by the most celebrated composers, while many of the favorite singers in Paris, like Rose Caron of the Grand Opéra, for instance, have made their *début* singing it.

One wonders that the Français pays at all. It does pay, and is the only state theatre existing, I am told, which does. It is said the King of Saxony pays an annual deficit of 60,000 marks out of his own pocket to the Dresden theatre. The Français has its critics, its detractors. They accuse it of not being progressive, of not sufficiently encouraging new writers, of all the classic defects that one would expect to be found in any such institution. But if it only kept up the classic repertory, and gave every week during the winter its "classic Thursdays," it would do enough. These are insured by the government subsidy, by the terms of which the state can exact so many classic performances a month. Tradition also demands of the Français four free performances a year, and of the Odéon one. There is no law regulating these. A ministerial decree suffices. But M. Sarcey tells me that he considers the free performances a bad thing. "Une mauvaise chose," were his words. The public does not esteem what it does not pay for. Far more important than the free representations are the cheap seats. The price of places in the highest galleries of the Français is twenty cents, and of the Odéon ten cents, and from these the prices run up to two dollars and a half, the cost of the best seats in the house, reserved. Reserved seats are generally two francs dearer than those bought at the box office the evening of the play. These prices never change. The cheap seats cannot be recommended to Americans, who would never endure the bad air that the French, in the pride of their old institutions, are perfectly accustomed to, but which need not be a defect of a new theatre.

I started this article meaning to show how we could have a subsidized theatre in New York. I have practically succeeded in showing a few of the advantages of a subsidized theatre anywhere, and the difficulty of starting one where a state theatre does not already exist. M. Sarcey tells me they have considered the problem in London, and given it up, and certainly these difficulties would have to be considered by those who knew the soil in which the theatre was to take root. Meanwhile the advantages of a national theatre must be evident to all; of something which endurines national traditions, as well as serves as a living history of the manners and intellectual life of a country, and which also gives dignity to an art that has existed for three thousand years, and will exist as long as the human comedy shall continue to be played.

KATHARINE DE FOREST.

THE BROTHERS OF NAZARETH.

DOUBTLESS many readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY have heard but vaguely of the religious association popularly known as the O. B. N., this concise lettering meaning Order of Brothers of Nazareth. The Brothers are members of the Episcopal Church, yet there is no sectarianism in their charities. It is owing to this fact that they have received such generous support from all classes of Christians. The order was founded only a few years ago, and has been remarkably successful, in view of its short term of life. It has sometimes been erroneously described as a "society of Protestant monks." This description is erroneous. The Brothers are simply pious men banded together for three distinct purposes—to educate poor boys, to take care of convalescent patients, and to propagate their faith with honesty and enthusiasm. No small association of pious men has ever done more for the welfare of others with the limited power at its command—and, I should add, in face of a terrible disaster.

This disaster came to them one night—just in the middle of the night—in the fire which destroyed their main building, very soon after this building had been completed at a large cost. Bear in mind that the Brothers are entirely dependent upon every day charity. They have nothing of their own. But it is beautiful and wonderful to contemplate the disposition of the people everywhere to uphold Brother Gilbert's noble enterprise. The Brothers publish each month, for example, a little paper known as the *Nazareth Chronicle*. A single issue of this paper has frequently a circulation of ten thousand copies. In fact, it is read everywhere, even in far away Australia. The *Chronicle* is printed and folded and sent out on its Christian mission by the boys of Priory Farm.

Brother Gilbert now contemplates, as he secures the funds, the erection of four pavilions, aside from the main structure, which has been a shelter for the last few years. One of these pavilions is for "private patients," and is only on paper thus far. This is really a convalescent home, somewhat on the plan of the one established in this city by Mrs. Oswald Ottendorfer. The other three pavilions, which are gifts from rich friends of the order, are partially completed. The administration building is, finally, almost ready for use. On the whole, however, the Brothers may be forgiven for requesting further aid from their friends; they do so much for others.

Among the first works that the Brotherhood undertook, after its organization, was the care of men and boys afflicted with phthisis. The home built for these unfortunates was one of the structures destroyed by fire in the spring of 1895. A new home for consumptives is therefore imperatively needed. The Brothers receive applications frequently to shelter and relieve these sufferers, and they are, in consequence, particularly anxious to do this kindly work as fast as possible. There is no finer spot in the world for consumptives than Priory Farm. The atmosphere there is so bright and vital, the scenery so peaceful and charming, the near by hills so perfect a bulwark against the rude winds of winter.

The great practical aim of Brother Gilbert is to care for the *absolutely poor*. There is no other institution like his in the United States, perhaps not in the world. Ultimately all his endeavor will centre in Priory Farm. At present it is necessarily divided. He conducts a small city home in Harlem, another on Long Island, and has had control of other places. But Priory Farm will, after a time, be spacious and complete enough for all the Christian enterprises in which this remarkable man and his brave, gentle colleagues are engaged.

The Order of Brothers of Nazareth is incorporated. Their visitor is the Right Reverend Henry C. Potter, D.D. The trustees and officers are: president, John Wesley Brown, D.D.; vice president, Rev. Daniel I. Odell, Philadelphia; secretary, Donald McLean, Esq., New York; treasurer, Richard Stevens, Esq., Castle Point, Hoboken; executive committee, Donald McLean, Esq., Vernon M. Davis, Esq., Benjamin Lillard, Esq., Brother Gilbert, and Brother Louis.

G. E. M.

"THE VINTAGE."*

A STORY OF THE GREEK WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY E. F. BENSON,

AUTHOR OF "DODO," "LIMITATIONS," "THE JUDGMENT BOOKS," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII

MITSOS arrived at Corinth next night, after a very long day, and found a caïque starting in an hour or two for Patras. He had but time to leave Nicholas's message to the Mayor of the town, get food, and bargain for a passage to Patras for himself and his pony. The wind was but light and variable through the night, but next day brought a fine slugging breeze from the east, and, about the time that he landed at Patras, Maria saw below her from the top of the pass the roof of the monastery ashine with the evening sun from the squall of rain which had crossed the hills that afternoon.

Her little pinch-eared mule went gayly down through the sweet-smelling pine forest which clothed the upper slope, below which the monastery stood, and every now and then she passed one or two of the monks engaged on their work, some burning charcoal, some clearing out the water-channels which led from the snow-water stream, all milky, and hurrying after a day of sun down to the vineyards, others, with their cassocks hitched up for going, piloting timber-laden mules down home, and all gave Maria a good-day and a good journey.

Outside the gate a score or so of the elder men were enjoying the last hour of sunlight, sitting on the stone benches by the fountain, smoking and talking together. One of these, tall and white-bearded, let his glance rest on Maria as she rode jauntily down the path, but when, instead of passing by on the road, she turned her mule aside up the terrace in front of the gate, he got up quickly with a kindled eye and spoke to the brother next to him.

"Has it come," he said, "even as Nicholas told us it might?" And he went to meet Maria.

"God bless your journey, my daughter!" he said; "and what need you of us?"

Maria glanced around a little nervously.

"I want to speak to Father Priketes, my father," she said.

"You speak to him."

"Have you corn, father?" she said.

A curious hush had fallen on the others, and Maria's words were audible to them all. At her question they rose to their feet and came a little nearer, and a buzzing whisper rose and died away again.

"Corn for the needy, or corn for the Turk?" asked Priketes.

"Black corn for the Turk. Let there be no famine, and have fifteen hundred men ready to carry it when the signal comes, and that will be soon. Not far will they have to go; it will be needed here, at Kalavryta."

Maria slipped down from her mule and spoke low to Priketes.

"And, oh, father, there is something more, but I cannot remember the words I was to use. But I know what it means, for Mitsos, the nephew of Nicholas, told me."

Father Priketes smiled.

"Say it, then, my daughter."

"It is this. If you have guns stored in readiness southwards, get them back. It will not happen just as Nicholas expected. You will want all your men and arms here."

"It is well. What will the signal be?"

"I know not, but in a few days Mitsos will come from Patras. Oh, you will know him when you see him—as tall as a pillar, and a face it does you good to look upon. He knows, and will tell you."

"I will expect Mitsos, then," said Priketes. "You will stay here to-night. There shall be made ready for you the great guest-room, for you are an honored guest—the room where the daughter of an empress once lodged."

Maria laughed.

"I could get back to some village to-night," she said. "I ought not to delay longer than I need."

"And shame our hospitality?" said Priketes. "Besides, you are a conspirator now, my daughter, and you must be careful. It would not do to return at dead of night to where you slept before with no cause to give. To-morrow you shall go back and say how pleased your novice brother was to see you, and the lie be laid to the account of the Turk, who fills our mouths perforce with these things, and how you had honor of the monks. Give your pony to the lad, my daughter. It shall be well cared for."

So Maria had her chance and took it. An adventure and a quest for the good of her country was offered her, and she embraced it. For the moment she rose to the rank of those who work personally for the good of countries and great communities, and then passed back into her level peasant life again. Goura, as it turned out, took no part in the deeds that were coming. Its land was land of the monastery, and the Turk never visited its sequestered valley with cruelty, oppression, or their lustful appetites. Yet the great swelling news that came to the inhabitants of that little mountain village—only as in the ears of children a sea-shell speaks remotely of breaking waves—had to Maria a reality and a nearness that it lacked to others, and her life was crowned with the knowledge that she had for a moment laid her finger harmoniously on the harp which made that glorious symphony.

Mitsos's work at Patras was easily done. Germanos was delighted with the idea of the forged letter from the Turk and was frankly surprised to hear that the notion was born of the boy's brain. He was a scholar, and quoted very elegantly the hundred notions of Athena, who was wisdom, springing full grown from the brain of Zeus, for Mitsos's idea, so he was pleased to say, was complete in itself, and required no further development. Mitsos did not know the legend to which the primate referred, and so he merely expressed his gratification that the scheme was considered satisfactory. The affair of the beacons took more time, for Mitsos, on his journey south back to Panitza, would have to make arrangements for their kindling, and it was thus necessary that their situation should be accessible to villages where Nicholas's scheme was known, and where the boy could find some one to undertake to fire each beacon as soon as the next beacon south was kindled. Furthermore, though Germanos knew the country well, it would be best for Mitsos to verify the suitability of the places chosen, "for," as the Archbishop said, "you might burn down all the pine woods on Taygetus, and little should we reck of it if Taygetus did not happen to be visible from Lycaeon, but we should stand here like children with toy swords, till the good black corn grew damp, and the hair whitened on our temples."

As at present arranged, Mitsos would be back at Panitza on the 10th of March, after which, as Nicholas had told him, there would be more work to do before he could go for Yanni at Tripoli. It was, therefore, certain—taking the shortest estimate—that the beacon signal could not possibly occur till March the 20th, but on that evening, and every evening after, the signal-men must be at their posts waiting for the flame to spring up on Taygetus. For the beacons between Patras and Megaspélaion there would be no difficulty—two at high points on the mountains would certainly carry all the way, and the only doubtful point was where to put the beacon which should be intermediate between that on Taygetus and that on Helmos, which latter could signal to one directly above the monastery. Germanos was inclined to think that a certain spur of Lycaeon, lying off the path to the right, some four miles from Andritsaena, and lying directly above an old temple, which would serve Mitsos as a guiding point, would answer the purpose. If so, it could be worked from Andritsaena, and the priest there, at whose house Mitsos would find a warm welcome if he staid there for the night, would certainly undertake it.

Mitsos went off again next day, with the solemn blessing of the Archbishop in his ears and the touch of kindly hands in his, and reached Megaspélaion that night. Here was news of Maria's safe arrival. "And a brave lass she is," said Father Priketes.

The business of the bonfires was soon explained, and next morning Father Priketes himself accompanied Mitsos on his journey to the top of the pass above the monastery, in order to satisfy himself that from there both the point fixed upon on the flank of Helmos, and that towards Patras, were visible.

Their way lay through the pine woods where Maria had come three days before, and a hundred little streams ran bubbling down through the glens, and the thick lush grass of the spring-time was starred with primroses and sweet-smelling violets. Above that lay an upland valley nil to cultivation, and beyond a large bleak plateau of rock, on the top of which the beacon was to burn. Another half-hour's climb took them on to this, a strange unfriendly place, with long parallel strata of gray rock, tipped by some primeval convulsion on their side, and lying like a row of razors. In the hollows and the rocks the snow was still lying, but the place was alive with the whisper of new-born streams. A few pine-trees only were scattered over these gaunt surfaces, but in the shelter of them sprang scarlet wind-flowers, and harebells shivering on their springlike stalks. A few minutes' inspection was enough to show that the place was well chosen, to the south rose the great mass of Helmos, and from there they could see a sugar-cone rock standing rather apart from the main mountain, some fifteen miles to the south, just below which lay the village of Leondari, whither Mitsos was bound, and towards Patras the contorted crag above Mavromati. Here, so Priketes promised, should a well-trusted monk watch every evening from March the 20th and onward, and as soon as he saw the blaze on Helmos he should light his own beacon, waiting only to see it echoed above Mavromati, and go straight back with the news to the monastery. And the Turks at Kalavryta, so said Priketes—for it was on Kalavryta that the first blow was to descend—should have cause to remember the vengeance of the sword of God, which his sons should wield.

From Leondari, above which stood the crag of Helmos, where the beacon was to be, it was impossible to see Andritsaena, but the mass of Lycaeon stood up flat and clear behind where Andritsaena was, and a series of smaller peaks a little to the west were, so Mitsos hoped, the hills above the temple. He and his host climbed up the beacon hill and took very careful note of these, and next morning Mitsos set off at daybreak to Andritsaena, which he reached in a day and a half. The country through which he travelled was supposed by the Turks to be quite free from any disaffection to their rule, and his going was made without difficulty or accident. He found the house of the priest to whom Germanos had given him a letter, and after dinner the two set off on a fair cloudless afternoon to the hills above the temple. An Englishman, whom the priest described as a tall man with maps and machines, had been there only a few years before, and had made wonderful drawings of the place, and had told them it was a temple to Apollo, and that the ancient Greek name for it was Bassæ. "Yet I like not the place," said Father Zervas.

An hour or so after their departure, however, clouds began to gather in the sky, and as they went higher, they found themselves advancing into the heart of a white stagnant mist, which lay like a blanket over the hill side, and through which the sun seemed to hang white and luminous like a citron plate. This promised but ill for the profit of their ride, but the priest said it was worth while to push on, these mists would be scattered in a moment if the wind got up—he had seen them roll away as the housewife rolls up the bed-linen. But as they got higher the mist seemed to thicken, and when, by the priest's computation, they must be near the temple, they could scarcely see ten yards before them, and the pine-trees marched swiftly into their narrow field of vision and out again like dark gray ghosts. By degrees these shadows of trees grew rarer as the hill-side rose beyond the range of pines, when suddenly, after moving ten minutes or more across a waste and featureless flank of hill, gigantic shadows peered at them from in front, and a great range of columns faced them. Mitsos's pony, tired with the four days' journey, was lagging behind, and Mitsos had got off to relieve it on the steeper part of the ascent, when suddenly there came from out of the chill blank fog a scream like that of a lost soul.

For one moment a superstitious fear clutched at the boy, and his pony, startled, went off at a nimbler pace to join the other, and Mitsos had to break into a run to keep up. The next minute the sun peered whitely through the mists, and in five seconds more the wind, which had screamed so shrilly, was upon them. In a moment the hill-side was covered with flying wreaths of vapor, which the wind tore smaller and smaller, till there was nothing left of them, ripping them off the edges of the larger clouds, which it drove like sheep down the valleys, and as Mitsos gained the ridge where the temple stood, a brilliant sun, set in cloudless blue, looked down upon the great gray columns. At their feet in every direction new valleys, a moment before muffled in mist, were being carved out among the hill sides, and already far to the south the plain of Kalamata, rimmed with a dim dark sea, sparkled green thirty miles away. Through the valley through which they had come some conflicting current of air lifted the mist up in a tall column of whirling vapor, as if from some great stewing-pot below, and as it streamed up into the higher air it melted away and dissolved into the blue, and in five minutes the whole land, north, south, east, and west, was as clear and as blue as a sapphire.

Mitsos gazed in wonder at the gray columns, which seemed more to have grown out of the hill than to have been built by the hands of men, but the priest hurried him on.

"It is as I hoped," said he; "the wind has driven the clouds off, but they may come back. We must go quickly to the top of the hill."

Mitsos left his pony grazing by the columns, and ran up the brow of the hill some two hundred feet above the temple. Northward, Helmos pointed a snowy finger into the sky, and sharp cut on its eastern face stood the cone above Leondari, as if when the hills were set upon the earth by the stir of its forces it had been placed there for the beacon. Then, looking southwards, they saw Taygetus rise shoulder above shoulder into the sky, offering a dozen vantage-points. But Father Zervas was a cautious man.

"It seems clear enough, Mitsos," he said, "but Taygetus is a big place. This will I do for greater safety. You go straight south, you say, and will be at Kalamata two evenings from now, and on the third night you will sleep at some village on the pass crossing over to Sparta. On that night, directly after sundown, I will kindle a beacon here, and keep it kindled for two hours, and in that time you will for certain be able to choose a well-seen place for the blaze of Taygetus. Look, it is even as I said, the mists gather again. But the winds of God have favored us, and our work is done."

Even as he spoke, a long tongue of mist shot up from the valley below, and advanced up the hill like the tide at its flowing, and Mitsos ran down quickly in order to find his pony, in case it had strayed even thirty yards or forty, before the clouds swallowed them up again. But he found it where he had left it, browsing contentedly the sweet thyme and mountain grass, and for a couple of minutes more, before the earth and sky were blotted out, he gazed with wonder at the tall gray ruins, which stood there in the silence and beauty of the hills, still unknown to all but a few travellers, and to the shepherds that fed their flocks in summer on the hill tops, a memorial of the life and death of the worship of beauty, and the god of sunlight and perpetual youth.

He waited there till the priest joined him, and was surprised to see him cross himself as he passed by the door into the temple, and asked why he did so.

"It is a story," he said, "which folks tell about here. Whether I believe it or not, I know not, and so I am careful. We will make haste down this valley, for it is not good to be here after night."

The mists had risen again over the whole hill-side, but not thickly, and as they turned to go, Mitsos, looking back, saw a strange shaft of light streaming directly out at the ruined door of the temple, the effect, no doubt, of the sun, which was near finsetting, striking through some thin layer of cloud.

"Look," he said to the priest; "one might almost think the temple was lit from within."

Father Zervas looked round, and when he saw it, dropped off his horse and on to his knees on the ground, and began muttering prayers, crossing himself the while.

Mitsos looked at him in surprise, and saw that his face was deadly pale, and a strangling anguish gripped at the muscles of his throat. The light cast through the temple door meantime had shifted and faded, and when Father Zervas looked up from his prayers it was gone.

"Quick, quick," he said to Mitsos, "it is not good to be here," and, mounting his pony, he fairly clattered down the hill side, and did not draw rein till they had reached the main road from Andritsaena.

Mitsos followed, half amused, but conscious of a lurking fear in his mind—a fear bred by the memory of winter evenings when he was a boy and used to hear strange stories of shapes larger than human which had been seen floating like leaves in the wind round the old temples on the Acropolis, and cries that came from the hills of Ægina, where stood the house of the god, at the sound of which the villagers in the hamlets below would bolt their doors and crouch huddling round the fire, "making the house good," as they said, by the reiterated sign of the cross. Then, as he grew older, his familiarity with morning and evening and night in lonely places had caused these stories to be half forgotten, or remembered only as he remembered the other terrors and pains of childhood, the general distrust of the dark, and the storms that came swooping down from the hills above Nauplia. But now, when he saw the flying skirts of Father Zervas waving dimly from the mist in front, and heard the hurried clatter of his pony's feet, he followed at a good speed and in

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2118.

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"IN THE CENTRE OF THE GREAT CHAMBER STOOD ONE WHOM IT DAZZLED HIS EYES TO LOOK UPON."

some confusion of mind. Zervas had stopped on reaching the highroad, and here Mitsos caught him up.

"Ah, ah!" he gasped, "but it is a sore trial the Lord has sent me, for I am no brave hand when it comes to what is no human thing. It is even as Dimitri said, for the evil one is there, the one whom he saw under the form of a young man, very fair to look upon, but evil altogether—a son of the devil." And he wiped a cold dew of horror from his brow.

Mitsos felt a little disposed to laugh, but the man's terror was too real.

"But what did you see, father?" he asked. "For me, I saw naught but a light shining through the door."

"That was it, that was it," said Zervas. "And I—I have promised Germanos to see to the beacon business, and on that hill shall I have to watch, while perhaps the young sons, evil and fair, watches for me below. I cannot pass that way, for my heart turns to cold water at the thought. I shall have to climb up from the other valley, so that I pass not the place, and then, perhaps, with the holy cross on my breast and the cross in my hand, I shall go unhurt."

"But what was it Dimitri saw?" asked Mitsos.

"It was this way," said Father Zervas, who was growing a little more collected as they attained a greater distance from the temple. "One evening, a spring evening as it might be to-day, Dimitri of our village, whom I know, was driving his sheep down from the hill above the temple, where the beacon will be, and being later than he knew, the sun had set ere he came down to where the temple stands, and as he could not drive the sheep in the dark down the glen, he bethought himself to encamp there, for the night was warm, and he had food enough with him, and wine, for two men. Inside the temple is of two rooms, and into the hindermost of these he penned the sheep, and in the other he lit a sparkle of fire and sat to eat his supper. And having finished his supper, he lay down to sleep, but no sleep came near him, and, feeling restless, he sat up and smoked awhile. But his unrest gained on him, twitching his limbs and bidding him go, so out he fared on the hill-side to see if he could find sleep there, or, at any rate, get air, for it seemed to him that the temple had grown strangely warm and filled with some sweet and curious perfume. Outside it was cooler, he thought, and so, sitting down in the hollow of the hill opposite the temple gate, he nestled down in the grasses and again tried to sleep. But it seemed to him that from inside there came dim sounds of songs such as men sing on festa days, and looking down to see from where such voices came, he saw, even as you saw, and I, a strong great light shining out of the temple door, and next moment came a clattering and pattering of feet, and out through the door rushed his sheep, which must have leaped the barrier of boughs he had put up, and ran scattering, dumb and frightened, in all directions. He got up and hurried down to stop any that were left, for as for herding the others, he might as well have tried to herd the moonbeams, for the night was dark, and he saw them only in that great light which shone out from the temple. So down he ran, but at the temple door he stopped, for in the centre of the great chamber stood one whom it dazzled his eyes to look upon. Fair was he, and young, and lithe as a deer on the mountains, and from his face there shone a beauty and a glory which belongs not to mortal man. Over one shoulder was slung a quiver of gold, and in his right hand he carried a golden bow, golden sandals were on his feet, and on his head a wreath of wild laurel. For the rest he was as naked as the summer sky at noonday, and as glorious, two fingers of his left hand were wound in the hair of one of Dimitri's rams, the father of the flock, and the beast stood quiet and not afraid. No other light there was in the temple, but the splendor which shone through the door all came from him. Only in front of the god still smouldered the fire by which Dimitri had eaten his supper, but that seemed to have burned larger than before, and a little blue smoke that came towards him was full of some wonderful sweet perfume. And as he stood there, stricken to stone, marvelling at the beauty of the youth, and forgetting, in his wonder, to be afraid, the god—yet no god was he, but only evil," said Zervas hastily, again crossing himself—"raised his eyes to him and said, 'Thou that makest a sheep pen of my sanctuary, art thou not afraid?'

"But he spoke, so said Dimitri, not unkindly, and in the lustre of his eyes there was something so wonderful that he knelt down and said, 'I knew not, Lord, that it was thine.'

"Then said the other, 'For penalty and yet for thine honor, this inn is mine,' and he struck the beast lightly on the head, at which it sank down and moved no more.

"Then said the god again, 'It is long since I have looked on your race, not so fair are they now as they used to be'—and in truth Dimitri is an ugly loon—'but this shalt thou learn of me, how joy is better than self-sacrifice, and beauty than wisdom at the fear of God.'

"And at this he held out his hand to him, but Dimitri was suddenly smitten by the knowledge that this beautiful youth was more evil than the beasts of the field, and in wild despair he bethought himself of his only safety, and made in the air, though feebly, for his heart had half surrendered, the sign of the cross. With that a shuddering blackness came over his spirit and his eye, and when he came to himself he was lying on the dew-drenched pavement of the temple, and close to him the ram, dead, but with no violent mark on him, and looking in at the temple door, but coming not in, the rest of the flock, of which none was missing. That is ten years ago, but Dimitri will not speak of it still, and I had half thought before to-day that it was an idle tale; but when I saw the light shining out through the temple door an hour ago, it was fresh borne to upon me that it was true, albeit one of the dark things of the world at which we cannot even guess. Yet, as Christ protected him, He will surely protect me when I go on the beacon work, for it is His work; but lest I tempt God, I will climb up that hill on the other side, and keep my eyes away from the temple, and plant the holy cross between me and it."

Mitsos knew not what to make of all this, the fact that Dimitri, in Zervas's phrase, had wine for two men with him might have explained the significance of what he had seen, but being a Greek, his mind was fruitful soil for all things ghostly and superstitious.

"It is very strange," he said. "Yet, father, you will not go back from the work?"

"I will do it faithfully," said Zervas, "and then I shall be in the hand of the Lord."

It was the middle of March when Mitsos again found himself climbing the steep hill side into Panitza. Night had fallen two hours before, clear and keen was the sky, and clear and keen the vigorous mountain air. The crescent moon, early setting, had slipped behind the snowy spear head of Taygetus, but the heavens were all aglow with stars burning freshly. His work had all been done quickly and well, and after he had seen the beacon at House, three nights before, shine like a glow worm to the north, and then shoot out a tongue of flame and lick a low-lying star, he had travelled night and day, only giving himself a few hours occasionally for sleep, and walking as much as he rode, to spare the pony, who seemed as they came into Panitza, with Mitsos only resting a hand on its neck, to be the more weary of the two. He went up the village street to Petrobey's house, but found the door into the court yard closed, and only Osman at first answered his knocking by a furious bark.

"Osman, Osman," called Mitsos, "be quiet, and let them hear within!"

Osman recognized his voice, and whined impatiently while Mitsos knocked again. At last he heard the house door open, and Petrobey's voice calling out, "Who is there?"

"It is I, cousin," shouted the boy. "It is Mitsos."

Petrobey ran across the court yard, and the next moment Osman tumbled out to welcome Mitsos of the clan, and he led the pony in.

"Ah, it is good to see you, little Mitsos," said Petrobey. "You have come very quickly; we did not expect you till to-morrow."

"Yes, I have come quickly," said Mitsos; "and oh, cousin, do not talk to me before I have eaten, for I am hungrier than the deer in winter, and the pony is dead tired!"

"Give him to me," said Petrobey, "and go inside, you will find supper ready, and Nicholas is here."

"Nay, it is not fitting that you should look to the pony," said Mitsos.

"Little Mitsos, get you in," said Petrobey, and he led the pony off, for he had heard from Nicholas of Mitsos's oath to Yanni, and knew, though for a reason Nicholas did not understand, Mitsos had been very loath to leave Nauplia, but had gone at once, and with that fine instinct, so unreasonable and yet so beautiful, to serve those a man admires, he wished to do this little service for the boy. Nicholas and he had talked it over, and Petrobey said it was clear that Mitsos was in love, and Nicholas was inclined to agree, though they could not form the smallest guess as to who the girl might be.

Mitsos had a prodigious supper, and Nicholas having given him a handful of tobacco, he declared himself capa-

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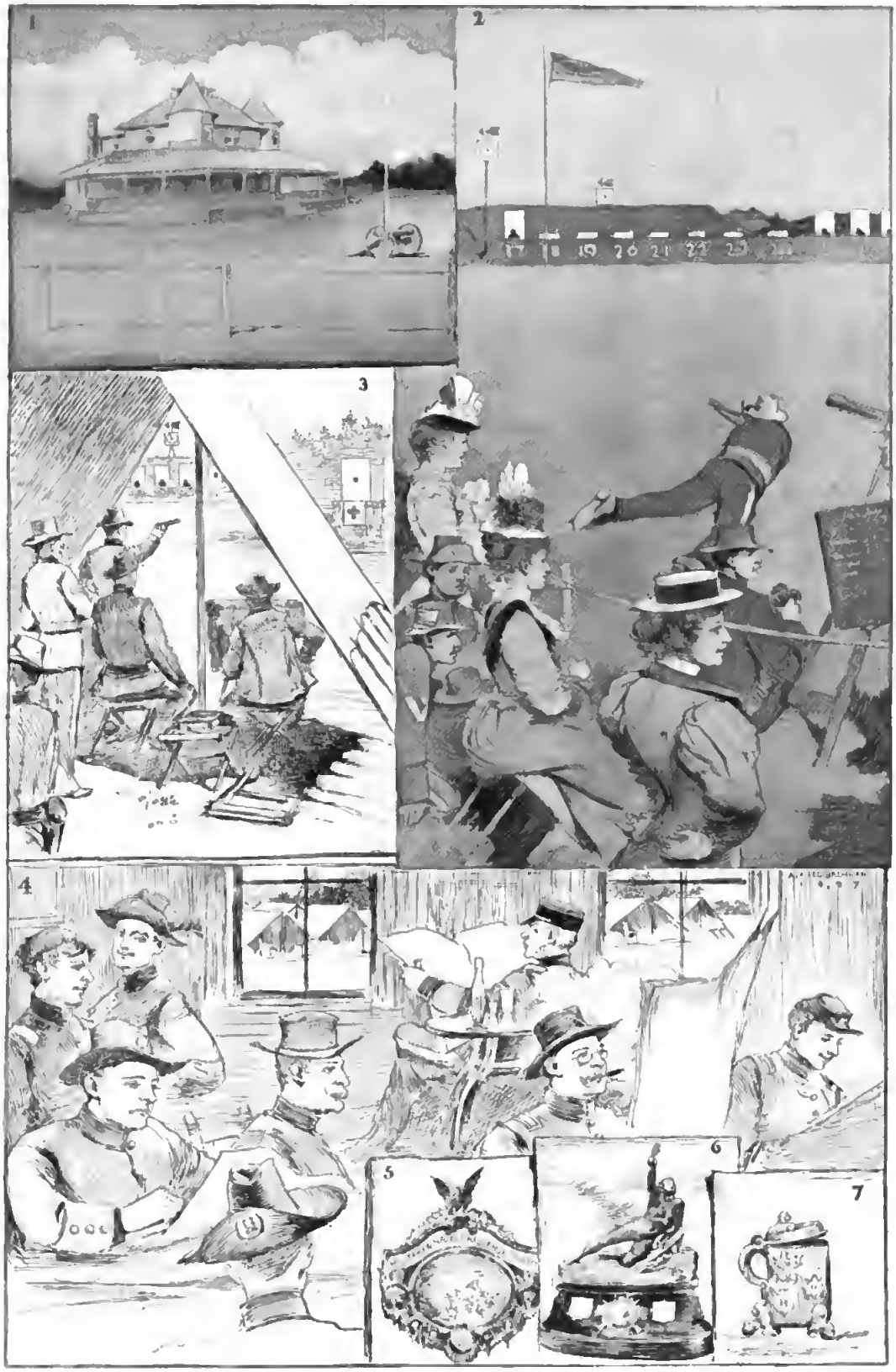

MILITARY SHARP-SHOOTERS AT SEA GIRT, NEW JERSEY—SCENES AT THE "INTER-STATE" COMPETITIONS HELD UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE NEW JERSEY STATE RIFLE ASSOCIATION.—DRAWN BY ALFRED BRENNAN.—[SEE PAGE 934.]

1. The Club-House. 2. Inter-State Match—shooting at the New United States Army Regulation Profile Targets. 3. Revolver Match. 4. In the Club-House—the Georgia Team reading of their Successes. 5. The Hilton Trophy—won by the Georgia State Team. 6. The "Soldier of Marathon," the Inter-State Trophy—won by the Georgia State Team. 7. The Wimbledon Cup—won by Lieutenant F. C. Wilson, of Georgia.

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ble of talking, and put forth to them a full account of his journey, and in turn asked what news.

"Much news," said Petrobey, "a little bad and a great deal of good. The bad comes first, and it is this. Nicholas is afraid that it will soon be known at Tripoli that he is here, and that will be very inconvenient. Two days ago he met two Turkish soldiers, and he thinks they recognized him. They were going to Tripoli, and it will not suit me at all well if they send again to ask me to find him, for we have other work to do, and already the clan is moving up into the mountains so as to be ready for the work, and to send twenty men after Nicholas would be most inconvenient, for I expect they will make two or three Turkish soldiers go with them to see that they try to find him."

"That does not matter, cousin," said Nicholas, "but it is the thought of Yanni in Tripoli which vexes me. At present, of course, he is perfectly safe, but supposing a message comes that you or I are ordered to be at Tripoli in three days?"

Petrobey laughed.

"Mehemet Salih dare not," he said; "he simply dare not. They have no cause to suspect me, and if the worst comes to the worst he can but send to search for you."

Mitsos yawned.

"Yet I wish Yanni were here," he said, "for I love Yanni, and I have sworn to him the oath of the clan. But I am sleepier than the monday owl. When do you suppose I may go for him, cousin?"

"In a week or less, I hope, and in the interval there is the dreadful work for you to learn. Of that to-morrow, so get you to bed, little Mitsos."

Mitsos got up with great sleepy eyes and stretched himself.

"A bed with sheets," he said. "Oh, but I thank the Mother of God for beds!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OPENING OF THE BOSTON SUBWAY.

THE opening of the first division of the Boston subway on the 1st of September demonstrated at once its value as the key of the rapid-transit problem in that city, and offered an example to other cities of what might be done by utilizing the underground opportunities in local passenger traffic. The effect was like that when a barrier is removed from the channel of a clogged up river. Not only did the new route offer a remarkably speedy and efficient means for getting through one of the most congested districts of the city, but the tremendous pressure upon the surface thoroughfares was at once relieved, and movement became free and accelerated to a degree that had never been witnessed by the present generation. The first car through the subway entered upon the incline at the Public Garden at about six o'clock in the morning. It was an open car from the westerly sections of Greater Boston—Allston and Cambridge—and carried the enormous number of something over one hundred and fifty passengers clinging wherever they could maintain a foothold, the most of them ambitious of the distinction of the first trip underground. All through the day the traffic was enormous, and over one hundred thousand passengers were carried. The first holiday test came within a week; on Labor day, at certain hours, the concentration of traffic was tremendous, and it was found that the station platforms, liberal as the calculations had been, were not long enough for such occasions.

The portion opened to the division from the entrance to the incline on the Public Garden at Boylston Street to the terminal at the corner of Park and Tremont streets, where the cars pass around a loop for the return trip. This division thus skirts the Common under the Boylston and Tremont street mall, and realizes the end that first suggested the undertaking—that of forever saving the historic open space from invasion by traffic. The Boylston Street branch has two tracks, and two of the four tracks in the main line of the subway under Tremont Street and the Common mall along that thoroughfare are used partially for the traffic of this division, which takes a large number of the lines of cars between the westerly and southerly sections of the city and the suburbs and the centre. For the time being several of the lines to those sections continue to pass over the surface with greatly accelerated movement, the time in the subway between the Park Square station and the Public Garden being but four minutes, and the surface time for the same distance being reduced to about seven, when fifteen minutes were previously not uncommon. The law requires, however, that on the completion of the entire subway all the surface tracks shall be taken from the streets along the Common. There are two stations on the Common—one near Park Street and the other near Boylston Street—each with two entrances and two exits, for north-bound and south-bound traffic, respectively. Entrance is by tickets, purchased at the foot of the broad and easy stone stairways, and these tickets are taken on the cars in lieu of cash fares.

The second division, under Tremont Street from the corner of Shawmut Avenue, will be opened to traffic in a comparatively few days, and will take all the lines from the southerly sections that hitherto stopped at the Tremont House terminal. The first division relieved the surface congestion to the extent of ninety cars an hour, and the opening of the second division will take a very large additional number from the surface. There are four tracks in the second division, and where crossings are necessary, both for the Boylston Street branch and the lines for Shawmut Avenue and Tremont Street, "sub-subways" carry the tracks in such a manner as to prevent any interruption to traffic at the junctions. Two of the four tracks in the second division were intended for the Shawmut Avenue lines. But the new Boston elevated railroad enterprise has caused a modification of the plans. Two of the tracks are to be used for the elevated cars, to which the northerly divisions of the subway, now under construction, are also to be devoted. The subway therefore furnishes the means for the elevated to get through the congested sections of the city economically and easily.

The subway has been leased to the West End Street Railway on terms that will pay interest and sinking fund charges, and yield the municipality a profit on its investment. The elevated company has now, in turn, leased the West End, and it promises, by means of extensive transfer privileges between surface and elevated systems, to supply an unexampled system of rapid transit for the public of Greater Boston. Notwithstanding this outlook, however, there is a strong sentiment in the community that the elevated has obtained its valuable privileges altogether too cheaply from the Legislature, and without a sufficient compensation to the public for its use of the highways.

In addition to the other sections of the subway under construction and to be completed within a few months, the elevated enterprise calls for the building of a new section to connect with the elevated route to Cambridge, and also for a costly section passing under the harbor to East Boston. This latter section in connection with the superb metropolitan improvements made at Revere Beach, and also the projected State highway along the north shore as far as the New Hampshire line, promises to make great changes in transit routes to Lynn and beyond.

The subway proves a remarkably agreeable as well as convenient means of transit. The air is good, the temperature is comfortable, and the light-hued walls reflect the glow of many hundreds of incandescent lamps that brightly illuminate it. On the esthetic side, however, a valid objection is made. The engineering character of the work, admirable as it is, is too lightly manifest, and the architectural opportunities have not been sufficiently improved. At the stations and entrances, for example, the columns, piers, and girders might happily have furnished motives for architectural form and accent. The art-loving public finds the Transit Commission blameworthy in this respect. The cost of the work would not have been materially enhanced by the outlays thus required, and the community has the right to expect artistic form in its works of public utility. Otherwise our city halls and our school-houses might be reduced to the barrack terms of the average shoe factory. And many a railway tunnel in an unpeopled wilderness has an entrance of more dignity than that of the subway on the Boston Public Garden, where, of all places, monumental expression is called for.

CHICAGO PUBLIC LIBRARY.

WE have so long been accustomed to think of Chicago architecture as a rather crude embodiment of brute force, asserting itself by Brobdingnagian height and ponderousness, that it is a delightful relief to find that Messrs. Shepley, Rutan, & Coolidge, the architects of the new Library, have adopted the classic style.

The ground plan is rectangular, with its eastern side fronting upon Michigan Avenue, and the northern and southern bounded respectively by Randolph and Washington streets. The façades of blue Bedford stone are impressively monumental. The basement is massive and severely plain, with square headed lights, the whole forming a continuous stylobate, or base, to support the series of arches which mark the second floor. The upper story is an Ionic-columned order crowned with a rich entablature and balustrade. There is thus a gradation from massiveness to elegance. At the angles of the building the architecture projects in the nature of pavilions, which relieve the monotony of line, give an additional strength to the whole mass, and especially serve to frame and dignify the entrances. The Randolph Street entrance is by a portico of Doric columns surmounted by a cornice and balustrade. The spandrels which flank the arch above the door are to be embellished with sculpture. Upon Washington Street—as shown in one of the illustrations on page 924—the entrance is by a great arch, a bose soffit is elaborately coffered. It is filled in by a bronze porch with massive transom and grille, decorated with acanthus and grape-vine forms. Six glass panelled mahogany doors lead into the storm porch, from which six fly doors, covered with green leather and studded with bronze nails, open into the hall. The requirements of the interior reduced the dimensions of this hall to fifty-two by forty-five feet, and the problem of designing in this space a staircase of sufficient height and dignity was a difficult one. The architects solved it by the ingenious device of spanning the staircase well at the level of the entresol or mezzanine floor with an arched bridge, which is connected with the stairs by balconies projecting from the side walls. This "bridge" is of white marble, and has its under side decorated with mosaics, so that it forms a very noble feature, as well as serving a practical end. Having mounted so far, the visitor finds in front of him three arches which form the entrance to the delivery room. This stretches across the full width of the building, and has three divisions. The central part is square, with four piers at the corners, from which rise four elliptical arches, locked together by pendentives, which curve inwards as they rise, and gradually merge the square into a circle. From the corner which crowns the circle rises an elliptical lantern, divided into panels glazed with colored leaded glass. The elliptical arches on the east and west of this central room lead into the other divisions of the delivery room. Each of the other two encloses three round Roman arches, one set forming the entrance alluded to above, the other leading into the book stacks behind the delivery desk which runs along that side of the three rooms. The material of the desk is white mahogany *or persian seen* with remarkably beautiful grain. The bronze screen which surmounts it is hand tooled and chased with a delicacy and elaborateness of detail similar to that of the finest plate work.

It is easier to give an idea of the general arrangement of this portion of the building than of the beauty of it, which is due to the lines of the architecture and the richness of the material employed. The floor of the hall below is of marble mosaic, into which is sunk the city arms wrought in bronze. Bronze, too, are the memorial tablets, the perforated doors giving access to the ventilation apparatus, the elevator screens, and the grilles over the interior windows. The staircase, commencing with two monumental newel posts, is entirely of white Carrara marble, inlaid with a conventional ornament of glass mosaic. (The decorations were executed by the Tiffany Glass and Decorating Co.) The lobby outside of the delivery room is panelled with marble, above which is a broad frieze of glass mosaics, while the reflected ceiling is of stucco enriched with color. The same treatment of marble panelling and frieze of glass mosaic is continued in the delivery room, where the mosaic ornament encircles great slabs of green serpentine marble, which are inlaid with inscriptions relating to the purposes of a library, and taken from Egyptian, Hebrew, Persian, Chinese, Greek, German, Spanish, French, Italian, and Latin sources.

In the lighting of this room and the staircase the architects have avoided the mistake made in the Congressional Library at Washington, where the electric light bulbs are brought into direct conflict with the architecture and decoration. They have placed them in semi spherical crates of bronze, filled in with opalescent glass. These are richly ornate and suspended by chains from the ceiling. Thus the architecture and decoration obtain the full value of the light, while the eyes are soothed by the soft glow which is diffused downward.

The main book-stacks are situated in the centre of the building and along the Michigan Avenue side. They are built in three sections, with stories seven feet high, the middle one being on a level with the floor of the delivery room. Their construction is of steel with glass floors, and they are connected by special staircases and elevators for rapid and effective service. The stack room for patent records and bound newspapers is on the ground-floor—a single story ten feet in height, resting directly upon the floor of tiles.

It is interesting to note that the position of the reading and reference rooms is the same as that proposed for the New York Public Library, viz., on the top floor of the building. At Chicago they are reached directly by the stairs and elevators of the Randolph Street entrance, and are connected by a short corridor with the Washington Street stair hall. The dimensions of the reference-room are one hundred and thirty-nine feet by thirty-nine, and thirty feet high. Abundance of light is obtained from large windows on both of the long sides. The spaces between the windows are treated with pilasters, supporting an entablature from which springs the main girders of the ceiling, which is divided into coffers by smaller beams. The wainscoting is of Sienna marble, and the walls are of the color of Pentelic marble. The heating apparatus is concealed by heavy bronze grille work. At each end of the room is a clock, the face of which is in relief and supported by life sized figures of boys, personifying respectively Night and Day. The furniture is of light American quartered oak, and the tables provide accommodation for one hundred and seventy-six students. At the south end of the room is the counter for the attendants, who, by means of elevators, procure books from the stacks below.

The reading room is the most imposing feature of the interior. It occupies the entire northern front of the building, and is lighted on all sides by windows seven feet wide and twenty-three feet high. The dimensions of the room are one hundred and forty feet by fifty-five, and thirty-three feet high. The immense ceiling is carried upon heavy steel trusses. There are seats for three hundred and forty readers, and room at the newspaper-stands for seventy-five more. Communicating with this room on the same floor is the top division of the book-stack, containing three stories of shelving devoted to the bound periodicals.

The architectural treatment of the reading room is similar in general character to that of the reference room. The color scheme, however, is more sumptuous. The wainscot is of verd antique; the walls are dark red, and the three members of the entablature—the architrave, frieze, and cornice—are treated in color so as to form intermediate steps of yellow, green, and blue between the walls and the ceiling. The higher parts of the relief ornament upon the pilasters, cornice, and coffers are emphasized with metal—gold of an antique finish against a background of transparent colors. The furniture is of dark American oak, plain and solid in appearance.

The Randolph Street entrance opens through doors of East Indian mahogany into a vestibule finished in blue Bedford stone, and thence through leather covered doors into a square lobby walled with green veined Vermont marble. Beyond this is a hall the panels of which are of white Italian marble, outlined with pink Knoxville marble. The last material is also used for the staircase, the balustrade of which consists of a marble string-rail and newel-posts with rich bronze balusters. On the second floor one reaches a lobby from which is the entrance to the suite of rooms occupied by the G. A. R. The most important of these is Memorial Hall. Arched windows fourteen feet wide form the basis of the design of this room. On the sides where doors and windows do not occur the recesses are utilized to contain the dog-cases of bronze and plate-glass. The piers are of verd antique marble, with bronze mouldings, enriched with ornament and finished in satin gold color. The arches and tympana repeat the tones of the marble and bronze, the spandrels are a rich red, and the ceiling is treated in lighter tones of green, buff, brown, and bronze. The tympana of the arches are decorated in stucco with a shell-like centre, designed as a background for busts of the heroes of the civil war, which are to be placed in them. The panels in the soffits of the arches contain each the badge of one of the army corps, while the centre spandrel at the west and is decorated with a large reproduction of the familiar badge of the association.

The building is as complete in its mechanical equipment as an Atlantic liner. It furnishes its own heat, light, ventilation, and power for running elevators, pumps, air-compressors, and coal and ash conveyors. In the vaults is storage room for a ship load of coals. Pneumatic tubes connect the different departments, a telephone exchange is maintained in the building, and a series of electric clocks has been installed, which is controlled by the master clock over the switchboard in the engine room. Notwithstanding the richness of materials and the uniform thoroughness of the work, the building has been erected economically. The cost per cubic foot of space enclosed is forty-eight cents, while the average office building costs from thirty-five to forty cents. It is a noble addition to the great buildings of the country.

SEA GIRT, 1897.

WITHOUT entering upon a disquisition or anywise a criticism of conditions favorable or unfavorable to shooters and others at Sea Girt, one can briefly and perhaps entertainingly present what, after all, are impressions to be relied on—impressions that should more or less directly influence far more men and women to be present at future meetings than were found this year at the fine ranges of the New Jersey State Rifle Association.

For all who betake themselves from home, seeking a

holiday, weather is naturally a first consideration, and of this the very best seems to prevail at Sea Girt—has, indeed, prevailed, we are told, every autumn since the association decided to meet on or about September 1. Formerly, as many know, the American Rifle Association's annual gatherings at Creedmoor, occurring as they did weeks later, came in for an amount of detestable weather that was withstood only by virtue of the most lively interest in what is a truly admirable sport for both the contestants and their audiences. Numerous and convenient trains run to Sea Girt station, which so nearly adjoins the grounds that it is but a pleasurable walk to the club-house and ranges.

Actuated by a strong desire to see these annual meetings far more largely attended, one naturally tries to reason why they are not, and, doing this, the foremost fact appears to be that our guardsmen lack that very considerable (almost constant) practice which the victorious Georgians have at home, where most of the year with them is good shooting weather. Top scores can be made only after much excellent practice, and this being the case with individual marksmen, it remains all the more emphatically true of teams. Were our guardsmen accommodated and, in many ways that they are not, encouraged to much practice, as it is obvious the Southerners have been these three years past, a different result for 1897 would doubtless be recorded to-day, and not only would some few organizations have put up a close and spirited contest (as did the New-Yorkers last week), but many would be represented, and the whole game played far better on its merits as an out and out competition.

Knowing, as they now unmistakably know, what has been cut out for them, what they have to beat to win again, Eastern, Northern, and Western guardsmen will far more surely solve the problem and reclaim the highly prized trophies by excellence got through much practice than by any sort or order of handicap soever, because handicap, even at its best, is but a begging of the question, and more certainly involves nice mathematical calculations based on what has been relatively done than any of the considerations intimately related to real capabilities of individual marksmen. Liberally helped to much practice, individually and as teams, we could soon confidently name winners other than the proud Georgians.

And when the ladies come to the new range in tucks and frills that would have sadly perished at the old, and sit out in the sparkling September sun, there will be, consequently, an enlivened interest that is really due this very practical sport called rifle practice.

ALFRED BRENNAN.

PRESIDENT FAURE IN RUSSIA.

In the visit to Russia of President Faure, France has just given the world a very interesting spectacle. If the world has been somewhat inclined to regard it as a comedy as well, it is perhaps for the very reason that France has taken it so seriously. At the present time France is in the position of the small boy whom all the other boys of any account but one have refused to play with. So for that particular one there are no expressions of regard too extravagant.

With Germany in firm possession of Alsace and Lorraine, and with her natural hate of England still hot in her heart, France turned with outstretched arms to Russia, and the visit to the Tsar of her President is a magnificent expression of her affection. Nothing could be more effective than the manner in which the visit was planned and executed. For weeks before President Faure started, the French papers seethed with the preliminary news of his departure. And then it was to be for such a long journey! The triumphant discovery of London made two years before by Alphonse Daudet, which created so much excitement in Paris, was as nothing compared with it. Of course, before leaving, the President must take a formal farewell of the city, and carry with him into Russia greetings fresh from the open throats of his people.

On arriving at Dunkirk, President Faure, accompanied by M. Hanotaux, Minister for Foreign Affairs, and by Admiral Besnard, Minister of Marine, found a French cruiser, the *Pothuau*, awaiting him, and two other fine war-ships, the *Bruix* and the *Surcouf*, ready to perform escort duty. It seemed a pity, not long after embarking, amid cheering and the waving of flags, that the *Bruix*, a new vessel, by the way, should have ingloriously broken down and been forced to put back.

However, the battle-ship *Dupuy de Lome* took her place, and on the morning of Monday, August 23, the Presidential party arrived in the harbor of Cronstadt, amid salvos from the Russian artillery. The Grand Duke Alexis, High Admiral of Russia, was soon conveyed on board and welcomed the visitors. Then the President, under the escort of the Duke, proceeded to the yacht *Alexandria*, lying near by, where the Tsar was ready to receive him. Some one has reported the first words of greeting spoken by the Tsar, and they are so unlike what might be expected under the circumstances that they are absolutely exactly true. "Welcome to Russia." "Thank you for coming. I trust you left madame and mademoiselle in good health. I hope you had a good passage. At any rate, you had no reason to complain of the Gulf of Finland. Peterhof is at the other side."

To Peterhof, the Tsar's Summer Palace, they soon made their way, meeting, of course, a great many dignitaries at the landing. In the palace more dignitaries awaited them, but the President passed very little time with them, for he had to start for Alexandria Palace, which, it seems, is the particular palace of the Tsarina. There both the Tsar and the Tsarina received him in the Louis XV. room. Then back to the Peterhof Palace went all three, and the informal luncheon at noon was followed by a banquet at night, where Emperor Nicholas toasted the President, and President Faure toasted the Emperor.

The second day of his visit the President devoted to St. Petersburg, where he arrived on the imperial yacht at noon. The banks of the Neva were crowded with enthusiastic Russians, and the Governor and the civic authorities were on hand to welcome the guest. Félix Faure will probably never forget that day. He reviewed and addressed the Russian troops; he visited the Church of SS. Peter and Paul, where on the tomb of Alexander III. he placed a golden olive wreath; he laid the corner stone of the new French hospital; he inspected the city, paying particular attention to the house of Peter the Great; he was present at the laying of the foundation stone of a new bridge, where the religious ceremonies were very impressive, and he heard himself and his country prayed for, and where the French and Russian soldiers are said to have become so enthusiastic in their friendship that they embraced one another like brothers; he went to see the Cathedral of St. Isaac, and paid several official calls; he attended dinner at the French Embassy, and he gave a reception there to the French residents of the city; and finally he was borne on the imperial train back to Peterhof.

The next day the President, together with the Tsar and Tsarina, reviewed 50,000 Russian troops. A curious feature of the review was the appearance at the head of the Tsarina's lancers of Prince Napoleon. In the evening the Tsar gave a banquet, to which the officers of the French squadron were invited.

But the great day was the fourth and last of the visit. Till now the Tsar, though he had said many delightful things about France, had not referred in any way to an "alliance" between France and Russia. At the luncheon given on board the *Pothuau* in his honor by the President, shortly before saying farewell, he referred to France and Russia as "two friendly and allied nations." It was the climax of the drama.

Of course on his arrival home a few days later President Faure received another ovation, and the French press is still ringing with echoes of his visit. In the mean time the other European nations are saying to themselves and to one another, "Do you suppose Russia means it?"

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AMATEUR SPORT

THE CHICAGO GOLF CLUB'S LINKS.

The course of the Chicago Golf Club, where the open and amateur championships are being decided this week, occupies a unique position in the world at the present moment. There is no other links, either in Great Britain or America, which is situated at a distance from the sea coast, and is yet comparable with the first class courses in Europe. Such a course in England or Scotland is naturally out of the question. No club would find it worth while to spend the requisite money on an inland links when there are so many sea side courses within easy reach

C. B. MACDONALD,
Champion '95

JNO. REID, JR.

And in this country, where the majority of links are probably in the interior, there are very few courses which have been laid out on the very best golfing principles. In order to approximate as nearly as possible to the St. Andrews links in Scotland, which in point of distance and arrangement is the standard course of the world, the holes at Wheaton have been so disposed as to call for the same display of accuracy and power as is necessary on the grounds of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club. There are eleven holes in the round which can be reached under favorable circumstances in two good shots, varying from two driver shots to one drive and a full iron. Of the remaining seven there are three, the first, the sixth, and the thirteenth, which necessitate three long drives unless there is a favoring wind, when two drives and an iron will be found sufficient. There are two short holes across the pond, possibly the prettiest short holes on any course, as they call for great accuracy in iron play and lead to many spoilt scores.

The remaining two holes, the eighth and eleventh, are of the easy length—a drive and a wrist shot—and therefore admit the possibility of a bad tee shot without punishment. In both cases, however, the greens are well guarded, and there is plenty of room for error.

The hazards, with the exception of the pond, are all sand bunkers, and the course is bounded on one side by a fence limiting the property, and on the other by long grass in order to place a premium upon straight play. At least fifty yards in width is always allowed, however, so that the player is never unreasonably cramped for room.

The turf is purely natural except at a few holes where the grass was not sown until two years ago. For the most part the original soil is there untouched except by the roller and grass-cutter, as it has been from time immemorial, and consequently the sod in most of the course is as good as it is possible to be.

The putting greens also are for the most part natural. A water system, which includes four miles of piping and two enormous tanks fed by a steam-engine from an inexhaustible well, has made it possible to put 100,000 gallons of water per day upon the links, both on the putting-greens and on those spots of the course which have needed moisture. The great danger to a Western golf links comes from the extreme probability of a drought in July and August. In that respect nature has been exceedingly thoughtful during the last two months, and a sufficient quantity of rain has fallen to obviate the necessity of much extra watering except on the putting-greens.

The advantages of a good water system cannot be overestimated where courses, as is generally the case in this country, are subject to dry spells. And it may safely be asserted that without such a thorough scheme for supplying moisture, the putting greens at Wheaton could never have been brought to anything like their present state.

For the first time in the history of golf in America the great event of the year will be decided in a perfectly satisfactory way, because never before has there been an eighteen-hole course available which admitted a genuine test of golf. The meeting will therefore have its educational advantages. As the standard of play is raised the desire for better courses will increase, and one cannot help feeling that although many of the Eastern courses have been improved since last year, the Wheaton links will be a revelation to many players who have not had the opportunity of studying the best links abroad, or some of the good nine-hole courses in America, such as Myopia and Meadow Brook.

H. J. WHIGHAM.

THE BOOM IN GOLF.

It is natural and almost inevitable that we English people in this sixtieth year of our Queen's reign—called, rather fantastically, her Diamond Jubilee—should be comparing the present things with the past, our social and various conditions of to-day with those under which our forebears lived when our Queen came to the throne. And in this comparison there are no features of contrast that appear more striking than the altered point of view towards all out door games and pastimes, and perhaps the most striking particular instance of this general change of view is to be seen in the regard that is now bestowed upon golf, in comparison with the neglect and ignorance of that blessed game which was the portion of our early Victorian forefathers. Now if this altered view were merely insular, I should be making too heavy a demand on the generosity and breadth of sympathy in America in asking them to listen to a discussion of it; but since it is world wide, so far as the Anglo-Saxon has exploited the world (that is to say, fairly ubiquitously); it needs no apology for taking a brief glance at a change that has affected so large a portion of humanity, for it appears that the mother-country is able to claim to have set the example in this interest applied to athletic pursuits, both to her own colonies and to the American nation.

When the Queen began to reign—that is, in 1837—there was practically no interest taken in athletic pursuits, whether at home or abroad. I find a very little interest attaching to rowing, and a little local interest in cricket; but in any other branch of athletic pursuits virtually none at all. Football was unheard of, we had not your baseball; athletic sports were not. The only events that bore any analogy to athletic sports were occasional pedestrian matches, generally against time. A certain Captain Barclay had walked a thousand miles in a thousand hours—a great feat in those days. Thereon a certain other soldier, finding some excellent sausages at table, backed himself to eat a thousand of them in a thousand hours—one every hour for six weeks! Captain Barclay accomplished his pedestrian feat, but the gastronomic athlete gave up at the third sausage. The first athletic sports worthy of the name was a meeting got up by some undergraduates of Exeter College, Oxford, in 1847, only fifty years ago. Football was a later invention again, and did not reach its present elaboration for a long while. Golf, so far as England was concerned, virtually did not exist. In England, however, was the course of the golf club that has older records than any other in the world, namely, the Royal Blackheath Club, which James I of England (Sixth of Scotland) instituted when he came down south to govern England and get into considerable trouble over the business. Considering his addiction to golf he ought to have been a better king, for he founded also the King James VI Golf Club at Perth. It was soon after the beginning of the second half of the present century that a St. Andrews man happened to come down to Westward Ho, in North Devon, and walking on some links' turf by the shore of the Atlantic, told his English host that they were walking over first-class potential golfing ground. This was between 1850 and 1860, just at the time when, as we have seen, England, and the Anglo-Saxon world in general, was waking up to a new born interest in all athletic matters. Golf, besides being an excellent athletic game, calling out the best qualities of eye, muscle, head, and nerve, is also a game eminently adapted for men who have arrived at that middle age at which running is a disagreeable necessity, rather than a delight, at such games as cricket, rackets, tennis, or even lawn-tennis. Therefore the game met a double want; and the manner in which it spread all round the English coast, and has now penetrated to every available inland heath and common—some of them not in the least degree suited for the play of the game to its perfection—it does not need to chronicle in detail. It happened that while the athletic spirit of the Anglo Saxon was in process of awakening, the invention of gutta-percha golf balls was born into the world. It was an invention that made golf cheap. Previously it was an expensive game, for the old feather-stuffed balls cost about four shillings apiece, while the new balls could be bought for one shilling, and when you hit one of the gutta-percha balls a crack on the crown with an iron you only scored a dent in it, whereas when you similarly maltreated one of the old fashioned balls you cut a hole in it, through which the stuffing came out, and the ball was ruined. Added to these factors of the game's popularity there was the accident that Mr A. J. Balfour was known to be an enthusiastic golfer, and was at that time at an even greater height of popularity and public esteem than he holds at present as leader of the House of Commons, being then engaged with conspicuous success and under peculiarly trying circumstances in the duties of the Chief Secretary.

POND HOLE.

SIXTH HOLE, NEAR OSAGE HEDGE.

H. J. WHIGHAM,
Champion '94.

THE FIRST TEE.

THE EIGHTH HOLE.

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THE CHICAGO CLUB'S CHAMPIONSHIP GOLF LINKS.

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ship of Ireland. It is of course impossible to make an exact estimate of the influence that Mr Balfour exercised on the already rising popularity of golf, but I am convinced that in this country, where the politician's career is more highly considered than in any other, his influence was not slight in setting the fashion. And it was an influence that combined with the other factors to popularize the game not only in England, but also in Scotland, the land of its nativity. For though it is true that golf has been played in Scotland for an immemorial time, it is yet not to be thought that it was always as common or as popular in Scotland as it is now. Probably it would not be inexact to say that whereas golfers in Scotland were numbered by units when the Queen began to reign, they may be numbered by fifties to-day; but in England for every unit that played golf in that early Victorian period the golfer of to-day is in his tens of thousands.

I have referred to Westward Ho as being the first seaside links in England to receive the tradition of golf; but there were clubs of older institution than Westward Ho south of the Tweed. There was the old Manchester club, "its senior by a year or two; but older than the old Manchester club is the club at Pau, in the south of France, where many an American golfer has learned the game; and yet older again and more interesting as an institution than either is the Calcutta Golf Club, formed by a band of Scotsmen in that far-off country and under that sultry sun. Of course golf links are to-day in India as they are all the rest of the world over, legion, but at that time the Calcutta establishment was unique, which is a noteworthy fact of golfing history. In South Africa the game has become no less popular, and even in the midst of the fuss and fury incidental to that most unfortunate raid with which Dr Jameson's name is inseparably associated, Johannesburg took a little breathing-space to hold a golf meeting. In Australia and New Zealand there are golf courses and golf championships. Hong Kong is quite an old arena of golf, and it needs not that I should relate here that golf is occasionally played in America. On the first occasion that it was played in that country to the present writer's knowledge he had himself the honor of taking part. It is now a decade or so ago that the writer was staying at Hempstead, in Long Island, and over an impromptu course laid out on the policies of the Meadow Brook Club, played a round under the critical eyes of a select gallery of its members. Their chief criticism at that time was that they thought it looked like "a very good game for Sunday." On returning home the writer sent out some clubs, but it was no good. Sunday did not come often enough, or the clubs did not suit—nothing, at all events, ever came of it. The seed was sown before the soil was ready for it. The game did not catch on. Now, however, it seems to have "caught" as satisfactorily that Americans have even been known to play it on a week-day.

The writer is prejudiced, of course. Golf has always been his noble infatuation, but it seems scarcely possible to conceive but that the world is the better of its golf boom. Putting aside all the high-class excellencies of the game when played in high-class fashion, surely for the middle-aged and sedentary, who play it in a moderate and unathletic way, it is still a blessed thing. It is a game that combines a sufficiency of exercise with long hours in the open air and absence of a demand for excessive exertion. The folk that ought to encourage golf with all their resources are the life-assurance people. The premiums they receive must be indefinitely prolonged. Their only danger is that the middle-aged and sedentary may cease to insure and may prefer to take to golf instead. Most men of one's acquaintance seem to be middle-aged; for most middle-aged men it is bad to run; and, curiously enough, seeing that it is bad for them, it is a form of exercise that most middle-aged men dislike. Commonly, both in middle age and in all the seven stages, it is that which we dislike the most that is most beneficial for us. But golf uniquely combines the *utile* with the *dulci*, and makes the livers of golfers "far and sure" more certainly than their driving.

HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.

SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE UNITED STATES NATIONAL LAWN-TENNIS ASSOCIATION, NEWPORT CASINO, AUGUST 19-24, 1907.

Preliminary Round.	First Round.	Second Round.	Third Round.	Fourth Round.	Finals.	Winner of Bill Cup.	Champion 1907.
M. D. Whitman,	F. P. Brooks,	Whitman, by default.	Whitman, 6-1, 6-0, 6-4, 6-1.	Nisbet, 6-4, 4-6, 6-4, 6-3.	Nisbet, 6-4, 2-6 6-7 6-4, 6-4	Ewen, 7-5, 6-0, 6-3.	R. D. Wrenn, 6-4, 6-4, 6-4, 6-0, 6-0.
W. J. Clothier,	Whitman, 6-4, 8-6, 6-0	Mahony, 6-3, 6-3, 6-4.					
H. S. Mahony,	Mahony, 6-3, 4-6, 6-0.						
Bolling Hallowell,	Goodfellow, 6-3, 6-4, 6-2, 6-2.	Nisbet, 6-3, 6-3, 6-4.	Nisbet, 6-4, 6-4, 6-0.				
T. R. Pell,	Wilting, by default.						
J. C. Goodfellow,	Nisbet, 6-2, 6-4, 6-3, 6-4.						
J. K. Wilting,	Byerson, 6-3, 10-8, 6-0, 6-3.	Wright, 6-3, 6-2, 6-2, 6-7, 6-3.					
J. P. Tabuteau, Jr.	Wright, 6-4, 6-1, 6-1						
H. B. Hackett,	Larned, 6-0, 6-2, 6-0	Larned, 6-0, 6-4, 6-2, 6-4	Larned, 6-4, 6-1, 6-4.	Larned, 6-4, 6-1, 6-2.			
H. A. Nisbet	Wrenn, 6-3, 3-6, 6-2, 6-3, 6-0.	Forbes, 6-1, 6-4, 1-6, 6-2.					
John A. Byerson,	Forbes, 6-2, 6-4, 6-2	Marmaduke, by default.					
H. D. Little,	Marmaduke, by default.	Stevens, by default.	Smith, by default.	Fischer, 7-5, 6-0, 6-2.			
R. C. Wright,	Stevens, by default.	M. D. Smith, 6-2, 7-5, 6-4.					
Percival Marshall,	M. D. Smith, 6-4, 7-5, 6-4.	Fischer, 6-1, 6-4, 6-2.	Fischer, 6-6, 6-4, 6-4, 6-2, 6-4				
Arthur P. Hovey,	Fischer, 6-1, 6-4, 6-2.	W. S. Reed, 6-1, 6-3, 6-4.					
G. S. Larned	Davis, 1-6, 6-1, 6-4, 6-3.	Davis, 1-6, 6-4, 6-3.	E. Wrenn, 1-6, 6-4, 6-3.	Parel, 6-3, 6-7, 6-4, 6-1.			
Clarence F. Dodge,	E. Wrenn, 6-4, 6-4, 6-0	Goodhart, by default.					
George Wrenn, Jr.	Goodhart, by default.	Parel, 6-4, 6-0, 6-3.	Parel, 6-4, 6-4, 6-3.	Ewen, 6-4, 6-1, 6-0, 6-0.			
K. S. White,	Parel, 6-4, 6-0, 6-3.	Ewen, 6-2, 6-2, 6-3.					
J. D. Forbes	Ewen, 6-2, 6-4, 6-2	Bull, 6-4, 6-0, 6-0, 6-0.	Ewen, 6-4, 6-0, 6-0, 6-0.				
Duane Miller,	Bull, 6-4, 6-0, 6-1	Neely, 6-2, 6-4, 6-2.	Ewen, 7-5, 6-2, 6-2				
Paul Marmaduke	Neely, 6-4, 6-4, 6-3, 3-6, 6-0.	Davidson, 6-2, 6-4, 6-2.					
Richard Stevens,	Davidson, 6-2, 6-4, 6-2.	Bostwick, 6-7, 6-7, 6-3.	Ward, 6-1, 6-4, 6-3.	Ewen, 6-0, 6-2, 6-4.			
M. G. Chace,	Bostwick, 6-4, 6-4, 6-4.	Ward, 6-4, 6-4, 6-3.	Ward, 6-4, 4-6, 6-4, 6-4				
M. D. Smith,	Ward, 6-2, 6-4, 6-4.	Rowe, 6-3, 6-4, 10-8	Lee, 6-4, 6-1, d.	Ware, 6-0, 6-4, 6-4.			
Ralph M. Kittle,	Rowe, 6-3, 6-4, 6-7, 6-4, 10-8	Lee, 6-1, 6-3, 6-4.					
E. F. Fischer,	Lee, 6-1, 6-2, 6-4.	Cushman, 6-1, 6-2, 6-1.	Ware, 6-2, 6-1, 6-1.	Ware, 6-4, 6-0, 6-1.			
C. A. Heald.	Cushman, 6-1, 6-2, 6-1.	Ware, 6-1, 6-4, 6-1.					
A. W. Pond,	Ware, 6-1, 6-4, 6-1.	Marshall, by default.					
W. S. Reed.	Marshall, by default.	H. J. Holt.	Holt, by default.				
H. P. Davis,	H. J. Holt.						

Consolation final—C. P. Dodge beat R. D. Thurber, 6-1, 6-3.

INTER-SCHOLASTIC CHAMPIONSHIP

Preliminary Round.	Semi-final Round.	Final Round.	Intercollegiate Champion.
L. H. Turner (Chicago U.)	Howes, by default.	Fincke, 6-0, 6-4, 6-0, 6-2, 6-2.	Fincke, 6-4, 6-0, 6-4, 6-3.
A. P. Rowe (Harvard)	Fincke, 4-6, 7-5, 6-4, 6-4.	Pell, by default.	
Reginald Fincke (Yale)	Pell, 6-0, 6-4, 6-2.		
A. L. Alexander (Princeton)	J. C. Small (Bowdoin).		
W. J. Clothier (U. of Pa.)			
T. R. Pell (Columbia)			

DOUBLES CHAMPIONSHIP.

Mahony and Nisbet, winners of Eastern doubles, vs Ware and Sheldon, winners of Western doubles.	Ware and Sheldon, 11-13, 6-4, 6-7, 7-5, 6-4	Ware and Sheldon, by default.
	C. B. and R. R. Neel, champions 1906.	

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JUST AS A PROSPECT WAS SHAPING for the advancement of club rowing in the favor of American sportsmen—here comes the Ten Eyck Maguire episode, positively repellent with its ear marks of professional match making. From first to last there has been an offensive parading of "representatives," "agreements," "backers." Greater prominence, indeed, could not have been given these professional accompaniments had Ten Eyck the elder and Hosmer or any other professional oarsman been arranging for a race.

Ten Eyck junior is the young man who won the Diamond Sculls last July at Henley, for which he was entered by a Worcester rowing club. Maguire is the Boston oarsman who lately achieved American amateur championship honors in the senior sculls on the Schuylkill River at Philadelphia. Ten Eyck was also entered for this event, and went into training at Philadelphia, but withdrew the day before the regatta opened, offering lack of condition as the excuse for his action.

Shortly after Maguire had won the championship, however, rumors of a match race between him and Ten Eyck were freely circulated—the name of a well known "handler" of professionals being industriously connected with the proceedings.

MEANTIME, THE LABOR DAY REGATTA of the New England Amateur Rowing Association (a branch of the N. A. A. O.) was approaching, and the Regatta Committee empowered Walter Stimpson, vice president, to invite Messrs. Ten Eyck and Maguire to hold their race under Association auspices on that day. Both men accepted, Maguire writing for himself, and Ten Eyck's acquiescence being conveyed by his "representative." Subsequently "the representatives" of Ten Eyck and Maguire met, just as did the representatives of Corbett and Fitzsimmons in the *Police Gazette* office when completing their preliminary arrangements, and drew up conditions and signed agreements quite after the orthodox professional manner of settling such matters.

On August 31 Mr. Stimpson received a letter from W. J. Cleary, Maguire's "representative," which read (I quote from Mr. Stimpson's letter to me) "that Maguire had authorized him to inform me that he would not row at our regatta on Labor day. Giving no excuse."

THAT IS THE WHOLE STORY—and a most unpleasant one it is. Under the amateur law Ten Eyck or Maguire or any other man who pretends to be an amateur has no business with "representatives", nor have "agreements" and "conditions," etc., between individuals any place in amateur sport. The rules of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen were framed to govern all racing under its auspices, just as the rules of the Amateur Athletic Union are for the government of racing between amateur athletes. Special dual matches are unusual and undesirable in amateur sport, but when they do occur the rules of the national or sectional governing body are entirely equal to the needs of the occasion.

THE MARK OF THE PROFESSIONAL throughout the Ten Eyck Maguire negotiations is unmistakable, and the New England Rowing Association ought to congratulate itself on escaping the responsibility of a meeting that has every indication of having been incited and influenced by the betting or "sporting" elements of Worcester and Boston.

I do not go so far as to say that either Ten Eyck or Maguire was a *particeps criminis* in this matter—on the contrary, I should say that neither would knowingly besmirch his amateur standing at the very beginning of his career. They are eager to race, no doubt, and both live in the midst of professional and betting elements, so it is more than probable that each, intent on meeting the other, has failed to recognize the unwholesome atmosphere which evidently enveloped some of those reported prominently concerned in the transactions. Maguire's withdrawal after voluntarily agreeing to row seems, however, to somewhat contradict this theory.

It is not the young men upon whom our criticism falls heaviest, but upon the New England Rowing Association, that it should tolerate even the suggestion of a race so patronized by the professional sporting element, and yet heavier upon the officials of Ten Eyck's and Maguire's respective boat clubs, who, instead of lending themselves to such professional methods of match-making, should have properly guided the young oarsmen from the beginning. Or if they refused guidance, reported them to the Association Regatta Committee.

AT ALL EVENTS, THE INCIDENT HAS FURNISHED a good lesson to the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen, and one which, promptly acted upon, will continue that public confidence it has been gaining in recent years—a little at a time, but steadily. At its next meeting, in January, match races which cannot be arranged for and rowed under the N. A. A. O. rules without the professional addenda of "representatives," "signed agreements," etc., should be forbidden.

The idea of "signed agreements" in sport between amateurs is intolerable, not to say incongruous. An agreement is valueless without a penalty for its breaking. What would be the forfeit for amateurs?

Furthermore, the N. A. A. O. should place a limit of value on prizes, there is now no such specification. Ten Eyck and Maguire might row for a Worcester corner lot and still be amateurs, for all the N. A. A. O. rules to the contrary. And last, but most important of all, let there be no equivocal ruling against oarsmen with backers. They must be disqualified as fast as they show their heads.

If the N. A. A. O. considers the respect of sportsmen worth having it must not permit another such an episode as that lately closed at Boston.

THE ENTRIES FOR THE GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP have been swelled to an unexpectedly large figure by the number of second class players exploited by Chicago clubs, and the many non residents who will journey farther and have as little chance of qualifying. All in all there are fifty nine entries, and twenty five seems to be a generous estimate of those whose '97 play suggests fitness for the qualified list. Two are absent who were expected to stay in the tournament to the last rounds—Toler and Travis. Cutting, who gave much promise last year, and defeated Harriman at Newport week before last, is also an absentee, so are Sands, Bayard, and Terry. Of the Eastern entries, the ones most likely to qualify undoubtedly are Tyng, Douglas, Bowers, Reid, Keene, Harriman, Shaw, Thorp, Lynch, Sweny, Coats, of the Westerners, Whigham, Macdonald, W. B. Smith, Forgan, Tweedie; and from the South, Fenn. Macdonald, Whigham, Tweedie, and Forgan are well known, of course, and the only other Chicago player whose work has been really first-class is W. B. Smith.

WHEN HARRIMAN DEFEATED KHUSH at Newport he revealed a steadiness of play that makes him a possible consideration for the final rounds. In fact, Harriman, Keene, Tyng, and Douglas all possess that same quality of play, steadiness—in addition to good skill—so their course through the tournament is sure to be marked by interesting play. Recently Macdonald has been showing very strong form, and he and Whigham are popularly credited with holding the championship between them. Comparisons in golfing form are rather difficult to draw and apt to be exceedingly misleading, but I think the championship may not so easily be disposed of. Whigham certainly impresses me as having the best chance for winning the honor, unless he has fallen off considerably since last year, but there seems to be good, stubborn, and expert fighting material in a full half dozen of the Easterners, and in none more than in Tyng, Douglas, Keene, Harriman, and Thorp. Sweny and Coats were close up last year, but they have played so little this season we can hardly place them. Tyng's recent work has been quite his best and stamps him on public form the strongest of the Easterners. Should he win over Whigham, it would be a great victory indeed for home-bred golf.

IT WILL BE REGRETTABLE if the waning yachting season be not enlivened by another match between *Vigilant* and *Navahoe*. Not that the question of the faster is undetermined, but a race between these two big single stickers is always exciting—and yachting something that description has not been abundant this season.

Then, too, it seems as if *Navahoe*, out of mere courtesy, owed *Vigilant* another race, after the award of the Newport Cup to the former on a foul that actually had no effect on the result proper. But Mr. Carroll appears to be satisfied, as he declined to enter for a special cup offered by the Larchmont Club for a race between the two, on the plea that *Navahoe* was going out of commission.

In squadron runs, open regattas, and match races the two sloops have now met six times—all in this season—and *Navahoe* has been the victor only twice. Their first meeting was in the Larchmont Fourth of July regatta, *Vigilant* winning by 4 m. The N. Y. Y. C. cruise and Goelet Cup race provided the next four meetings, on the run from Huntington to New London *Vigilant* finished first (elapsed time) by 15 m., from New London to Newport *Vigilant*, on corrected time, won by 4 m. 30 s. In the Goelet Cup race *Navahoe* fairly outsailed *Vigilant*, which was not handled up to the usual high mark, winning by 1 m. actual time and 4 m. 21 s. corrected time. On the run from Vineyard Haven to Bar Harbor *Vigilant* finished first by a large margin.

THESE MEETINGS LED TO THE MATCH RACE, which occurred on the 4th inst. over a course of 30½ miles laid off Newport, for a cup offered by the local yachting association. *Navahoe* had her customary crew re-enforced by several expert Corinthians, and *Vigilant* had the English crew of *Wasp*, and was therefore hardly at her best.

To the first mark there was scarcely any breeze, and *Navahoe* gained 1 m. 45 s. on that leg, but thereafter, until the last leg, *Vigilant* gained steadily on every point of sailing, but especially on reaching. On the last leg *Navahoe*, when over six minutes behind, picked up a slant of wind and gained 2 m. 10 s. on *Vigilant*, which, however, crossed the line first by 3 m. 48 s., although her allowance of 2 m. 58 s. gave her a winning margin of but 50 s. The foul occurred on the last leg of the second round. *Vigilant* had gybed over to round the mark, when her boom swung back and struck the stake, and at the conclusion of the race Mr. Chubb notified the committee of the occurrence. It had absolutely no influence on the race, but Mr. Carroll protested and was presented the cup.

THE LARCHMONT CLUB REGATTAS on the 4th, 6th, and 11th inst. provided desired opportunities for further racing between *Syce* and *Vencedor*, and the triple victory of the former, added to her other conquests over the same rival this season, seems to give convincing evidence of superiority. *Vencedor* has always been a fast boat, and her present owner has certainly increased her speed. But she has, too, always been a somewhat unsteady performer, and appears to have retained something of the nature that characterized her Western outing, despite improvements,—30 per cent more sail and better handling. Besides all of which *Syce* is an exceedingly fast sloop, with a better model and a happier distribution of her power.

Some very interesting racing was furnished by the small boats on the 4th and 6th, although the fleeting airs of the sixth did their utmost to mar the sport, and, in fact, materially did affect it for the worse. On both occasions, however, *Kit* and *Win or Lose*, familiar names among this season's winning cat-boats, repeated the successful performances with which their names are associated. The only new interest was given by *Anoatok*, which Herreshoff built for Mr. Harold Sanderson to beat *Hanadel*. She failed of her purpose, but did succeed in defeating *Acushla*, the latter having the exceeding ill luck to be becalmed, though being the only other one of the class to finish. *Emerald* failed to appear, and *Volunta* had a sail-over in her class, and defeated *Amorita* on corrected time.

THE SHAWANDABA CORINTHIAN CLUB was more fortunate in the matter of wind, and its autumn regatta—on the 4th—provided some very interesting racing by the small boats. The performance of *Shark*, the unsuccessful competitor in the international small boat trials, was particularly noteworthy, and seemed to lend strength to the sometime expressed opinion that in a good whole-sail breeze she is faster than *Momo*, so recently defeated by the Canadian *Glencairn II.* for the international small boat trophy. Be that as it may, *Shark* sailed a fast race on the 4th, beating *Skate* over 12 m. The other interesting event of the day was furnished by the 20-foot class, in which the new *Acushla* met and defeated *Surprise* by the generous margin of 14 m. *Acushla* led from the very start, never leaving the result in doubt. Last Saturday, in the Riverside Club regatta *Acushla* evened accounts with *Anoatok*, by beating her about 11 m.

THE RECENTLY ANNOUNCED DETERMINATION of the Seawanhaka club men to next year build a one design class of Knockabouts is additional evidence—of which much is already forthcoming—of the continuous encouragement this club collectively and individually is giving scientific small boat building. The Knockabout idea is borrowed from Boston, where it and its prototype the Cape Cod cat have long since furnished rare good sport. In my judgment, the small boat classes are more important than the large ones. They certainly bear more significantly upon the future American class of Corinthian sailor men, and their lessons are the quicker learned. The one design, too, has furnished the keenest racing of the last three years, as the Boston Knockabouts and the 30-footers at Newport amply bear witness. The proposed class of the Seawanhaka yachtsmen is to be 21 feet on the water line, with an 8 foot cockpit fitted with cabin, which will make them suitable for cruising as well as for racing.

IF PRESIDENT POTTER, OF THE L. A. W., has assumed a more lenient attitude towards Sunday racing—as some of his newspaper friends proclaim he has—he will be very unlikely to secure even a renomination for the office he is said to be desirous of filling another year. The wish that there shall be no Sunday racing under L. A. W. auspices is too imperative to be either misunderstood or trifled with. It is not a political play to the gallery, it is not a sop for a faction of voters, it is a demand from the level-headed and wholesome minded of the L. A. W.'s members, which, when Mr. Potter makes his effort for re-election, will probably reach a grand total of 100,000.

Now and again sporting writers and editors are hoodwinked by the press agents of the Sunday racing scheme, and statements find their way into the papers that the Sunday movement is not only flourishing at home, but gaining recruits abroad. Neither is true. Sunday racing is confined now, and has been from the first outbreak of the disease, to California and one or two localities of the far South. At both places it is discountenanced by the better elements of sportsmen and society generally, and in neither has it been successful. California, outside of the colleges, is notoriously dissolute in its athletics and Sunday racing in the South grew out of an unprofitable attempt of some professional promoters to hold night racing by electric light.

I have been amused at the serious consideration some of the New York papers have given the trumpetings of the California Sunday racers over the promised "support and sympathy" of the British Columbia division of the Canadian Wheelman's Association. Bicycle-racers in British Columbia are too few to lend support—they need it themselves. As for the Canadian Association—it knows the strength of the L. A. W. Moreover, it is not in sympathy with Sunday racing.

Let no one be deceived on the question of Sunday racing; it has not succeeded, and never will, and whoso champions it will share its degradation.

MAKESHIFT POLO TEAMS seem to be the predominant characteristic of the present season. Philadelphia has supplied men for Rockaway and Point Judith and others, Westchester has played for Meadow Brook, and now Rockaway men are to play for Westchester in the Polo Association championship. There is this difference, however, that whereas Philadelphia and Westchester only loaned their men, Rockaway has lost hers. Whether this repeated shooting of players arises from individual desire to be of a winning team, or from scarcity of first-class material—at all events it has served to whet interest in the forth-coming championship tournament. There are four teams entered—Meadow Brook, made up of W. C. Eustis, H. P. Whitney, Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., and Benjamin Nicoll; Myopia, with A. P. Gardner, R. L. Agassiz, R. G. Shaw, 2d, and George H. Norman, Jr.; Rockaway, with W. A. Hazard, F. S. Conover, Jr., Albert Francke, and George L. Myers; and Westchester, with J. S. Stevens, J. M. Waterbury, Jr., L. Waterbury, and J. E. Cowdin.

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN POLO HISTORY Rockaway cannot be considered an important factor in the championship; the team put forth this week is outclassed by all the others, and will be little more than good practice for Westchester when they meet on the 18th.

But between Meadow Brook and Myopia, who play on the 18th, there is certain to be an exciting struggle, with the eventual result most difficult to forecast. It depends entirely on whether Myopia plays a team or an individual game. If the latter, its defeat is certain, for there has been repeated demonstration that individual effort, be it never so brilliant, cannot win against first-class team work. Meadow Brook, playing L. Waterbury instead of Whitney, and Westchester, playing Mortimer in place of Stevens, have defeated Myopia this season because of the latter's lack of team play, and Meadow Brook will surely repeat the performance on the Prospect Park Parade Grounds the 18th unless team work has come to the Bostonians. The winners of the 18th and 19th will meet for the final on the 23d.

If Myopia does play the team game it ought to be able to show it stands a fighting chance of beating Meadow Brook, which, without Baldwin, and with neither Hitchcock nor Nicoll up to his best, will not be so strong as last year.

But of the three the strong team Westchester has mustered seems the most likely winner, and it rather looks as though the '97 championship would for the first time go up the Sound. This is taking into account the very interesting match between the two at Hempstead last Saturday, which Meadow Brook won—12 to 8¾ goals. Each team earned 9 goals, and Meadow Brook's allowance and Westchester's fouls explain the difference in score. Meadow Brook played a strong team game, and while the two are very evenly matched, I incline to the belief that with a little more practice together, the present Westchester four will be the strongest of the year.

Rockaway's loss is obviously Westchester's gain.

CASPAR WHITNEY

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3D WARD.—CHURCH STREET SEWER, between Duane and Thomas Sts.; WEST BROADWAY PAVING, between Chambers and Vesey Sts.; GREENWICH STREET PAVING, between Vesey and Dey Sts.

4TH WARD.—OLIVER STREET PAVING AND LAYING CROSSWALKS, between Cherry and South Sts.

5TH WARD.—WEST BROADWAY CROSSWALK, at Walker and Beach Sts.

12TH WARD.—BOULEVARD LAFAYETTE GUARD RAILS, between 155th and Dyckman Sts.; CENTRAL PARK WEST SEWER, between 90th and 91st Sts.; CONVENT AVENUE SEWERS, between 125th and 141st Sts., with CURVES; also, SEWER IN 140TH STREET, between Convent and Amsterdam Aves.; DYCKMAN STREET OUTLET SEWER, between Hudson River and Kingsbridge Road; 113TH STREET PAVING, between Amsterdam and Morningside Aves.; 111TH STREET FENCING, s. e. cor. of Pleasant Ave.; 116TH STREET PAVING, between Amsterdam and Morningside Aves.; 117TH STREET PAVING, between Lenox and St. Nicholas Aves.; 127TH STREET, ETC., REGULATING, REGRADING, RECURBING, AND REFLAGGING, between St. Nicholas and Convent Aves.; 139TH STREET PAVING, between Convent and Amsterdam Aves.; 140TH STREET PAVING, between Convent and Amsterdam Aves.; 180TH STREET PAVING, from the Boulevard to Amsterdam Ave.; 163D STREET SEWER, between Amsterdam Ave. and Edgecombe Road; 163D STREET SEWER, between Kingsbridge Road and 10th Ave.; PARK AVENUE PAVING (w. s.), between 97th and 101st Sts.; ST. NICHOLAS TERRACE IRON FENCE, between 130th St. and Convent Ave.

13TH WARD.—BROOME STREET PAVING, between Mangin and East Sts., and LAYING CROSSWALKS, BROOME STREET BASINS, on the n. e. and s. e. corners of Tompkins St.

15TH WARD.—MACDOUGAL STREET SEWERS, between West Washington Pl. and Clinton Pl.

20TH WARD.—26TH STREET PAVING, between 11th and 12th Aves.; 27TH STREET PAVING, between 11th and 12th Aves.; 30TH STREET PAVING, between 10th and 11th Aves.

22D WARD.—44TH STREET FENCING, vacant lots, street Nos. 532, 534, and 536 W. 44th St.; 57TH AND 60TH STREETS CROSSWALKS, at the easterly side of Columbus Ave.; 81ST STREET SEWER, between Columbus Ave. and Central Park West.

23D WARD.—BREMER AVENUE SEWER, between Jerome Ave. and the summit north of E. 166TH ST.; GROVE STREET PAVING, between 3d and Brook Aves.; INTERVALE AVENUE BASINS, on the n. e. and n. w. corners of E. 166th St.; MELROSE AVENUE REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING, FLAGGING, AND LAYING CROSSWALKS, from 3d Ave. to 163d St.; OGDEN AVENUE SEWER, from Jerome Ave. to the summit north of 164th St. (Kemp Pl.); 137TH STREET PAVING, between Alexander and Brook Aves.; 141ST STREET PAVING, between 3d and Alexander Aves.; 142D STREET PAVING, between Brook and St. Ann's Aves.; SHERMAN AVENUE SEWER, between 161st and 164th Sts.; ST. ANN'S AVENUE BASIN, n. w. cor. of 156th St.; ST. JOSEPH STREET SEWER, between Bungay St. and Tinpenny Pl.

24TH WARD.—176TH STREET REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING, FLAGGING, AND LAYING CROSSWALKS, between Webster and 3d Aves.; WEBSTER AVENUE REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING, FLAGGING, BUILDING APPROACHES, AND FENCING, between 184th St. and the Kingsbridge Road.

ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller.

City of New York, Finance Department, Comptroller's Office, August 27, 1897.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT IN THE "CITY RECORD," commencing on the 31st day of August, 1897, and continuing therein consecutively for nine (9) days thereafter, of the confirmation by the Supreme Court, and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments, etc., of the assessments for OPENING AND ACQUIRING TITLE to the following named streets and avenues in the respective wards herein designated:

12th WARD.—10th AVENUE, from Academy Street to Kingsbridge Road.

23d WARD.—JENNINGS STREET, from Stebbins Avenue to West Farms Road. WALTON AVENUE, from the south side of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad to East 167th Street.

ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller.

Comptroller's Office, September 2, 1897.

NOTICE: Estimates for preparing for and building Recreation Structure on the pier at the foot of East One Hundred and Twelfth Street, Harlem River, Contract 604, and for preparing for and building a new wooden Pier, with appurtenances, at the foot of East One Hundred and Twelfth Street, Harlem River, contract 605, will be received by the Department of Docks at Pier "A," Battery Place, N. R., until 11.30 o'clock A. M., Sept. 17th, 1897. For particulars see *City Record*.

ATTENTION is called to the advertisement now published in the *City Record* for the construction of a bridge over the Harlem River between 138th Street and 1st Avenue and 134th Street and Willis Avenue, bids to be opened on Thursday, September 16th, 1897, at 12 o'clock M., by the Commissioner of Public Works.

NOTICE: Estimates for building new pier at Jane Street, North River, contract No. 606, will be received by Department of Docks until 12 o'clock noon, September 17th, 1897. For particulars see *City Record*.

How to reach the

KLONDIKE.

COLUMBIA NAVIGATION AND TRADING COMPANY.

S. S. City of Columbia (3,000 tons) will depart from the Old Dominion Line Pier 26, North River,

Wednesday, Dec. 1st, for

ST. MICHAEL,

connecting with Company's river steamers for

DAWSON CITY.

Fare to Dawson City, including 1000 pounds of baggage, $1000.00 up, according to accommodation. Passengers desiring to meet the ship at San Francisco or Seattle will be provided with transportation by rail to either point at same rate.

For passage tickets and further information apply to the agents,

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31 East Fourteenth Street, New York.
296 Washington St., Boston, Mass.
1005 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.
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KIDDER'S PASTILLES. Sure relief ASTHMA. Price 35 cts. by mail. Stowell & Co. Charlestown, Mass.

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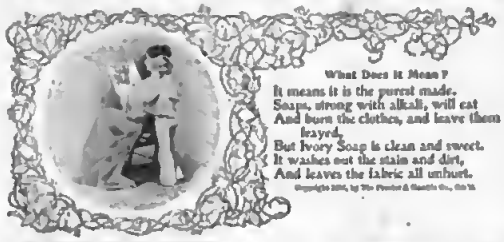

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It means it is the purest made.
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And burn the clothes, and leave them frayed.
But Ivory Soap is clean and sweet.
It washes out the stain and dirt,
And leaves the fabric all unhurt.

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for 1897 Columbia and Hartfords—credit that every bicycle rider can appreciate.

We have not seen a single spoke in any 1897 Columbia or Hartford bicycle broken through defect. • • •

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STANDARD OF THE WORLD.

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POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.
If Columbias are not properly represented in your vicinity, let us know

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Brown Brothers & Co.,
Bankers, No. 59 Wall Street

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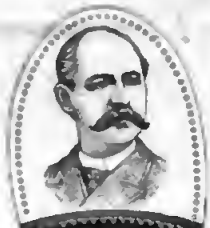
GOLD MEDAL, PARIS EXPOSITION, 1889, AND THE CHICAGO EXPOSITION AWARD
THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS.

EARL & WILSON'S LINEN COLLARS & CUFFS BEST IN THE WORLD



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SEAL GOAT
BEST CALF
ENAMEL
VICI · KID
BOX · CALF
CORDOVAN
BROWN WILLOW CALF

W·L·DOUGLAS
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HAND SEWED PROCESS. SHOES,

As good in every way as those posting from $5 to $7, the have the best line of $3.50 shoes in the world, made on the latest improved English lasts, by the most skilful workmen in this country.

Imported Kangaroo Tops, first color boots and opera boots, invaluable on the heavy three-soles extending from calf, another includes light and heavy soles, widths A to EE. The best $4.00 Patent shoe that adorns a lady's foot.

We will show direct from our factory through 50 stores in the principal cities and 1,000 retail agents throughout the country.

Being the largest manufacturers and retailers of men's fine shoes in the world in the region, stop every pair of W. L. Douglas shoes in a bargain. Don't be deceived. W. L. Douglas name and price is stamped on the bottom of every shoe.

Sent to any part of the U. S. on receipt of price and 50 cents for carriage.

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Made from the freshest and purest material. A fine soap for fine uses. Will not injure the most delicate fabrics; will not shrink woolens.

For any one with *weak lungs* an

Allcock's Porous Plaster

placed on the chest, and another between the shoulder-blades, is invaluable. Ask for Allcock's. See you get Allcock's.

9 Cliff St., New York, Sept. 15th, 1896.
We have purchased S. RAE & CO.'S FINEST SUBLIME LUCCA OIL at retail in the open market, and have submitted samples so obtained to careful chemical analysis.
We find the oil to be PURE OLIVE OIL unadulterated by admixture with any other oil or other substance. It is free from rancidity, and all other undesirable qualities, and it is of SUPERIOR QUALITY AND FLAVOR.
THE LEDOUX CHEMICAL LABORATORY.
A. R. Ledoux Pres.
Est. 1836. S. RAE & CO., Leghorn, Italy.

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His sketches of rustic New England life will be recognized as faithfully drawn pictures, truthful in both nature and character, and those of city life are equally well drawn.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

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Has already created a sensation. . . . A powerful story well told.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

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As one reads the opening chapters he feels that he has come upon a strong piece of writing, a work of originality in plot and movement . . . The interest in the story grows with every page turned.—*Harper's Post.*

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with [illegible] in Rome, Venice, Naples, etc. [illegible] Mr. [illegible] Hall, care Hotel [illegible] N.Y.

CARBONA
THE NEW NON-INFLAMMABLE CLEANING FLUID.

Fastest Trains in the World—On the New York Central

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLI.—No. 2092
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1897.

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FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.

"L'HOMME AU BÂTON."

ENGRAVED BY CH. BAUDE AFTER THE PAINTING BY REMBRANDT IN THE LOUVRE, PARIS.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1897.

Terms: 10 Cents a Copy.—$4 00 a Year, in Advance.

Postage free to all Subscribers in the United States, Canada, and Mexico.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.
New York City: Franklin Square.
London: 45 Albemarle Street, W.

Also for sale at Brentano's, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris.

ALTON B. PARKER has been nominated for Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals by the New York regular Democratic State Committee. The committee displayed a wholesome fear of Bryanism, and, despite the vociferous threats of silver Democrats, said nothing about honor his platform.

MR. STEWART L. WOODFORD presented his credentials as Minister to Spain to the Queen Regent on September 13. There was no jingoism in his speech, but there was a good deal of pathos in the prayer of the Queen to Mr. HANNIS TAYLOR the retiring minister, to promote friendship for Spain in the United States. We are assured, however, on the most doubtful authority possible, that Mr. WOODFORD is charged with the duty of telling Spain that the war in Cuba must cease at once.

A MOB of murderers of the kind known as "outraged citizens" broke into the jail at Versailles, Indiana, on the 13th, and taking five men, accused of robbery, from the possession of the law, killed them by hanging. The excuse given for the commission of this crime is that the victims were suspected of being concerned in robberies that have been frequent of late in the neighborhood of Versailles. Nothing, however, had been proved against the men. It is said that barbarism is so strongly entrenched in Indiana that no jury can be obtained that will convict the murderers.

YELLOW FEVER has made its appearance on the Gulf. It first broke out at Ocean Springs, Mississippi, where it prevailed for some time under the appearance of, or alongside of, a harmless local fever known as dengue. When the fact was made certain, however, that yellow fever existed, the United States Marine Hospital service was called on. Last week several cases of the disease were reported at New Orleans, and one or two cases at Mobile, Alabama, and at Jackson, Mississippi. The three States, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Alabama, are quarantined against one another.

PRESIDENT FAURE has returned to Paris, after his visit to Russia, amid the shouts of the joyous Parisians, who will with equal readiness tumble him into the Seine if the Russian treaty should result in a disappointment. The German Emperor's previous visit induces English writers on international policy to fear that there is a movement on foot to unite Russia, France, and Germany against Great Britain. Royalty is very busy in entertainment, and the visits that are going on are certainly more than the "decorative element in diplomacy" which BISMARCK called them. HUMBERT and WILLIAM have been to Austria, and the Dreibund seems safe for a time.

THE DINGLEY law is fruitful in breeding enmities against the government. The tax on clothing, the product of which Mr. DINGLEY fatuously estimated at $10,000,000 a year, will bring not much more than $500,000; and to get this paltry sum Americans returning from abroad are kept on the steamship wharves for hours, while the taxes due from them on their clothing are calculated under a rule that has been revived after a slumber of fifteen years. On September 8 the passengers of the *Teutonic* were kept on the dock for four hours, and on the 11th the passengers of the *Campania*, *St. Paul*, and *Fürst Bismarck* were not released until long after midnight. Mr. DINGLEY is likely to find the wrath of these weightier than Mr. McKINLEY found that of the "shopping woman" seven years ago.

ONE great step has been taken during the week in the municipal campaign in Greater New York. Mr. SETH LOW, having been nominated for Mayor by the Citizens' Union, has accepted, in an admirable letter, in which he declares that, if elected, he will be a non-partisan magistrate, regarding only the city's welfare, and preventing the use of the city's patronage "for the purpose of either strengthening or weakening one party or another, or any faction of any party." He is now a new kind of candidate in American politics, a candidate running on issues distinctively municipal, such as the proper method of disposing of the city's franchises, the extension of means of communication between the different parts of the enlarged city, etc. This naturally distorts the regular party organizations.

THERE is a lively political war in progress in Pennsylvania which will excite the interest of the curious without arousing their sympathy for either side. The war is between Governor HASTINGS, who wants to succeed Senator QUAY, and the Senator himself, who wants a re-election. Both men are bad products of the most thievish, if not the worst, party machine in the Union. General FRANK REEDER, Secretary of the Commonwealth, is thus far the most distinguished victim of the war. He has been compelled to resign by the Governor. It is admitted on all sides that REEDER was forced out of his place because he preferred QUAY to HASTINGS. The anti-QUAY "forces" have secured the arrest of REEDER on the charge of injuring the fair name of Mr. JOHN WANAMAKER by attempting to induce him to offer a bribe to a legislator. The Governor shows his continued adherence to the policy of corruption accepted and practised by the Republicans of Pennsylvania by appointing the notorious "DAVE" MARTIN as REEDER's successor.

SUSTAINING THE LAW.

THE highest majesty in this country is the law. In principle the law is absolute, and disobedience is hostility, sometimes treason, to the state. It is true that there are laws which it is difficult, if not impossible, to enforce, because they are opposed to public sentiment. The existence of such laws is consequently contrary to the well being of the community, for the mere fact that they are not obeyed works injury to all laws. It is true, also, that laws are human, and therefore likely to be imperfect, but they are nevertheless the result of the best intelligence that we devote to the business of government. Their enforcement, at all events, is essential to the maintenance of the general and the local governments; and this is especially true of the laws which are made for the protection of individuals and of the community itself against acts of violence. Resistance to the law, insistence upon the superiority of individual or mob will or passion to the law, is one of the gravest crimes that can be committed. Indeed, it is the basis of all crime, and it is as much graver in a republic than is the assassination of the head of the state in a monarchy as the law itself, which is the expression of the minds of those who are both the rulers and the ruled, is of more importance than any man, whether he be king or private citizen.

This ought to be trite, but we regret to say that it is not in this country, and that the history of the summer that has just ended is filled with instances showing that the law and its administrators are treated with contempt in more than one State in the Union. The murders that have been committed by mobs, the charge of the Kentucky judge, and the criminal remarks of the Governor of West Virginia justifying an injured husband in the killing of his wife's paramour are not only sad blemishes on our civilization, but they indicate a state of the public mind which is distinctly hostile not only to the well-being but to the existence of republican institutions. The mobs that have escaped punishment, the communalities that have sustained them, the newspapers that have applauded them, this disgraceful judge and this criminal Governor, have laid violent hands upon the sacred majesty of the law; and if such treasonable practices are to continue and to become universal, government must come to an end, and the order of civilization must give way to the disorder of savagery.

The weak point in the system of government where such crimes are committed is not usually in the law itself, but in its administration. The trouble is that the officers charged with the enforcement of the law dread too much the adverse sentiments of the voters to stand up against them when it is their duty to do so. The Sheriff of Luzerne County in Pennsylvania, therefore, affords a striking and refreshing illustration of virtues that elsewhere have been conspicuously absent. The killing and wounding of the striking miners and their allies are most deplorable. The strikers were on their way to induce or to compel other workmen to join them. The stories as to the origin of the fatal march to the Lattimer mines are conflicting, but in considering the attitude of the sheriff and his deputies they are not controlling. Sheriff MARTIN thought that the men were not on a peaceful mission. He had evidence that they had prepared themselves with arms for hostile demonstrations, and that they had compelled reluctant men to join their ranks. He not only had the right, but it was his duty, to prevent the formation of a riotous mob, to disperse it after it had been formed, and to prevent at all hazards the consummation of its purpose. The final question in such a case as this is one of judgment. Did the circumstances existing at the moment of the firing by the deputies justify the officers of the law in resorting to the last extremity? And in answering this question a wide latitude must be accorded to the men on the spot, whose lives were possibly involved in the conclusion at which they might arrive. At all events, this much is true. The sheriff, as peace officer of the county, was charged with a duty which he undertook to perform, and that his performance of it was courageous will be doubted by no one who has read any of the stories of what happened, whether coming from the deputies or from the rioters.

The mob started from Hazleton to persuade the miners of Lattimer to quit their work. There was evidence that they intended to accomplish their object by violence if they could not succeed by peaceable means. They became rioters at the start by forcibly compelling men to join their ranks. In the three weeks preceding the march to Lattimer, which took place on the afternoon of September 10, the strikers, who went out originally in sympathy with some stable boys who had a grievance against the superintendent of one of the neighborhood mines, had more than once been guilty of murderous assault. The sheriff, therefore, regarded the mob as rioters, and he warned them not to march on the highway. They left the highway, went across the fields, but entered the road again at a point which the sheriff and his deputies had reached before them, having hastened there on trolley-cars. Again the sheriff ordered the mob to stop, reading them the riot act. They refused to obey the law, and assaulted him. Thereupon the deputies fired into the crowd, killing a score of the rioters, mostly Hungarians, we are informed, and wounding many others. Whether a command to fire was given is doubtful.

The sheriff was acting in obedience to the law. The rioters were violating the law. Did the sheriff's deputies fire before it was absolutely necessary? The question is so close that the doubt must be given in favor of those who were upholding the law. The mob must show that the laws which they were breaking were too rigorously enforced; and all, including the newspapers and the clergymen, who are crying out against Sheriff MARTIN, who assume in advance that the officers of the law exceeded their authority, are accomplices of the mob and encouragers of riot. On the facts as they come to us from both mob and deputies, and from pretended onlookers, Sheriff MARTIN and his deputies did their duty—did it promptly, efficiently, and pluckily—and therefore present a most pleasing contrast to the cowardly and perjured officers of the law who, in many of the States, have refused to do their duty, and have encouraged murder when done under the name of lynching or in defence of a husband's honor.

THE GREAT ENGLISH STRIKE.

THE long-threatened strike in the English engineering trade is proving as disastrous and protracted as most people expected it to be. For over a year the employers and the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, one of the oldest, richest, and most temperate unions in the country, have been boasting of their wealth and strength, and claiming an easy victory for their respective sides in case of a serious contest. When two opposing parties are in this aggressive mood, the occurrence that actually precipitates the conflict is not of much historical importance. The immediate cause of the present dispute was the demand of the working engineers in London for an eight hours' day. Over one hundred employers agreed to the proposal. A working-day of eight hours has already been adopted in all the government spending departments and by a few private firms, in each case without diminution of output, profit, or wages. There was, therefore, nothing intrinsically unreasonable in the men's demand, and scarcely than promote a conflict at a time when business was exceptionally brisk, and large orders from Japan and Russia were being booked day by day, all but three of the firms agreed to give the eight-hour scheme a trial. The three that held out probably did not concern themselves much with the faults or merits of the proposed change. They declared that a larger issue was at stake, that trades-unionism was taking the control of a business out of the employer's hands, that men were encouraged to set themselves against the intro-

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duction of new machinery and trained to check production artificially. In resisting the demands of the London workmen, they claimed, they were only contending for the reasonable freedom that every master should enjoy—to manage his own business in his own way. What they intended to fight was not the eight-hour scheme, but the tyranny of trade-unionism. The Association of Federated Employers came to the support of the three undertakings, proclaimed a lock-out, and ordered that twenty-five per cent. of the engineers in the United Kingdom should be forthwith dismissed. The Amalgamated Society of Engineers at once replied by calling out the remaining seventy-five per cent. Thus in a few days a merely nominal dispute in three London yards was converted into a national struggle, affecting nearly one hundred thousand men. That was in the early days of July. Since then the contest has gone heavily against the engineers. They called upon the Society of Boiler-makers and Ship-builders to come out and help them, but these allied trades overwhelmingly refused to do so. Business, meanwhile, came to an end, and on September 3 the employers themselves gave notice to their moulders, pattern-makers, boiler-makers, and finishers—numbering in all some six thousand men—to cease work, on the ground that there was simply nothing for them to do. That was a decisive challenge, and the trades unions have not been slow to accept it. They are rapidly amalgamating all the unions in the country, with a view to this one contest, and there the matter stands. Both sides have money, and neither has any intention of yielding. London, where the dispute originally broke out, is the only city unaffected. The Board of Trade, though empowered by act of Parliament to interfere in industrial warfare, has done nothing, and Mr. RITCHIE, after his experience with Lord PENRHYN and his quarrymen, is not particularly anxious to burn his fingers again. There is therefore nothing left but to wait for the exchequer on one side or the other to give out; and it is the general opinion that the employers have the longer purse.

CINCINNATUS AND BELISARIUS.

It is always well in a controversy to know authentically your opponent's point of view. In the case of pensions this is particularly desirable. American citizens who find it a national scandal that the United States should pay more for pensions on account of a war fought a generation ago than the German Empire pays for its vast army must be curious to know what the supporters of this profligate expenditure can find to say for themselves. Their curiosity may be now assuaged. A letter from one T. J. DEAVITT, who has a law office at Montpelier, Vermont, has been published and sent abroad, apparently by its proud author. It will be read by those American citizens who are neither pensioners, genuine or fraudulent, nor yet claim agents, with wonder and incredulous astonishment.

To the interesting Mr. DEAVITT the scandal is not that the pension list should be so big, but that it should be so small. That the flight of time and the course of nature should have diminished the payment of pensions from $165,000,000 to $140,000,000 is to him not merely deplorable, but criminal. Somebody must be responsible for it, and of all people in the world it is President McKINLEY whom he finds and holds responsible. He has had occasion, it appears, to hear the "inquiries of anxious veterans" about the effect of the new administration upon their claims, and his answer to them has been "a disappointment." "The anti-pension policy of President CLEVELAND, a policy never before known in the American government," a policy "tyrannical, with suffering, sorrow, and death in its result, so wicked that God took CLEVELAND and scattered him," is in effect continued by President McKINLEY. At any rate, "he has nowhere uttered one word in rebuke of that policy." "God forbid," exclaims the pious Mr. DEAVITT, "that this should become a Republican policy, with no JOHN A. LOGAN to expose it!"

Anybody who knows what the "anti pension policy" of President CLEVELAND really was, and who is not a pensioner nor a claimant for a pension, nor a claim agent, will be at first merely bewildered by these remarks. But his bewilderment will be succeeded by indignation. The ground of our pension laws is simply that a man who is disabled from earning his own living by reason of wounds received or disease incurred in the service of his country has a claim upon his country for assistance, and, if his disability be total, for support. The "anti pension policy" of Mr. CLEVELAND consisted simply in insisting that these conditions be observed. The policy was expressed in a number of vetoes of claims for pensions which were disallowed by the Pension Bureau, but which Congress had been induced to sanction by special bills. Mr. CLEVELAND's position was that he would not be instrumental in degrading the pension list, which ought to be a roll of honor, into a fraud upon the nation.

Now this is the "anti pension policy" which that presumable pension agent in Vermont has the effrontery to denounce. According to him, it is "tyrannical" and "wicked" to investigate and expose fraudulent claims for pensions. That is the view which a man who gets his living by commissions on the claims of which he secures the grant might be expected to hold. But he might be expected to keep it to himself. That he should be emboldened to publish it to the world, and to denounce the President of the United States for not securing the immediate allowance of all claims for pensions, is a singular and not a cheering social symptom. Nobody would venture to take such a ground in public unless he was assured of the sympathy of his clientage, and he could scarcely expect to secure that unless his clientage was largely composed of fraudulent claimants.

THE RIGHT WAY.

THE State convention of the National Democrats in Ohio was meagre in numbers and unostentatious in display, but it put forth a platform which, if submitted upon its own merits to a popular vote, would, after proper discussion, probably very soon command the approval of a majority of the American people. The courage which dictated its propositions is most refreshing, and it leaves nothing to desire in directness of statement. It boldly declares "for the maintenance of the gold standard, for the retirement of the greenback, and for the extension of the civil service merit system whenever possible in nation and State." It demands "retrenchment of expenses and scope of government so that there be left the utmost freedom of individual effort consistent with safety and peace." It "denounces the recent tariff legislation as encouragement of extravagance and abridgment of private right, an unfair tax on all for the benefit of some of the people, and an arbitrary interference by legislation with the natural laws of trade." It blames the DINGLEY act, in particular, for "the heavier duties on lumber, wool, and hides as increasing the cost of clothing and shelter to the people." It condemns "the proposed annexation of the Hawaiian Islands as introducing into our Union a large Asiatic and tropical population utterly unfitted for American citizenship; as the beginning of a policy of territorial expansion certain to entail upon our country large taxation to sustain strong armies and navies in distant lands and on distant seas, and as constituting a menace to peaceful industry by exposing our country to foreign wars." And finally it expresses its disapproval of "the hostile action of the Republican party of Ohio in its attacks on civil service reform," and thanks President McKINLEY for his support of the merit system.

It is hardly too much to say that a programme of policy substantially embodying this platform of the National Democrats of Ohio has to-day the hearty assent not only of the National Democrats themselves, but of a very large number of Republicans who are seriously alarmed at the excesses of high-tariff protection, at the rioting Jingo spirit and the spoils mania now rank in their party; and also of a very large number of Democrats, still in the "regular organization," who have never believed in the silver heresy or have recently become tired of it, and who would be glad to see the Democracy united upon sound principles under the leadership not of self-seeking demagogues, but of broad-minded and patriotic statesmen. It is also certain that those dissatisfied Republicans and those dissatisfied "regular" Democrats would feel themselves very much at ease if they could wake up one morning to find themselves members of a great national organization substantially representing the principles and aims set forth in that Ohio platform, and strong enough to contest the national field and to protect the country from harm. It is no less certain that if a union of all these forces were effected, their organization would be strong enough to accomplish those very ends. What, then, stands in the way of such a union? With many of those who entertain the sentiments here described it is a sentimental attachment for the "old party," or even merely for its name, which makes a severance uncongenial to their feelings unless compelled by the extremest necessity. With many others it is an exceptional anxiety inspired by the present political situation. Republicans apprehend that if the Republican party were exposed to defeat, the government might fall into the hands of the silver Democracy, and a great catastrophe would follow. There are Democrats who reason that the Republican party, drunk with power, may be capable of any excess, and that therefore a union of the opposition on any terms will be preferable to any movement apt to disintegrate that which still exists of the regular Democracy.

Plausible as all this may sound, it is none the less true that what the Republicans stand eminently in need of is a morally as well as numerically strong opposition, the fear of which would keep them from indulging in abuses of power apt to provoke violent reactions, and that the present regular Democracy is morally too bankrupt to inspire such a wholesome fear. On the other hand, the "regular" Democracy will for a long time not be able to recover the moral weight required to give it as an opposition party real power, even if it should grope its way back to sounder financial doctrines, as has been attempted by the "regulars" in Maryland under GORMAN's leadership. For the country will hardly forget that this organization, against the real convictions of a large number of its members who remained in it, would have brought upon the country immeasurable disaster and disgrace had it commanded votes enough, which it came alarmingly near doing. It has thus shown a disregard for the honor and the welfare of the country, and a capacity for mischief the memory of which will not permit it to regain the confidence of the conservative elements of society so long as it preserves its present identity. The Democracy, therefore, needs not only a change of programme, but a thorough change of leadership and organization, to become again a trusted instrumentality for good ends on the political field. It must be broadly distinguishable from the present "regular" Democracy not only in fact, but also in appearance.

If the union of dissatisfied Republicans and sound-money Democrats who think substantially alike could be promptly formed, the problem would be solved. But if that cannot be, the National Democrats, to effect anything, will have to stick to their work with patient fortitude, and perhaps also with a good deal of self-denial, offering a nucleus, however small, for gradual accretion. They will have to guard their own identity with jealous care. They will have, above all things, to resist the temptation of combining with the "regular" Democracy for the purpose of "electing Democrats to office," or of winning other local or temporary advantages with them in common—as some weak-kneed National Democrats in New York city are now inclined to do to the end of getting some municipal places. Wherever they command any force they will have to keep up a separate organization, nominate their own candidates for offices of a political character (not including municipal places), and promulgate their own platforms of principles and policies. They will constantly have to appeal to the people in their own name, and instead of ever thinking of combining with the "regular" Democracy upon any terms of compromise, wait for the "regular" Democrats to come to them upon the platform of the Nationals. This may be a programme of arduous work, requiring the toughest kind of constancy and perseverance; but thoughtful men will hardly deny that it is the only way to build up an organization of true moral vitality and power, and thus to render to the republic that great service which our time calls for, and for which the National Democrats have the opportunity.

It is cheering to observe that in several States the National Democrats here adopted this line of action. In Massachusetts their State committee has, in an address to the people, expressed the general purpose with conspicuous felicity. "The time has come," the address says, "when the safety and welfare of our country imperatively demand that the patriotic friends of good government should renounce their allegiance to mere party name, and unite with those who have earned a right to their confidence. Our party is organized by those who believe that there ought to be a trustworthy political party pledged to establish a sounder and better system of banking and currency, to practise honesty and economy in expenditures, to use public office as a public trust, and to eradicate the spoils system in both appointments and legislation." It may in truth be said that the sound-money Democrats, by their patriotic and eminently unselfish course in the last national election, have "earned a right to the public confidence." They will preserve and strengthen that confidence in the same measure as they remain true to the patriotic purposes which inspired that course, and which were so admirably set forth in their original platform, and as in the effort to make that platform in its integrity the programme of a great national party they persevere with the courage and devotion worthy of their cause.

CARL SCHURZ.

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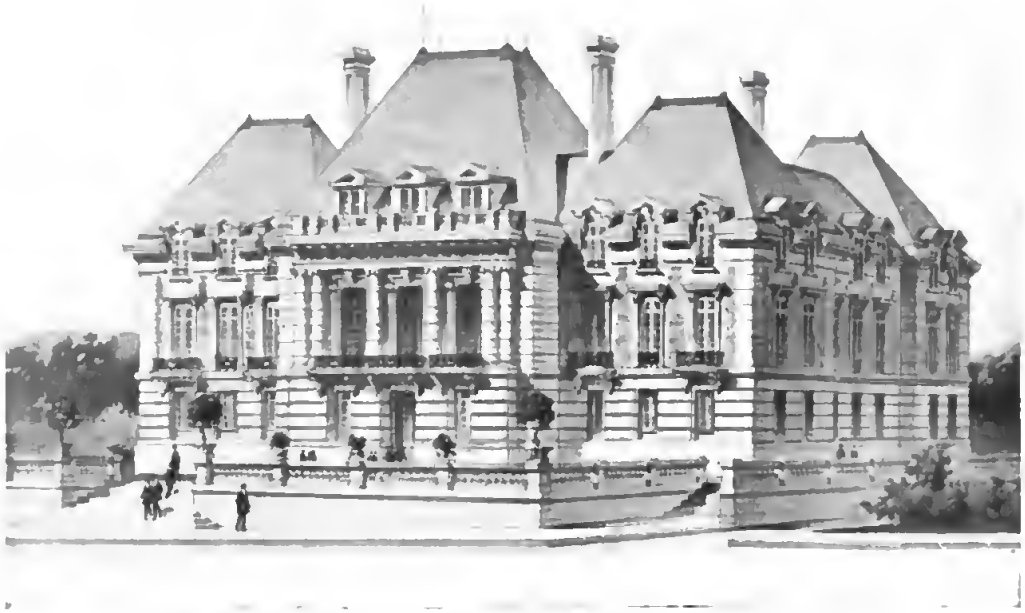


NEW HOUSE FOR THE ST LOUIS CLUB—VIEW FROM LINDELL BOULEVARD—J. H. FREEDLANDER & ARTHUR DILLON, ARCHITECTS

THE NEW ST. LOUIS CLUB HOUSE.

THE present home of the St. Louis Club, the oldest and most important social club in the city, is a handsome and commodious building; but the residential quarter is pushing steadily to the westward, and the St. Louis Club has to follow the trend of movement. The site selected is upon Lindell Boulevard, the principal driving street of the city leading to Forest Park. The lot measures one hundred and fifty feet by two hundred and fifty. As the new building will be about one hundred feet square, it will have four unobstructed facades. This feature, which will make it probably unique amongst city clubs, immensely assists the monumental character of the building besides simplifying the problems of lighting and ventilation.

Four architects were invited to compete, and the award was made in favor of the design of Freedlander & Dillon, of New York. The style adopted is French Renaissance, and a reference to the illustration on this page will show that the building, while simple and dignified in the mass, will be rich in detail. It will be constructed of light red brick and Indiana limestone, with a slate roof. The ground slopes towards the Boulevard, and full advantage has been taken of this by making the approach a broad flight of steps leading up to a terrace, which is continued along the east front, while a garden will be in the rear.

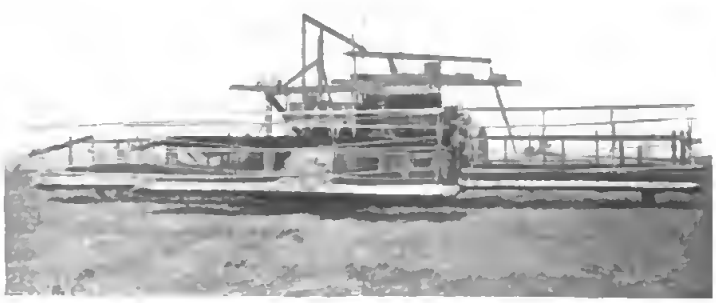
In the basement the architect has especially studied the interests of the athletic members. Besides the barber shop, wine-cellar, and servants' hall, there will be bowling-alleys, a gymnasium, locker and bicycle rooms, shower and tub baths, and a large plunge bath.

The first floor will contain the most-frequented rooms, such as the writing-room, café, billiard and smoking rooms, and the usual offices. Approach to the second floor is to be by a large flight of marble stairs as well as by elevator. Here will be a large dining room, with loggia for summer use, private dining rooms, card-rooms, library and reading-room, as well as the kitchen and service rooms. The top floor will contain a number of living-rooms and parlors for residents of the club.

It is an essential of a first-class club, nowadays, that it should have a large hall—suitable not only for balls and banquets, but for picture exhibitions. These last form the latest development of club life, and prove even more than the public exhibitions how strongly the art movement is growing throughout the country. In many cases it leads to the formation of a yearly fund, or subscription, with which one or more pictures are bought each year. In this way the club becomes a substantial art patron, and, if good judgment is used, may secure an excellent investment. In the St. Louis Club House this hall will be on the mezzanine floor communicating with the main staircase, and will be the largest room of its kind in the city.

Another interesting feature of this club house is that it will contain a suite of rooms for the ladies—a courtesy extended to them as friends or relations of the members. This portion of the club house is entirely separate from the rest, and is approached on the west side. On the first floor will be a reception room, from which an independent staircase leads up to their separate dining room and parlor. These rooms will be so arranged that they can, if occasion arises, be put in communication with the hall, with the rest of the building shut off.

GIANT HARVESTER—DAILY CAPACITY ONE HUNDRED ACRES



GIANT HARVESTER—REAR VIEW, SHOWING CUTTING-LINE.

A GIANT HARVESTER.

THIS season, in the great wheat growing section of the San Joaquin Valley, a giant harvester has been in use which cuts, threshes, and sacks the wheat growing on one hundred acres daily. The machine, when all its sickles are in use, cuts the enormous swath of fifty two feet. Eight or ten men are able to handle it easily, and it turns out from 1400 to 1800 sacks of wheat in a ten-hour day.

The machine is arranged with a central body, which is the regulation twenty six foot harvester. On each side of this main sickle is a thirteen foot sickle. When the machine began work this year, the traction engine, which was built specially for it, pushed this enormous harvester through the heavy grain of the islands in the San Joaquin River as easily as a team of horses would draw a wagon on a road. When, however, the softer ground was reached, the weight of the machine proved to be so great that the wheels sank into the soil, and the traction engine could not perform its work as rapidly as it should have done; hence, there was a great loss of power. To remedy this, the side sickles had to be removed.

The output of the machine in this new form is 600 to 800 sacks per day. Next season the owners will use it on upland only, where they will be able to employ all three of the sickles, thus making it the largest harvester in the world.

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THE MINING RIOTS IN PENNSYLVANIA—WITH THE GOVERNOR'S TROOP AT LATTIMER

A Halt below the Signal Station.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 968.]

OLD SUFFOLK.

Dunwich, August 31, 1897.

I am not sure that before entering the county of Suffolk in the early part of August I had been conscious of any personal relation to it save my share in what we all inevitably feel for a province enshrining the birthplace of a Copperfield. The opening lines of David's history offered in this particular an easy perch to my young imagination; and to recall them to-day, though with a memory long unrefreshed, is to wonder once more at the depth to which early impressions strike down. This one in especial indeed has been the privilege of those millions of readers who owe to Dickens the glow of the prime response to the romantic, that first bite of the apple of knowledge which leaves a taste forever on the tongue. The great initiators give such a color to mere names that the things they represent have often, before contact, been a lively part of experience. It is hard therefore for an undefended victim of this kind of emotion to measure, when contact arrives, the quantity of picture already stored up, to point to the nucleus of the gallery or trace the history of the acquaintance. It is true that for the divine plant of sensibility in youth the watering need never have been lavish. It flowered, at all events, at the right moment, in a certain case, into the breathing image of Blunderstone—which, by the way, I am sorry to see figure as "Blundeston" in gazetteers of recent date and more than questionable tact. Dickens took his Rookery exactly where he found it, and simply fixed it forever; he left the cradle of the Copperfields the benefit of its delightful name, or I should say better, perhaps, left the delightful name and the obscure nook the benefit of an association ineffaceable: all of which makes me the more ashamed not as yet to have found the right afternoon—it would have in truth to be abnormally long—for a pious pilgrimage to the distracting little church where, on David's sleepy Sundays, one used to lose one's self with the sketchy Phiz. One of the reasons of this omission, so profane on a prior view, is doubtless that everything, in England, in old-time corners, has the connecting touch and the quality of illustration, and that, in a particularly golden August, with an impression in every bush, the immediate vision, wherever one meets it, easily attaches and suffices. Another must have been, I confess, the somewhat depressed memory of a visit paid a few years since to the ancient home of the Peggottys, supposedly so "sympathetic," but with little left, to-day, as the event then proved, of the glamour it had worn to the fancy. Great Yarmouth, it will be remembered, was a convenient drive from Blunderstone; but Great Yarmouth, with its mile of cockneyfied sea front and its overflow of nigger minstrelsy, now strikes the wrong note so continuously that I, for my part, became conscious, on the spot, of a chill to the spirit of research.

This time, therefore, I have allowed that spirit its ease, and I may perhaps intelligibly make the point I desire if I contrive to express somehow that I have found myself, most of the month, none the less abundantly occupied in reading a fuller sense into the lingering sound given out, for a candid mind, by my superscription and watching whatever it may stand for gradually flush with a stronger infusion. It takes, in England, for that matter, no wonderful corner of the land to make the fiddle-string vibrate. The old usual rural things do this enough, and a part of the charm of one's exposure to them is that they ask one to rise to no heroics. What is the charm, after all, but just the abysm of the familiar? The peopled fancy, the haunted memory are themselves what pay the bill. The game can accordingly be played with delightful economy, a thrift involving the cost of little more than a good bicycle. The bicycle indeed, since I fall back on that admission, may perhaps, without difficulty, be too good for the roads. Those of the more devious kind often engender hereabouts, like the Aristotelian tragedy, pity and terror, but almost equally with others they lead, on many a chance, to the mildest, greenest hamlets. What this comes to is saying that I have had, for many a day, the sweet sense of living, æsthetically, at really high pressure without, as it were, drawing on the great fund. By the great fund I mean the public show, the show for admission to which you are charged and overcharged, made to taste of the tree of possible disappointment. The beauty of old Suffolk in general, and above all of the desperate depth of it from which I write, is that these things which you straight out of conceivable relation to that last danger.

I defy any one, at desolate, exquisite Dunwich, to be disappointed in anything. The minor key is struck here with a felicity that leaves no sigh to be breathed, no loss to be suffered; a month of the place is a real education to the patient, the inner vision. The explanation of this is, appreciably, that the conditions give you to deal with not, in the manner of some quiet countries, what is meagre and thin, but what has literally, in a large degree, ceased to be at all. Dunwich is not even the ghost of its dead self; almost all you can say of it is that it consists of the mere letters of its old name. The coast, up and down, for miles, has been, for more centuries than I presume to count, gnawed away by the sea. All the grossness of its positive life is now at the bottom of the German Ocean, which moves forever, like a ruminating beast, an insatiable, indefatigable lip. Few things are so melancholy—and so redeemed from mere ugliness by sadness—as this long, artificial straightness that the monster has impartially maintained. If at low tide you walk on the shore, the cliffs of little height, show you a defense picked as bare as a bone; and you can say nothing kinder of the general humility and general sweetness of the land than that this sawlike action gives it, for the fancy, an interest, a sort of mystery, that more than makes up for what it may have surrendered. It stretched, within historic times, out into towns and promontories for which there is now no more to show than for the empty eye-holes of a skull, and half the effect of the whole thing, half the secret of the impression, and what I may really call, I think, the source of the distinction, is this very visibility of the mutilation. Such at any rate is the case for a mind that can properly brood. There is a presence in what is missing—there is history in there being so little. It is so little, to-day, that every item of the handful counts.

The biggest items are of course the two ruins, the great church and its tall tower, now quite on the verge of the cliff, and the crumbled, ivied wall of the immense cincture of the Priory. These things have parted with almost every grace, but they still keep up the work that they have been engaged in for centuries, and that cannot better be described than as the adding of mystery to mystery. This accumulation, at present prodigious, is, to the brooding mind, unconscious as the shrunken little Dunwich of to-day may be of it, the beginning and the end of the matter. I hasten to add that it is to the brooding mind only, and from it, that I speak. The mystery sounds forever in the hard, straight tide, and hangs through the long, still summer days and over the low, diked fields in the soft, thick light. We play with it as with the unanswerable question, the question of the spirit and attitude, never again to be recovered, of the little city submerged. For it was a city, the main port of Suffolk, as even its poor relics show; with a fleet of its own on the North Sea, and a big religious house on the hill. We wonder what were then the apparent conditions of security, and on what rough calculation a community could so build itself out to meet its fate. It keeps one easy company here to-day to think of the whole business as a magnificent mistake. But Mr. Swinburne, in verses of an extraordinary poetic eloquence, quite brave enough for whatever may have been, glances in the right direction much further than I can do. Read moreover, for other glances, the Letters of Edward Fitzgerald, Suffolk worthy and whimsical subject who, living hard by at Woodbridge, haunted these regions during most of his life and has left, in delightful pages, at the service of the emulous visitor, the echo of every odd, quaint air they could draw from his cracked, sweet instrument. He has paid his tribute, I seem to remember, to the particular delicate flower—the pale Dunwich rose—that blooms on the walls of the Priory. The emulous visitor, only yesterday, on the most vulgar of vehicles—which, however, he is quite aware he must choose between owning and abusing—followed, in the mellow afternoon, one of these faint hints across the land and as far as the old, old town of Aldeburgh, the birthplace and the commemorated "Borough" of the poet Crabbe.

Fitzgerald, devoted to Crabbe, was apparently not less so to this small break in the wide, low, heathery bareness that brings the sweet Suffolk commons—rare purple and gold when I arrived—nearly to the edge of the sea. We don't, none the less, always gather the particular impression we bravely go forth to seek. We doubtless gather another indeed that will serve as well any such turn as here may wait for it; so that if it was somehow not easy to work Fitzgerald into the small gentility of the sea-front, the little "marina," as of a fourth-rate watering-place, that has elbowed away, evidently in recent years, the old handful of character, one could at least, to make up for that, fall back either on the general sense of the happy trickery of genius or on the special beauty of the mixture, in the singer of Omar Khayyám, that, giving him such a place for a setting, could yet feed his fancy so full. Crabbe at Aldeburgh, for that matter, is perhaps even more wonderful—in the light I mean, of what is left of the place by one's conjuring away the little modern vulgar accumulation. What is left is just the stony beach and the big gales and the cluster of fishermen's huts and the small wide, short street of decent, homely, shoppy houses. These are the private emotions of the historic sense—glimpses in which we recover for an hour, or rather perhaps, with any intensity, but for the glimmer of a minute, the conditions that, grimly enough, could engender masterpieces, or at all events classics. What a mere pinch of manners and customs in the midst of winds and waves! Yet if it was a feature of these to return a member to Parliament, what wonder that, up to the Reform Bill, dead Dunwich should have returned two?

The glimpses I speak of are, in all directions, the constant company of the afternoon "spin." Beginning, modestly enough, at Dunwich itself, they end, for intensity, as far inland as you have time to go; far enough—this is the great point—to have shown you, in their quiet vividness of type, a placid series of the things into which you may most read the old story of what is softest in the English complexity. I scarce know what murmur has been for weeks in my ears if it be not that of the constant word that, as a recall of the story, may serve to be put under the vignette. And yet this word is in its last form nothing more eloquent than the mere admonition to be pleased. Well, so you are, even as I was yesterday at Westleton with a dramatic air that I could not consent not to press into the dear old red inn at which I halted for the queer restorative—I thus discharge my debt to it—of a bottle of lemonade with a "dash." The dash was only of beer, but the refreshment was immense. So even was that of the sight of a dim, draped, sphinxlike figure that loomed, at the end of a polished passage, out of a little dusky back parlor which had a windowful of the choked light of a small green garden—a figure proving to be an old woman desirous to dilate on all the years she had sat there with rheumatism most cruel. So, still more—and in these cases without the after-taste—in that of the pretty little park gates that you pass to skirt walls and hedges beyond which the great affair, the greatest of all, the deep, still home, sits in the midst of its acres and strikes you all the more for being precisely so unrenowned. It is the charming repeated lesson that the amenity of the famous seats in this country is nothing to that of the lost and buried ones. This impression in particular may bring you round again harmoniously to Dunwich and above all perhaps to where the Priory, laid, as I may say, flat on its back, rests its huge outline on what was once the high ground, with the inevitable "big" house beyond and a little above, folded, for privacy, in a neat impenetrable wood. Here as elsewhere the cluster offers with apt completion just the signs of the type. At the base of the hill are the dozen cottages to which the village has been reduced, and one of which contains to my hearing, though by no means, alas, to his own, a very ancient man who will count for you on his fingers, till they fail, the grand acres that, in his day, he has seen go the way of the rest. He likes to figure that he ploughed of old where only the sea ploughs now. Dunwich, however, will still last his time; and that of as many other as—to repeat my idiom—may yet be drawn here (though not, I hope, on the instance of these prudent lines) to judge for themselves into how many meanings a few elements can compose. One need never be bored, after all, when "composition" really rules. It rules in the way the brown hamlet disposes itself, and the gray square tower of the church, in just the right relation, peeps out of trees that remind me exactly of those which, in the frontispieces of Birket Foster, offered to my childish credulity the very essence of England. Let me put it directly for old Suffolk that this credulity finds itself, at the end of time, here more than ever justified. Let me put it perhaps also that the very essence of England has a way of presenting itself with completeness in almost any fortuitous combination of rural objects at all, so that, wherever you may be, you get reduced and simplified, the whole of the scale. The big house and its woods are always at hand, with a "party" always, in the intervals of shooting, to bring down to the rustic sports that keep up the tradition of the village green. The casual, low-browed inn, the "ale-house" of Shakespeare, the immemorial fountain of beer, looking over that expanse, swings, with an old-time, story-telling creak, the sign of the Marquis of Carabas. The pretty girls, within sight of it, alight from the Marquis's wagonette, the young men with the single eye-glass and the new hat sit beside them on the benches supplied for their sole accommodation, and thanks to which the meditator on manners has, a little, the image, gathered from faded fictions by female hands, of the company brought over, for the triumph of the heroine, to the hunt, or whatever, ball. And it is always Hodge and Gaffer that, at bottom, *font les frais*—always the mild children of the glebe on whom, in the last resort, the complex superstructure rests.

The discovery, in the twilight of time, of the merits, as a building-site, of Hodge's broad bent back remains surely one of the most sagacious strokes of the race from which the squire and the parson were to be evolved. He is there, at any rate—at the rustic sports—in force or in feebleness, with Mrs. Hodge and the Miss Hodges, who participate with a silent glee in the chase, over fields where their shadows are long, of a pig with a greased tail. He pulls his forelock in the tent in which, after the pig is caught, the rewards of valor are dispensed by the squire's lady, and if he be in favor for respectability and not behind with rent, he penetrates later to the lawn within the woods, where he is awaited by a band of music and a collation of beer, buns, and tobacco.

I mention these things as some of the light notes, but the picture is never too empty for a stronger one not to sound. The strongest, at Dunwich, is indeed one that, without in the least falsifying the scale, counts immensely for filling in. The palm in the rustic sports is for the blue-jackets, as, in England, of course, nothing is easier than for the village green to alternate with the element that Britannia still more admirably rules. I had often dreamed that the ideal refuge for a man of letters was a cottage so placed on the coast as to be circled, as it were, by the protecting arm of the Admiralty. I remember to have heard it said in the old country—in New York and Boston—that the best place to live in is next to an engine-house, and it is on this analogy that, at Dunwich, I have looked for ministering peace in near neighborhood to one of those stations of the coast-guard that, round all the edge of England, at short intervals, on rock and sand and heath, make, with shining whitewash and tar, express as a great state in at least theoretically clean, each its own little image of the reach of the empire. It is in each case an image that, for one reason and another, you respond to with a sort of thrill, and the thing becomes as concrete as you can wish on your discovering in the three or four individual members of the simple staff of the establishment all sorts of educated decency, and many sorts of beguilement to intercourse. Prime among the latter, in truth, is the great yarn-spinning gift. It differs from man to man, but here and there it glows like a cat's eye. May the last darkness close before I cease to care for sea-folk!—though this, I hasten to add, is not the private predilection at which, in these incoherent notes, I proposed most to glance. Let me have mentioned it merely as a sign that the fault is all my own if, this summer, the arm of the Admiralty have not, in the full measure of my theory, represented the protection under which the long literary morning may know—abyss of delusion!—nothing but itself.

Henry James.

THE GOLD-SEEKERS.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

Gold, gold, gold!
What care we for hunger and cold?
What care we for the moil and strife,
Or the thousands of foes to health and life,
When there's gold for the mighty, and gold for the meek,
And gold for whoever shall dare to seek?
Untold
Is the gold;
And it lies in the reach of the man that's bold;
In the hands of the man who dares to face
The death in the blast, that blows apace;
That withers the leaves on the forest tree;
That fetters with ice all the northern sea;
That chills all the green on the fair earth's breast,
And as certainly kills as the vastayed pest.
It lies in the hands of the man who'd sell
His hold on his life for an ice-bound hell.
What care we for the fevered brain
That's filled with ravings and thoughts insane,
So long as we hold
In our hands the gold?—
The glistening, glittering, ghostly gold
That comes at the end of the hunger and cold,
That comes at the end of the awful thirst,
That comes through the pain and torture accurst
Of limbs that are racked and minds o'erthrown.
The gold lies there and is all our own,
Be we mighty or meek,
If we do but seek.
For the hunger is sweet and the cold is fair
To the man whose riches are past compare,
And the o'erthrown mind is as good as sane,
And a joy to the limbs is the racking pain,
If the gold is there.
And they say, if you fall, in your dying day
All the tears, all the troubles, are wiped away
By the fever-thought of your shattered mind
That a cruel world has at last grown kind;
That your hands o'errun with the clinking gold,
With nuggets of weight and of worth untold,
And your vacant eyes
Gloat o'er the riches of Paradise!

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THIS BUSY WORLD

Americans who have penetrated as far away from home as London remark, as one of the more striking peculiarities of that metropolis, the extraordinary difficulty of getting something to eat there after midnight. There are perhaps fifty open all night restaurants in New York, and in all considerable American cities provision is made for people who have occasion for food when most people are asleep. The restaurant wagons, which during the last two or three years have come to be familiar in most American cities, do business from sunset to sunrise or later, and in themselves form a sufficient safeguard against nocturnal famine. London seems not to have developed even these humane havens. Mr Julian Ralph lately communicated to the *London Mail* a distressing narrative (though happy in its ending) of the anguish of an American gentleman, who left Paris with nothing more than a cup of coffee in him, omitted to take food at Boulogne or on the boat ("I find it's throwing money overboard to eat crossing the Channel"), and who found himself in London after midnight, "so hungry that I was all one clamorous appetite with a hat on and a suit of clothes" There was not a bite of anything at his hotel; he had not telegraphed. He was recommended to consult a cabman. Cabby took him to a proprietary club, where he was first refused admittance, and afterwards told that he could get in by signing an application for membership and paying an initiation fee, but as there was no food in the house except a few sandwiches, he retired. A house near by was said to contain food, which could be had at a cost of a guinea for each edible object ordered—a guinea for a chop, a guinea for a potato, and so on. That didn't do either. Then the cabby, touched by the anguish of his fare, and assured that the plainest food would more than satisfy a man the sides of whose stomach were knocking together like castanets, drove to "a little green cabin stranded in the roadway in Piccadilly," frequented and sustained by cabmen, and there the suffering American got the steak and potatoes and bread and tea that his system clamored for. The food was good, and the company genial and all-untrammeled, so the story ended with the return of a happy man to his hotel, but he still wonders that the habits of London should be so very different from the habits of American cities. Other Americans have been heard of whose experiences have stirred in them the same surprise. One of them is Mr Ralph himself, who says "Why London does not demand all night restaurants I don't know, except it be that the English have developed the home, their love of it, and its capacity for giving satisfaction as no other people have. And England, be it remembered, is all English."

It was reported as long ago as last May that Ambassador Hay had stamped "American Embassy" on his official letter-paper, and had been somewhat criticised for doing so. An allusion to this incident in this department of the Weekly for June 5 included the remark that "it is surprising how . . . . the people of the United States have come into the enjoyment of a monopoly of the word American." This observation having crossed the seas and come to the notice of Mr H. B. Morse, at the custom-house at Lung-chow, he has been moved to discuss the matter further. It is well that he has, for he throws light on it. He writes:

A citizen of the United States of Columbia is called a Colombian; a citizen of the United States of Brazil is called a Brazilian; a citizen (or subject) of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland is called a British citizen or subject, or by the old term of Briton. As with a citizen, so with an army, a fleet, a ruler, a Congress or Parliament, or even an Ambassador or Embassy. In the same way a citizen of the United States is, and must be, called, as Washington called him, an American, not because he is a denizen of the continent of America, but because he is a citizen of the nation which calls itself, and is called by others, America. The French get rid of a part, but a part only, of the difficulty by calling, constantly but quite without authority, the United States of America "Les Etats Unis de l'Amérique du Nord"; but in general, for a hundred years the adjective "American" has denoted persons or things of or pertaining to the United States of America, in the same way that, at the present day, in the adjective "German" no reference is ever felt to things Austrian, except in philology.

The Ambassador of her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, Empress of India, dates his despatches and letters from the "British Embassy." The Ambassador (or minister) of the United States of America will probably be infallible and address his official despatches from the "Embassy (or Legation) of the United States of America"; but neither officially or unofficially should he arrogate to himself the position of representing *The United States*; and his semi-official letter-paper would rightly be headed

AMERICAN EMBASSY

with or without a spread-eagle.

An apparent exception to the rule I would make is found in the U.S.A. and U.S.N. appended to the titles giving the rank of officers of what others than Americans call the American army and navy. These distinguishing letters have the prescription of long usage, and are needed now, as they were needed at the outset, to distinguish officers of the national forces from those of the State militia. They find their correlatives in the R.N., R.A., and R.E. used to distinguish officers belonging to what others than British call the British navy, artillery, and engineers.

So then, it is not modest, but the contrary, for us to speak of ourselves as citizens of the United States rather than as Americans, and it is not altogether surprising that we are called Americans, for that is the christened name of our country! Those seem to be Mr Morse's views, and they are well supported by the considerations which he advances.

General Frederick Townsend, of Albany, who died on September 11, was a graduate of Union College in 1844, and was educated for the law, but developed a strong taste for military affairs, which enabled him to render valuable services to the State of New York and to the Union. Being appointed Adjutant General of New York in 1857, he proceeded to bring system and order into the State militia, with the result that when the civil war broke out it was a much more effective force and much better prepared for active service than the militia of most other States. When fighting began General Townsend declined reappointment, and went to the front as Colonel of the Third New York Volunteers. Soon afterwards he was appointed a Major in the regular army. He was in active service throughout the war, but resigned from the army in 1868. He served as Adjutant General of New York under Governor Cornell, and in 1878 was made Brigadier-General in the National Guard. He was born in 1825, in Albany, which continued all his life to be his home.

The Enchanted Mesa of New Mexico, lately disenchanted by Professor Libbey of Princeton, has regained part of its reputation through the efforts and testimony of Mr. F. W. Hodge, of the Bureau of Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution. Professor Libbey, as will be remembered, explored the mesa, and reported no evidence of former occupation. Mr. Hodge, being in New Mexico on various scientific errands, concluded to take another look around the mesa's upper surface. In company with Major Pratt, a United States surveyor, Mr Vrooman, a photographer, Mr. Hoyt of Chicago, and two Laguna Indians, he reached the mesa with extension ladders and explored it thoroughly. He picked up fragments of pottery, two stone axes (broken), a stone arrow point, a fragment of a shell bracelet, and other evidences that the mesa had been inhabited. Unless Professor Libbey can testify that he dropped on the mesa the objects that Mr Hodge found there, he will have to admit that his scrutiny was superficial. As upholding the authority of Indian tradition, Mr. Hodge's discoveries are exceedingly interesting.

Boston has lost an honored member of a distinguished family in Theodore Lyman, third of the name and seventh in descent from an ancestor who came over to New England in 1631. The first Theodore Lyman came from Maine to Boston, and became a successful merchant. His son, Major Lyman, an aide and highly cultivated man, was a famous mayor of Boston in antislavery times and is remembered for his public services and benefactions. Colonel Lyman, son of Mayor Lyman, who died a fortnight ago at Nahant, graduated at Harvard in 1855, and afterwards studied for three years in Cambridge under Professor Agassiz. He was in Europe when the war broke out, but came home in 1863, and entered the service as Lieutenant Colonel on the staff of General Meade. He served with distinction until the close of the war, and was in at the death at Appomattox. After the war, as a result of his studies with Agassiz, he served Massachusetts seventeen years as Commissioner of Fisheries. In 1882 he went to Congress as an independent and a civil service reformer. Throughout the active years of his life he was noted as a public spirited citizen and for his active interest in scientific concerns. During the last ten years he lived he was an invalid. Mr. Frank Sanborn says of him in the *Springfield Republican*:

His best title to remembrance is neither his liberality nor his talent, but that unfailing endurance of the worst physical ills and the generosity of soul with which he spared to others the suffering he could not avoid, but of which he would not complain.

The north pole promises to be crowded next year, and if there is any real estate in its neighborhood it is high time to make it out into town lots. The latest aspirant for the honor of being first on the ground is Mr. Walter Wellman, explorer and newspaper correspondent, who has determined to sail next June from Bergen, Norway, with ten men, to be gone about two years. His plan includes a supply station at Cape Flora, and a dash for the farthest north early in 1899.

Father Deshon, who succeeds the late Father Hewitt as Superior General of the Paulists, is the last survivor of the five priests who separated from the Redemptorists to found the Missionary Society of St. Paul in the State of New York. He was born in New London seventy five years ago, of Huguenot stock, and it is interesting to recall that he was educated at West Point, where he was a classmate of General Grant. He was graduated at West Point with distinction, and remained there for five years as an instructor. The special interests of his society include the social improvement of the people, the promulgation of temperance, parochial labors, and missions to non-Catholics. Father Deshon is widely known as a preacher.

Report comes from Pennsylvania of an architectural difficulty, the details of which will be familiar to the readers of the Weekly from their memory of many similar cases. There has been a competition to secure plans for the new State House. About forty architects competed, and a board of experts recommended eight plans to the consideration of the Building Commissioners. This has not satisfied the commissioners, and they voted, 4 to 1, to invite all the competing architects to submit their plans directly to the commission. The supposition is that the commissioners intend to give the job to an architect whose plan is not included among the eight selected by the experts. To induce commissioners to recognize what experts are for seems as difficult a task in Pennsylvania as it is in Washington or New York.

Knoxville, Tennessee, is getting ready to hold its second annual Merchants' and Manufacturers' Free Street Fair and Trade Carnival, lasting four days, from the 12th to the 15th of October. The programme provides for a lively combination of sport and trade, which includes seven street processions, a sham battle, intermittent oratory, a barbecue, frequent receptions, sporting contests, a children's half holiday, and a grand historical centennial ball. Coincident with all these goings on is to be the fair and cattle show, with awards of premiums during lulls in the other proceedings. Knoxville is an enterprising city, and does not mind taking trouble, so long as incidentally it promotes business and has fun.

The conditions of the award of the prize of $300 offered to the Amherst Freshman (classical) who shows the best preparation for college are somewhat novel. The winner gets $50 when announcement is made of the award, and $35 on the 1st of October and the 1st of March of every year thereafter, until March 1 in his Senior year, when he receives $65. These payments are conditioned on his continuing to maintain an honorable record, and an average standing of not less than eighty per cent.

A prize of $300 offered to the best prepared Freshman in the scientific division is to be paid on a similar instalment plan, the intention of the donors being to encourage sustained proficiency in college as well as thorough preparation.

The unofficial announcement noted in this page of the Weekly last week that President Andrews would let his resignation stand has not been sustained by events. On September 14, the day before the opening of Brown, Dr. Andrews withdrew his resignation. In his letter to the committee he speaks of "being now free to give to the university my undivided service," which can only mean that he has been released from his engagements to Mr. John Brisben Walker.

It has been an eventful summer for Dr. Andrews. A great deal has happened, and what has not happened has been about as stirring as actual occurrences. He must need repose, and it is pleasant to think of him as restored to the comparative calm of pedagogical duties in an endowed institution.

A Washington despatch dated September 15 disclosed that the President, the Secretary of the Treasury, and the Postmaster General had put their heads together and determined to change the color of the two-cent stamp from red to green of the shade now used on government notes. If this report proves true, and is not merely a rumor set afloat to test the temper of the people, we may look for trouble. If there is a point of public policy which seemed to be established, it is that some shade of red should prevail on the American postage stamp of largest circulation. An experiment with a green two cent stamp made a few years ago by a rash administration failed conspicuously; at least the green stamps ceased to be, and red ones succeeded them. It has been deposed heretofore that there are reasons for preferring green as a hue for stamps used in very large quantities, that it is a faster color, or prints better, or is cheaper, but in these reasons, which may influence Uncle Sam as a manufacturer of stamps, the people who use the stamps have very little interest. Red stamps are good enough for them.

The Zuñi Indians have a reprobate propensity to murder old women now and then, on the ground that they are witches. Last February a chief died, in spite of the efforts of the medicine men to cure him, and the baffled medicine-men reported to the tribe that their endeavors had been nullified by the witcheries of a certain old woman. It was determined that the witch ought to confess, and she was seized and tortured until she did confess. Discipline would have gone farther if it had not been for the interposition of Miss Desette, the United States school teacher at the village, who rescued the poor old squaw and nursed her back to life. Major Nordstrom, Indian agent of these Indians, has investigated this case, and it is announced that four companies of cavalry are to assist him in arresting the old woman's persecutors. So it seems, and it is worth noting, that when Indians commit outrages there are means of punishing them, while for lynching mobs of white men there seems to be no retribution, even when, as happens not unoften, they lynch the wrong person.

It is now practically settled, says the New York *Herald* of September 8, that Henry Wall, a young white man, lynched early in September in Patrick County, Virginia, was innocent of the crime of which he was suspected. It must be mortifying to the Patrick County vigilants to discover that they made a mistake, but doubtless the case (an assault) was one that called for immediate action. The prospect that the sheriff of Patrick County will call for soldiers to help arrest the murderers of Wall is faint.

American newspaper readers are excusable if they have received of late an impression that next to the wheat crop the most notable product of this country this year has been homicide. The country is big, and it accords with reasonable expectation that in one part or another of it killing should be in progress all the time. But this year, and especially this summer, there certainly seems to have been much more than the usual amount of it, and it will be interesting when the returns are all in and some one has tabulated them, to learn whether this impression is well founded or not. For ten years past the Chicago *Tribune* has kept the run of murders and homicides so far as it could, and has made an annual report of them. According to a table based on these reports there were 1449 homicides in the country in 1886, and 7906 in 1895. The tables show a great but irregular annual increase. The *Tribune's* estimate of the number of lynchings is interesting. It gives 133 in 1886, 236 in 1892, and 160 in 1895. It shows $2\frac{11}{100}$ executions to every 100 homicides.

The statistics of murders in Europe, as given in the World Almanac, show that Italians kill most readily, the average annual number of murders in Italy being 2470, or 29.4 to every 10,000 deaths. Spain follows with a ratio of 23.8. Austria's ratio is 8.8, France's 8.0, and England's 7.1. These European figures, however, apply to murders alone, and do not include, like the tables for the United States, all sorts of manslaughters, justifiable or otherwise.

It appears that the front page picture in the Weekly of August 14, of prospective miners crossing the Chilkoot Pass, has fallen under suspicion of untruthfulness. The New York *Press* of September 4 mentions "Western advices" according to which the editor of the Weekly must have been imposed upon when he published that picture, because "Mr Juneau of Dodge City, Kansas, says that no animals but dogs and men ever went by this route, and that if horses ever reached the summit they must have climbed rope ladders."

The photograph of Chilkoot Pass from which Mr Rogers drew the Weekly's picture has unquestionable horses in it. If they climbed rope ladders to get there, it is to be regretted that they were not photographed while so engaged. But that somehow they reached the part of the pass shown in the drawing is clearly demonstrated by photographs which are still in the Weekly's possession, and will be cheerfully shown to Mr Juneau of Dodge City, or to any one else who is interested.

Chicago's new Public Library building is thought by a good many Chicago people to combine beauty and utility more successfully than any other library building in the country. Boston people and persons who have seen the new Congressional Library building will consider this a bold opinion, but it seems that there are minds in Chicago which harbor it. The Library contains at present about 250,000 books, and will receive an annual income of about $240,000.

E. S. Martin.

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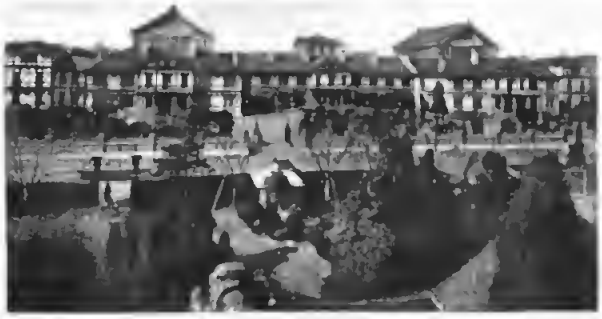
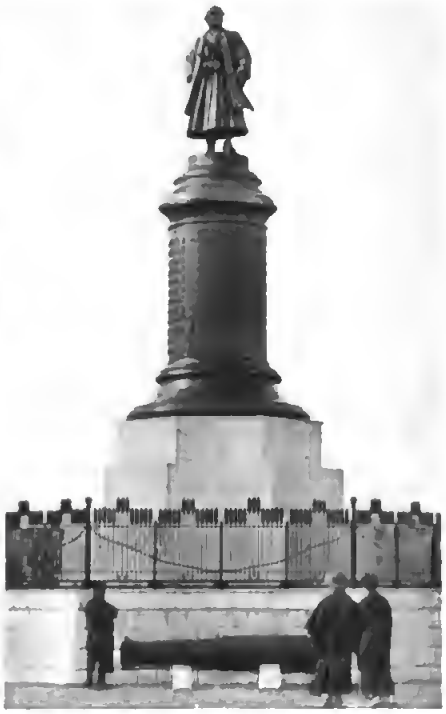
INTERIOR OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

THE PATENT OFFICE.



TEMPORARY HOUSES OF THE DIET.



MONUMENT TO GENERAL OMURA,
Who introduced the Foreign and Modern Military Systems.

THE NEW MUNICIPAL OFFICES.

ELEVATOR TOWER AND BAZAR AT ASAKUSA.

INTERIOR OF THE HOUSE OF PEERS.

MODERN DEVELOPMENT IN OLD JAPAN—SCENES IN TOKYO, THE EASTERN CAPITAL.—[See Page 959.]

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"WITH THE GUIDON AND REINS IN MY LEFT HAND, AND REVOLVER IN MY RIGHT, I RODE DOWN THE BANK."

"Turn in your horse, Lieutenant."

When the men spoke these words I was kneeling on top of the bank of the dry creek, with seven or eight men, guarding a pony crossing, to prevent the Indians passing it and flanking the right of our skirmish line.

"I don't want my horse. Keep him down there."

"They are retreating, sir," said the trumpeter.

"No order has been given for retreat, nor has there been any trumpet call," I replied. But the few men that were with me, when they heard that the command was retreating, ran to their horses, which were standing in the bottom of the creek, and in spite of my orders to remain where they were, they mounted and followed the retreating party. I then came down from the bank and mounted my horse, at the same time cautioning the two or three men who had remained with me to go out together, but they were already anxious and confused. I waited until I saw every man mounted, and as we were about to start I glanced at the top of the bank I had just left, when I saw there, planted in the ground, a guidon. I said to the last man who had mounted his horse, who was also the last man to leave the top of the bank, "Go back and get that guidon," and he answered me, "Guidon be damned. Lieutenant! They are coming close on us!" He put spurs to his horse and away he went. I went back to get the guidon, spurring my horse up the steep bank, and as I reached for the staff I saw, not more than thirty yards in front of me about twenty-five or thirty Indians coming. When they saw me they fired a volley at me, but too high, and with the guidon and reins in my left hand, and revolver in my right, I rode down the bank and struck off through the thick underbrush of the creek-bottom, and before the Indians that had fired reached the bank I had left I was sufficiently hidden by the underwood to be covered from their shots.

The bottom of this dry creek was probably forty or fifty yards wide. I was going through it as fast as I could, when the guidon became entangled in the branches, and I was obliged to dismount to free the flag and to lead my horse to the south bank of the creek. When the Indians had reached the bank I had left they could hear me going through the brush, but could not see me. They fired many shots at the sound, and the bullets cut the branches all about me, but fortunately none struck me or the horse. Had I followed the open path I could not have got out of the bottom of the creek without being either killed or wounded.

When I struggled up the steep south bank of the creek, pulling my horse up after me, and reached the top, I was astonished to see there in front of me, and not more than forty or fifty yards distant, hundreds of Indians, all with their backs toward me and shooting at the retreating soldiers. Through the smoke I could distinctly see that

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my retreating comrades had all crossed the Little Big Horn and reached the hills. I saw then that I was cut off, and expecting the Indians that had fired at me to come out of the woods behind me, I believed that I was lost.

I then decided to cut my way through the Indians who were before me, in the desperate hope that in the confusion and in their fear of hitting one another, I might pass through the host of savages. At all events, I could kill some of them and die like an American soldier.

The gabion was in my way, and I threw it down the bank of the creek, and prepared to mount my horse. I had one foot in the stirrup, when a young brave came out of the woods about thirty yards on my right, and as he perceived me gave a yell and fired. The bullet hit my horse's thigh. The animal made a jump, my foot slipped from the stirrup and the reins from my hand. At that moment the savages in front of me, hearing the shot behind them, turned and saw me. I was now trying to catch my horse. He was between me and the Indians. They fired a volley, which killed my horse, and I made a jump to the bank of the creek, which saved my life. Had I been five or six yards from the bank I could not have reached it alive, but fortunately I was very near. I dropped under the bank, and stood ready to kill any Indian that would be bold enough to look over it. They fired several volleys at the spot where I had dropped, and some of the balls struck the bank over my head, but I was still unhurt.

In two or three minutes I heard a terrible yelling among the Indians, and their firing ceased. Wondering at the cause of the silence, I raised my head cautiously, parted the tall grass on the edge of the bank, and looking through, I saw the Indians all gazing up the river and pointing in that direction. As I looked I saw Captain Benteen's column coming over the hills. Of course I was glad to see this, and hoped that they would come down and charge the enemy and give me the only chance I could have for joining them. But after a few minutes of hope the column disappeared, and at the same time I heard heavy volleys on the other side of the village, and immediately the greater part of the Indians started off in that direction. During the interval between the appearance of Benteen's column and its disappearance Reno's command, which was scattered in confusion over the hills, rallied and came together. I then saw that my only chance was either to follow the bottom of the creek, under cover of the underbrush, get as near as possible to the foot of the hill where Reno was, cross the river and run up the hill, or else to stay in the woods until night and then join my command. The Indians that were left were all on the west side of the stream. From where I was I could distinctly see Reno's command. I believe that a few minutes before Reno's retreat I saw General Custer and two other officers on top of the highest hill on the right hand in front of where I was. He cheered us with his hat. He was dismounted, and soon disappeared.

I was picking my way through the wood, when I heard, in a low voice, "Lieutenant, lieutenant!" I looked around and there squatted under the brush, were private O'Neil of G Troop, Mr. Gerard the interpreter, and the scout Jackson. The last two had their horses with them. The brave soldier had had his horse killed in the retreat. I said to the scout and interpreter that they had better let their horses go, as they might neigh and call the attention of the Indians, whom we could see passing to and fro at the edge of the bank of the creek within a few yards from where we were. They declined to do this. I then left them, and told them that I would follow the bottom of the creek and try to reach the foot of the hill. During this time there was heavy firing on the north side of the village. I reached the clearing which I was defending before the retreat, and which was perhaps fifteen or twenty feet wide at the bottom of the creek. I remained at the edge of the clearing, watching for a chance to cross it unperceived by the Indians, who were constantly passing near it, when a buck came right up within a few feet of me. He cut off a switch and went on.

I then saw I was too much exposed and that I could not cross the clearing without being seen, so I resolved to make my way into the thickest of the brush and to stay there until night. In looking about for a good hiding-place, I found among the débris of drift wood a hole. I entered it, and took all my pistol cartridges out of my belt, putting them on the ground ready to use in case of being discovered. I had not been there a minute when I heard two pistol shots so near that I saw the curling smoke over my head, and soon after I heard the singing of Indian women near by me. I cautiously raised my head, and there within four or five yards were five or six squaws mutilating a dead soldier. The two shots I had heard were no doubt fired at the dead man. I felt tempted to fire at them, but thought it better to keep quiet and not fire until I was actually discovered. On further consideration, I thought that if those women were going through the woods searching for dead bodies, they might soon discover me, and I concluded that this would be the time to fire. Pretty soon another squaw, further up the bank, called the women, and they all went away. There was a dead Indian up there, and they mourned over him, and picked him up and carried him away.

Soon after they left I heard a crackling noise, which I thought was made by a number of horses coming through the woods, but I soon discovered that I was mistaken. The Indians had fired the timber, and the smoke soon forced me out of my hiding-place. I moved away a little distance, when I again heard a voice calling "Lieutenant." I advanced toward that welcome sound, and there, under the immense roots of a very large cottonwood-tree projecting over the bank of the main channel of the creek, were the three men I had left about an hour before. The two scouts had left their horses where I first met them, but had stuffed some grass into their nostrils to prevent their calling. The fire, which at first had been coming toward us, now travelled in another direction, and soon it began to rain, but not much. We concluded that our best plan was to remain where we were until night, and then, under cover of the darkness, to attempt to join the command on the hill.

I mentioned that soon after the disappearance of Benteen's column I heard the firing of tremendous volleys on the north side of the village. These continuous volleys lasted about twenty minutes, and pretty soon after they ceased a horde of savages returned from the north side of the village and surrounded Reno's command, which had then been re-enforced by the arrival of Benteen's three troops and the troop of MacDougal with the pack train.

When I saw the return of the savages I imagined that Custer had been defeated, but I thought that he had retreated to where Reno was. The fight on the hill continued all day, until night. About nine o'clock the two scouts went to get their horses, and we started to go out of the woods, intending to go straight to Reno's hill, but we soon found that we could not get through the line of watching Indians without being seen, so we decided to make a détour across the three miles of plain, and to ford the river where we had crossed it that morning. It was a moonlight night, but cloudy. The plain was covered with wild sage, and very sandy. The two scouts were mounted on their horses, and I took hold of the tail of Gerard's, and O'Neil that of the scout Jackson's, and in single file we boldly proceeded to cross the plain. There were many small parties of Indians moving about, some coming and some going, and often we found ourselves within fifty or sixty yards of one of these parties. Of course when we saw them before us we turned aside so as not to meet them, and in passing them O'Neil and I would move up on the opposite side of the horses, so that the enemy could not see that there was any one on foot. In that way, after having successfully passed three of these parties, we reached the timber, and soon the bank of the Little Big Horn. Here we were obliged to deviate from our course.

We missed the ford, and saw that we had struck the river below it, so we followed the bank up the river as closely as the thick woods would permit. We were going in single file, Gerard in front and I holding on by the tail of his horse, when all at once we heard in front of us, "How?" There before us was a squad of Indians. Gerard put his spurs to his horse and I had to let go the tail, and in an instant he had disappeared through the wood. Jackson did the same thing. I dropped on my knees among the briers, holding my pistol ready to fire. The Indians laughed, and called out to the riders to come back, that they were Indians, but when they saw that the fugitives did not answer them, I was convinced by the way they acted that they thought the riders were white men. I was then but three or four yards from the nearest Indian, and could distinctly see them, as I had the sky to help me. For a little while they talked among themselves in a low tone of voice, and then seemed to decide to go on. They passed in single file within three or four yards of me and I counted thirteen of them. I immediately saw that I had the advantage of them. They evidently had not discovered me, never for a moment imagining that behind each rider there was a man on foot. I could see them, and if one of them discovered me, could have killed him and then run away through the thick underbrush.

After they had passed me and had gone so far that I could no longer hear them, I rose up from the ground and called for O'Neil. About ten yards behind me O'Neil rose and answered me. "By the gods! that was pretty close, Lieutenant," he said. I said to him, "O'Neil, this timber is full of Indians, let us proceed very cautiously to the ford." We did so, but when we reached that place we found an Indian picket there. We then determined to hide ourselves in the thickest part of the underbrush, and only a few yards from the river, and to wait there for daylight. It was now about one o'clock in the morning.

We found a good place and secreted ourselves. At about three o'clock A.M. we could hear a loud noise of women, children, and dogs, and the grating of travoises. The village was evidently moving up the river, and was passing only about one hundred yards from us. Very soon we could hear close to us some horses crossing the river. We could distinctly hear the clicking of the horses' shoes on the gravel bed of the river. At this point the river ran at the foot of the hill, and we imagined that these horsemen must be some of our party who were crossing to the west side of the stream, so we crawled to the bank of the river, and there on the other side—that is, on the east side—we could see some mounted men dressed in buckskins and blue blouses, with white sombreros, mounted evidently on American horses, but we could not understand why they were crossing east. We stood there watching them. Some were going up the hill opposite to us, and some were following the east bank of the river. From where we were we could not see where they were crossing, as the river made a bend immediately below us. The hill interrupted the light, so that although we could see these people and recognize the horses and riders and their dress, we could not distinguish their features. Pretty soon I noticed one rider dressed in buckskin and mounted on a sorrel horse with four white legs. I was sure the man was Captain Custer, as he was dressed as the captain had been, and mounted on his own horse. I got up from the ground and called the captain. At the sound of my voice all of the party, those who were going up the hill and those that were on the bank of the river stopped. They looked, but could not see me, as I was surrounded by brush. I then raised my hat and waved it, when a yell and a volley told us that they were Indians. We immediately rushed through the brush, but those who were on the hill fired whenever they saw the branches moving. A party of them rushed back across the river, and I saw that if we could not get across a little opening in the wood we should be killed by those on top of the hill. When we reached the edge of the wood before attempting to cross the clearing, I kneeled down close behind two large cottonwood stumps and looked down the clearing.

I then saw it was too late to attempt to cross, as a party of the Indians were coming up near the edge of the brush, so I said to O'Neil, "Put your pistol down here so that I may use it, and you use the carbine and stand our ground here. Don't fire until they are close to us. Every shot must count." I rested my pistol on the top of the stump, and O'Neil did the same with the carbine on top of his stump about a yard from me and above me, and we resolved to try our desperate chances. Soon the foremost Indian had approached within five yards of me, evidently having no idea where we were. I fired, and he turned, went about ten yards, and dropped dead. The others behind him turned immediately, when O'Neil fired his carbine at the nearest one. He jumped out of the saddle, part of the long tail of his war-bonnet was left hanging to the nearest branch, and another dead Indian lay on the ground. During this time the party on the hill continued to fire into the brush, but from where they were they could not see us. About four yards behind us was an immense fallen cottonwood tree lying horizontally about three feet from the ground. We passed under it to reach where we were. Indians on the hill had seen the two puffs of smoke from our two shots and they then fired in that direction.

The retreating party went across the clearing opposite to us, and there began to fire at the two stumps. For over two hours we stood that cross-firing, cramped up behind the stumps, but we were fortunately covered from the fire from the hill by the big dead tree. Bullets struck the ground only a few inches from our feet. However, at last the Indians set fire to the woods above us and below us, and pretty soon we were obliged either to come out of our cover or to be burned. We decided to face the fire, and took off our blouses and put them over our heads, jumped across the running flames, and, without stopping, ran through the dense smoke about five hundred yards.

The smoke was our salvation. We reached a cluster of bullberry-bushes about ten yards in diameter that the fire had passed without burning. We entered this, and lay down in the tall grass and remained there all day. Here we were in a sort of oasis, for the burned wood was all around us. There, without speaking or moving, we remained until nine o'clock on the 26th of June. We could see about three hundred yards from us, on a small conical hill, an Indian vidette. About four o'clock P.M. this vidette fired his pistol three times in the air, which I interpreted as a signal. Soon after this I heard a powerful voice calling out and a party of three hundred or more warriors came from the hill, about two miles down the river, where we could see them keeping up a skirmish fire, and singing a peculiar chant. They passed within three hundred yards of us, and disappeared up the river. About an hour later the same vidette fired three more pistol shots, and left his place. The same powerful voice, and as many more warriors came together, and left like the first party. Still we could see a few Indians keep up a firing, but every little while a few would leave and follow the two large parties. We were now hopeful that they would retreat and abandon the ground. By 6.30 in the evening they had gone, so far as we could see from our position, but we prudently remained where we were until it was night—a clouded night, but not so dark as was the previous one. The firing had ceased at about 6.30. The Indians were gone, and there was perfect silence. We concluded that the regiment must have left, and if they had done so, we were planning how we could join them, dismounted as we were, and they having evidently three or four hours the start of us. We had not tasted food nor drink for nearly forty hours; that night was our third without a wink of sleep, our only chance to travel was at night, and we were at least one hundred miles from the Yellowstone River. Our condition may be imagined. Hungry, exhausted from the want of sleep, and a whole night's march before us, and no prospects for any food.

As I was thinking of this, I remembered that about twelve miles from us, the morning before the disaster, some of us officers went to look at a dead buffalo that lay a few yards from the column to see how long the animal had been killed, and we saw that the brute had not been killed more than an hour before. It struck me that we could march to that dead buffalo and find some of the meat still good enough for us to make a meal of, and then go to a good hiding-place and sleep all day, and on the following night take up our march to the Yellowstone River. After making this decision we started for the place, and marching five miles, we came to the foot of a very high conical hill. O'Neil was exhausted and wanted to take a rest, so I told him to do so while I went to the top of the hill and looked around the country. The moon was out, and I thought I might see some traces of the regiment.

While I was looking at the horizon about me I spied a fire to the northward and in the direction of the Indian village and the hill where Reno was. I called O'Neil, but he was sound asleep. I woke him up and together we went on top of the hill. I pointed out the fire, that sometimes was to be seen plainly and sometimes would disappear, and I argued that this disappearance was probably caused by somebody moving around the fire, and that where the fire was must be people. I decided that it was better to go cautiously toward that fire. If it was our regiment, we would be all right, if not, we would find there the traces of the regiment, some dead horses that we could make a meal of and then follow the trail of the command. We cautiously directed our march toward the fire. The country was very broken, up and down hill, and many ravines, and every time we came to an elevation we could see the fire more distinctly. Sometimes we would sit down to listen and watch the surroundings. I thought that if Reno's command was still there, perhaps it was still surrounded by the Indians, and if so we must be very careful in approaching it, as to join them we should have to pass through the Indian line. At last, in one of our halts, we heard the braying of a mule—a very familiar noise, and a good sign that there were some beings in the neighborhood. We listened, and pretty soon we could hear that peculiar noise made by cavalry troops, indescribable but still understood by a practised campaigner's ear. We approached still nearer, until I heard distinctly the noise of a side line and the murmur of voices.

Very cautiously we went on, until we could see men standing before the fire and recognize their Caucasian voices. Advancing still more cautiously, I distinctly recognized the voice of Lieutenant Varnum, now captain, a brave and brilliant officer in the Seventh Cavalry. He has received mention as such in the last Wounded Knee fight. We then felt sure that Reno and, probably, Custer were there; but, as I have already said, we thought they might still be surrounded by Indians, so we crawled cautiously, and when we got within one hundred yards of the visible party I thought that if there were any Indians around, and we could call out to the picket not to fire and who we were, we would at the same time call the attention of the enemy. So we looked up toward the picket party to scan the ground and prepare for a run. Soon after I called out to the picket who we were: "Oh picket, don't fire! It is Lieutenant De Rudio and private O'Neil," and we started to run up. No Indians were there. A cheer from the picket was answered all over the line. Tired and famished, we were furnished with crackers and coffee, and I related my adventures to Captain Varnum. It was about 3 A.M., the 27th of June.

My name was down as one of the casualties, but fortunately the bearer of the despatch could not go, and returned about an hour after me. I was the first man to ford the Little Big Horn going west, and the last to ford it going east.

Charles De Rudio, Captain Seventh Cavalry.

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NEWS FROM THE KLONDIKE.

LETTER AND ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

III.—ON THE WAY TO THE GOLD-FIELDS—CONDITIONS AT SKAGWAY.

Skaguay Bay, Alaska, August 20.

AN hour or two stop at quaint Juneau gave many of us an opportunity to add to our outfits. Juneau claims to be the proper place for miners to outfit, as it is nearer the Yukon, and many of the shop-keepers are old miners who understand thoroughly the wants of those going to the gold fields

It was the opinion of all that prices at Juneau were reasonable. Oil-skin coats that sell for $2 in New York, and for $3 50 in Victoria, sold for $3 in Juneau, but any Canadian woollens gave no better value than the American. We found the stores thoroughly drained of snow-shoes, a pair of second-hand worn-out Montreal shoes selling for $3 50. The rush has taken Juneau people by surprise, but by spring they expect to have full lines of clothing and supplies to meet any demand. Hair-seal boots, mitts, and low moccasins, as well as fur caps made of marmot (sold as pup wolf), black fox feet, and hair seal, are sold by squaws, who await the arrival of each steamer. The boots have tops that reach to the knee, and sell for any price down to $2 30. Fur robes of all kinds have been taken up. The hair seal is not to be confused with the fur seal. The skin is covered with short, glistening mottled, yellowish hair, is full of oil, and is said to be water-proof

It was raining a steady drizzle in Juneau. We seemed to have entered a land of perpetual fogs and rain, and our hearts sank as we thought of Skagway. My greatest apprehension was about photography, which seemed hardly practicable.

As we drew near the entrance of Lynn Canal, which branches off to the right from Glacier Bay, we ran into a bank of fog, and the captain came to and dropped anchor.

At 10 30 o'clock a meeting of the passengers was called to act upon the suggestions of the customs officer and to devise plans for the landing of our stuff. The steamship only undertakes to deliver passengers and freight at Skagway Bay. The work of landing the freight must be done by the passengers, the steamship people refuse to assume any responsibility. Accordingly, after a lengthy discussion, during the course of which all the kickers had something to say, it was resolved to appoint a committee of three to devise plans for the unloading of the goods, and with power to add as many as necessary to their number. The following is a copy of the minutes of the committee.

"Minutes of the first meeting of committee, composed of Messrs. Arthur T Genest, William MacIntosh, and George W. Young, appointed by the passengers to form and execute plans for the landing and protection of the freight—held on board the steamship *Islander* on August 19, 1897, at 11 P.M.

"The meeting was called to order by Mr Genest, who was chosen chairman. Mr. L. B Garside was made the secretary of the committee. After discussion, the following plan was decided upon

"Upon arriving at Skagway a representative of the committee will go ashore and select a suitable place on the beach for landing and distributing the goods. This will be enclosed by ropes, and the enclosure will be policed by a committee of fifteen armed with rifles, and doing duty in police shifts of eight hours each. No goods can be removed from the enclosure except upon a written order of the committee. On board ship, Messrs S A. Hall and J. Robinson will check the goods as unloaded and sent ashore, and on shore the goods received will be checked by Messrs. D Orsonnens and N B Forrest. Fifty volunteers will receive goods as landed, and in conjunction with the sub-committee distribute and arrange the same. Messrs. William Fuller and Duncan MacDonald will police the boat until freight and baggage are discharged. The meeting then adjourned.

"*August 20, 1897.*—Further arrangements made by the committee this morning consisted in the appointment of Mr J W. Beall as Chief of Police in the enclosure with instructions to appoint his assistants. The previous plans were modified to the extent of dispensing with the issuance of an order of the committee as a prerequisite to the removal of goods from the enclosure; and it was decided to allow such removal upon proper identification and receipt to Mr. Beall. Messrs Brosseau, McKenzie, and Rivard were selected to accompany the committee on shore to choose a location for the enclosure."

To-night hardly anything is talked about but plans of landing. Every moment, as we approach our destination, our anxiety increases. Everybody had interviewed somebody and everybody who was not interviewed volunteered something to say. No two stories agreed, so far as I could learn, save that all told one story of trouble and hardship past comprehension. One man was discovered who had just come from Skagway, and he said the trail was all right and the baggage was slowly being packed across. We came to the conclusion that either there are no liars like those of Alaska, or that the people here are very ignorant. Information is no more to be trusted here than in Victoria. Every one throws up his hands in disgust and says, "We will know what it is like when we get there, and not before."

This morning, the 20th, the sun broke through the dense banks of clouds that rested on the frowning hills, the fog lifted a bit, the anchor was weighed, and we steamed onward.

After breakfast an address of appreciation, signed by 134 of the passengers, was presented to Captain Irving, who responded with wishes for our success, and his hope of meeting us all next year, and of bringing out our gold on the steamer that he will take up the Yukon in the summer, and we ended by singing "Oh! he's a jolly good fellow," and then a "Hip! hip! hooray!" and a tiger.

After this display of hilarity we all set to work putting our packs in shape, and the conversation resumed its quite serious tone. There was much talk about the *Bristol*, some hoping we had passed her, but soon those who were on the lookout at the bow reported a vessel ahead, and as we drew near her we saw other vessels, and beyond them a faint streak of white sparkling in the fitful sunlight across a little valley at the edge of a bight on the right hand, with the steep hills rising on each side, their tops lost in the canopy of clouds. Beyond the line of white were green trees, and far away stretched a level valley, winding among the hills, growing blue in the distance. It is Skagway Bay, and it is White Pass that lies far away in the distance. As we steamed slowly into the little bay the white streak resolved itself into tents, a city of tents, stretched across a plain hardly a quarter of a mile wide, level, and presenting a straight front to the bay.

The *Bristol* lay at anchor, having arrived three or four hours ahead of us. Her rails were black with men, who reported all well, and after a while the voice of Burghardt shouted over the short interval of water the good news that our horses were all right.

The *Bristol* had begun to unload her horses and hay in large scows, which were being towed in by row-boats to the beach, which was also crowded with moving figures. The beach is low, and runs out several hundred yards, and then drops off into deep water. At low tide the whole beach is uncovered, so the steamers lie outside, and try to unload their freight at high tide. Our vessel was soon surrounded by a fleet of row-boats and large Siwash canoes, trying to pick up passengers. In crowds on the deck we stood gazing in wonder at the scene before us. We were yet too far off to see things distinctly. The captain went ashore for a customs officer. Others were eager to follow. No attempt is to be made to unload to-day, though the weather is beautiful. Few of us have the inclination to look at the truly grand scenery with which we are surrounded. Snow- and glacier-capped mountains, rising thousands of feet up from green sparkling water, burying their lofty heads in soft cottony clouds, are for other eyes than those of miners excited by the preparation for the real commencement of the journey. I went ashore with two others—and such a scene as meets the eye! It is simply bewildering, it is all so strange. There are great crowds of men rowing in boats to the beach, then clambering out in rubber boots and packing the stuff, and setting it down in little piles out of reach of the tide. Here are little groups of men resting with their outfits. Horses are tethered out singly and in groups. Tents there are of every size and kind, and men cooking over large sheet-iron stoves set up outside. The tents are pitched without any regularity, and behind these are more tents and men, and piles of merchandise, hay, bacon smoking, men loading bags and bales of hay upon horses and starting off, leading from one to three animals along a sort of lane—which seems much travelled—in the direction of a grove of small cottonwoods, beyond which lies the trail toward White Pass. Everybody is on the move, excepting those just arrived, and each is intent upon his own business. There are some twenty-five hundred people here, stretched along the road between the bay and the summit. There are not over one hundred tents here at Skagway, but there might be more than five hundred persons actually in the town.

Rough frame buildings are going up as quickly as men can handle scantling, and as fast as they are finished they are turned into stores or warehouses. There are three or four hotels or restaurants, and a United States flag flying over a tent is evidence of the presence of a United States Court Commissioner—the only representative of government here save that organized by the miners themselves. A large sign indicates the location of the correspondents of enterprising newspapers, and the half a dozen newspaper men here gave us a hearty welcome. Men and horses are travelling to and fro in a never-ending stream. There are a number of women, such as I met being wives who are accompanying their husbands thus far, and most of whom will return.

Signs are out announcing "Outfits bought and sold." Discouraged men are coming down from the trail, and they have but one story to tell—of terrible hardship, horses falling right and left, seventeen in one place; the road, if it can be called a road, in terrible condition, not one in ten will get over.

I talked with one or two determined fellows who came down to the boat, and who had their pack-trains in on the trail. From these I heard a different story. In all I have talked with five or six good men, and they all agree that there is plenty of trouble.

"The road is good for four or five miles, it is a regular cinch, after that hell begins."

Some say that not one in ten will get over. These are the alarmists and the excited ones. A more conservative estimate is that only four out of ten will get through. One party of two were building a scow, and when I got back to the boat they loaded all their belongings on it and paddled over to the steamer, where they held a long talk with our men, announcing that they were bound for Dyea and Chilkoot Pass. They claimed the pass here is blocked, while men are moving over the Chilkoot, even if slowly. As they paddled away we admired their pluck and gave them a rousing cheer. They did not look like strong men, but they smoked their pipes bravely. All their stuff was loaded on the scow, sinking it low in the water. There were sacks and boxes and two buggy wheels, with which they mean to make a narrow push-cart. It is pitiful. Their last word was, "Well, boys, we will meet you on the other side of the mountains!" We wondered if they would.

The news of the blockade up the pass here is having a discouraging effect on the men. They are earnestly discussing the situation. The Mounted Police and their seventy-four horses are all right, and say eight horses for the outfit of three, they say, are all right; and every one says *we* will get over. We have now got authentic information from experienced men who are putting their stuff over the trail. I asked them what was the cause of the trouble, and from all whose opinion is worth any consideration I received but one reply:

"*It is due wholly to the inexperience of those who are trying to go over.* They come from desks and counters, they have never packed, and are not even accustomed to hard labor."

One party, now within four miles of the top, took in ten horses. They lost four by overloading, then they reduced the weight to 150 pounds per horse. The roads are said to be shelving, and the horses slip and break their legs, and have to be shot. To-day two horses mired, fell, and smothered before their clumsy owners could get their heads clear. I have traced the conflicting stories to this point:

This is an army. Those in front are stubbornly fighting their way; they are moving slowly, but they will get over. Behind these are the stragglers, who in turn become the beaten rabble in the rear of the fight. Those up the pass are cool, experienced men, and they are keeping their heads. One man says: "Why, those who are making the most talk are here yet. They have not been out of Skagway, but they get upon a stump and look around, and think they have seen the whole business."

Men have come without horses, and without money to pay the high price for packing—at present 35 cents per pound. They are leaving for Chilkoot, or else selling their outfits for what they can get. Flour in the sack has just been selling for 35 cents per hundredweight. Bacon, 5 cents per pound. On the other hand horseshoe nails have been sold for 25 cents a piece. Horses have been selling up to yesterday for $200; to-day they are selling for from $125 to $150, poor ones at that. In four or five days, it is said by those who have been on the ground some time, they will hardly be worth anything. At the summit they are not worth 20 cents. Those who brought but one horse are grieving that they did not bring more. A week ago a man could have cleared from $100 to $150 per horse. There are more ways of making money than by going to Klondike.

The story of inexperience told here is no surprise. It was foreshown in the very horses that were being bought and brought up here. During the three quarters of an hour I spent ashore I saw the following:

One horse in a cart suddenly kicked, ran into a pile of hay, broke loose, and started across town, taking the corners of two or three tents. After galloping about among the frail habitations he was finally caught and led back. Another horse, tied to a log fifteen feet long and six inches through, began to jerk and jump, and went for a hundred yards cavorting down the main street, dragging another horse that was hitched to the same log. A horse with a load of two small bundles of hay suddenly fell down, lay there a moment, then got up and fell again. This was on level ground with a light load.

Every man is armed—all with revolvers, some with repeating rifles. One facetious packer who came down to the boat said: "There are more inexperienced men to the square foot than in any place I have ever been to, and more double-action revolvers. They ought to have left them at home. It would be a charity for Mr Constantine to take them all away, for they will be shooting themselves."

Even at this short distance it is impossible to learn anything beyond one's eye. There are scores making their way over to Chilkoot, which is only four miles away, and at the same time boat-loads of men are coming over here from Dyea. Some say the trail there is good; others say they would not pack there for $10 per ton.

It will be several days before the pack-trains can get well under way. If we accompany the Mounted Police, as we have been courteously invited to do, there will be time to go over to Dyea and to see the Chilkoot Pass. Hardly one of those who have failed and will fail to get across the pass this year would have been placed in his pitiful position had he listened to good advice. It is rather soon to speak thus of a trail one has not seen, or of hardships one has not encountered, but persons have gone over the trail, and they are the ones who planned beforehand for their needs, who had experience of their own, and who listened to good advice. The others blindly crowded onward ignorant of their needs, yet hopeful, and trusting that when they got here there would be some miraculous means to help them over. How many of the 440 odd who are starting from this ship will see the summit of White Pass? Or, if fortune favors them and they reach the lakes, how many will reach their journey's end? The question is on every one's lips. Each new-comer from up the trail is received with the anxious query: "What are the chances of getting over?" The only answer that can be given is, "It depends upon what you are."

Morning of the 21st of August.

At dawn a call of "Get up, the horses are being taken ashore!" resounds over the ship. A large scow is ranged alongside the vessel, and the horses are taken on and ferried to the beach, where they are dumped ashore into shallow water. We notice that men from the *Bristol* are taking horses part way, then dumping them overboard and swimming them ashore. Our tent was already set up in the middle of the town, and after we had waded our horses ashore, each man looking after his own, we got our personal effects ashore in small boats that hang around the ship to pick up jobs of ferrying at 25 cents per man.

It is impossible to find any two men to agree upon any detail about the pass. It is tolerably certain that the road for four miles or so to the foot of the hill is fairly good; after that it is only described in words not fit to be heard. It is probable that there are several very bad steep places this side of the summit. Some who are working there say the way is to take a light load on the pack-train all the way in without a stop. Next moment another equally to be credited advises to move the whole outfit gradually, short stages at a time. One says but one horse can be led at a time over these places, another says three can be handled by one man, while still another lets the horses pack their own way. One packer told of a remarkable escape at a cliff—and it was corroborated by others—of his horse falling forty feet; when they got down to him he was eating grass, and the lunch box on his back was undamaged. The day before, two men and three horses fell over the same place. My informant is seven miles from the top. He says, "I mean to go over if it takes all winter." He added, "We are going right on about our business. We do not

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A SKAGWAY "SKY-SCRAPER" IN COURSE OF ERECTION

A MINER'S WIFE

UNLOADING THE STEAMSHIP "BRISTOL."
Photograph taken from the Deck of the *Islander*

A LEADING HOTEL

DISCOURAGED KLONDIKERS AT THE LANDING PLACE

MINERS GUARDING OUTFITS JUST LANDED

PRIMITIVE LANDING FACILITIES.
Steamship to Scow; Scow to Wagon; Wagon to Shore.

MINERS' OUTFITS WAITING TO BE PACKED OVER THE TRAIL

ON THE WAY TO THE KLONDIKE GOLD-FIELDS—SKAGWAY, ALASKA.
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TAPPAN ADNEY, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."—[See Page 951.]

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THE NEW LIBRARY BUILDING FOR COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY—PRESIDENT SETH LOW'S MILLION-DOLLAR MEMORIAL TO HIS FATHER.—DRAWN BY G. W. PETERS.—[SEE PAGE 955.]

1. The Main Entrance, 116th Street. 2. General View of the Reading Room.

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come down here to town nights and get up late and tired. We get out early, at four o'clock. We do not come down to these miners' meetings."

A party of two arrived on the *Alki* from Seattle on the 11th without horses, hired five men at $7 a day with feed and blankets, and are near the summit, preferring to pay such wages rather than to pay for a pack train at from 25 to 30 cents per pound. Their outfit weighs 1200 pounds each. One of them was a barber.

Those who have landed the 100 horses from the *Islander*, and the several times that from the *Bristol*, are in an anxious frame of mind. Word has been circulated that a duty of $30 per horse would be assessed on all Canadian horses. What this means to many who are short of money cannot be estimated. But the customs officer here is quite alone, and it will be a difficult thing for him to collect the tax from so many. He said to me:

"We think we have made a great concession when we allow Canadian outfits to be used here at all (like tents and blankets). You can lead your horses over the trail to the summit, but you may not put packs on their backs. It hurts me more than I can express to have to do this, but I have my instructions; they are clear and explicit, and I have no other course before me."

Just how one man is going to handle so many, particularly as our horses are all landed and scattered among the others, I do not see. As the horses are here for the purpose of packing over, and there is little or no hope of getting over without them, the consequences of this action may be imagined. The officer here has received his instructions, and clearly has no other course to pursue. This course appears to him the more reasonable in that few horses are reaching the summit, where they are worthless for packing, if not dead. Before the boat sails which takes this letter I shall get on a horse and go up the trail as far as I can get. The weather now is perfect. There is not a cloud in the clear blue sky, and the sun makes it comfortably hot in the tent. The daylight lasts as long here that conditions could not possibly be better or more encouraging. After a rain, or during the thick weather that has lately prevailed, the impression might be different.

There is no post-office here, but there is a place where letters can be deposited. Everything is orderly, save for the fractious horses. The attention to one's outfit makes such demands that I have not yet sampled the several hotels here. By the next mail I shall have accounts of the more characteristic features of the place.

TAPPAN ADNEY.

"THE VINTAGE."*

A STORY OF THE GREEK WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY E. F. BENSON,

AUTHOR OF "DODO," "LOUZIANA," "THE JUDGMENT HOUSE," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE next two days Mitsos spent in learning the working of the fire-ship, the details of which will appear later. Every morning before daybreak Nicholas used to leave the village and lie hidden in the pine woods on the hills above, returning with Mitsos at nightfall. But on the second evening, as they got near the house, they saw a Turkish soldier standing in the road, himself on horseback, and holding two other horses. Nicholas stepped quickly out of the moonlight into the shadow, and beckoned to Mitsos to do the same.

"This means trouble," he said. "I knew it; I knew it. Go you in, Mitsos, and I will wait in the alder clump by the mill going out of the village, for there will be news for you to bring me."

And he stole along in the shadow of the wall until he was out of sight.

Mitsos waited until he was gone, and then walked forward, whistling the while. At the gate the soldier stopped him.

"There is no passing," he said.

Mitsos stared.

"Ugh, cross beggar! you," he said rudely and cheerfully. "But why should I not see my uncle?"

"There is no passing," said the Turk, and with that he drew out his pistol.

Mitsos hesitated a moment. He was quite willing to rush in and take his chance of the bullet going wide, for he held the Turks in light esteem as marksmen since the adventure with Yanni, but he doubted the wisdom of the scheme, for there were, as the horses showed, at least two more inside. So he turned on his heel and said:

"I shall go back home, then. Shall I find more little men there, saying I may not see my father? Go home too, my little man, if you are wise, and eat sweets with the women of your master's harem and wash your face."

The man answered nothing, for he knew well that to fire a shot in a village of the Mavromichalis was to put his own head into a nest of hornets that stung sore. They had entered the village very quietly after dark, so as not to provoke any attention, and had been fortunate enough to get to Petroboy's house without being noticed. Mitsos went along quietly enough till he was out of sight and then ran as he had never run before to the alder clump where he would find Nicholas.

"Quick! quick!" he whispered. "Tell me what to do. There are Turkish soldiers at Petroboy's, and they will not let me in. Oh, uncle, this looks no good for Yanni! What shall I do?"

"Ah, it is even so," said Nicholas. "Sit you, Mitsos, and let me think."

From force of habit he filled his pipe, but held it in his mouth unlit, and for five minutes or so they sat quite still. At last Nicholas spoke.

"I make no doubt what has happened," he said, "and it is all bad. These men have come to Petroboy from Mehemet Salik, and it means his arrest. They have him in the hollow of their hand, for if he goes not there is Yanni in Tripoli, and go he must. What is before us is this: Yanni must be got out of Tripoli at once, and Petroboy must escape on his way there. How shall we do it? Oh, little Mitsos, think as you thought before and ask the Blessed Saints to speak to you and me!" Nicholas crushed his hands to his temples. "And that is not all," he added. "The clan must be warned at once what has happened; and it is useless for them to attempt the rescue of Petros before Yanni is out of Tripoli, for so his life will be forfeit. And I too, I must—ah, I shall give myself up to those Turks."

"But why, Uncle Nicholas?" asked Mitsos, fairly puzzled.

"Because it is easier for two men to escape than one, and also because, if they get away from the village with me and Petroboy, without alarm given to the clan, they will make less haste to Tripoli, for they will not fear that I should get to Yanni first. Oh, Mitsos, this is a good thought of mine. But the clan must keep very quiet, and let the little men think they do not know what is happening."

"Then I am off," asked Mitsos.

"At once. Where is your horse?"

"At Petroboy's."

"Then go round to the house of some couin; go to Dimitri and get a horse, and off with you. There is no time to lose. Stay; you do not know where you are to go from Tripoli. You must escape by night and go straight over the hills into the upper Arcadian plain, where stands Megalopolis. Strike southwards before you get there, over into Taygetus, and find your way to the hill above Ladis, where you watched for the beacon from Bassae. It will be an easy journey, for the whole country side will be alive with Turks when are looking for you, but God has given you prudence and courage, and they will hunt for you southwards towards Maina. I shall go round the village and see that the whole clan knows what has happened, and where they will join us on Taygetus, then I shall give myself up. And now, little Mitsos, God speed; remember that we love you, and be very careful and very quick. Yanni's life depends on you."

So Mitsos stole off into the darkness to go to Dimitri's house, and Nicholas went back to the village to warn the clan, and in an hour's time messengers had started to the villages round, saying what had happened, and giving the clan to know where they were to go when the few preparations which remained with regard to the storing of the powder were completed, and also saying that the outbreak would begin as soon as possible by the siege of Kalamata. Then Nicholas went to Petroboy's house, and found the soldier still in the road opposite with the horses.

"There is no passing," he said.

"You do not know who you are speaking to," said Nicholas, haughtily. "I am Nicholas Vidakis, of whom you may have heard."

The answer was what he had anticipated and he found himself covered by the soldier's pistol, while he shouted to them inside.

"Here is Nicholas Vidakis!" he said. "Move, and I shoot."

Nicholas stood quite still, for he had no wish either to move or to be shot.

"I suppose you have authority for this," he said, "or there will be a settling between us."

"The authority of Mehemet Salik," said the second, "the Governor of Tripoli, to arrest you and Petros Mavromichalis and bring you to Tripoli."

They had been speaking in Turkish, and Nicholas, with intention, asked the next question in Greek.

"For what am I arrested?"

"I do not know Greek," said the soldier.

"God be praised for that!" thought Nicholas, and he repeated his question in Turkish.

"For seditious designs against the sovereign power of the Sultan and his deputy in Tripoli, Mehemet Salik."

Nicholas laughed.

"That sounds serious. Shall I go inside, gentlemen? I am your prisoner, and I deliver up my arms." And he handed the soldier his pistol and knife, and stepped in. "I should advise you," he added, "to come in too; for if some of these hot headed clan see a Turk standing there he will not stand there long. Come in, friend for though I am maliciously accused, that is no fault of yours, and I would not see your blood nor the blood of my clan shed."

The soldier followed his advice, and led the horse in side, barring the gate behind him.

Petroboy had heard Nicholas's voice, and a great sense of relief came over him. He had been sitting there quite silent, guarded by two soldiers, in a dumb, dry agony of fear—not for himself, but for Yanni. That he could escape somehow or other on the way to Tripoli he did not doubt, but his escape meant death to Yanni, as the letter from Mehemet said, and if once at Tripoli, the moment the war of Independence began, death to both of them. His only consolation was that Nicholas, at least, was safe. He would have been back an hour before, unless in some way the alarm had been given him, and his appearance now, coming in peacefully and calmly, must mean that he knew what had happened, and had some wise thought within him. Mitsos—and at the thought of Mitsos he looked up suddenly at Nicholas, in the sudden hope that Mitsos had started for Tripoli; and as he caught Nicholas's eye, the latter nodded and smiled, and Petroboy felt certain that Nicholas had answered the question he had silently asked him.

Nicholas sat down cheerfully and continued to speak in Turkish.

"This is some strange mistake," he said; "but I shall not be sorry to pay my respects to his Excellency in Tripolitza—thing which I have hitherto neglected."

One of the soldiers smiled.

"And his Excellency will not be sorry to see you. He sent for you, if you remember, last year, and your cousin wrote him a letter saying that his bastard kaimakam should be caught for, and sent when found."

This was a little disconcerting, but Nicholas waved his hand lightly.

"A private quarrel merely between myself and my cousin," he said, "which has long ago been made up. Eh, cousin?"

Petroboy nodded assent.

"We set off to-morrow, Nicholas," he said, "and that very early in the morning. To-night we have guests with us, and it is time for supper. Please seat yourselves, gentlemen. Poor fare, I am afraid, but we did not know that we should be honored by your presence to-night."

Petroboy clapped his hands, and the servant brought the supper. He was a big, strong lad of Yanni's age, the son of a small farm holding tenant on Petroboy's land, and who had been left an orphan while still quite a young boy. Petroboy had brought him up in his own house, as half servant and half companion to Yanni, a nearing little service, but receiving complete devotion.

"Put on supper," he said in Greek, "and keep your ears well open."

The boy brought in the food, and they all sat down together. The meal had only been prepared for three, but Mitsos was to have been one of the three, and to the Turks, who were usual eaters, there seemed to be plenty of food. All three, from living among the Greeks, had relaxed their religious abstinence from wine where the wine was good, and the meal went on merrily enough, Nicholas in particular talking and laughing with them, and speaking Turkish with wonderful fluency and accuracy. Under pretext of Petroboy's not speaking Turkish at all easily, it was soon arranged between him and Nicholas that he should speak in Greek, and Nicholas act as interpreter, translating into Turkish the remarks he made to his guests, and then back into Greek, and so it came about that long before the meal was over Petroboy was fully acquainted with Mitsos's departure for Tripoli, and also Nicholas's idea for the next day, and they discussed it some length, without arousing the least suspicion, their own manner of escape.

This, Nicholas suggested, should be made as soon as possible on the journey—if it could be managed, at the first halt, for Mitsos would have had twelve hours' start, and should have had time to get Yanni safely out. The advantage of doing this early would be that they would still be travelling in the country of the clan, who would, if necessary, turn out to cover their retreat, and Nicholas suggested that they should have recourse to a very simple expedient, which he had tried with success once before. The lad Constantine would come with them, he proposed, carrying food for the mid day meal, as it was six hours to the next village, and Nicholas Petroboy, and the boy would be quite unarmed, and the Turks, secure in the knowledge that Yanni was still in hostage, would not, he thought, attempt to bind them. That, however, he would ascertain. During their meal, which should be ample and full of wine, the boy should be instructed to cut the girths of the Turks' horses, and get away home as fast as night be. Then, after a decent interval, they should think about going on, and Petroboy and he, mounting as quickly as they could, would ride cheerfully off at full speed across country towards Taygetus. The soldiers, added Nicholas, with admirable gravity, would attempt to do the same, "and I wish dear Mitsos was near to see them."

All this was conveyed in short sentences, interpolated with Petroboy's supposed replies to the Turks, and Petroboy, who had taken care that Constantine should be in the room while it was going on, said to him, carelessly, holding out his glass,

"If you completely understand, Constantine, fill my glass and go. If not, fill Nicholas's."

Constantine took the wine jug in his hand, filled Petroboy's glass, and left the room.

Incidentally, Nicholas, while speaking in Turkish, had begged the soldiers that they might start very early, for fear there should be trouble among the clan if they saw their chief riding off guarded by Turks. Petroboy's only desire he explained, was to get to Tripoli as soon as possible, for as they knew, his son was held hostage there by Mehemet Salik, and he feared that if there was a disturbance among the Mavromichalis, or if—which God forbid!—the clan were so foolish as to fire upon them, Petroboy might be held responsible, and it would go hardly with the son. To this they assented, saying also that, provided their two prisoners would come unarmed, the hostage in Tripoli should be considered security enough, and they should go like gentlemen upon a journey.

Though it was not very early next morning when they started, the village, following Nicholas's directions of the night before, but very conveniently, so thought the Turks, showed no sign of life. The procession, with one soldier in front, Nicholas and Petros in the centre, guarded on the outside by the other two, with Constantine behind driving a pony laden with food and wine for their mid day meal, went unmolested, out of the village and down the steep hill into the plain. Nicholas relieved the tedium of the way with the most racy and delightful stories, and they all went on in the utmost harmony.

Some three hours later they had come to a large and pleasant smelling pine wood, and about half way through this, where another bridle path joined the one they were on, leading up towards the further hill villages of Taygetus, they came upon a charming way side stream, and here Petroboy proposed they should halt for the mid day meal. Abundance of juicy grass grew round this spring, some thirty yards further down, and tethering the horses there, so that they could not stray, for they would be just out of sight of the place where their masters ate, Petroboy told Constantine to get ready the food. However, the sun shone rather warmly on this spot, and at the suggestion of one of the soldiers they moved rather higher up into the shade of the trees. Constantine waited assiduously on the guests, until all had eaten their fill, and then bringing more wine from a cold basin in the stream, where he had put it to regale his coolness, he retired a little distance off to eat the remains of the dinner.

The others drank and smoked and chatted for some quarter of an hour more, till Nicholas, observing that the sun had already passed its meridian, suggested that as they had a long day before them, if they were, as he trusted, to reach Tripoli the next night, it would be wise to start. The soldiers assented, but obviously, for they had again drunk somewhat freely at their prisoner's expense, and they all moved off to where they had left their horses and accoutrements. Nicholas could not suppress a chuckle of amusement when he saw that Constantine had taken the precaution of loosening the flint from the hammers of their guns, and then, saying suddenly to Petroboy "Now!" the two ran *forward*, unpicketed their horses, and swinging into the saddle spurred them through the belt of trees which separated them from the pathway towards Taygetus. He heard an exclamation of dismay and surprise from the soldiers, and the feeble click of a lock flint against the steel, and next moment they were off full gallop, and up the steep hill road.

Then followed a scene which would have made the mouths of the clan to be full of laughter, for the first soldier vaulted with some agility into the saddle and started gallantly off in pursuit, closely followed by the second, who had done the same. The first went bravely

* Begins in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2125.

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on for about six yards, the second for rather less, and they rolled off right and left, clutching wildly at their horses' manes, the one into the stream, the other into a fine furze-bush. The third, a bulky man, was rather more fortunate; for, being incapable of jumping into the saddle, he put his foot nimbly into the stirrup, only to find his horse standing beside him barebacked, and with an expression of innocent surprise, and himself with the curious feeling experienced when we are fain to walk up a step and find there is no step there.

The next half-hour went wearily and hotly for them. By sacrificing one girth they patched up the other two, and one went up the pathway towards Taygetus in pursuit, while the other rode on to Tripoli. The two most agile, as being the lighter weights, took these tasks upon themselves, while the heavier one, who could not ride bareback without pain to his person, walked sorrowfully on, a heavy saddle in one hand, his horse's bridle in the other, a three hours' tramp to the next village, where he hoped to have his shortcomings repaired.

The adventures of the first who rode after the escaped prisoners were short. Half an hour's ride brought him to the outskirts of a village which was all humming like a hive of bees, and the humorous Mavromichales, who inhabited it in some number, and who were excellent marksmen, sent a few rifle bullets whistling close around him. One went a little to the right, another slightly to the left, a third sang sweetly over his head, and a fourth raised a little puff of dust at his feet. It occurred to him that they might perhaps be able to aim straighter if they wished, for there was a devilish precision about the closeness of their shots that made his heart turn cold, and with one more glance, sufficient, however, to show him Nicholas and Petrobey bowing politely in the midst of their clan, he turned tail, and just galloped back along the road he had come.

From Panitsa to Gythium it was reckoned two days of twelve hours or three of eight, but Mitsos, who set off about ten at night, hoped to be there within thirty hours of the time he started, thus arriving well before daybreak on the second morning and at sundown that day, looking over the valley of Sparta from the hills leading up to the pass into the plain of Tripoli, he hoped to be there well before six next morning. But for the present, as the moon was up, he pushed forward along the road, reserving him halt for the two dark hours after midnight. He had eaten but little that day, and his eyelids felt laden with weights that would drag them down; but knowing that if he slept it was quite impossible that he should awake in so short a time, he paced up and down by the edge of the field where he had tethered Dimitri's pony, eating a crust of bread, which he washed down with some rather sour wine he had got at Gythium. Now and then he would stop for a moment; but he felt physically incapable of keeping awake except by moving, and he began tramping up and down without pausing. Luckily he had a pouch of tobacco, his pipe and tinder-box, and he smoked continuously, and to make assurance doubly sure he saddled the pony before two in the morning, and jogged forward again. He had wrapped his coat close round him, for the night was cold, and he was just beginning to feel again that if he hoped to keep awake he had better get down and trot by the pony's side, when the beast stumbled on a heap of stones, and in trying to recover itself stumbled again and pitched forward right on to its knees, throwing Mitsos off.

Mitsos was unhurt, and picked himself up quickly, but the poor brute was cut to the bone, and stood trembling with pain and terror as Mitsos examined it. For one moment the boy broke down.

"Oh, my God!" he cried. "But what shall I do?" But the next moment he steadied himself and took stock of his position. It was still three hours to daylight, and Tripoli was a good eighteen miles off. To get there in time with the pony was hopelessly out of the question, and to get there on his own legs seemed hopelessly out of the question too, for he was as weary as a young man need ever hope to feel. But if there was a choice it lay there. Meanwhile what to do with the beast? To leave it there, all cut, bleeding, and in pain through the night, only to die on those bare hills, was a cruel thing, and Mitsos decided quickly. He led it very gently off the road among the trees, and with a strange feeling of tenderness—for it had carried him gallantly, and done all it could—kissed the white star on its down-dropped head. Then drawing his pistol, he put it to its ear, and turning his eyes away, fired. The poor beast dropped like a log, and Mitsos, with a sob in his throat, looked not behind, but went back through the trees, and throwing away his coat, which only encumbered him, set his teeth and went jog-trotting to Tripoli.

How those next three hours passed he scarcely knew. He felt so utterly tired and beaten that he was hardly conscious of himself, his very weariness probably dulled his powers of sensation, and all he knew was that as he pushed on with limbs dropping from fatigue, and eyes aching for very weariness, the trees by the road-side seemed to pass, of their own movement, by him like ghosts. Now and then he tripped over the uneven stony road, and it scarce seemed worth while to make any effort to recover himself, and more than once he felt and knew, but only dimly, that his trousers were torn on the stones and his knees were cut and bleeding. He thought of the pony which had fallen and cut itself, and felt vaguely envious of its fate.

Lower down the pass, where the hills began to melt into the plain, it grew warmer, and as the sweat of heat and exhaustion poured down his face for a moment he more than half thought that a treeless hollow of the hills was the bay of Nauplia, lying cool and dark beneath the night. Nauplia, the boy, the white wall—it seemed that that time belonged to a boy called Mitsos, but not himself—a boy who had been happier than the kings of the earth, whereas he was a foot-sore, utterly beaten piece of consciousness that would plod along the white ribbon of road forever.

Then suddenly the sky lightened and grew gray with dawn, and the next moment the day had broken, and the sun, lifting itself above the hills to the east, showed him Tripoli, all shining in the dawn, still two miles off.

Mitsos stopped dead. It was too late. During the day it would be impossible for him to get into the Governor's house, and during the day, some time before the blessed night fell again, the soldiers from Panitsa would be there. Petrobey would have escaped, trusting to his getting to Tripoli first, and Yanni would be—. Who was Yanni? Oh, a boy he had travelled with once, they had had a fine time, and he believed he had promised to come and get him out of Tripoli.

There had been a white frost during the night, and the fields were all white and glistening. He had just enough sense to strike off the road and lie down under the shade of a tree sheltered from the sun and untouched by the frost, rolled over on his side, and next moment was sleeping deep and dreamlessly, like a child tired with play. There he lay without moving, one arm shielding his face from the light, and when he woke it was past mid-day, and the blessed gift of sleep had restored him body and mind, and the trouble in his brain had run down like the tainted water of a spate, leaving it clear and cool, and the strength had come back to his limbs.

He sat there some quarter of an hour longer, thinking intently. He had no self-reproach to interpose itself between him and his quest. The accident had been purely out of his own control, and he had done what would have seemed to himself impossible if he had not done it, and gone on for three hours after riding for twenty-four, and having had no sleep for thirty-six. Then he took stock of his position, and his position was that the soldiers might be expected any time after four that afternoon, and it would not be dark till six. There was nothing to do but to go on to Tripoli and wait, watching the road from Sparta. If they came before dark, he determined to make an attempt to get in, desperate though it might be; for once they had given their report to Mehemet Salik, it was over with Yanni.

So he went on and ate at a Greek khan within the town, and then strolled back to the square and examined the house again. Once the door opened, and he went quickly down a side street, for fear the porter, who had seen him before, might recognize him, then he took another look at the wall by which he hoped to get access to the house. Under the influence of food and sleep his spirits had revived, and about two o'clock he went back again down the street leading into the Sparta road, and sitting down a little distance from it, kept his eyes fixed on the point where it vanished round the first hill-side. Three o'clock passed, four, and five, and the thin white clouds in the west began to be tinged with rose, and Mitsos's heart tapped quicker. In another hour it would be dark and time for his attempt. He sat on there till nearly six, and the darkness began to fall in layers over the sky, and the colors faded out of things. Then giving one long last look up the road, he turned and went into the town again.

When he arrived at the square, the little oil lamps at the corners were already lit, and the figures of men seemed like shadows. He turned down the street where the low wall stood, but found, to his annoyance, that only a few paces down was a café, which had been empty during the day but was now beginning to fill with guests—for the most part Turkish soldiers—and he was obliged to wait. But these had apparently only come in for a glass of mastic before dinner, and in a quarter of an hour more there were only left there the café-keeper, who seemed to be dozing over his pipe, and an old countryman Greek in fustanella dress. Mitsos, who had stationed himself some hundred yards off, drew a deep breath, and stole noiselessly back in the shadow of the wall.

By standing on a lump of stone which lay there he could get his fingers on the top of the wall, and slipping off his shoes in order to give his feet greater power of using the crevices, he worked himself slowly up, and in a moment was crouching on the top. Then came the easier but the more dangerous task, for as he crept along the roof of the house where Yanni was his figure would be silhouetted against the sky. But the roof was not more than four feet above the top of the wall where he was, and leaning over it, he raised himself up and wriggled snake-wise along the edge. Yanni's room, in front of which stood the pillar by which he meant to climb down into the balcony, was the second room from the end, and judging the distance as well as he could, he glided along for about nine feet, and then began to make his way slowly down the roof. He had calculated the distance well, but when he was about half-way down, the tiled roof, which was but lightly built over laths, and was not constructed to bear the weight of giants, suddenly groaned beneath him and next moment gave way, and with a crash fit to wake the dead he was precipitated with a shoal of tiles right into Yanni's room, and within a few feet of where Yanni was sitting with his arms tied behind him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ARCHITECTURE AND MURAL PAINTING.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE LIBRARY

Kings College Founded in the Province of New York
By Royal Charter in the Reign of George II.
Perpetuated as Columbia College by the People of New York
When they Became Free and Independent.
Maintained and Cherished from Generation to Generation
For the Advancement of the Public Good and the
Glory of Almighty God.

This inscription, proud and purposeful, cut deep in the limestone above the entrance to the Library, sets the key-note to the building. The approach is one of unusually commanding expanse, leading by flights of steps and terraces up to ten stately columns of Indiana limestone resting upon bases of Istrian marble. The ground plan is a Greek cross, the equal arms of which, containing respectively the Vestibule, Avery Architecture Library, Law Library, and Delivery Room, group around the central Reading Room, which is crowned by a dome of exquisitely tranquil curve. A basement floor is below, in which are the main book stacks; and still further down a cellar for storage. The material of the exterior is Indiana limestone, resting upon a granite substructure. Such is in simplest words the arrangement of the building. Its characteristics are solidity, grandeur, proportion, and utility, and an elevated ambition that is expressed in the richness of material and perfection of artistic detail.

As one enters the Vestibule the eye is fascinated by two majestic columns, soaring high and of enormous girth. They are of royal Irish green, a marble so precious that hitherto it has reached this country only in small pieces, and been sold by the pound. But American eagerness for the best has reopened the quarries, and these wonderful columns are unique amongst modern buildings. No description can give an adequate idea of their stateliness, the exquisite mystery of graded greens and grays and black, their tempestuous streakings and tender veining, and the perfect texture of their polished surface. The most heedless visitor cannot pass them unadmired, the connoisseur will be enthusiastic.

Passing between them, one will be confronted by steel gates, through which the Reading Room is visible. But ordinarily they will be closed, and the visitor must turn to right or left, and traverse the corridor which completely surrounds it. This corridor is octagonal in plan, passing behind the four great piers which sustain the structure and the columned spaces in between. In these intervening sections the ceiling of the corridor is flat and richly coffered, but behind the piers the architecture takes on additional strength corresponding to the increased strain upon these parts. The ceilings here are vaulted, their elliptical curves intersecting with most charming intricacy. The coloring of the various members of these chambers is tones of white—warm yellow, and greenish, and the edges of the curves are sharp at the spring, but gradually rounded as they rise, so that the eye passes from clear perception into dreamy consciousness.

By the time we have reached the Delivery Room, in the west arm of the cross, we are opposite the usual entrance to the Reading Room—the central feature of the interior, the very heart and soul of the architect's conception. There stand the four great supporting piers of warm drab stone, between them four massive columns of granite from Ascutney, Vermont, in color a rich bottle-green shot with gray, and covered with bronze capitals plated to a tawny gold. Between the pillars, upon bases of bright red Numidian marble, will be detached book-shelves of dull sienna-colored oak. The walls behind are treated in Pompeiian red, yellow, and black, the last an indescribable mellow murky olive. We have tried to describe the coloring with the architecture, for the two are inseparably one. The architect's conception grew into color as well as form, and you think of them together as unreservedly as the coloring and contour of a mountain scene. The execution of the color scheme was intrusted to Elmer E. Garnsey. Paint has been used, and many coats of it, laid on, rubbed off in parts, glazed, and waxed, until the surface has the texture of an old billiard-ball. It is no longer paint but color, and color that Time's magic fingers seem to have played upon, leaving it elusive, mellow, and rich in suggestion.

Upon the columns rest the galleries, with balustrades of open stone-work, and semicircular windows behind, set deep in bays, the ceilings of which are incrusted with mossy rosettes. Springing from the piers are the pendentives which lock the arches together, and overhead the members of the stately structure are clipped into completion by the rim of a very simple cornice.

One can regard this as the termination of the material part of the architect's design. Above it is the dome, into which each man's imagination may soar as it will. Instinctively we feel a dome to be the most spiritual feature of architecture, and yet it was the contribution of that most material people, the Romans. But they were men of boundless progressiveness, and all human progress, consciously or unconsciously, is towards the infinite. It is infinity that should be the suggestion of a dome, and that of Columbia Library whispers it with exceeding persuasion. Its vault is unobstructed by any sign of man's handiwork, a smooth expanse of blue—that mysterious gray-blue of the midnight sky of Egypt, athwart which trembles a sweep of deep steel blue, sown with shimmering stars, and here and there a needle-point of brilliance. The eye may linger upon it in repose, or the imagination soar beyond.

Architecture has ceased to create new forms; yet that it is possible not only to imitate but to re-create the old ones, and to put not alone life but soul into a modern building, has been proved here, and not for the first time here, by Messrs. McKim, Mead, & White.

ROME. A MURAL DECORATION

In the little village of Brunswick, Maine, and sequestered even from the quiet stir of the village life, lies Bowdoin College, and on its campus is an Art Gallery, small, but exceedingly beautiful, a very Elzevir in granite. It was erected from the designs of Charles F. McKim, by the Misses Mary Sophia and Harriet Sarah Walker, in memory of their uncle Theophilus W. Walker. Upon the walls of the central hall are four lunettes, three of which are filled with mural paintings, respectively by Elihu Vedder, Abbott H. Thayer, and Kenyon Cox, while the fourth will shortly be completed by John La Farge. The subjects, following the order of the artists' names, are Rome, Florence, Venice, and Athens.

Mr. Vedder has represented the conception of Rome as the mother of modern nations, the foster-nurse of art and learning. He loves allegory, and finds in it a means of expressing in artists' fashion what the philosopher, poet, and historian would portray in words. Besides a direct reference to the subject, he gives it a deeper significance, penetrating to the heart of life. With hesitation, we try to put it into words. Nature, the generative force, stronger than passion, calmly fruitful, has her feet amid the material things of man's making, while mystery and infinity are about her head. In one hand she holds the tree of life—Yggdrasil our Norse forefathers called it—the Alpha, the Beginning, which has its roots in death; in the other, the plucked bough of the tree of knowledge, the Omega, or fruitage of all our strivings. Her attributes are vitality and harmony—the milk and honey of human endeavor, the pith and grace of learning and the arts.

At one side of her is Art; no simpering affectation of beauty, but noble and self-possessed, looking in love for inspiration—not the blind amorous manikin, but the strong winged sturdy child of soaring humanity. To the left is Learning, unruffled with the hot haste to learn new things, but calmly balanced in the depths and strength of knowledge that is grounded upon the sciences, and reaches up to the infinite at the promptings of the soul.

But to describe the allegory apart from the artist's expression of it without an eye upon the picture is to recite the words of a song without the music. One misses the sensuous enjoyment of the composition, the richly elaborate groups, so massively constructed and still so sensitively decorative, and the impressive isolation of the

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Copyright, 1906, by Elihu Vedder.

MURAL PAINTING IN THE WALKER ART GALLERY, BOWDOIN COLLEGE.—By Elihu Vedder.—[See Page 955.]

central figure, with the swirling clouds and halo of architectural detail. Figures, architecture, and natural scenery—some of our mural painters are slow to recognize the value to be obtained in mural decoration by the skilful blending of all three. Especially they ignore the architectural feature, which gives the constructive strength and unity to the composition, and enables the painter to introduce a certain formality, which is such a force in mural painting. This particular panel could not be mistaken for a picture set against the wall. It is, as it were, built into the structure—a further development of the architect's design. Any one who will shut off with his hand the circular and vertical lines of the background will be disposed to admit that it is these architectural features which give such strength and coherency to the composition, and at the same time, by dividing it, such simplicity and distinctiveness to the grouping.

By the scientific arrangement of line and space, and balance of opposing and repeating effects, Mr. Vedder elaborates his composition until it becomes both elevating and sensuously delightful. But although the refinement of effect is reached by slow and patient adjustment of the various parts until they are in exact relation, the composition is unified and elastic. The informing spirit is so comprehensive that the parts cohere, and the whole has the vitality of an instantaneous creation, and underlying the intricate simplicity of the technique is always the thought, profound, yet clear.

One hears Mr. Vedder's color schemes criticised, his flesh is unfleshlike, the coloring sombre. But his work, though low in tone, is not sombre. Clad in sober livery, if you will, as deep thought often is, it has a lustre and solidity like an old reliquary, and always harmonizes with the architectural surroundings. His choice of unfleshlike tints is evidently deliberate; a part of the inflexible determination to make his work unmistakably mural painting, formal in character, color as well as composition symbolic. His panels, like mosaics, continually suggest their architectural purpose.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

Max Gorsch. Mr. Herbert. Miss Rehan.

SHAKESPEARE PLAYED BY AMERICANS AT SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHPLACE

Scene from Act I. of *As You Like It*, as performed by Augustin Daly's Company at Stratford-on-Avon.—[See Page 958.]

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SAN ANTONIO DE BEXAR.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

A CITY of the past, the present, and the future. A city of the frontier that presents crumbling relics of mediæval architecture among its chief attractions. A city both ancient and modern in aspect, possessed of an atmosphere at once foreign and homelike, the metropolis of western Texas, the point of divergence for two great streams of winter travel into Mexico and California, and, above all, the city of the Alamo, that war-shattered memento of a deed unsurpassed in heroic annals for desperate daring and deliberate self-sacrifice on the altar of freedom. The San Antonio of to-day, a city of wealth and culture, of charming people and beautiful homes, a great army post and military distributing point, the business centre of a vast territory, a meeting place of many railroads, threaded in every direction by electric-car lines, and pulsing through all its arteries with vigorous modern life, is, at the same time, a very Mecca of American pilgrims, who visit it not for its present, but for it past.

They go to be thrilled by the story of its Alamo, and to gaze upon the walls that Barrett Travis, David Crockett, and James Bowie, together with 150 others, scantily supplied with food and ammunition, successfully defended for fifteen days, against a Mexican army of 4000 regular troops, led by the redoubtable and ferocious Santa Anna. Scorning to surrender, refusing to retreat, and deliberately throwing away every chance of escape, this band of heroes held the invaders in check that the men of Texas might have time to rally to the defence of their homes. So they purchased minutes with drops of life-blood, and hours with precious lives, until at length, with ammunition exhausted, they were overwhelmed by numbers and swept from the face of the earth.

has been treated with every indignity and put to every ignoble use. Army quartermasters and private individuals have been allowed to make of it a store-house for bacon and hams, and to cheaply rebuild its broken walls in accordance with their shop-keeping needs. Although it was purchased by the State in 1883, nothing has since been done for its preservation or restoration. The city is permitted to use it as a police station, a stove-pipe thrust from one of its lower windows befouls its façade with soot. An atrocious wooden building, used as a grocery, and surmounted by an octagonal cupola, from the sides of which grin wooden cannon, as though in sheerest mockery, crowds it on one side, and impudently projecting far beyond its front, at once hides and degrades it. On the other side it is compassed by a block of mean shops and dwellings, so that of its exterior walls only the front, overlooking the Alamo Plaza with its tiny but beautiful central garden, is visible. In spite of all, the building, nearly hidden from view, defaced, shorn of its once stately proportions, and degraded by its environment, is of such remarkable character that the stranger, though ignorant both of its location and aspect, knows at a glance that it is the Alamo; and thereafter, so long as he remains in the city, it commands his attention to the exclusion of all surrounding objects.

While this dilapidated old church, made more sacred by the blood of its martyrs than any similar edifice in America, is San Antonio's chief attraction to the visiting pilgrim, it is by no means the only one offered him. South from the city, at distances of two, four, six, and nine miles, and occupying positions first on one side, then on the opposite bank of the San Antonio River, are located the four missions of La Concepcion, San José, San Juan, and La Espada, or, as they are locally known, First, Second, Third, and Fourth missions. Abandoned by priest

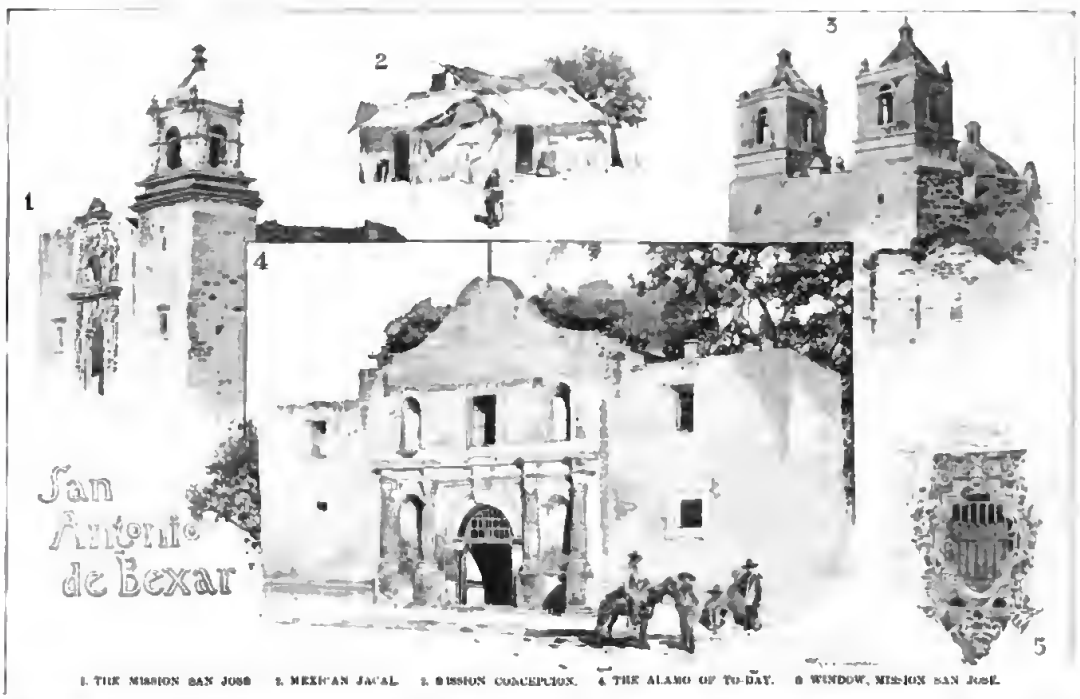
pockets. Their scowling faces are those of typical villains, which many of them doubtless are. Certain it is that one of them who was befriended by a well-known lady of San Antonio, and nursed through a severe illness, showed upon recovery the sincerest gratitude of which he was capable by offering to kill for her any one whom she might name. As he truly expressed it:

"Some man you want kill, me kill him quick. Some woman you not like, me kill him all the same."

The black-haired, keen-eyed women of this quarter are far from beautiful, but are very interesting to watch, while the solemn-faced children, scantily clad or wholly naked, are as capricious and full of mischief as a cage of monkeys.

In this part of the town are located the huge, aggressively new, and obtrusive City Hall and County Court-house. To these your resident friend would fain direct your undivided attention; but such things are indigenous to the United States. You have doubtless been heavily tasked yourself in the interest of equally painful structures, and with the many novel attractions presented on all sides, you are bound to disappoint him. Far more interesting than these piles of stone and mortar are the "free camps" on South Flores Street, provided for the comfort of cowboys from outlying ranches whose business brings them to the city, and for immigrants passing through with old-time wagon trains, numerous offspring, and small herds of domestic cattle.

Night in this quarter is even more interesting than the daytime. Then there is much music, dancing, and laughter; while in the plazas, notably in Milam Square, appear scores of venders of Mexican dishes—tortillas, frijoles, chile con carne, tamales, atole verde, enchiladas, bitter black coffee, and cigarritos wrapped in soft corn husk. These are prepared by the uncertain light of small



1. THE MISSION SAN JOSÉ. 2. MEXICAN JACAL. 3. MISSION CONCEPCION. 4. THE ALAMO OF TO-DAY. 5. WINDOW, MISSION SAN JOSÉ.

The final assault against the shattered walls was made at daylight of Sunday, March 6, 1836, the Mexicans having just been reinforced by 2000 fresh troops. At nine o'clock the terrible struggle was ended and all was still within the blood-soaked enclosure, for of the Alamo's defenders no man remained alive. The price of that victory was the lives of 520 Mexicans; while during the whole two weeks of fighting more than 2000 of Santa Anna's troops were killed and 300 more were wounded by the unerring Texas rifles. Thus did the men of the Alamo gain undying fame, and win for their monument the inscription:

Thermopylæ had her messenger of defeat, but the Alamo had none.

From that day "Remember the Alamo!" became the battle-cry that gave Texas her independence, and finally joined her to the United States, together with the vast territory of New Mexico, Arizona, and California.

As the reverent pilgrim stands within the crumbling walls of that little old mission church which, to quote Sidney Lanier, "beheld the bloodiest, smokiest, grimiest tragedy of this century," and reflects that from it emanated an influence equal to that of Plymouth Rock itself, he wonders at and laments the apathetic neglect with which it is treated. From the moment that Texas achieved her independence this battle-scarred structure should have been sacredly preserved as an enduring monument to those who died within its walls that their country might be free. The Alamo should be to Texas what Faneuil Hall is to Massachusetts, Independence Hall to Pennsylvania, Mount Vernon to Virginia, and Sutter's Fort to California—a reminder of the glorious past, to be reverently cared for by an association of native sons and daughters, and made a repository for relics of their forefathers' deeds and the early history of their State.

Instead of being thus cherished, this historic building

and acolyte, and no longer cared for by the throngs of native converts who once tilled their broad acres, these old missions still lift their belfried towers above the encroaching chaparral, and present examples of ancient ecclesiastical architecture unexcelled for beauty of design and exquisite detail of workmanship within the borders of the United States. Especially is this true of San José, the Second Mission, to the carved ornamentation of which the artist Huica, sent out from Spain for the purpose, devoted many years of his life. The west portal of the chapel affords ample proof of his genius, while one window on the south side of the baptistery has been named the finest thing of its kind in America. That the long-ago builders of these missions by no means confined their labors to the mere ornamentation of their churches is shown by the remains, widespread over the rich bottom-lands of the vicinity, of aqueducts and irrigating ditches. These tell of a comprehensive and intelligently directed system of cultivation, the fruits of which were stored in immense rough-stone granaries that may still be seen among the groups of mission buildings.

Returning to the city along the pleasant river roads, shaded by groves of tall pecans, one finds himself in the old town lying west of the river, and intersected by the swift current of San Pedro Creek. Here is the Mexican quarter, and the narrow streets, bearing such names as Flores, Nueva, Soledad, Yturri, Quinta, Monterey, Dolorosa, Acequia, and Obraje, are lined with typical Spanish-American houses of the humbler class—little one-story affairs, built of stone, adobe, or wood, and with jacals, or huts, constructed of poles, bits of old roofing, or whatever refuse material has fallen to the hands of the ingenious and not over-particular architects. Here are swarthy men wearing huge sombreros, smoking corn-husk cigarritos, and apparently having no occupation save to lounge in the hot sunshine, with hands thrust deep in trousers

camp fires, lanterns, or flaring torches, and served by little black-eyed girls, whose every movement is jealously watched by beetle-browed lags squatting beside the fires, or by dark-visaged men who lounge in near by shadows. None of the things sold in these rudely improvised restaurants are really good to eat, but they are interesting to taste, and contain many surprises.

The building best worth seeing on this side of the river is the old Veramendi house, the low roofed, rambling, vice regal palace of long ago Spanish Governors. Many a bloody conflict between Spaniards and Mexicans, Mexican and American, and by all three with fierce native tribes, has raged about this ancient structure. Its massive walls and quaintly panelled doors are still pitted with bullets and show the scars of battle. Here James Bowie wedded a daughter of Governor Veramendi, and a little later entertained his friend Sam Houston on the occasion of his first visit to San Antonio. Here, too, in the great front doorway, while enough to admit a coach, that brave Texas fighter Colonel Ben Milam, who had just captured the city from the infamous General Cos, was done to death by the ball from a Mexican escopeta.

There are many other places well worth visiting in this quarter of the town, including its market and the old mission church of San Fernando, but time presses, and there is also much still to be seen on the further side of the river.

This river, the San Antonio, and its tributary stream the San Pedro, furnish the reason for the existence of a city at this point, and are well worthy the pride and affection with which they are regarded. Both gush from the ground a few miles north of the city in springs of wonderful clearness and beauty. The land about San Pedro Springs is a public park, much frequented on holidays and summer evenings; while the many springs forming the San Antonio, and collectively known as the "Head

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of the River," are on private property in the beautiful suburb of Alamo Heights. It was at one time proposed to establish a military post at this point, and here was buried General Worth, the man who ended the Seminole war, whose monument stands in Madison Square, New York city, and who died of cholera in San Antonio on May 17, 1849.

The strategic importance of San Antonio has been recognized by military authorities from the date of its earliest settlement, and it has always been an army post, occupied in turn by Spain, Mexico, the Republic of Texas, the United States, the Confederacy, and finally again by the Federal government. Now it is headquarters of the Department of Texas; and Fort Sam Houston, on Government Hill, one mile north of the city, is one of the largest, most beautifully located and finely equipped army posts in the country.

San Antonio needs two things very badly—one is a first-class tourist hotel, and the other is a sewer system that shall clear the befouled waters of the beautiful river sweeping with many graceful curvings and tree-embowered vistas through her most densely populated districts. Both of these things are promised for the immediate future, but then both of them have been promised for a long time.

THE DRAMA.

A Southern Romance, a play in three acts, by B. B. Valentine and Leo Ditrichstein. Produced at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, September 4.

A Coat of Many Colors, a comedy in four acts, by Madeleine Lucette Ryley. Produced at Wallack's Theatre, September 13.

What Happened to Jones, a farce in three acts, by George H. Broadhurst. Produced at the Manhattan Theatre, August 30.

The Wrong Mr. Wright, a comedy in three acts, by George H. Broadhurst. Produced at the Bijou Theatre, September 6.

A Bachelor's Honey-moon, a farce in three acts, by John Stapleton. Produced at Hoyt's Theatre, September 6.

In Town, a musical comedy in two acts, by Adrian Ross and James T. Tanner. Produced at the Knickerbocker Theatre, September 6.

A Stranger in New York, a farce comedy in three acts, by Charles H. Hoyt. Produced at the Garrick, September 13.

It is with something of sluggishness in his desire that even the most eager of playhouse chroniclers looks forward to the opening of a New York theatrical season. There is no uncertainty in his prevision of a long series of unprofitable evenings, but he counts them as naught in the balance if he be given on one or two occasions that rarest of things a good play. I say one or two, for it seems folly to expect more. Last year we had *Secret Service* and *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, not perfect, either of them, by any means, but intelligent and interesting. The hope begotten of these two is strong within me, and will serve to carry me through worse evenings before the foot-lights than I have spent during the last fortnight.

A Southern Romance is a dramatization of Miss Dolly Higbee's novel *In God's Country*, and in attempting to improve a Southern woman's story of her own people, Kentuckians, Messrs. Valentine, an Englishman, and Leo Ditrichstein, an Austrian, have spoiled a very promising theme.

In the story, as I remember it, a young German nobleman, stranded in the South and reduced to greatest extremities, takes service as a gardener with a Kentucky gentleman, Colonel Ransom. The Colonel's daughter, a charming, impulsive girl, betrothed to the son of one of her father's neighbors, becomes interested in the young nobleman, falls in love with him, elopes, and is overtaken by the Colonel's son, who promptly shoots and kills the lover, after the traditional Kentucky fashion. The story is simple, direct, convincing, with a charming humor, and full of that vague thing "atmosphere"; an excellent story for stage purposes if rightly handled. In the hands of its adapters the girl's intended husband becomes the avenger, but he does not avenge. That would have interfered with a happy ending. He simply fires three shots at the young nobleman, none of which—shades of Daniel Boone!—hits him and then departs, the final curtain descending on Colonel Ransom giving the parental blessing to another international match. A very capable group of actors, among them Mr. Ditrichstein himself, strove to give the play some actuality, but with very indifferent success.

A curious instance of the fatuity of the managers is shown in the eagerness with which they buy up and produce all the plays of any author who has had the least semblance of success. Judgment is entirely out of the question, and to the lack of it must be attributed the presentation of so many of Madeleine Lucette Ryley's so-called comedies.

Mrs. Ryley has a formula that serves her purpose in whatever she does. It is the old old-fashioned one of complications arising from a similarity of initial and name belonging to two or more of her characters. The limitations of such a method were long ago apparent, and it fell into disuse about the time of Burton. But Mrs. Ryley has resuscitated it, and, galvanized with a humor that is often gay and bright, though not always spontaneous, she may be able to succeed where others with more sophisticated means will fail. It will not be with *A Coat of Many Colors*, however. I cannot help but think that when Mr. Herbert Kelcey and Miss Effie Shannon chose this play as the medium for their appearance as "stars" (a most objectionable designation, to my mind, but one which has gained for itself a peculiarly suggestive connotation) they were misled by the number of good scenes and good lines that were allotted to their respective parts. The story, or, more correctly, the stories, of the play, I cannot attempt to tell. A new one was started every act, and there were four acts. It was tiresome to the verge of boredom, and, save for occasional flashes of pretty wit, left one in a maze and in amaze. Mr. Kelcey was earnest, sincere, and attractive as the perplexed young lawyer who becomes lost in the whirlpool of impossible complication, while Miss Shannon was charming and delicately appreciative of everything that was given her to do, and W. J. Le Moyne made up the trio that have long played admirably into one another's hands, but never before, I can say, with so little effect. The others in the cast were exceptionally good, particularly Mr. Edmund Lyons as an irascible old Scotchman. I could have hoped for a more auspicious opening for Mr. Kelcey and Miss Shannon's venture, and I wish Mrs. Ryley better success with the next variation of her formula.

Mr. Broadhurst, in his farce *What Happened to Jones*, could give Mrs. Ryley a great many points in the handling of impossible situations. He makes no pretence of probability, so you cast analysis to the wind, and follow the whole comic nonsense with an interest that finds its excuse in your two hours of laughter. Mr. Broadhurst has a formula too, as one finds on seeing his other farce, which Roland Reed is exploiting at the Bijou. Mistaken identity plays an important part in *The Wrong Mr. Wright*, but you are not asked, as in the other, to take it seriously, and you laugh ungrudgingly and are thankful for small favors. These farces are very fair examples of what farces should be, while Mr. Stapleton's *A Bachelor's Honey-moon* is a very good example of what they should not be. A silly theme, dubious dialogue, and incoherent arrangement make one marvel at its producer's unintelligence, and pity the wasted efforts of such amusing actors as Mr. A. Kennedy, Max Figman, and W. J. Ferguson.

In Town is the latest invasion from the London Gaiety. It was produced over there very successfully four or five years ago, and, wonderfully enough, has not been brought out here before. Not unnaturally, I suppose, George Edwardes had not the temerity; but having furnished us with the *Geisha* and the *Circus Girl* successively and successfully, he probably supposed he might sandwich in this dull affair and escape the consequences. I doubt if he does. Bad puns and worse music will not go, even if pushed by pretty girls, and it is a pity that they have not a better opportunity to show to advantage what little they can do. Mr. Louis Bradfield bears the burden of whatever comedy there is, and bears it with remarkable equanimity, singing his songs with a great deal of dash and dancing with great nimbleness.

In the same category with the English comedy is Mr. Hoyt's last farce, *A Stranger in New York*. The difference between the two is the difference between amusing and not amusing, and between a rather modest production and—I was about to say immodest one, but amend that and say elaborate. But with half as many people Mr. Hoyt manages to produce twice as much fun, and while it seems to me that we have almost, if not entirely, outgrown the taste for Mr. Hoyt's work, it has certain qualities that one could wish to have seen farther developed. The form which moulded his early efforts was too successful, though, and he has succumbed to the commonplace and easy device of reiteration. But there is no denial of his keen whimsical sense of character and comic situation, and his breezy, racy humor. If to these he could have added a little more intelligence and definite purpose, the result might have been a really important American dramatist.

The revival of *Secret Service*, after its rather hysterical success in London last summer, seems to have attracted the attention of a great number of people, for it is running to crowded houses at the Empire Theatre. How much of this renewed interest is due to British approval it is hard to estimate, for the play itself is so full of vitality that no amount of meretricious advertising on the part of its manager can aid or detract from its interest.

To recapitulate: While the plays I have briefly mentioned as the chief of the opening season's offering are none of them really worth much, yet they are distinctly better than those we usually have to choose from at this time of year. A few weeks more will find the rest of our playhouses open, and if half that is promised is fulfilled, there will be no lack of amusement even for the intelligent theatre-goer. Mr. Sothern will produce *The Lady of Lyons* for a few matinées in October, and promises a dramatic version of *Henry Esmond;* Sol Smith Russell, an excellent actor, too seldom seen in New York, will do a one-act arrangement of *The Taming of the Shrew*, and will probably produce *The Rivals* and *The Heir at Law;* Mr. Nat Goodwin announces new plays by Mrs. Ryley and Augustus Thomas, besides a production of *The Merchant of Venice*, with Miss Maxine Elliot as Portia, and himself as Shylock. It is rather too bad that Mr. Goodwin's attempt at seriousness in *David Garrick* has led him to step in where many more capable have hardly dared to tread, but his courage may have its reward; then, too, Mr. Chester Bailey Fernald has adapted his own *The Cat and the Cherub*, and it will be given at the Olympia next week, with various Chinese accessories, including, I believe, live Chinamen. This will steal the thunder somewhat of the other Chinese play, *The First Born*, which is to be done later but we can stand any number even of Chinese plays, if they are only good.

WEMYSS.

"AS YOU LIKE IT" IN THE OPEN AIR AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

The pilgrim wends his way to Stratford-on-Avon not only to see the birthplace of Shakespeare, the school to which with shining morning face he crept unwillingly, and the church which holds his bust and perhaps his ashes. But instinctively he longs to know the countryside which left such an impress upon the boy mind of the poet that all his life's work is fragrant and quick with it. What a lovely land it is! Just as in his day the

> Daisies pied and violets blue,
> And lady-smocks all silver-white,
> And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
> Do paint the meadows with delight.

The winding lanes dip and rise beneath the shade of elms and crab-trees, between hedges that are wreathed with traveller's-joy and luscious woodbine. The straw-thatched cottages peep from their bowers of roses, amid beds of rosemary, sweet marjoram, columbine, and love-in-idleness. The children still trip round the fairy rings in the grass where Oberon and Titania led their dances, and can show you

> A bank where the wild thyme blows,
> Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,

and Philomel's sweet lullaby is heard o' nights. Them, too, are more than memories of the pomp of living which must have fired the boy's imagination. Warwick's quaint old roofs, not greatly different, nestle up to her noble castle, Guy's Keep beetles from its crag; and the voice of revelry still sighs through the ruins of Kenilworth. Since his time the world has sped down the ringing grooves of change, but one may step aside for a moment from the hurry and din and commune with Shakespeare in the scenes he loved. To know his Warwickshire is to feel that we know the heart of the man and have penetrated the inspiration of the poet. We can understand, too, the affection that drew him back here out of the world, "that did not better for his life provide than public means that public manners breed."

What more natural than that the actor of to-day, tired of making himself "a motley to the view," should seek this spot to slake his spirit with the refreshment of its simplicity! By a pretty conceit, which does not deceive him, he essays to invigorate his art with nature, and to play *As You Like It* under the open roof of heaven, within the precincts of what was once the Forest of Arden. It had been done before by English actors; it was very meet it should be done again by Americans, who cherish the poet's works and memory as their richest heritage, and cling to many forms of Shakespeare's speech that have passed out of use in England.

But, alas, the moon overnight must have looked "with a watery eye." Rain fell after the first act, and chased Rosalind away before she did suit her "all points like a man."

> Ay, now am I in Arden: the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers must be content.

STROLLER.

MUSIC NOTES.

The Baireuth Festival has finished its usual and unimportant course. With interest would we hear what probably would be Wagner's comments on such performances as those of 1897. There would be lively expressions from him, were he alive and able to speak his mind, concerning his relict's way of taking care of his highest artistic theories and her zeal for their practical embodiment at his very own Wagner Theatre. But then, if Wagner were alive, there would be no such representations, ranging in their vocal quality from the fairly competent to the indifferent. It is an old story to hear them outdone each winter on more than one German singing stage, especially at Munich. If Wagner were living we should not think of Baireuth as the "Mecca" of the unmusical, as now; not of the musical pilgrim, with its cheap and inexperienced artists, with old and inefficient ones sandwiched together; with its national quality a jest, its later disregard of Wagnerian tradition and of Wagnerian common sense everlastingly in criticism, and its authoritative value in Wagnerian interpretation little more than nominal. Baireuth to-day is the place for the crude and undiscriminating Wagnerite to visit, not for the adept. It has become a commercial and popular theatrical enterprise, not special page in a musician's education. Certainly the performances of 1897 have not ameliorated that melancholy impression. When *Parsifal* is no longer Baireuth's exclusive property its attraction and no small part of that "atmosphere" that still graces its offerings will have evaporated. The fault will not be Wagner's. It will be of those who have been indeed the foes in Wagner's own household, and from the ranks of his "familiar friends."

Verdi is about to celebrate—on October 10—his eighty-fifth birthday. The Grand Old Man of Italian opera, the most impressive musical figure of our day in any of music's provinces, is in excellent health, and so cheerful that he is anything but morbid or disposed to "view this world as a vale of tears." There are rumors that he is writing a short requiem mass for his own funeral services or for those of his good wife. This may or may not be so, but he has undoubtedly been edifying a handsome tomb for himself and Signora Verdi, with municipal consent to build the same, and with a hundred thousand wishes from all Italy that it may long be tenantless. A particular attention to the old composer is the revival and the somewhat revised publication of his first opera, *Oberto, Count of Saint Boniface*, which score he managed to bring to performance in 1839 with a scratch success that proved to be the stepping-stone of his career. It is characteristic of the small beginnings of genius that the publishers Ricordi gave the young man for the opera's score and rights of performance a little more than two hundred and thirty dollars.

The Covent Garden opera season elicited a new opera, so far as London is concerned, the *Inez Mendo*, of Erlanger. It is a tragic work, and in a conventional way would seem to have interest—musical and dramatic. The cast was excellent. Mesdames Saville, Bauermeister, and Reed, and Messrs. Alvarez, Renaud, Bars, Bonnard, and Dufrane. The work is not essentially Wagnerian.

THE RIOT AT LATTIMER, PENNSYLVANIA.

The deplorable clash between Sheriff Martin and his company of deputies of Luzerne County, Pennsylvania, on the one side, and a mob of riotous coal strikers on the other side, on Friday, September 10 last, on the public highway at Lattimer, Pennsylvania, resulted in the killing of more than twenty of the strikers, and the wounding of probably fifty more. The encounter revealed that the mob spirit, so completely and admirably checked by the miners in the great coal strike of the West, was rampant in the strike in the Lehigh Valley, in and near Hazleton. It also made plain that the Luzerne County officials had appreciated the gravity of the situation, and had been engaged for some time in trying to keep the peace. It gave occasion for the display of the splendid capabilities of the Pennsylvania National Guard in mobilization.

The encounter also showed that the demagogical tendency of recent times to declaim against the courts and representatives of law still exists. Sheriff Martin was denounced widely and at once as a "butcher" and a "monster." The men who were killed were "innocent citizens," "ruthlessly shot down," most of them while run-

ning away. Mass-meetings were held in various communities, resolutions were adopted, and men supposed to be conservative, one of whom, for example, was Mayor Quincy of Boston, spoke in denunciation of the sheriff and of "government by injunction," a matter which played no part in this case at all.

This strike had a petty origin. A superintendent of the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Coal Company, named James Jones, made some economic changes early in August that caused several stable-boys to strike. Jones was unpopular and probably arbitrary. The men in the mine struck in sympathy with the boys. A few days later the men drew up a list of grievances, chief of all they asked that Jones be removed. Every request but that was granted. The men returned to work for five days and struck again. The company had been slow in acting on some of their requests.

On August 25 there began practically a reign of terror in the neighborhood. The strikers marched from mine to mine, compelling other miners to strike. They terrorized the workmen of no less than ten mines. They beat men who would not go marching with them. They even invaded homes, and made men who were reluctant to go with them join their band. They swept through Superintendent Jones's house from cellar to roof. They impressed men who were not miners into their company, and kept several of them prisoners for a day or two. They took horses and wagons, with drivers, and used them in their marches. Property of the coal companies was also destroyed. The marchers were armed with clubs and bits of iron, and day after day threatened with violence all those who failed to approve of their action.

On September 7 they had become so lawless that the sheriffs of three counties, Luzerne, Carbon, and Schuylkill, joined in a proclamation commanding peace. It was this proclamation and not an injunction that was violated. The miners from McAdoo had made the Harwood miners stop work. The Harwood men wanted the Lattimer men, employed, as the Harwood men were, by Pardee & Co., to quit work, and they invited the McAdoo men to march with them to Lattimer and force the men to quit. Sheriff Martin had sworn in a company of deputies to assist him in keeping the peace. He and his men overtook the miners who were marching to Lattimer at West Hazleton, where the sheriff read the riot act and arrested two of the band who were violent.

He ordered them not to go to Lattimer in a crowd. A police official is said to have told the men to go "across lots," where the sheriff would have no jurisdiction. They started, and the sheriff and deputies, knowing that the miners would take to the road again, went to Lattimer on a trolley car and again met the men on the highway.

Sheriff Martin advanced alone to the miners; he started to read the riot act again, he was pushed and jostled, and he drew his revolver, he was beaten, the band became a mob again, and the sheriff's life seemed in danger.

They broke past the sheriff. The deputies were drawn up across the road. Some one gave an order to fire and two volleys followed. Twelve men were shot dead outright. The rioters fled. The dead, dying, and less seriously wounded were taken away. Sheriff Martin telegraphed to the Governor for help. At midnight of September 10 Governor Hastings ordered out the Third Brigade. By eight o'clock the next morning the first regiment came swinging into Hazleton, a remarkable achievement for militia soldiery. By two o'clock in the afternoon every regiment in the brigade was in camp, and further trouble ceased.

These things stand out prominently in this encounter: not one of the killed, and none of the wounded, so far as can be learned, had an American name. All were Huns or Poles. Only a few of them could speak English. Very few of the seventy-five or more who were hit with bullets were shot in the back. It is known that they had been warned of the consequences of their march before they started. They thought that the sheriff's men would not dare to shoot, and if they did shoot, it would be over their heads. They knew they were defying the officers of the law, and the mob spirit was on them and could not be shaken off. The sheriff's deputies were representative citizens. They numbered about sixty men. Half a dozen were college graduates. Among them were a banker, a civil engineer, half a dozen leading business men of the city of Hazleton. They were representative citizens in the best sense of the word.

Warrants were sworn out for the arrest of the sheriff and his deputies. General Gobin, commanding the militia, protected them from arrest pending the rule of disorder. He took the ground that he was sent there to help the sheriff preserve the peace, and that he would have no interference with his superior officers so long as the presence of the military was needed.

Thus the matter stands. Peace will come in time. The soldiers will be withdrawn. The miners will go to work; but a mafia spirit will probably be aroused and fostered. Threats have been made already that every deputy sheriff in the posse is a marked man, and that some of them will pay with their lives, through assassination, for their part in the affair.

TOKYO AFTER THE WAR.

Tokyo, the seat of the Mikado—the Eastern Capital, so named in 1868—wears a different aspect from that shown when it was Yedo, the Bay Door. Could the old Tycoon of 1853 or his treaty commissioner, the learned Professor Hyashi, who sat with Commodore Perry, rise to look down upon the present city from the top of Kudan, he would never know the place. From the vast sealike level of low one-story wooden dwellings only here and there a great temple gable swelled like a crested wave, or a castle tower rose like a light-house, but no brick or stone edifice, or any house over two stories high, could be seen even until 1870.

Now tall factory chimneys affront the skies with their smoke. Brick stores and dwellings rise in blocks by the score. Public buildings flash forth on high the imperial chrysanthemum. The era of monuments in bronze has come. On the ground, sidewalks, pavements, horse vehicles, steam, tram and trolley lines, have revolutionized transportation. Telephone and telegraph wires are strung along road and street. Nowadays Shimoda, in Idzu, the first port opened by Perry's treaty and the home of Townsend Harris, is the stone quarry for the capital.

Despite the inevitable and ever-recurrent reactions and the fantastic phenomena of Japanese chauvinism, material development progresses steadily. Yet the natives of a land as rich in poetic lore and patriotic story are not likely to forget their past. They are, however, adopting the Western methods in commemorating their heroes. Bronze statues, with protective and symbolical iron railing, now takes the place of Buddhist images, the tablets of Chinese model, and the heavy stone railings cut to imitate carpentry.

Note in this connection the handsome bronze statue of the late General Omura, a samurai of Chōshiu. In the early fifties this reformer introduced modern European arms and tactics in Japan. In the days when prejudice was against all things foreign, and it seemed like treason, Omura learned from the Dutchmen at Nagasaki the use of military fire-arms, and, aided by Dutch treatises, the science of drill and fortification. The civil war of 1868, in which American rifles, artillery, and ships played a conspicuous and decisive part, was the immediate, as the China-Japanese war of 1894-5 was the subsequent, result of Omura's foresight and enterprise.

The monument, in features, pose, and general execution, is a fine work of art. The hero stands in samurai costume, with the traditional two swords. The inscription is quite detailed. The shaft rises near the race-course, at the top of the Kudan Hill, and in front of the Shokonsha for the Welcome of Spirits, or Memorial Temple, which is a centre of interest especially on Japan's annual Decoration day. Around the base or stone platform are old cannon from China. The railing is of wrought iron, showing both the old battle arrows and the pronged shafts, which, when shot by a skilled archer, cut flag halyards and helmet lacings most handsomely.

One of the striking monuments in Tokyo consists of a stone base, from which rises a colossal bronze bayonet. It is simple and suggestive.

More peaceful indications of Japan's new life are shown in the (temporary) Houses of Parliament. The first edifice was burned. Some years will very likely elapse before the new buildings of stone are finished. One of the illustrations shows the interior of the House of Peers, with the imperial throne. Another gives a good idea of the House of Representatives, showing the large gallery and abundant room for newspaper reporters.

On the square formerly occupied by the Commercial School now stands the Patent Office, though for the present it is occupied also by the Department of Agriculture and Commerce. It is a handsome light stone edifice, worthy of Japan's increasing importance as an inventive and not merely imitative nation. In the Island Empire inventors' patents annually granted, like authors' copyrights, now number over twenty thousand.

Necessarily, to gain space in the important parts of the city, many of the old yashikis, or feudal mansions, have gone the way of topknots, dress swords with shark-skin handles and lacquered wooden scabbards, city ward barriers, and other tokens of feudalism. In that part of Tokyo formerly occupied by the daimios numerous fine buildings in Western style are every year rising. Tokyo is a well governed municipality, and the new municipal edifices are worthy exponents of the most populous city in the empire, and the literary and artistic as well as political capital.

The most popular part of the "Blossom Capital" is at Asakusa, which is a combination, in reality, very much like that imaginary one of New York's Cathedral of St. John with Coney Island. The great temple stands in a Bowery-like neighborhood, full of every sort of cheap shops, restaurants, lodging-houses, and places of amusement. Close to the Kuannon shrine, or Temple of the Goddess of Mercy, is a twelve-storied brick tower with an elevator inside. It furnishes a fine view over the surrounding flat rice country, river, bay, ocean, and distant mountains. The people, once elevated, cannot descend on the machine, but must make their way down through or past the curious shops and stalls, full of notions, toys, eatables, and drinkables, which are on the various stories. For this tower is nothing more than the Asakusa Vanity Fair lifted into mid-air.

The one who erected the statue to General Omura is also he who, next to the Emperor, presides over the destinies of the nation—the Premier, Marquis Yamagata. Under his lead silver has been demonetized, the gold standard adopted, the freedom of the press enlarged, constitutional government made more of a reality, and the dangers flowing in after a successful war minimized. The greatest political problem now confronting ambitious Japan is, How, with the resources of a fourth-rate, to become a first-class power?

Wm. Elliot Griffis.

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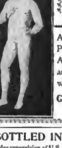

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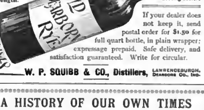

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MR. PLATT AS A POLITICAL "LEADER."

BY FRANKLIN MATTHEWS.

THE time is at hand when the Republican conventions, big and little, usually refer to Thomas C. Platt as "that matchless leader." It is a curious fact that those persons who are attached closely to Mr Platt in politics refer to him invariably as a "leader"; other citizens know him generally as a "boss."

Putting aside all discussion of Mr. Platt as a boss, it is proper at this time to ask whether he is really a leader. There can be no question that he is in supreme control of the Republican party machinery in New York State. He also "leads" the active workers of the party. There is no doubt that these workers follow him implicitly. There is no doubt, also, that they are in politics simply for spoils. Good government, economic government, honest government, are matters of secondary consideration to them. Their chief aim is to "get the offices" and to get at the public treasury.

Senator Platt has encouraged them in this, and it is by reason of this encouragement chiefly that he has secured complete control of the party machinery in recent years. They want spoils; he tries, or pretends to try, to get spoils for them. They practism their loyalty to him and their demand for spoils in the same breath.

Another undisputed fact: Mr Platt has alienated thousands upon thousands of public spirited men from his party—men whose that much-abused expression, the "best citizens," really describes. They are men who formerly used to give their time and their money to aid in securing Republican victories. They are men whose names and whose characters stand for respectability and high purpose in the communities in which they live. Mr. Platt has driven them out by joining forces with the "bone-hunters" of his party, and by devising another means of securing money with which to run campaigns, commonly known as the "blackmail of corporations." These men no longer remain to dispute Mr Platt's leadership. Their places are taken by men who confess openly that they are "not in politics for the good of their health." The contributions that they gave are now supplied by corporations, and the method of procuring the money is so low in character, so bold in operation, so almost to excite pity. It has brought in its trail the unquestioned suspicion of the positive or negative Sale of Law, and the debauchery of thousands of young men, who have been taught to believe that the way to eminence in public life is through the use of money in indirect corruption. Thus Mr. Platt has secured the control of his party.

"PLATT VICTORIES" AND PARTY DEFEATS.

Mr. Platt has been more than fifteen years in arriving at this position. We had a "Big Four" in Republican party councils from 1884 to 1896. In 1896 the big four had come to count in name only. Mr. Platt was the four. Little by little Hiscock, Miller, and Depew have been eliminated from active power in the party.

But it was not until defeat after defeat had discouraged all but Platt. It is no longer a matter of doubt that every party defeat was a victory for him, for year by year it brought him into more complete control of the party. It placed him at the head of the spoilsmen, and finally won for him complete supremacy. It was long after Platt secured control of the State party machinery that he became all-powerful in the party in New York city. The appearance of the Citizens' Union, just when he seemed to have killed off all independence in the party, may make it necessary for him to secure another "Platt Victory and Republican Defeat," such as the party experienced year after year in the State, until "Divine Providence," in Mr. Platt's own words, came along and gave the party an unexpected triumph.

In 1892 Mr. Platt wanted the dying Mr Blaine nominated for President. He made no secret of the fact that he wanted to be Secretary of the United States Treasury. Harrison's nomination defeated that. Mr. Platt sulked until October, and then announced that he was for the ticket. He shed no tears publicly when Harrison was beaten. Then he set out to win his prize of the Treasury in 1896. All his political effort was bent toward securing a united delegation from New York State to the Republican national convention in 1896. It became necessary to use methods of open shamelessness. In 1896 the "Divine Providence" victory occurred. By the next year the pendulum toward Republican success was in full swing. Platt had full control of the State machinery. In 1903 he encouraged John Milholland to get up an independent movement in New York city. He promised John Milholland all the assets of the promised land for his work. Milholland went to work, and so did a Committee of Thirty from the Union League. Platt threw the Milhollandites over at the first critical period, and made terms with the Committee of Thirty. They were tossed aside later, and the same party management as before remained in control, but Mr Platt reaped the reward of renewed party effort.

THE ADVENT OF LAUTERBACH.

Then came the campaign of 1904 in New York city. At that time Mr Platt simply did not dare to go it alone in politics. Public sentiment was so wrought up against Tammany Hall that he had to unite with other men against it. Mayor Strong asked State and County Chairman Brookfield into his "cabinet." It soon became evident that the Mayor was going to distribute offices in a sort of *pro rata* way. The Mayor had somewhat tony ideas on the matter of non partisanship. The Platt organization promptly sent two emissaries to the Mayor with a "demand" for all the spoils. The Mayor practically kicked them out of doors for their indecent behavior. Then there came an opportunity for Platt. He called in Edward Lauterbach to blow the bugle of spoils early and late, to harass and hetchel Mayor Strong, to receive rebuffs and send up loud wails of abuse to lament the terrible short-sightedness of the Mayor. With a rush the "bone-hunters" rallied around Lauterbach, and Mr Platt smiled as he thought of that solid delegation to the next Republican national convention. By a close vote Mr. Brookfield was deposed from the county chairmanship, and Mr. Lauterbach elected in his stead. That election was honest enough.

Soon it became evident that the Strong administration would prevail against the Plattites at the next year's party reorganization. Another Republican victory had come in 1895, not through "Divine Providence," but through "the matchless leadership" of Mr. Platt. It became necessary, however, to adopt sharp tactics in New York city to retain party control. Under Mr. Lauterbach's leadership them were adopted and carried out shameless frauds at the primaries. Thousands of Tammany men, many of them district leaders, were enrolled on the Republican party lists, and carried the day for Lauterbach. It aroused the indignation of thousands of the men Mr. Platt sneers at as "best citizens." They were men like Cornelius N. Bliss, now in McKinley's cabinet, Elihu Root, Joseph H. Choate, Wager Swayne—men who had always proclaimed that one of the cardinal principles of the Republican party was honesty in elections. Lauterbach won, and he continued to lift up his voice for spoils and disgusting methods. The Presidential election came on. For the sake of winning the national fight, men of honesty in the Republican ranks condoned these frauds, but they defeated Platt's dearest ambition, that of securing an undivided delegation to the Republican national convention. His opponents were for McKinley, he had to be for somebody else. McKinley won, and again the Secretaryship of the United States Treasury slipped away from Mr Platt.

PLATT'S DESIRE TO BE GOVERNOR.

It was now that Mr Platt faced one of the greatest crises in his career. A place in the cabinet was gone undoubtedly. He made no secret of the fact that he did not want to be United States Senator again (he had not very pleasant memories about that subject), and he practically decided to go before the people as a candidate for Governor. He foresaw a landslide to the East, and thought that he might slip into that office on it. The State convention met. There was no leading candidate for Governor. Platt sent for some of his chief lieutenants and said that he had discovered a great ground-swell impelling him toward the Governor's chair. Of course he didn't want the office, and he would rely on his subordinates to check this popular demand. To his surprise, they did check it. Jacob Worth has said that he told Mr Platt that he couldn't be elected even in a tidal wave year. But the most cruel blow of all was when State Senator John Raines—Raines, of all men—said to Platt:

"I tell you, Senator, you must not run. The party can't carry you."

Platt had to take the United States Senatorship, involving absence from the State at times when he would much prefer to be in New York. Lauterbach kept thrusting his parliamentship and spoils ideas before the people continuously. He finally declared that it would be better that Tammany should win than that the Republicans should unite with the independents in nominating Greater New York's first Mayor. That finished up Lauterbach's work for Platt. He had accomplished all any man could be expected to accomplish. He had given his time, had rallied the boys, had spent his money, and finally had overshot the mark and had to retire. It is difficult to see what Lauterbach got out of the game, unless it was a mere passing notoriety. Quigg came in. His honeyed words soon gave way to threats when he found that the independent men of his party intended to lead and not follow the machine wagon in the present political campaign.

As to Mr Platt's career in legislation, there are experts in matters pertaining to the making of laws who say that the legislation of the last decade will show, if an analysis is made, that Platt, when in complete or partial control of the State government, has always played into Tammany's hands if his own plans for machine government were blocked. Legislation affecting the political careers of Tammany men, legislation favorable to Tammany men's individual prosperity, legislation intended to strengthen Tammany in party control, has been passed most willingly by Republican votes, or, more strictly, by Platt votes.

RELENTLESS WAR ON INDEPENDENTS.

The chief effort of Mr Platt to crush independent action in his party ranks came when the present election law, as Australian ballot law, was passed. It was made a contrivance for the perpetuation of the machine in politics. Independent voting was made not only expensive, but wearisome. An analysis of voting since that law went into effect shows that 97½ per cent. of the voters have voted straight party tickets. The act of voting independently has involved the possibility of marking one's ballot void. There are men of the highest standing in New York State who will say that when the present ballot law was considered in the Legislature Democrats who were opposed to Tammany Hall went to Mr Platt and begged him to make the law more liberal, so that men of independence might have an opportunity to vote as their consciences dictated. They wanted, undoubtedly, to build up an opposition local party of formidable proportions to Tammany Hall. Mr. Platt refused to aid them. It may not have been for any love of Tammany Hall. If he permitted an opposition to Tammany to be fostered through just legislation, there was no telling what might happen to his own party organization.

A serious attempt was made last winter to reform primary voting in this State. So long as the ballot law gave to party machines the ownership of certain columns on the blanket ballot, control of the primaries became essential to the spoilsmen. Several return bills were introduced in the Legislature. Only one was passed. It prohibited any citizen from belonging to separate political organizations at the same time. Other bills giving the members of any party an undisputed right to belong to his party organization under just conditions were pigeonholed. The fraudulent primaries in the Lauterbach regime made it necessary to pass at least one bill.

An opportunity came to Mr Platt that has seldom come to any political leader, when the Raines liquor law was framed. He had it in his power to take the liquor traffic out of politics entirely. He chose to take it out of politics only partly. For year after year it had been used by the Democratic machine as probably its most powerful ally. Mr. Platt could not resist the temptation to make some use of it for himself. He built up a system of State constables to draw salaries and "supervise" the traffic. Any person who has examined into the workings of the law known that violations are permitted openly. It is easy to make a political arrangement with the large brewers, under the working of this law. The brewers, it is reported, were among the heaviest of Mr Platt's campaign contributors last year. According to all accounts, he is in practical control of that influence now. Suppose that Tammany Hall should win in the present campaign, however, can any one doubt where the strength of the liquor element will go? Would it not have been more far sighted in Mr Platt to have drawn up legislation so effective that it would have prevented forever the use of the liquor interest against his party? Is temporary advantage better than perpetual freedom?

ALLEGED "BLACKMAIL OF CORPORATIONS."

It is known that Mr. Platt is sensitive to the charge that he and his machine thrive on political blackmail. He has not dealed the most serious charges, however, in regard to such assertions. A man whose word stands for probity and high character through the United States has said that he knows that this conversation took place within a year in the office of one of the best known corporations in New York:

CALLER, TO PRESIDENT OF THE COMPANY: "I have come from Mr Platt to ask you for a contribution to the campaign. Mr Platt needs considerable money just now, and he is sure he can count on your generosity."

PRESIDENT OF COMPANY: "Certainly; we shall be glad to contribute." (Retires to a desk, and soon returns, bringing a check for $100.) "Here is a check which we think is what might reasonably be expected of us."

CALLER (looking at the check): "I won't take that. I want a check for twice that sum."

And in this case the messenger got it.

John Brooks Leavitt, in May of last year, had some correspondence with Mr Platt on this subject of making corporations pay campaign expenses and the use of money in influencing legislation. Mr Leavitt asked Mr Platt if it was true that he received money from corporations for the influencing of legislation, and, if so, what Mr Platt did with it. Mr Platt replied that ordinarily he should regard such a letter as "impertinent, if not insulting." He then offered to meet Mr Leavitt and have a talk with him about it, but that meeting has never occurred. Mr. Leavitt closed the incident by writing to Mr. Platt that he had wanted to ask Mr. Platt about a certain check for $30,000 drawn by a life insurance company. Mr. Leavitt said to him:

"If the statements" (about the corrupt use of money) "are false, Mr Platt is a wrongfully injured man, and should be vindicated. If the statements are true, Mr Platt is a broker in bribery who converts the proceeds to his own use."

Here is a conversation that is said to have occurred in Mr. Platt's office within two years, and vouched for by a man of high standing in business and other circles, who says he knows that it is true:

MR. PLATT: "Mr ——, I sent for you to say that I was very much surprised at your vote against that measure" (naming a well-known bill in the Legislature).

ASSEMBLYMAN: "Senator, it was a bill that didn't commend itself to my best judgment."

MR. PLATT: "You remember that when you were running last fall I sent you a check to aid in your campaign expenses. I certainly expected to find you on the side of your friends."

ASSEMBLYMAN: "It is true that I did receive a check from you, and a letter saying that you were taking an interest in my career and that you took pleasure in sending me a contribution. I did not think that you meant it for a bribe, or that in accepting it I gave away my political independence. I shall return that money as soon as I can raise it."

Those who have apologized for and who have tried to defend Mr Platt's money methods in politics have made much of the declaration that personally he is honest. There seems to be no reason to doubt this assertion. No inconvenient questions as to "Where did you get it?" have ever been asked of Mr Platt in the public prints, but it may be asked whether it is the part of wisdom for any political leader to put himself in a position where there may be even the slightest suspicion, just or unjust, as to his methods of money expenditure during campaigns or during legislative sessions.

PLATT'S REAL VIEWS ON PARTY INDEPENDENCE.

In an interview prepared and given out last May in Washington, Mr Platt used these truthful words regarding the Republican voter:

"He is bitterly offended when he thinks that the public good is being sacrificed to the selfish schemes of individual party leaders, and he is particularly susceptible to appeals made in the name of good government."

Therein Mr Platt wrote the secret of the present opposition to himself as a leader. The question is asked, what he will do in the present campaign? In the light of the past, that question is answered easily. He will do that which will advance Mr. Platt's interests most. If he can make more by endorsing actively or passively the candidacy of Seth Low for Mayor, than by running a straight party ticket, he will endorse Mr. Low. He made Greater New York. All agree that he "jammed" the bill through. Party subordinates up the State warned him that if the Democrats secured control of the $75,000,000 patronage in the great city an overpowering influence would be at work against the party. Mr Platt decided to take chances. He it was—there is no secret about it—who had the Mayor's term lengthened to four years in the new charter. That means control of the city's affairs during the next Presidential campaign for the side that wins this time. He is counting now on what the penalty is to be if he gives the victory to Tammany.

Is it correct to call a man a leader who alienates men of influence, men of wealth and of high reputation, from his party, who raises money for party purposes by questionable means, who sets up low ideals for success before young men; who links his name and fortunes with the spoils system, who puts personal advantage above party supremacy, and who, instead of drawing men to him and his party by advocacy of measures solely for the public good, so acts that in simply is the leader of a hungry band of professional "bone hunters" in politics?

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AMATEUR SPORT

THE HARVARD ATHLETIC COMMITTEE, composed of faculty, alumni, and undergraduate members, has been time and again jeered by Yale and Princeton men, who, in true Pharisaic fervor, have ostentatiously beat themselves upon their breasts and called upon sportsmen to bear witness that they were not as other college athletes, faculty members, graduate advisers—needing elaborate committees to keep them in paths of athletic rectitude.

It seems that the Yale and Princeton athletic committees have their breast-beaters and their rule-beaters; one set stands on the house-tops expounding the ethics of sport, while the other set is busily at work downstairs planning a means to circumvent the good gentlemen on the roof.

This Dr Jekyll and Mr. Hyde athletic committee has caused some extraordinary inconsistencies at both Yale and Princeton in the last two years, and the faith sportsmen had in their good intentions is about toppling.

Dr Jekyll, in the person of Professor Richards, Walter Camp, Professor Fine, Professor Woodrow Wilson, or Mr. C. C. Cuyler, has promised such and such reforms—and, lo! even while the tootoons and cymbals are sounding on the house-tops, Mr. Hyde, in the person of a football or base ball or some other "immature and reckless" manager, sandbags and spirits away Dr. Jekyll—and we hear of him no more until after the playing season.

THERE IS PROBABLY NO ATHLETIC ILL against which Dr. Jekyll of Yale and Princeton has inveighed so repeatedly or the discontinuance of which he has promised the world of amateur sport more earnestly, than preliminary football practice. He has laid bare its demoralizing influences and professionalizing tendencies with an expert and calculating hand. He vowed last winter that the institutions to whose athletic welfare he administered should not this season jeopard their health by making professionals of half the candidates for their football teams.

But on the first approach of the '97 football season at both Yale and Princeton in glides the familiar figure of Mr. Hyde in the guise of the football-manager. Again Dr. Jekyll falls out of sight through some trap-door conveniently provided by the hydra headed committee—and, behold! Princeton football candidates disport themselves at Cape May, Yale candidates fall on the ball at Washington, and at other agreeable towns where nice spongy sward abounds—and the football associations of the colleges pay the bills.

Having regaled themselves at such resorts as best suits inclination and opportunity, Mr. Hyde and the candidates journey to the college campus, and there, still fed by the association, they put in two weeks more of preliminary practice. And there they are at the present writing.

We are prepared for the return of Dr. Jekyll on term opening, the last of the month, and for his "profound sorrow" on learning of the summer incursion of his double, Mr. Hyde.

SPORTSMEN WILL DECIDE at which university the committee works most effectuously for the health of college sport. Yale and Princeton have publicly proclaimed abandonment of preliminary football practice—and have kept faith with neither their alumni nor their friends. They are more censurable than even Pennsylvania, which has never pretended to abandon this professional method of preparing its football candidates.

Harvard has made no public promises—but its candidates are taking no preliminary practice. It is the only one of the large universities—the sponsors of every one of which have shouted for "clean sport" to a deafening degree—to begin its football with the opening of term time. Harvard, in fact, is the only clean minded one of them all. Yale's indulgence in preliminary practice perhaps most offends college men—for Yale has violated the spirit of that broad minded, sportsmanly agreement made last spring between Dr. William A. Brooks, of Harvard, and Walter Camp, of Yale.

If Yale and Princeton wish to retain the respect of the college world, they had best chastise Mr. Hyde.

AS FOR PRELIMINARY PRACTICE itself—nothing need be said. Its methods are known to sportsmen. The claim advanced that it inures the men to the hard work and lessens accident in the opening games of the season, is mere moonshine—simply subterfuge. A letter from one of Pennsylvania's athletic committee men, for example, says to effect that the Pennsylvania faculty thought it wise to give the men two weeks preliminary work, so they might be fit for the games that occur *unintermittently with the opening of the term.* Provost Harrison and the Pennsylvania faculty could not, I suppose, have instructed the football-manager to schedule no games to be played until two weeks after the term begins. It would be simple enough at Pennsylvania's faculty and alumni advisers, and Yale and Princeton's, had really at heart the consideration for wholesome sport which one or two at each of the universities have and to which the others pretend. If a majority in the Pennsylvania or Yale or Princeton faculty voted against preliminary practice, that would end it. Less parade of virtue through the newspapers, and more evidence of it in the council-chambers, will clear college sport of its present hugmuggery and its Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde athletic committees.

All honor to Harvard! Her committee has revealed a sound head and a clean heart.

IF THEIR IDEAS OF FINANCE have been as muddled as their ideas on the ethics of amateur sport, there is no occasion for wonderment in the financial distress of the Olympic Athletic Club under the guidance of its present president and Board of Directors.

If the club will elect to its directory men whose doctrines of amateur sport are sound and wholesome, perhaps it may pass the present crisis in safety. There are three men in San Francisco whom the Olympic A. C. needs as its president, vice president and secretary—William Greer Harrison, William F. Humphrey, and John Elliott.

WHATEVER THE CAUSE MAY BE, this fact is incontrovertible—that there is marked laxity in visiting punishment upon erring athletes. It may be for want of courage or from lack of genuine desire on the part of governing and responsible officials—let sportsmen judge. But be the cause what it may, the rules the Amateur Athletic Union has made for the protection of amateurs and the detection of those who masquerade as amateurs in games held under its auspices, are not employed to the effective limit of their power.

Every now and again a reform panic seizes upon the Board of Governors, and the meeting which follows is productive of abundant detail work and much good resolution. All the while it is perfectly obvious to sportsmen that insufficiency or inefficiency of rules has never been a cause for complaint. The rules of the A. A. U., both in number and in quality, have usually been ample to guard athletics from the ravages of dishonest athletes. Nevertheless, activity in rule making has continued.

Last spring one of these periodical mollifying contributions to official qualms resulted in another rule-revising assembly. New York was the scene, and so apparently sincere were the delegates in their avowed purpose to rid athletics of its pestilential parasites, that some of us accepted the promises in confidence, and have awaited their fulfilment.

WE HAVE WAITED IN PATIENCE. Meantime the Intercollegiate, the Metropolitan, and the National Athletic championships have been decided without the expected fulfilment, although the official body of the A. A. U. had thrust into its possession abundant proof to disqualify at least one man, and its individual members had evidence enough to disqualify others.

It should be remembered that the A. A. U. is empowered to suspend an athlete on suspicion, and throw upon him the full burden of proof.

Having now, therefore, abandoned hope of the A. A. U. acting upon the information officially in hand, and unofficially known to the members of its Board of Governors, I appeal, in the interest of honest amateur sport, to the Intercollegiate Athletic Association and to the Young Men's Christian Association to disqualify B. J. Wefers, New York Athletic Club, and the Rev. Theodore B. Turner, New York Athletic Club, and to forbid the individual members of their respective organizations from competing in games for which the entry of John Cosgrave, New Jersey Athletic Club, is accepted. All these men are in good standing with the Amateur Athletic Union. What follows is mere outline of complete, detailed, and corroborated information which is in my possession.

W. ROSSITER BETTS.

TURNER is the ex-Princeton middle-distance runner, who is now the college and visiting secretary of the Y. M. C. A., and an ordained minister of the gospel. He spent several years at Princeton, and is familiar with the spirit as well as the written letter of the amateur law. At the Iowa State Firemen's meet, held at Iowa City, Iowa, in last June Turner, as a member of Corning (Iowa) Hose Team, competed in and won a 800-yard race in 2 1 s. for "Leaders," the prize being twenty dollars cash; the others in the same race were Louis Thompson, Grinnell, Iowa (second, $15); James Kelly, Harlan, Iowa (third, $10); and James Ellis, Marshalltown, Iowa.

John Cosgrave is the Albany (New York) athlete, one-time member of the Ridgefield Athletic Club, but whose services the New Jersey Athletic Club enlisted for its dual games with the Knickerbocker Athletic Club some weeks ago, and forthwith elected him to membership. On Labor day, 1895, a Roman Catholic Sodality of Hudson (New York) held a set of athletic games, the prizes offered were various sums of money, the games were not registered by the A. A. U., and two locally well known professionals of Cohoes competed. "John Cosgriff" competed in these games and won several events. In the same month Cosgrave ran on the Lafayette Hose Team of Valatie. This summer he is reported as competing in the unregistered St. Bridget games at Albany.

SUSPICION HAS ATTACHED to the amateur status of B. J. Wefers almost from the beginning of the startling running which signalized his debut as a member of the New York Athletic Club. There has been good foundation for the belief that Wefers, wonderful sprinter that he is, was, to quote the accepted vernacular, "out for all there is in the game." His brilliant achievements on the track made him justly famous, and provincial clubs besought his entry for their games because it attracted spectators. That they besought not in vain, provided the allowance for "expenses" was liberal, there is ample evidence forthcoming.

One example, by way of illustration, will suffice to suggest the method, though in this case cited (which I pick more especially to indicate and commend the wholesome amateur spirit of Mr. James S. Aborn) the scheme did not work. The Worcester Athletic Club wished to get Wefers for its Fourth of July 1896 games. Mr Aborn addressed a letter to Wefers at Georgetown University, and at his home, Lawrence, Massachusetts. To these letters no reply came for a long time, until one day June 1 A. Wefers B. J. Wefers's brother, walked into Mr. Aborn's office, made himself known as B. J.'s brother, opened the conversation by alluding to the Worcester A. C.'s wish to have his brother run. The following dialogue ensued:

"Of course you know that Bernie can't receive any money for this, but how much is it worth to you for me to use my influence with him to get him to come. I am his manager, and of course he won't come unless I say so."

"Wefers, I don't understand this sort of business. I am new to the amateur athletic line, and would like you to state just what you mean. Is it money you want, and how much of it?"

"You know what you can afford to pay, so you know what the attendance will be, and how strong a card Bernie will be."

Upon being asked what they were in the habit of getting, Wefers the "manager" said, "anywhere from $150 to $250," and that they already had an offer to go to Manchester, New Hampshire, on that same day which would net them $150. Mr Aborn told Wefers (manager) that if that was the sort of business they were following, he wanted no connection with it or with such an amateur.

This pathetic habit of amateur athletics under the lodestar hand of the Amateur Athletic Union serves to attract our attention to Manager James A. Wefers, who flits across the athletic horoscope of his famous brother to profitable if professionalizing effect. I am not informed whether brother James conducted the negotiations which eventuated in B. J. Wefers's enrolment at Georgetown University, but if not it goes to prove that all the commercial astuteness of the Wefers family is not confined to brother James, sole manager and lessee of the "only champion."

THERE WAS ONE OCCASION, however, on which even the combined cunning and sagacity of the brothers Wefers, together with an advance agent, netted only $58 75, and upsetting the trap which disclosed the "amateur."

On June 27, 1896 the Suffolk Athletic Club gave a set of games at Glen Forest, Lawrence, Massachusetts, for which B. J. Wefers had been liberally advertised as the record-breaking star. The Suffolk Club at that time was under A. A. U. suspicion, and after these games it dissolved. It was one of those proprietary boxing clubs of which the A. A. U. membership included county tailors "Father Bill" Curtis exposed them, and was run by two or three men as a business enterprise.

A representative of the Suffolk Club, in recognition of the Wefers brothers' commercial discernment, and with an eye to mutual profit, approached B. J. Wefers on the subject of his running at the games, and solicited an exchange of ideas on the terms, etc. Here was evidently too momentous a deal to be handled by one manager, even though he be as diligent a worker as brother James. So B. J. in a letter, perfectly clear of meaning if picturesque in expression, enclosed the card of a friend in business at Lawrence, assuring the Suffolk representative that he could "fix it" with the Lawrence friend, who was "O K."

Well—they fixed it, the arrangement being made between the Lawrence man, Wefers representative of his own appointing, and the Suffolk Club representative who originally approached Wefers, the agreement stipulating that Wefers was to receive twenty-five per cent. of the net receipts of the games. Subsequently the Suffolk representative offered Wefers's representative twenty-five per cent. of the Suffolk Club's share if he (Wefers's representative) would work up interest in the games at Lawrence and thereabouts.

SO THE DAY CAME AND THE GAMES WERE HELD, and Wefers's Lawrence friend was in the box office where the tickets were sold, and another friend of the champion "amateur" sprinter stood by the man at the gate who took the tickets. Obviously brother James, sole manager and lessee, knew his business.

When the games were over, the representatives of the Suffolk Club and of B. J. Wefers repaired to a room (rented for this especial occasion) in the Essex House, and there proceeded to cast up accounts, while some half dozen mutual friends remained in the same room smoking and talking. The display of the gate receipts was not impressive, and brother James voiced his disappointment by saying, "there was not enough in it for Bernie to bother with." And for the second time in this recital brother James gave evidence of knowing his business for when the reckoning was done the figures showed $636 as having been taken in at the box office for tickets, while the expenses of the games, first and last, footed $518 45, leaving the net profit of the meeting $117 55. This gave $58 75 to the Suffolk Club and the same amount to Wefers and his representative, the latter telling the Suffolk representative that as the profit was so small he would "turn over his share to Bernie."

The cash was not actually divided that night, because Wefers's representative had cut some tickets from which he had not heard, but the following week the accounting was completed, the outstanding tickets making no material change in the sum, and another representative of the Suffolk Club gave to Wefers's representative his (Wefers's) share of the net proceeds.

THIS IS UNPLEASANT BUSINESS, this digging into the athletic mire. I have not approached it without hesitation. But the officials of our amateur athletic governing bodies seem to have too many conflicting interests, and it is left for outside sportsmen to guard the cause of healthful sport. So long as an athlete is a drawing card for club games he seems to stand in no fear of molestation from the A. A. U. officials. And so long as the dominating power in a branch association is friendly to the officials of the A. A. U., their clubs, it appears, may sin with impunity. Witness the disgusting boxing scandals in Detroit, which were permitted to go uninvestigated and the clubs unpunished. Detroit is of the Central Association, and its officials are loyal confrères of the A. A. U. governors.

There is no evidence of an earnest, disinterested desire to keep our athletics clean and honest which should characterize the body responsible for club athletics in the United States. It has long been so, and the A. A. U. and the quality of the athletics it governs have been steadily deteriorating for the last ten years. Some day it will be superseded by a body whose interest in amateur sport is genuine and unselfish. Meantime I am convinced that the A. A. U. is recreant to its trust.

THE FATE OF THE A. A. U., however, does not disturb me. Splendified reporters will continue to sound its trumpet, and plastic club officials continue to do its bidding at the polls, but it will run its course. What does concern us all is the health of college athletics. On their purity rest all our hopes of wholesome American sport, and for their purity every American should use his best endeavors, and this suggests the thought of how very seldom in making my investigations do I realize the assistance of men identified with amateur athletics. The average man has either an axe to grind or he is a coward—and that average is high in amateur athletics. Hereafter there is a faculty member at our universities who has neither

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an axe nor is a coward. Perhaps we shall find others equally courageous in the good cause. Meantime we shall disclose at least some of the dishonest amateur athletes.

There is another side to this question—that of expenses demanded and received by athletes from clubs. Those college men—members of the N. Y. A. C.—who have been going the circuit this summer—not at their own expense—and some others on my list, are hereby warned.

Will Messrs. E. E. Babb and James E. Morse, president and vice-president of the New England Association of the Amateur Athletic Union, and two men of the A. A. U. whom we believe to be imbued with the spirit of sport for sport's sake demand a list of expenses of the Knights of Columbus games held September 4, in Boston; also of the Building Trades Council games, held September 6. It is within the province of the N. E. A. A. A. U. to insist on seeing such a statement.

A SERIES OF SURPRISES has been the habitual result of play in the Canadian lawn tennis tournaments, which every year follow the national championships of Newport, and this season seems to have been no exception. The entries usually comprise the pick of our second class men, who are invariably successful against such Canadians as they meet, and the play gives us the best opportunity of the year for determining upon their relative positions. This year, however, the upsets in some cases amount to such startling reversal of form that the results can hardly be relied upon as a basis for comparative final estimates. But at least we may accept with confidence the evidence that bespeaks the increasing strength of J. D. Forbes and W. S. Bond. The former made an excellent record during the early part of this season, among other creditable performances, beating Budlong at Longwood. He met Larned and defeat at Newport before he had hardly got started in the tournament—in the second round, to be accurate. Bond is the Western player who for several years has been prominent in the tournaments held in and about Chicago and Minneapolis.

THE FIRST CONSIDERABLE SURPRISE of what may be called the supplementary season was supplied by Bond's beating L. E. Ware, in the open singles, two sets out of three, at Niagara, Ontario, and Forbes (owe 30) quickly followed it up in the handicap singles by winning from Fischer (owe ½ 40) in straight sets. Fischer's defeat was some what accounted for by the hard match he had played with Budlong in the morning of the same day, and which he won only after three sets of tiring play, as may be judged by the score, 6-2 4-6, 15-13. He was certainly too worn out to do himself justice against Forbes.

No such excuse seems to have been pertinent to Ware's defeat, and Bond's subsequent performances proved his good play to be no fluke. He met M. D. Whitman in the Niagara final round of the open singles (after Whitman had beaten Fischer, 6-3, 8-7, 6-2, in the semi-finals), and defeated him, 7-5, 6-2, 3-6, 6-3, 6-2, playing a particularly strong net game.

FURTHER REVITALIZING RESULTS were furnished by the Toronto Athletic Club tournament, the semi-final round of which furnished a defeat of Whitman by Forbes, 6-3, 6-4. Fischer, however, enjoyed a partial return to form, which gave him a victory over Ware, 6-0, 6-3 6-3, and in the final round yielded also the satisfaction of a triumph over Forbes (7-5, 6-3 6-1), his erstwhile conqueror. But the handicap singles signalized Fischer's return to the list of the vanquished, Whitman, with the same handicap—*i.e.*, half-forty—beating him, 6-4, 3-6, 9-7. Whitman's triumph was short lived, however, for in the final return Budlong (owe 30) beat him, 8-6, 1-6, 6-3, 7-5, 6-4. Taking Whitman's splendid work at Newport as a criterion of his possibilities, it must be admitted that his Canadian work has been very inferior. Fischer, all through '97, has been considerably below his '96 form; and Ware, except for his play in the championship doubles at Newport and in the Canadian championship in the early part of the season, has not equalled his last year's work. This, however, is not to lessen any of the credit due Forbes and Bond, who have shown consistent and increasing good play. This is especially true of Forbes, who last week defeated H. Ward in the finals of the Orange Club tournament, and then brilliantly crowned his '97 work by beating Paret in the challenge round, showing form that promises in another season to put him permanently ahead of his more experienced opponent.

THE DISAPPROVAL VISITED UPON resort-hotel baseball-players appears to have been extended also to hotel tennis tournaments. Gratifying evidence of the new and healthful sentiment is furnished by the fact that a number of them were abandoned this season, and not one was entirely successful, from the point of view of attracting first class or any class entries, from afar. The devotion to golf is partially responsible for this decrease in the number of hotel tennis performers, but the foundation for the change is furnished by the growing intolerance of deceit and impurity in amateur sport and the increasing desire for wholesome and manly athletic endeavor.

WESTCHESTER DEFEATED ROCKAWAY, 6½ to 5 goals, on Saturday in the opening match of the championship series, but by no means revealed the superiority expected of it. In fact, at the end of the second period the score stood 4 goals to 3½ in Rockaway's favor, and 5½ minutes of the third and last period had elapsed before Stevens made the goal which for the first time gave Westchester the lead. There was never a time from first to last when Rockaway was not decidedly "in the game," and at all times its team-play was unquestionably the better. It began aggressively, getting two goals in the first period almost before Westchester realized it, and maintained the same kind of play to the very end. Rockaway's team work was most commendable, and the showing it made, after being apparently crippled hopelessly within two weeks of the tournament, reflects great credit upon the men and the club they represented. They all played well. Hagard's game was, for one of his modest polo attainments, really notable, and the driving of A. Francke, and particularly of Conover, is not often excelled even in championship tournaments.

BUT FOR THE BRILLIANT RESULTS of Stevens's and Cowdin's extraordinary efforts Westchester would have been literally routed. Most of the time Westchester had practically three men in the game, and some of the time only two. Beeckman, who occupied the position of back (in place of L. Waterbury, whom sickness prevented playing), did the best he knew how, and it seems unfair, therefore, to criticise, but a frank record of the match impels the statement that he was no material help to his side, although once, it is true, he did stop a Rockaway drive for goal. Waterbury was not a consistently valuable factor; when he played well, he played very well; but on a great many occasions, in the first and second periods he did not show as much knowledge of position or skill on the ball as we should expect from even a two goal man. He missed in his swings when it meant much to his side. In the third period his form improved. Westchester earned 8 goals, made 6 safeties (½ goal each), and was penalized ½ goal for foul riding. Rockaway earned 5 goals.

My opinion withdrawal, on account of death in the family of one of its players, now brings Westchester and Meadow Brook together next Wednesday for the championship. Such a game as Westchester exhibited on Saturday certainly cannot defeat Meadow Brook. Indeed, I am doubtful if the present Westchester combination, even at its best, has it in it to beat W. C. Eustis, Whitney, Hitchcock, and Nicoll, and Meadow Brook now seems the most likely winner of the '97 championship. Westchester has not made the most of its opportunity.

IF THE RESIGNATION OF THE VESPER CLUB from the National Association is, as reported, to be attributed to the Association's refusal to reinstate Edwin Hedley, then must we withdraw our good opinion and respect of the Vesper Club, and of any other Philadelphia club that follows the Vesper's lead.

Hedley was justly disqualified, and is rightly denied reinstatement, for his was a deliberate offence. He sold his medals, and then lied about it afterwards on examination.

CASPAR WHITNEY.

THE GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP.

BY H. J. WHIGHAM, CHAMPION '96 AND '97.

THE contest for the amateur championship last week was full of surprises. It was expected, of course, that the local players would have a decided advantage upon their own links. But of the Eastern players, Douglas was the only one who lived up to expectations by getting into the semi-finals. Betts has a good record both at college and at Shinnecock, yet it was thought apparently that youth was against him, for before the tournament began he was hardly mentioned as a possible winner. Of the old guard, Tyng and Fenn were certainly the favorites, and their defeat at an early stage of the game requires explanation. The truth of the matter is that neither of them shows any great improvement upon his last year's form, except in the matter of steadiness. They succeeded in qualifying, and must, therefore, be ranked in the first class of American players, and their performance bears out the truth of a theory which I have endeavored to prove elsewhere, to the effect that players who begin the game comparatively late in life should never strive to cultivate a long swing. Fenn, in particular, uses very little more than a half stroke, and yet he is very seldom outdriven to any appreciable extent. Tyng's swing is rather longer and has something of a break in the backward movement; but he, like Fenn, depends upon a straight follow through and drives a long ball.

His fault lies chiefly in the slowness of his play. I have not a shadow of a doubt that his excessive carelessness defeats his own ends. It must be remembered that the only difference between a first class and a second-class player is to be found in the fact that the former run generally do himself justice on important occasions; the latter invariably falls short of what he is pleased to call his form. The longer a man thinks about any particular shot the more likely he is to miss, because he fails to give his muscles free play. That this is true can hardly be doubted when we consider that among the first-class players abroad there is hardly one who does not address his ball with lightning rapidity in comparison with one or two of our American cracks. It is very necessary, therefore, to point out the danger of undue deliberation to some of the young men who are coming to the front with rapid strides, and apparently consider that the excellence of their play may be gauged by the length of time they require to make the circuit of the links.

Kenne is another of the American golfers who, beginning the game at an age when the muscles are set, have not been favoriled by a professional teacher into employing the contortions of a ready-made St. Andrews swing. He was not so fortunate as to qualify for a place among the first sixteen, but he plays a remarkably pretty game, which ought to improve in the course of the next few years. He drives a low, straight ball, and his long approach shot is his strongest point.

But it is to the college boys and their juniors that we must look for our future champions. The older players will improve, undoubtedly, but they can hardly aspect to attain a form which would place them in the first rank abroad. For that reason it was rather disappointing that more of the college players did not put in an appearance in Chicago. Terry, Bayard, Waterbury, and the Havemeyers were missed from the entries, and Walter Smith, who was a strong favorite in the West, was distinctly off his game. Reid and Betts, however, bravely upheld the honor of the younger contingent. Both of them were pitted against Macdonald, and both came off with flying colors, although Reid just failed to maintain his lead up to the finish. Neither of them is as yet in Macdonald's class, but finding the captain of the Chicago Golf Club at his worst, they took advantage of their opportunities, and between them spoiled his chances of victory. Probably if Macdonald had not been forced to play an almost superhuman game in order to defeat Reid and Stewart, he would not have fallen a victim to Betts in the semi-finals. But that ought not to detract from the credit due to the Shinnecock player for the strong nerve and sound judgment he displayed throughout the match. His style is certainly the prettiest that was seen among the Eastern contestants, and he never lost a point by over cautiousness. On the contrary, he took all the chances and came out with flying colors. He is a steady driver, with an inclination to get the ball too high in the air, a fault which might be corrected by playing rather less off the left leg. His approach shot is good, and he showed particular skill in the use of his wooden putter. One point is worthy of mention in justice to him, in view of a certain feeling which seemed to be prevalent on account of his professional advisor. It is an open question, of course, whether the best interests of the game are subserved by employing a skilled professional to act as caddie and give advice with regard to the line of a putt and other similar matters. The fact remains, however, that this is a custom which has obtained abroad from time immemorial, and no player can be blamed for taking advantage of it any more than he would be for profiting by a fortunate stymie.

It spoke exceedingly well for the prowess of the college boys that Betts should have made his way into the finals and that Reid should have run Macdonald so close, and next year we may expect to see at least four members of the Yale team among the first sixteen. Harriman's victory over Tyng was somewhat unexpected, although the Knollwood man had the reputation of being a brilliant player. He also has adopted the short swing which is characteristic of the best American players. That he loses nothing in distance by doing so is proved by the fact that he won the long-driving competition with a carry and roll of 240 yards. He gets most of his power from the forearm and is strong with all his clubs although naturally unsteady. There were six Scotch players out of the sixteen that qualified, and in no case was any one of them defeated by an American except when Macdonald succumbed to Betts. That proved nothing, however, for Macdonald at no time during the tournament played within four strokes of his ordinary game. The fact remains, therefore, that the native talent is not yet strong enough to compete with Scotch form and experience. Stewart and Douglas on their past form were certainly capable of beating any American player in the field, and Coats, in view of the game he played in the first two rounds, must be ranked with them. He is certainly not so strong a driver as Douglas, but he is both steadier and straighter. In that respect he strongly resembles Stewart, whose form is not exactly fashioned after the accepted Scotch style, but is marked by ease and accuracy.

Now it is perfectly certain that on many of the Eastern courses Tyng or Fenn or Harriman might play any one of the Scotchmen and administer a sound defeat, and yet in the open tournament it is equally certain that form will tell and the Scotchman will win. There are two reasons for the apparent contradiction. In the first place, the American style is at present not a natural but an acquired habit, and it is almost certain to fail when the pressure becomes stronger than usual. In the second place, very few of the American players have learned to play the long approach shot to the green, for the very simple reason that it is so seldom required on American courses. On a course like that of the Chicago Golf Club at Wheaton the second shot in fourteen holes out of the eighteen varies from a full brassie shot to a long iron approach, and the least error in the drive or in the second shot will cost the player a stroke. On the shorter courses a missed drive is often as good as better, and the second is little more than a wrist shot or a long putt. The physical exertion is only half so great, and the punishment for inaccuracy is far less severe. We have been playing golf for more than five years in America, and have not succeeded in developing a single first-class player, and these two reasons must be taken to account for this curious lading. The courses are being vastly improved all over the country now, but in the mean time the mischief has been done, and we shall probably have to wait two or three years more until the new style of golf has taken effect and the college boys have gained in experience, before we can hope to compete with the best players abroad. With regard to the tournament as a whole its success was acknowledged on all sides to be unprecedented.

The Eastern men generously consented to travel 1000 miles to play at Wheaton, and it is gratifying to feel that they were not disappointed. They certainly showed a sporting spirit which did them credit, and in return they have doubtless learned a good deal which may be of use to them in the future when they come to lay out new golf links. One mistake was apparent, and that was the combination of the open and amateur events in the same week. Up to the present time the professional element in this country has been so small that very little interest has been taken in the competition for the open championship. The field this year, however, was so much larger that it seems unfair to give the event so little prominence. It is doubly unfair, moreover, in the amateurs who wish to compete with the professionals. They are forced to play 36 holes by score at the end of a most arduous week, and it is physically impossible for them to do themselves justice. Next year the two events should certainly be separated, and in order to eliminate the element of luck the open championship should be extended over two days, and 72 holes should be played. This year Lloyd was undoubtedly worthy of his victory. Yet Anderson's 79 in the morning was a wonderfully fine performance for so young a player. He is strong at every point of the game and would have won first place with great ease if he could have held his game up to the finish. As it was, he would have stood a good chance to win if Lloyd had not performed the remarkable feat of securing the eighteenth hole, which measures considerably over 400 yards, in three strokes. There were two points involving the rules of golf which threatened to disturb the even tenor of the game, for in both cases the disputed point came within an ace of making the result uncertain. In spite of the care with which the rules of golf have been annotated by the executive committee, disputes must from time to time arise, especially where they are occasioned by the local rules of the green. One case was a typical one, and is a fit subject for a general ruling. A player drove out of bounds, and, instead of dropping a ball, according to rule, he teed it. The mistake was not discovered until the hole was played out. What is the penalty? Obviously he has taken an undue advantage; but ought not the objection to be raised before he plays? There is a question for the executive committee to decide, for it is one which may easily arise on future occasions.

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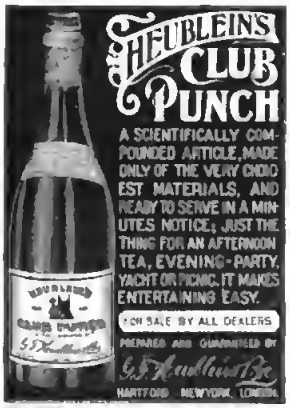

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ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller.
City of New York, Finance Department, Comptroller's Office, August 27, 1897.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ABSTRACT STATEMENT IN THE "CITY RECORD," commencing on the 30th day of August, 1897, and continuing therein consecutively for nine (9) days thereafter, of the confirmation by the Supreme Court, and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments, etc., of the assessments for OPENING AND ACQUIRING TITLE to the following named streets and avenues in the respective wards herein designated:
12TH WARD.—10TH AVENUE, from Academy Street to Kingsbridge Road.
23D WARD.—JENNINGS STREET, from Sub-Div. Avenue to West Farms Road; WALTON AVENUE, from the south side of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad to East 167th Street.
ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller.
Comptroller's Office, September 2, 1897.

THE CELEBRATED
SOHMER
Heads the list of the highest-grade pianos. It is the favorite of the artists and the refined musical public.
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related to us saved from complete devastation, will constrain our government to such action as will subserve the interests thus involved."

This is an expression of the traditional policy of our government, for the same admonition had been delivered by President GRANT twenty-two years before, during the progress of a former Cuban rebellion. Although in each case the admonition was addressed to Congress, it was a notification to Spain that when her government of Cuba became intolerable to Cuba's nearest neighbor, both as a matter of business and as a matter of humanity, we reserved the right to put a stop to the wanton effusion of blood and the wanton devastation of territory. It is safe to say that any further bloodshed and devastation will be wanton, because it will be hopeless. Cuba, it is clear to all mankind, will never be of any further value to Spain as a Spanish possession. All that the Spaniards can hope for is "to make a solitude and call it peace." The recent reports indicate that they cannot hope even for that. If General WOODFORD has been instructed to inform the government of Spain that after one more fruitless campaign the government of the United States would take "such action as would subserve the interests involved" and save what is left of Cuba, the people of the United States will support the government in issuing such instructions. The opinion of mankind will support it also, and will agree that American forbearance with the Spanish attempt to suppress the Cuban rebellion by destroying Cuba has ceased to be a virtue.

A NEW INTERNATIONAL LITERARY JOURNAL.

IT is our privilege to announce the early appearance of a weekly journal which will be entitled *Literature*, and will be published in England by the proprietors of the London *Times*, and in America by Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS. Its first number will be issued in London and New York toward the end of October.

The admirable distinctness and singleness of purpose that mark this new periodical find expression in its title. Literature, and literature alone, is to be its theme. The aim of its publishers will be to make it essentially the organ of the literary classes in the widest sense of the term, impartial and authoritative in its literary criticism, and a comprehensive and trustworthy medium of literary intelligence. An earnest and an honest attempt will be made to deal with the best literature of every country on its literary merits alone, without prejudice, without national prepossessions. To English and to American works a certain prominence will almost inevitably be given; but this natural preference will not exclude reviews of the more important of the volumes issuing from the publishing centres on the continent of Europe.

Though *Literature* will consist mainly of reviews of books, it will invite correspondence on and will itself deal with any literary subject of permanent or of current interest to the writing, publishing, or reading world. The rule of anonymity will be generally observed in its reviews, though not with unvarying strictness; and a refreshing novelty is suggested in the statement that every endeavor will be made to find room for the proper expression of adverse views over the signature of any correspondent. It is proposed to publish weekly, or as often as the occasion may arise, a bibliography of some topic of the time, in order to furnish the reader with a list of all the works which can be consulted on the subject. The record of new publications will be made as complete as possible, but in the selection of books for review the editor will be guided solely by his judgment of their literary value. This seems to be, or should seem to be, a matter of course, but, in point of fact, it is a noteworthy innovation, for the practice of indiscriminately reviewing, or, at any rate, noticing, every book which issues from the press is one which, by the stimulus it affords to the production of worthless work, is tending seriously to the degradation of literary standards and to the confusion and disgust of readers. Instead of giving to books which are unworthy of any notice at all the help of even a scathing criticism, *Literature* will apply to them the far more effective treatment of neglect. On the other hand, it is hoped that every important work may be reviewed within three weeks after its publication.

Evidently *Literature*, by virtue of its definite and undeviating aim, has a field all its own—a very useful and (the WEEKLY cordially hopes and sincerely believes) a liberal field to work in and to prosper in. And not less evidently it has that indispensable thing—the positive character which appears to be a prime condition of success in the equipment of a publication not less, or scarcely less, than in the career of an individual. Now opportunity and character comprise two-thirds of the elements of success.

The selection of Mr. H. D. TRAILL as editor of *Literature* finds its warrant in the broad critical faculty and masculine sanity of judgment which characterize that well known writer.

TRUE NON-PARTISANSHIP.

FAULT has been found with Mr. SETH LOW for saying in his letter accepting a non-partisan nomination, "I am a Republican, and I expect to remain one." But a moment's candid reflection should convince any fair-minded man that this averment of party affiliation in the connection in which it was made did not only not clash with the non-partisan character of the movement of which Mr. LOW accepted the leadership, but rather served to elucidate and to emphasize its true nature. Mr. LOW followed up that averment by saying: "But I am completely in sympathy with the purpose of the Citizens' Union to secure a Mayor for the great city who shall be 'free from all partisan obligations.' Such a Mayor, if elected, I shall certainly be. In making appointments it shall be my endeavor to fill every place with an aye single to the public good. The patronage of the city shall not be used, so far as it is in the Mayor's power to prevent, for the purpose of either strengthening or weakening one party or another, or any fraction of any party. I shall try to make an administration that will be honest, broad-minded, efficient, and businesslike, and considerate of the interests of every citizen."

A clearer and more accurate definition of what non-partisan municipal government is can hardly be given. It is not required that the man at the head of such a government should not belong to any party as to national and State politics. It is only required that he should not permit any considerations of party interest to interfere with the administration of the municipal business, with which national and State politics have nothing to do. It is not required that he should appoint to the municipal offices only men who have no party affiliations. It is only required that no man should be appointed to municipal office *on account* of his party affiliations, and that he who is appointed notwithstanding his party affiliations shall consider it his duty to serve the city alone, without regard to the interests of any political party. This is true non-partisan government, and it is just this that has found in Mr. LOW's letter of acceptance a very apt and striking illustration.

We hear it said by some otherwise well-disposed and respectable persons that such truly non-partisan municipal government is practically impossible. The only plausible reason given for this despondent view is that party spirit is very strong among people generally, and that in voting for municipal officers a large majority of the citizens will be controlled by it almost in spite of themselves. Here two questions are to be considered. The first is, ought it to be so? And the second, is it so?

As to the first question, whether it ought to be so, it may be said that the problem of good government in our large municipalities is one of the most important problems before the American people, and also that our large municipalities have, with the exception of occasional short periods following spasmodic uprisings of the moral sense of the communities concerned, been generally very bad. It may further be said that those scandalous governments have been carried on by rings of corrupt and greedy politicians put and kept in power by political organizations pretending to serve this or that national party. Nay, it will even be admitted by every candid observer that municipal administrations issuing from the spasmodic moral uprisings before mentioned have succeeded in giving the communities concerned really good government only in the same measure as they kept clear of the control of party organizations. Thus our actual experience is that partisan municipal government has, on the whole, proved a disastrous and disgraceful failure, and this for the very reason that municipal interests were controlled by political party organizations which had wholly different interests in view, and used the municipal governments as pastures for their hosts. The question, therefore, whether this ought to continue, and whether citizens ought to cultivate a party spirit which will insure its continuance, is simply whether the citizens of our great municipalities should desire to be fleeced by corrupt and rapacious rings of politicians rather than have their interests honestly taken care of for their own sake.

The second question—whether party spirit among our citizens is so strong as to make truly non-partisan municipal government impossible—may also be answered by the light of actual experience. In the first place, can a municipal department be administered in the genuine non-partisan spirit? We have one, the Street-Cleaning Department, before our eyes, which has been and is being so administered. Nobody denies this; nor will anybody deny that this is the most successfully administered department in the city of New York. Nor will any candid observer deny that it could not possibly have been so successfully administered had its working force been in any sense under the control of any political organization bound to take care of its adherents, instead of being controlled by a man who held himself bound to take care of the public interest without regard to the interests of any party organization. Now, is there any reason in the world why, for instance, the Department of Public Works could not be satisfactorily administered in the same truly non-partisan spirit? And so with all the other departments. The only thing necessary is that man be put in control of them that are animated with the same purpose and have the same power of resistance. As it *has* been done in one case, why should it be impossible to do it in another or in all?

In the second place, is party spirit really so rampant among our people as to make non-partisan municipal government impracticable? That it is the ruling motive of a good many people in their political action cannot be denied. But is it the ruling motive of people also with regard to matters outside of its natural sphere to such an extent that every effort to make the citizens see their true interests as to municipal affairs would appear hopeless? To affirm this would be equivalent to saying that the great majority of our people lack not only public spirit, but also ordinary intelligence. Have we not very encouraging signs to the contrary before us? The present movement for non-partisan municipal government in Greater New York differs from the anti-Tammany uprising of 1894 in some essential points. There was then an exposure of revolting abuses exciting the popular mind to a rare degree. That excitement made the disregard of party relations uncommonly easy in the fight against a common enemy. Such conditions do not at present exist. Tammany having in the main been out of power for nearly three years, the anti-Tammany furor has cooled down for want of inflammatory material to feed upon. The STRONG administration, with its virtues and failings, has even had the effect of putting many people in a critical mood. And yet, under circumstances apparently less favorable than those existing three years ago, the present non-partisan movement is not only far clearer in its purposes, and for this reason far stronger in its staying power, but also apparently no less strong in its numerical support. And certainly aman in ten of the untold thousands actively promoting or following it are, as to national and State politics, as decided party men as they ever were. The frantic cries and the desperate waving of party flags, with which the political machines have labored to stop that movement, only prove that it is irresistibly advancing, and that the necessity of separating municipal from national and State politics is being recognized by a constantly growing number of party men.

What reason is there, in the face of all this, for saying that non-partisan municipal government is impossible because people generally will always be controlled in municipal elections by party politics? The non-partisan principle for municipal affairs having been adopted by so many citizens in a state of mind of normal coolness, why should we despair of seeing it adopted by a great many more, and at last by a large majority? Indeed, if those dismal pessimists who at heart are convinced of the necessity of non-partisan municipal government, instead of sagely and lazily shaking their heads as to the possibility of it, would resolutely and vigorously do their part in pushing forward popular education with regard to it, that end would certainly be reached in the near future. The most singularly illogical position in this respect is taken by some of the sound-money Democrats in New York, who, loudly professing to be in favor of good municipal government, still insist that the Mayor should be "a Democrat," while at the same time they know, or at least ought to know, that they cannot elect a Mayor for the reason that he is a Democrat without again exposing municipal government to the deleterious influences of organization politics; and while they also ought to know that under existing circumstances they cannot co-operate in electing a Democrat without combining, for the sake of office, with those elements of the Democratic party coalition with which will cost them, as sound money Democrats, their moral standing, their very identity, the public confidence, and their chances of future usefulness.

CARL SCHURZ.

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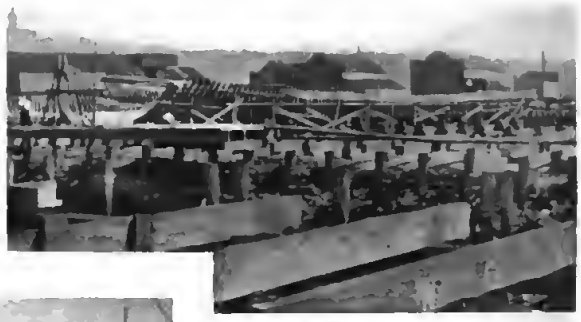
SKAGWAY—OFFICE OF THE UNITED STATES COMMISSIONER.



SEATTLE—BUILDING STEAMBOATS FOR THE YUKON.

ON THE DECK OF THE "ISLANDER."
Tappan Adney, the "Weekly's" Special Correspondent, looking for Material.

A TYPICAL PORTION OF THE SKAGWAY TRAIL.

MR. ADNEY TRYING TO SHOOT A WHALE FROM THE DECK OF THE "ISLANDER."

BUCKSKIN BILL—BOUND FOR THE KLONDIKE.

A RESCUE IN THE NORTHERN PACIFIC OCEAN NEAR BLIGHED ISLAND.
The "Islander's" Boat taking off Four Survivors of a Crew of Eight from a capsized Sail-boat.

ON THE WAY TO THE KLONDIKE GOLD-FIELDS.—[See "This Busy World," Page 971.]
From Photographs by Captain A. H. Lee, R.A., who made the Trip to Skagway with the Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly."

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WING SHEE CASTS HOO CHEE'S HOROSCOPE FOR THE NEW YEAR.

SOL SMITH RUSSELL IN "A BACHELOR'S ROMANCE."

WING SHEE DECEIVES THE POLICE BY CONVERSING WITH THE SLAIN CHIM FANG.

"THE CAT AND THE CHERUB."
Chester Bailey Fernald's new Chinese Play, as performed at Rammerstein's Olympia.

THE DRAMA.

A Bachelor's Romance, by Martha Morton. Produced at the Garden Theatre, September 23.

The Cat and the Cherub, by Chester Bailey Fernald. Produced at Rammerstein's Olympia, September 23.

Errons and literary critics can hardly be said heretofore to have been quite thoroughly acclimated on the American stage. If Martha Morton succeeds in making them serviceable stock figures, along with the ingénue, the prodigal, and the rest, as they have already been made to do service in Germany, I shall at least be glad to seeing also her spirit for variety. An editor and literary critic in one person is the hero of her last production, *A Bachelor's Romance*. That is to say, Sol Smith Russell is the editor and literary critic, or the editor and literary critic is he. He, at any rate, is the hero, and that probably is what chiefly concerns Mr. Russell and Miss Morton, as well as the audiences thus far at the Garden Theatre. Real editors and critics might fancy they saw signs of the Augustan times of the Duke of Buckingham and of Sheridan once more, but it appears principally, as the *Bachelor's Romance* unfolds, that the bachelor—that is, Mr. Russell—happens to be a critic principally because Martha Morton, in sympathy with her be it spoken, happens to like the paraphernalia of newspaper offices and sanctums. The machinery of the piece, involving as it does also a great prize-story competition, seemed familiar and plausible enough to her audience, thanks to the exploitations of the newspapers, and thanks probably to Miss Morton's own renown, not so many years ago, as the writer of a prize drama. In London, where Mr. John Hare is the

"THE WET BOOT."—DRAWN BY HY. S. WATSON.

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bachelor of the romance, these things may be different, but in Miss Morton's hands it is safe to suppose that they will be differentiated easily.

Adaptability, facility, are really Miss Morton's characteristic dramatic gifts. Whether it is John Hare, or Sol Smith Russell or her own fancy that dictates her composition, she does it cheerfully and unabashed. The result at least has the effect of spontaneity. Some day when there is also real skill of construction it may be something definitely good.

The story of the *Bachelor's Romance* obviously suggests Barrie's *Professor's Love Story*, and is also substantially the plot of *A Little Rebel* by the late Mrs Hungerford—the late Mrs Hungerford sounds so much better than "The Duchess." Neither one style nor the other appears on the bill of the play, however, possibly with reason, though I for one can confess to halting at book-stalls long enough in certain moods to have skimmed at least one of her pseudo Grace's effusions. The story in the two plays and the novel mentioned is at any rate, common enough. The Bachelor—editor or professor, as the case may be—is obliged, more or less inconveniently, to submit to the society of an ingenuous young girl—type writer or ward, as the case may be. In the late Mr. Bunner's *The Midge*, the bachelor, this time a doctor, who, like Miss Morton's editor, lives right here in Washington Square, surrenders his charge to her young lover, though the fellow is no better than he should be. On the stage of course, such renunciation must not go unrewarded. David Holmes, the editor and literary critic of the *Review*, gives up his ward Sylvia to the young man who loves her; but the young man does not continue to love her, and she never really loved him. David may thus be said to have his cake and eat it too. Annie Russell as Sylvia charmingly takes the part of the cake, so to speak, indeed, a particularly well-flavored slice of it. Sol Smith Russell, though, as I have said, it hardly appears why he should be an editor more than any other poor relation, exhibits all his accustomed drollery and dry humor, which for many years have been supposed to appeal more to other communities than to mercurial Gotham. What he does he does quietly and well, and Gotham apparently has liked it well enough to give occasion for at least two speeches on successive nights after the dancing-lesson in the second act.

The other persons in the play, though, as in most of Miss Morton's plays, they have not really any constructive business in the drama, serve gracefully enough as padding. Mr. William Sampson as David's secretary makes a telling character part, and wins applause in the pathetic scene where he learns that his story is the bad one of the competition. Mr Sidney Booth, who wins the prize, sufficiently indicates the mischief wrought by his success. Blanche Walsh as a woman of society, and Fanny Addison Pitt, as well as most of the others, are in their several ways effective to see and to hear. Annie Russell takes the part of Sylvia only during the New York engagement.

The secret of Miss Morton's success may be summed up in the freshness of her business and dialogue, and perhaps the novelty of her backgrounds. This time, the atmosphere being literary, such authors as Dr Johnson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sir John Suckling, and Macaulay are either quoted or mentioned, and the effect is as literary probably as the stage need care to be.

Tragedy in the music halls is one of the singularities we owe to the current taste for vaudeville. *The Cat and the Cherub*, by Mr Chester Bailey Fernald, at Hammerstein's, is as much a tragedy as two murders, a kidnapping, and a villain who keeps an opium-den can make it. It follows an olio entertainment at the Olympia, and connects itself thus with vaudeville. The conjunction bids fair last Monday evening to play havoc with the dramatic critic's point of view, not to mention the point of view of the ordinary spectator, who, I suppose, cares little about such things so long as he can see at all what a playwright would be at. Last Monday possibly he came near not seeing, and that was the critical difficulty.

Mr Fernald has made over for the stage one of his Chinese stories, which first found an audience in a magazine. A similar story, it is understood, has already been a dramatic success in San Francisco as *The First Born*, which Mr Charles Frohman expects to produce here later, and on account of which he threatens to issue an injunction against the first born, *alias* the cherub, as also the cat, at Hammerstein's. Be the question of primogeniture as it may, the public is likely to have at least an interesting comparison out of the matter, and owes the first step to Messrs Fernald and Hammerstein. It was certainly interesting to see Chinatown made the *mise en scène* for a serious play, with real Chinese supernumeraries, and even real Chinese in the audience. Æsthetic justice may in this way avenge the Chinaman's political wrongs. That the trouble with *The Cat and the Cherub* was neither æsthetic nor political, but critical, was due to Mr. Fernald's ingenuous attitude, dramatically speaking, toward his work. Mr Fernald, a son of the naval constructor of that name, has lived in San Francisco and known the Chinese. What interests him evidently is less their dramatic possibilities than our tardy recognition of them as human beings. Indeed, he suggested as much when, in the character of chief supernumerary, he came before the curtain in response to the applause which followed the grimly effective scene with which the play abruptly closes.

Mr Holbrook Blinn as Wing Shee the learned doctor, who murders the unusually wicked villain, strangles him with his pigtail and then when he hears the "street god," or policeman coming, leans familiarly against the propped-up dead man's shoulder, and talks philosophically to him, also made the most of this scene. The costuming and make up of the other personages, as well as their grouping, were effective. Not the least of these was the red clad cherub with his black cat, which, like that other black cat of Poe's, serves chiefly, it would seem, to lead the learned doctor to an underground mystery.

The Cat and the Cherub altogether, for both playwright and actors, contains pretty nearly enough matter for three full acts. Instead, there are perhaps thirty five minutes, with intermissions for sunrise and sunset, and more than one soliloquy for the introduction of local color. Local color on the stage, by the example of Shakespeare, can usually safely be left to itself; the play and its development are the thing. To the credit of Mr Fernald, and by way of record, it must be noted, just the same, that the audience, even when the play was the most leisurely, was attentive and amused.

Vaudeville is to have another boost when Mr. Clyde Fitch's pretty one-act play, *Frédéric Lemaître*, which Mr Henry Miller did so well some years ago, is done later in the season by Mr Charles B Welles an excellent actor, who has for the last few years been identified with farce. In vaudeville also it is interesting to note that Edward Harrigan does a turn this week at Tony Pastor's, where he made his start originally with Tony Hart.

Miss Martha Morton seems to be sharing her success with *A Bachelor's Romance*, in London, with her brother Michael, of whom the news is that his farce *Miss Francis of Yale* is bringing big business to Weedon Grossmith, at the Globe, in London. *Miss Francis of Yale*, which is understood to be modelled largely upon *Charley's Aunt*, is being done in the West now by Étienne Girardot, who is still remembered here in the elder play. It will be produced in New York later in the season.

A new, and what is better an American field in romantic drama will be exploited when Eugene Presbrey's and Franklin Fyles's five-act play, *A Ward of France*, is produced in the metropolis, with Maurice Barrymore and a big cast. The scenes are laid in France and Louisiana in the first quarter of this century. Mr Barrymore as La Fitte, the pirate, will have a picturesque part at last well suited to his personality. WAMBA.

AMERICAN UNITY.

A THOUGHT UPON RETURNING FROM THE WEST.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

MONOTONOUS our land? Perhaps. It seemed
To me much more so than I'd ever dreamed
From East to West, from West to East, the same.
Yet why seize on our sweetest, grandest claim
As though it were reproachful to our name?

Why not look on the other side, and say
Here is a clan? Not founded for a day,
But, 'spite the hopes of enemies, or fears
Of friends, or prophecies of errant seers,
A compact made for the eternal years!

Monotonous? 'Tis true. The glory of our land,
The people are the same on every hand
For nearly half the earth from East to West.
We are the same, praise God! Be it confessed
There's one who deems "monotony" the best.

'Tis Union! Brotherhood! A splendid *clan!*
Where all men meet, and gather man to man.
Ah!—when it comes to nations, give to me
This gift of God—this wondrous Unity,
Involved in your reproach, Monotony!

FOREIGN NOTES.

FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW.

CARLSBAD, BOHEMIA, *September 11, 1897.*

THE Bürgermeister is the most interesting man to me in this little Bohemian city, whose regular population is 12 000, and whose summer guests number some 40 000 more. This is saying a good deal, for there are several Grand-Dukes, one or two minor Kings, and a United States Senator from Colorado all here at the same time. The Bürgermeister lives in the basement, and we at the top of his house, both actuated by motives of domestic economy. He is the first citizen in an ideal republic, one of the most peculiar that can be imagined. He honored me with his acquaintance, and told me the secret of his municipal success.

First of all, however, I assume that every one knows that people come to Carlsbad mainly because they have deranged their livers. Sometimes this happens from extravagant living, sometimes from having spent an evening in Delagoa Bay—that was my complaint. The 4000 patients are largely Jews from Poland or Galicia. They wear the characteristic Russian cap with large peak, long curls in front of their ears, long black priestly gabardine, high boots, and an umbrella. They must all be rich, for with the most careful calculation I cannot see how the average American can live here on less than $4 a day. The Bürgermeister told me that the Jews lived by themselves, where they could have their food prepared in orthodox or "cosher" fashion, and by clubbing together and crowding they can manage on a comparatively small expenditure. The town has as large a budget as many small states, for it has constructed beautiful buildings about the different hot springs which give value to the land hereabout. This whole section of country is supported by the 40 000 strangers who visit these famous waters, and the whole art of municipal legislation is directed towards making as much money as possible out of this international throng, while not killing the goose which lays the golden egg. This is a delicate matter, and has been solved with marvellous success.

The Bürgermeister is a staunch republican on the principle that there should be representation in proportion to taxation. The citizens of this community have voting power in proportion to the taxes they pay, for these republicans consider it undemocratic that a man who has earned nothing should spend the money of one who has accumulated something by industry. When I told the Bürgermeister that in America everybody could vote, he thought that was unrepublican because it compelled the minority of industrious and intelligent to submit to the force of mere ignorant and improvident numbers.

The Bürgermeister thought that most Americans nowadays were either Germans or Polish Jews, or both. Of course he judges by what most strikingly arrests his attention. A couple of years ago one of these pseudo citizens constituted himself a committee for having a valuable piece of ground set aside as "The American Park." This was a noble idea, worthy of a disinterested man, but this particular one made inquiries at the same time that satisfied my friend the Bürgermeister that his interest as a newly made American citizen was subordinate to his zeal as a speculator in real estate. A daring tablet now astonishes Americans who see it, bearing the names of seven self-styled American citizens who credit themselves with having glorified their country by a piece of self-advertisement ridiculous and offensive to every real American. Of the seven names six are Polish or German—but I have a shrewd suspicion that a merciful blow with a sledge hammer will erelong remove this blot on the landscape of beautiful Bohemia.

The mere watching and protecting Kings and other notables is in itself a serious part of the Bürgermeister's business here. Even so meagre a morsel of monarchy as the little King of Servia requires at least two detectives in citizens' clothes to follow him about and to watch suspiciously for any sign that might require their intervention. We soon get to know these detectives by their habit of looking about them more eagerly than would be natural to the average visitor with nothing but his liver to interest him. But when one recalls the ease with which Carnot was foully murdered, and Canovas as well, it would seem as though a detective more or less about the person of a crowned head could be of little service.

If Carlsbad had no Sprudel and no salts, a student of history would still seek the place if only for the purpose of taking a peep at the old "White Lion," where Metternich held his uniliberal court during the famous Congress of 1819. At this unholy meeting the sovereigns of Europe registered their determination to unite in suppressing all attempts of a popular nature looking towards civil liberty. The room in which this congress was held was no larger than a good sized hotel bedroom, and, indeed, the room was in keeping with Metternich's desire to keep this pact a secret one. The good lady in charge of this interesting house showed me the writing-desk used at the time by Metternich, and which she now habitually uses herself. At that same desk sat probably all who entered into this conspiracy of tyrants. I looked upon it with particular interest, for to my mind this congress of Carlsbad marks a step in human progress as significant as the Reformation or the final abolition of torture. Never since then have the great powers of Europe ventured directly to unite in suppressing liberty of speech. Individual states have attempted such a movement, but never with success. From that date onward Europe has steadily marched in the direction of constitutional liberty, until, at this present moment, with the exception of Russia, the Continent is likely to suffer from too much rather than too little franchise.

Bohemia is to-day ablaze with a fury of race hatred that would be impossible under any but the present liberal Austrian franchise. When I was here shortly after the Franco German war German was universally spoken, and while the peasantry used the Czech language, they were proud to show that they were also familiar with the more cultured tongue. There was certainly no active hostility to Germans merely because they spoke a different language. Five years ago, while on a canoe cruise through the heart of the country, I very quickly discovered that to speak German was to expose myself not merely to inconvenience but to insult and injury. At every village between Budweis and Prague, and from Prague all the way to the Saxony frontier, I had to be as cautious with my German as if I was in France. I recall now that the then leader of the German party in the Austrian parliament, Dr. Plener, foreshadowed exactly what is taking place to-day. He then warned the government that if they placed the German minority at the mercy of the Czech majority the result would be a race war in which German capital and education would go down before the mere weight of numbers. That which is happening in this kingdom of Slav Czechs is exactly what would take place in Ireland were the thrifty and intelligent Protestants of that country placed at the mercy of the ignorant Roman Catholic majority of the southern portion. We cannot but feel the analogy with so diminutive a state of things as the subordination of our white fellow citizens in South Carolina and Mississippi to a majority of blacks and carpet-baggers.

While the English language is spreading over the face of the globe wherever liberty is possible, it is sad to mark the apparent incapacity of the noble German tongue to conquer new territory or even to maintain itself within its own legal limits. In Bohemia it is rapidly disappearing. In Hungary it has been exterminated within the last fifty years. The eastern provinces of Prussia have been in German hands more than a hundred years, yet the people there are as little Prussian to-day as when Kosciusko laid down his life for personal liberty.

The Danish provinces were conquered more than thirty years ago, yet the new generation speaks Danish and hates the very name of Prussia. In Alsace-Lorraine, men who were babies in 1870 have now served their time in the German army, and are nominally German subjects; yet the German language finds there a resistance insurmountable, even with the aid of a vast army of spies, gendarmes, officials, and 60 000 troops. A large Massachusetts manufacturer of my acquaintance passed through these provinces this summer and had occasion to visit a machine factory at Mühlhausen employing some 8000 workmen. As an American the manager treated him with frankness, and gave him an opportunity to convince himself that the workmen were French at heart in spite of the years that are past. The Baltic Provinces of Russia were German on the occasion of my last visit, in 1891 but since then Russification has set in with a thoroughness comparable only to the South African rinderpest, and before long German linguistic expansion on that frontier will be as effectually checked as it is in Bohemia, in Posen, in Alsace-Lorraine, and on the borders of Denmark.

Nor is the German language faring better in the German colonies, for the simple reason that German emigrants prefer almost any colonial flag to their own. The official press of Germany clamors for more war-ships, in order to protect alleged German colonists in far-away tropical swamps. Territorially, Germany has almost 1 000 000 square miles of colony, but land without population is like a harbor with no commerce. From the best information at my disposal I cannot discover that all the German colonies together contain more white people than could be comfortably stowed on a Coney Island excursion boat.

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

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THIS BUSY WORLD

ITEMS of news from the colleges begin to abound again. There are nearly five hundred colleges in the United States, and when they all start up it makes a difference. At the opening of the Washington and Lee University, at Lexington, Virginia, on September 15, Mr. William L. Wilson, Postmaster General under President Cleveland, was inaugurated as president. On the same day Brown University opened with an enthusiastic welcome to President Andrews. An annual incident of the opening at Brown is an address by the president, and this year Dr. Andrews recounted his impressions of the Greater European Questions.

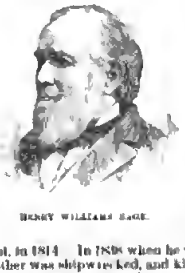
An apparent expectation of news from Amherst relating to the plans of President Gates seems not to have been fulfilled, whence it is inferred that Dr. Gates has no new plans to communicate.

From McGill University, at Montreal, come reports of friction consequent upon the importation of a Scotch professor, Professor Walton, to be dean of the law faculty, and of the appointment of Professor Marchand, a young Frenchman, to the chair of botany. The sentiment against the appointment of outsiders to the desirable places in the gift of the university is so strong that two members of the law faculty have resigned, and a scheme is afoot to start a new law school in opposition to that of McGill. Canadian loyalty, it would seem, is not entirely superior to jealousy, or blind to the profit of supplying from domestic resources the home demand for erudition.

The New York State Agricultural Station has given the first order for a device for the amelioration of country roads, which the Secretary of Agriculture suspects of possessing poetical value. It is described as a steel track any in which wagon wheels may run—a trough or channel of steel eight inches wide, with a slightly raised bead on the inside to guide the wheels. It is proposed to lay these tracks on gravel, without wooden arrangements, but with steel or iron ties near enough together to prevent spreading. The trackway weighs about one hundred tons a mile, and, as supplied by the Cambria Iron Works, of Johnstown, Pennsylvania, for the office of Road Inquiries of the Department of Agriculture, will cost $2500 a mile, in small lots. It is possible that in parts of the country where road material is very scarce and mud deep in bad weather these trackways may prove to be worth what they cost. At any rate, the experiments with them will be interesting.

The summer hotel business seems, on the whole, to have languished during the past summer. There were people at the summer hotels, but not enough of them. Some landlords who lament and explain lay most of the blame on the propensity of Americans with money to spend to go abroad and spend it there. One such lamenting landlord is quoted as speaking very hopefully of the effects of the Dingley bill on foreign trade. He says that the travelling Americans have already seen pretty much all there is in Europe, and that now when they go over it is not to observe, but to buy. Now that shopping abroad has been discouraged, he has hopes that our people will stay at home more. But they won't. There is more in Europe than clothes, and a good many Americans who go over there will be rather glad to be relieved of the fatigues of shopping. The voyage is a great attraction to many tired people, and it is nonsense to talk of all the sights being seen already. If the summer hotels have not done well the past season it has been largely because business was dull and spending money scarce, and because July was wet, and August—and indeed the whole summer—abnormally cool and comfortable. No doubt the disposition of people who can afford it to have summer cottages has hurt the hotels, and that is a permanent damage. Better times and better weather will help the hotel keepers, but their hopes of a profit from the Dingley law are misplaced.

Cornell University might reasonably wish to set apart a supplementary Founders' day in honor and memory of Henry Williams Sage who died at Ithaca on September 17. Among the benefactors and founders of the University Mr. Sage stood second only to Ezra Cornell. He gave to the institution at one time or another between one and two million dollars, and ever since it was founded he has lavished upon it thought and labor as well as money. He succeeded Mr. Cornell as President of the Board of Trustees, and continued in that office until his death. He built Sage College for women, at a cost of $265,000, Sage Chapel at a cost of $200,000, and when the building of the new library hung fire in consequence of the Pinkie lawsuit, he came to the rescue and shouldered the cost of that, providing $260,000 for a building and $300,000 for a library endowment fund. He also gave $61,000 to found a chair of Philosophy, $200,000 for a School of Philosophy, and about $40,000 for other objects. For Yale he endowed the Lyman Beecher lectureship, and he built a public library for West Bay City, Michigan.



HENRY WILLIAMS SAGE.

Mr. Sage was born in Middletown, Connecticut, in 1814. In 1836 when he was preparing for Yale, his father was shipwrecked, and killed by Indians in Florida. In consequence of that, he gave up going to college, moved to Ithaca, and began to earn his living in his uncle's lumber business. Continuing in that business and prospering, he presently set up for himself, and began to accumulate the great fortune of which he made so beneficent a use. In 1854 he started a lumber factory at Lake Simoce, in Canada, and later, in partnership with John McGraw, started another at Wenona, Michigan. In 1857 he moved to Brooklyn, and lived there until 1880, becoming a prominent member of Plymouth Church and an ardent supporter of Mr. Beecher. The latter years of his life he spent at Ithaca. The newspapers report that he left a fortune of twelve millions.

Barring accidents, the biggest passenger-ship in existence will come to New York this week. She is the new North German Lloyd liner *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*, a marine monster, an eighth of a mile long (648 feet, to be accurate), 66 feet wide, 43 feet deep, and of a tonnage of 14,000. She sailed from Southampton on September 29, at 8 P.M., and is credited with an aspiration to break the record on her maiden voyage. All her details and dimensions are Brobdingnagian. She can carry 1570 passengers, besides her crew of 450. Her engines are expected to develop 28,000 horse-power, and her cost is estimated to have been about two million dollars. She is so much bigger than the other big liners, and has so many novelties of construction, and such great expectations of speed and comfort and safety, that her first trip across the ocean is an event, and the reports of her behavior will be read with almost as much interest as one of Mr. Kipling's mechanical stories.

The credulity of Americans was so heavily drawn upon to no little purpose by last year's Western air-ship stories that the tale of the sighting of Andrée's balloon on September 14 by the villagers of Antzinowskoge in arctic Russia, has been received with a tranquil forbearance that is very like apathy. At this writing the story is still as good as ever, in that it remains uncontradicted, inasmuch as it resembles the air-ship stories in that nothing has come of it. Distances are long in Siberia, and moreover it would take some time to sail south from the village of the incredible name to the more populous districts, especially if there happened to come head winds. Andrée's intention, it seems, was to stick to his balloon as long as it would carry him, and the fact that he did not stop at this remote village is not considered to affect the credibility of the story.

There seem to be no mourners over the collapse of the intention of the Post-Office Department to change the color of the two-cent stamp to bank note green. It transpired before the printing of the green stamps had begun that a resolution of the recent Postal Congress had prevailed that the hue of our two-cent stamps and of stamps of corresponding effectuality in other countries should be carmine. That upset Mr. Gary's plan, and he ought to be thankful that it did for the red stamps do very well, and the clamor over green ones would have been prodigious.

Word comes from Boston that Dr William Everett will be the candidate of the gold Democrats for Governor of Massachusetts. It will be a labor of pure patriotism, with no prospect of reward except the approval of the candidate's own conscience, and possibly the appreciation of his co-laborers. Dr. Everett is the right man for such an undertaking. He may be trusted to state the position of his party with lucidity and emphasis, and whoever votes for him will know precisely what as well as whom he is supporting.

The Kebo Valley Club of Bar Harbor is stated to be virtually bankrupt and on the brink of retiring from business. That will seem odd to newspaper readers who have heard of the Kebo Club as one of the most noted of the artificial features of Mount Desert. The club had a golf links. Two two gentlemen who drove out there about a year ago in hopes of being permitted to follow a couple of golf-balls around the emporium, and who for lack of proper endorsements were disappointed in that hope, the links seemed lacking in natural qualifications. It was located in a sort of bowl between hills and, so far as could be determined from outside the gate, its distances were inadequate. Its putting greens seemed to be contrived upon shelves on the hill sides. Perhaps it is because the Kebo links is bad that the club is in trouble, for of course no country club can exist nowadays without a golf links. Or perhaps it is because Bar Harbor is not Newport, and has some what too far away from the fiscal centres. Or possibly it is because Northeast Harbor, with its platoons of college presidents and church dignitaries, has sapped Bar Harbor's strength and overmatched its attractions. There must be a screw loose somewhere when Bar Harbor's country club goes to the wall.

The last word has not yet been said about the Mesa Encantada. It was noted last week in this page of the WEEKLY how Mr. Hodge, who scaled the mesa after Professor Libbey had been there, found stone axes and other relics which Professor Libbey in his brief inspection had overlooked. It is pointed out, however, that while the finding of these things demonstrated that the mesa had been visited (which was indicated also by the coins which Professor Libbey found), they do not prove that it was ever inhabited. Mr. Hodge's finds are interesting, but they do not necessarily upset Professor Libbey's conclusion that there has been no village on the mesa.

Noting the death on September 9, of Richard Holt Hutton, long an editor of the *London Spectator*, the *Spectator* says, in its issue of the 11th:

> His colleagues are forbidden by pledges which they cannot break either to write a memoir of him, or within the range of their influence to permit any one else to do so. They can therefore only record their grief at an event which, in the case of the writer of these lines, terminates an uninterrupted friendship of thirty-six years, and a literary alliance which, at once in its duration and completeness, is probably without precedent.

Mr Hutton seems to have shared with Thackeray the dislike to be served up to the public after his death. To the philosophical mind it must seem that what is written about a man after he is dead need not greatly concern him, but even philosophical minds are apt to be vulnerable in their philosophy. Mr Hutton in his day must have written a vast deal about his literary predecessors and contemporaries and read scores of literary memoirs. Perhaps that very writing and reading made him the more desirous that his own intellectual and social home should not be disturbed. It was an excusable wish but perhaps not quite a just one. Fair play would seem to demand that men who have had knowledge and profit from the records of the lives of their predecessors should not grudge posterity any reasonable entertainment or advantage it may derive from a posthumous acquaintance with themselves.

Mr. Hutton was one of the ablest and most noted of the literary critics of his day. He was born in 1823, of a Unitarian family, and after pursuing education in two German universities began active life as a Unitarian minister. But his zeal for that persuasion seemed to wane, and he gradually drifted toward the Church of England. About the year 1853, in association with Mr. Meredith Townsend (whose hand appears in the paragraph quoted above), he bought the *London Spectator*, the circulation of which had greatly declined, and became joint editor of it with Mr. Townsend. In politics the paper began by taking the side of the North in the American civil war—an unpopular course, which cost it some of the few subscribers it had, but which helped it in the end when the rebellion collapsed and the tide turned in England. The *Spectator* presently began to gain, and continued until it grew to be one of the most influential of English journals. It engrossed most of Mr. Hutton's later and attention, but he was the author of at least three important volumes of essays—theological, literary, and political—and of the *Life of Sir Walter Scott* in the "English Men of Letters" series.

It is told of him that one of the anxieties of his later years was the fear that his wife, who had long been an invalid, should survive him and live to miss his care. She died two months before he did, and after that he seemed to let go his hold on life.

Elsewhere in this issue of the WEEKLY is a page of Klondike pictures from photographs by Captain Arthur H. Lee, R.A., of the Royal Military College at Kingston, Ontario. Captain Lee went to Skagway and Dyea, as the representative of the *London Chronicle*, to investigate the condition of the Klondike trails. His companion on the voyage and subsequently was Mr. Tappan Adney, the correspondent of the WEEKLY, who figures in one or two of the pictures. Captain Lee is in full accord with Mr. Adney in his estimate of the present difficulties of the pass at Skagway. Mr Adney says, "After four or five miles of good road, hell begins." Captain Lee reports, "To put it very mildly, it is 'a hell of a business.'" The situation clearly constrains the observer to the use of sulphurous metaphors as the only ones that seem adequate.

In evidence of Mr. Adney's zeal in the service of the WEEKLY's readers, Captain Lee reports: "Aboard ship on the way up he even shed his blood one night in your behalf. I think he wanted to convert the saloon into a photographic dark-room and some inconsiderate gold-seeker objected with much and destructive violence. However he was well and cheery the last I saw of him."

Perhaps the most remarkable of Captain Lee's pictures is that of the rescue of adventurers from an overturned sail boat. It gives one the shivers to look at it. In that sail boat eight men started from Juneau to Skagway with several tons of merchandise and supplies. The owners of the boat were two barbers of Juneau, who were on their way to open a shop at Skagway. Very early in the morning of August 23 the boat was upset, while gybing, by a squall. All eight of the men reached her and clung to her. For all them hung on until the steamer *Islander* sailing out of Skagway on Monday, picked them up as Captain Lee has shown. The other four succumbed to cold, and one by one let go. The four survivors were at the very end of their endurance, and it seemed hardly possible that they could have lasted another fifteen minutes.

To disbelieve all the surprising items that one finds in the newspapers is doubtless a good rule, but it is not infallible. We are constantly misled by newspaper reports, and yet if we believe nothing which surprises us we run the risk of being misled still oftener. It is recalled that at the time Johnny Conway, the Albany Charley Ross, was stolen, and the Albany *Argus* exerted itself so zealously to find him, some astute journals thought they smelt a mouse, and hinted broadly their suspicion that the *Argus* was behind the scenes at the kidnapping and that it was likely to transpire that the whole episode had been promoted as the basis of a newspaper sensation. For some reason the story as it developed sounded queer and dubious, and to the end there were those who thought there was an explanation which might come out at the trial of the boy stealers. It has not happened so. On September 22 Blake and Hardy, the kidnappers, were arraigned, pleaded guilty, and were each sentenced to fourteen and a half years in State prison. This must dispel the last doubt as to the value of the service that the *Argus* people and other citizens rendered the public in hunting these scoundrels down and overpowering them and getting back the boy. That Blake and Hardy are actually in prison for their crime and likely to stay there, is comforting to friends of legal justice—a class, by the way, that in these days needs all the comfort it can get.

Boston celebrated on September 17 the seventy-fifth anniversary of the adoption of its charter. In 1822 it was the town of Boston, and had about 45,000 inhabitants, and must have been a town of an excellent quality. Since then it has been a city, and now it has 500,000 inhabitants, and is vigorous and handsome, though possibly less select and erudite than of yore. A talker who was lately disparaging New York as a city of perpetual disruption and innovation said that New York was perpetually getting ready to live, whereas Boston had got ready and had began to enjoy life.

New Bedford also has a celebration in sight. For ten days, beginning October 10 she will exult in the accomplishment of a half-century of existence as an incorporated city. She is to have an industrial exposition, and exercises, parades, and competitions, industrial and athletic, in surpassing variety and number.

Allusion was made several weeks ago in the WEEKLY to the forty years of honorable and successful existence which have just been completed by the *Atlantic Monthly*. The issue for October is a "Fortieth Anniversary Number," which closes with a review of the brilliant and enviable career of the magazine and with reminiscent notices of its famous editors and contributors and the notable works they did for it.

E. S. MARTIN.

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bachelor of the romance, these things may be different, but in Miss Morton's hands it is safe to suppose that they will be differentiated easily.

Adaptability, facility, are really Miss Morton's characteristic dramatic gifts. Whether it is John Hare or Sol Smith Russell or her own fancy that dictates her composition, she does it cheerfully and unabashed. The result at least has the effect of spontaneity. Some day when there is also real skill of construction it may be something definitely good.

The story of the *Bachelor's Romance* obviously suggests Barrie's *Professor's Love Story*, and is also substantially the plot of *A Little Rebel* by the late Mrs. Hungerford—the late Mrs. Hungerford sounds so much better than "The Duchess." Neither one style nor the other appears on the bill of the play, however, possibly with reason, though I for one can confess to halting at book-stalls long enough in certain moods, to have skimmed at least one of her pseudo Grace's effusions. The story in the two plays and the novel mentioned is, at any rate, common enough. The Bachelor—editor or professor, as the case may be—is obliged, more or less inconveniently, to submit to the society of an ingenuous young girl—type wri[illegible] ward as the case may be. In the late Mr. B[illegible] *Midge* the bachelor, this time a doctor [illegible] Morton's editor, lives right here in [illegible] surrenders his charge to her [illegible] low is no better than [illegible] course such [illegible] Holmes the [illegible] up his wa[illegible] the [illegible] nor [illegible]

audience, even when the play was the most leisurely, was attentive and amused.

Vaudeville is to have another boost when Mr. Clyde Fitch's pretty one-set play, *Frédéric Lemaître*, which Mr. Henry Miller did so well some years ago, is done later in the season by Mr. Charles B. Welles, an excellent actor, who has for the last few years been identified with farce. In vaudeville also it is interesting to note that Edward Harrigan does a turn this week at Tony Pastor's, where he made his start originally with Tony Hart.

Miss Martha Morton seems to be sharing her success with *A Bachelor's Romance*, in London, with her brother Michael, of whom the news is that his farce *Miss Francis of Yale* is bringing big business to Weedon Grossmith at the Globe, in London. *Miss Francis of* [illegible] is understood to be modelled [illegible] *Aunt*, is being done in [illegible] who is still [illegible] pro[illegible]

astonishes Americans who see it, [illegible] seven self-styled American citizens with having glorified their country vertisement ridiculous and offensiv[illegible] can. Of the seven names six an[illegible] I have a shrewd suspicion that a sledge hammer will enclose remov[illegible] scape of beautiful Bohemia.

The mere watching and protect[illegible] ables is in itself a serious part of [illegible] ness here. Even so meagre a m[illegible] little King of Servia requires [illegible] citizens' clothes to follow him [illegible] [illegible]

THE FIRST RUN OF THE SEASON.—DRAWN BY MAX F. KLEPPER.

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"THE VINTAGE."*

A STORY OF THE GREEK WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY E. F. BENSON.

CHAPTER XV.

MITSOS did not think whether he was hurt or not, but picked himself up and showed himself to Yanni. Yanni gave one wild gasp of astonishment.

"Oh, dear Mitsos," he said, "you have not come too soon. Quick! cut this rope!"

His rescuer whipped out his knife, and had hardly cut the rope when they heard a key grate in the lock, and Mitsos, taking one step behind the door, sprang out on Yanni's keeper—who lived next door, and had not unnaturally come in to see what happened—and threw him to the ground, while Yanni, without a moment's hesitation, bound a thick scarf round his mouth.

"Now the rope," said Mitsos, and they tied his arms to his sides and his legs together, and looked at each other a moment.

"There is the porter," said Yanni. "He will be here. Shut the door, Mitsos, and lock it inside."

Next they moved the bedstead and all the furniture they could against the door, and barred the windows, and Yanni gave an additional twist to the scarf that bound the Turk's mouth.

"There is not much time," said Mitsos, and pulling the table out of the heap of furniture they had piled at the door, he climbed up on it, and with one vigorous pull brought down all the tiles which were lying loosely between the hole his entrance had made and the outside wall. From there he easily sprang upon the top of the wall, and lying along it, reached down two great hands to Yanni. Yanni grasped them, and with much kicking and struggling, not having Mitsos's inches, he got himself on the top.

Mitsos turned to him with a smile. "Eh, Yanni," he whispered, "but it was truth you said when you told me you would grow very fat. Come quickly. Ah, but there's the porter at the door."

The descent was easily accomplished, and by good luck the street was empty, and waiting a moment for Mitsos to put on his shoes again, the two ran as hard as they could down it, away from the square, keeping in the shadow of the walls. From the end of it a cross street led out to the western gate of the town, and drawing near cautiously, they saw it had been already shut and a sentry was standing by it.

Once again Yanni's wit wedded to Mitsos's strength was to stand them in good stead.

"Mitsos," he whispered, "he will open the gate for you, for it has been market-day. Go, then, down the road, and I will follow in the shadow of the wall. Then, when he opens the gate to you, hold him very fast, and I will take the key from him and run through. And, oh, cousin, but we must be quick."

Mitsos did not quite understand the object of taking the key, but walking straight on, asked to be let out.

"From the market?" asked the sentry.

"Surely."

The man took out the key, unbarred and unbolted the door, and the moment the lock was turned Mitsos grasped him tightly round the arms from behind. The sentry was but a little man, and his struggles in Mitsos's grasp were of the faintest; and when Mitsos, with a brilliant smile, whispered, "You scream, I kill," enforcing his fragmentary Turkish with a precautionary nudge of the elbow, he was as silent as the grave. In the mean time Yanni had passed them, and taking the key from the lock, fitted it into the outside of the gate, and said, hurriedly, to Mitsos,

"Quick, cousin, throw him away."

Mitsos, still smiling kindly, lifted the Turk off his feet, and with a mighty swing, threw him, as Yanni suggested, in the road, where he fell in a heap, and once free from Mitsos, called in a loud, lamentable voice for Mohammed the Prophet. Next moment Yanni had shut the gate, locked it, and threw the key away into the bushes that lined the road.

The two looked at each other for a moment, and then Mitsos broke into a roar of good, wholesome laughter, as unlike as possible to the exhibition to which he had treated Yanni after the affair of the powder-mill, and Yanni joined in, and for a few seconds they stood there shaking and helpless. Mitsos recovered himself first.

"Oh, Yanni!" he cried, "but I could laugh till morning were there not other things to do. Come away, there will be no sleep for us this night. No; we keep to the road at present, and go westward. Come, we will talk afterwards."

For two hours they jogged on as fast as Yanni could go, for a month of living within the confinement of a house and garden "had made a hole," as he said, "in my bellows, and as for the fat of me, why, Mitsos, it's a thing of shame!"

But there was no wind in him for more than the running, and it was in silence they climbed the steep road into the mountains between Tripoli and the plain of Megalopolis. These were cut to half by a small valley lying between the two rows of hills, with a sharp descent into it from each side, going down into which Yanni recovered his wind a little. On the edge of the valley, as Mitsos knew, stood a small khan, the keeper of which was his father's friend, and as a light still shone in the window, he and Yanni entered, to rest awhile and get provisions for the morning. Anastasis was glad to see him and asked him what he was doing here and at this time, and Mitsos, knowing his men, told him in a few words the story of the escape, and begged him, if they pursued from Tripoli, to say they had just passed going to Megalopolis. "For you see," put in Yanni, observing that their host's wits were not of the quickest, "we are not going to Megalopolis, and it will be a fine gain of time to us if they seek us there."

In course of time this appeared to Anastasis to be a most admirable joke, and for five minutes more, as he was mixing them bread and meat, he kept bursting out into a chuckle of delight, and turned to Mitsos, saying, "Then they'll find you not at Megalopolis. Eh, who'd have thought it?"

But Mitsos hurried Yanni off again, they had not probably more than a quarter of an hour's start, and though, through the steepness of the ascent, a horse could go no quicker than a walk, there was no time to waste, and they struck off the road a little southwards, straight in the direction of Taygetus. All night they went, sometimes walking, but more often running, and when morning dawned they found themselves on the lower foot-hills of Taygetus, but still a day's journey from their rendezvous. But Yanni declared he could go no further for the present, his eyes were full of sleep, his stomach was dust within him, and his legs were one ache, and Mitsos, after a few minutes' climb to the top of a neighboring ridge, came back with the tidings that there was neither man, beast, nor village in sight, and that they would lie there all day, and not start again till near sunset.

Then said Yanni: "It will be a long talk we shall have before sunset; but, Mitsos, if the day of judgment had come, not one word could I say for myself till I have slept. Ah, but it is good to be with you again!" And he turned over and was asleep at once.

Mitsos was not long in following his example, but he woke first, and seeing by the sun that it was not much after mid-day, got up quietly so as not to disturb Yanni, and went in search of water. This he found some quarter of a mile below, and returned to Yanni, who had just awakened. They took their food down to the spring and ate there, and then, at Mitsos's suggestion, went back again to their first camping place, "for a hera there is a spring," he said, "there may be folk, and we want talk but little."

"And now," said Yanni, as they settled themselves again, "begin at the beginning, Mitsos, and tell me all."

"I went straight to Nauplia the first night," he said, "and arrived there very late, after midnight. Then next day I went off."

"Next day?" asked Yanni. "Is that all you care about Suleima? Oh, tell me, how is Suleima?"

Mitsos frowned. "Oh, never mind Suleima," he said. "She is my affair. Well, next day—"

But Yanni interrupted him. "Did you not see Suleima?" he asked.

"No."

"Why did you not wait that night and see her?"

"Uncle Nicholas had other work for me to do."

Yanni looked at Mitsos a moment, and then laid his hand on his shoulder. "Mitsos, dear Mitsos!" he said. "Oh, I am so sorry! It was not that, you know, that made you go, it was the oath of the clan you swore to me. Surely there is no one like you."

Mitsos looked up, smiling.

"Nonsense, Yanni! Is a promise and an oath a thing to make and break? Besides, it seems to me it is pretty lucky I came when I did. What do you suppose I should be thinking now if I had got back to Panitza and it was too late, for in truth I was not much too soon? What if I had come to Tripoli, as it were, to-night, instead of last night?"

"I will tell you afterwards what you would have found," said Yanni, suddenly looking angry. "Go on, little Mitsos."

Mitsos grinned. "Little! Who is little? I have a cousin littler than me. Well, for my story." And Mitsos told him of his journey, of his expedition to Patras and the monastery, and of the coming of the soldiers to Panitza. "And for the rest," he concluded, "we shall have to ask Uncle Nicholas and your father. There are not many things in the world I am certain of, Yanni, but one is that we shall find them safe and sound at Taygetus."

Yanni pulled up a handful of sweet-smelling thyme, and buried his face in it for a moment. "Ah! but it is good to be on the hillsides, Mitsos," he said, "and to be with you. I shall not forget the Mother of God. My story is very short. I am glad it has not been longer."

"Tell me," said Mitsos.

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2118.

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"Well, for a week, or perhaps a fortnight, I ate and slept, and one day was like another. I saw Mehemet Salik not more than once or twice, and he used always to ask me if I was comfortable and had all that I wished for. It is true that I wished for the hills and for you, but they were things which he would not have given me, so I always said I wanted nothing. Then for another week as he would come and see me oftener, and asked me about my father and the clan, and whether Nicholas had been seen there again. And I, you may be sure, always told him that the clan were good men and quiet livers, who worked hard in the fields, and thanked God every day that their masters the Turks were kind and just to them. That, it seems, was a mistake, for he smiled—and these Turks know not how to laugh. Mitsos, not with an open mouth—and said it was very interesting to hear that from one of the clan themselves. And about Nicholas, I said I had seen him when I was little."

"You were never otherwise," remarked Mitsos.

"Oh, cousin," said Yanni, "but your mother bore a silly loon! Am I not to go on with my story, then?"

"Go on, big Yanni," said Mitsos.

"And so it went till but five days ago, or six. And then one morning," said Yanni, suddenly finishing with anger, "he came in, looking white and counting, with an evil face. The Turk who was my guardian followed him. He is a good man, Mitsos, save that he comes of the accursed race. And Mehemet said to me, 'So the clan are good men and quiet and they thank their God that they have such kind masters? And you, Yanni, who are of the clan, you think they do wisely?'

"I don't think I answered him, for it seemed to me he wished for no answer. And at that his anger suddenly flared up, and he said, 'Answer me, you dog, or I will have your hide flayed off you!' And I noticed it as curious, Mitsos, that his face grew white as he got angry, whereas when a proper man is angry his face is a sunset. But he did not give me time to answer, for he went on: 'You are dogs, though you are handsome dogs, you Greeks. But it is necessary to tie dogs up sometimes. Thank God you have such a kind master, Yanni, and let your hands be tied behind you quietly.'

"'Why should you do this?' I asked.

"'Be wise,' he said; 'I do not threaten twice.'

"So, as there was none to help me, I let it be done."

Mitsos gave a great gulp. "Oh, Yanni! By a cross-legged Turk!" he said.

"What was I to do? Would it have helped me to fight and afterwards to be beaten? But Mehemet, I saw, was more at his ease when it was done, and drew his chair a little closer. 'We shall soon teach you to be quiet and obedient, like the rest of your clan,' he said. 'And now for what I came to say. You will soon see Nicholas again, for I have sent for him and for your father. If they come, well and good; I do not really care whether they come or not, for barking dogs hurt nobody. However, they have been barking too loud. And if they do not come, my little Yanni, we shall have to think what to do with you. I have not decided yet,' and the devil came closer to me, Mitsos, and looked at me as a man looks at the fowls and sheep in the market. 'Perhaps there will be a rope for that big brown neck of yours; and yet I do not know, for you are a handsome boy, and I should like to see you about the house—perhaps to hand the rose-water after dinner. Perhaps we might even arrange to have you attend on the women folk. In any case, you will be mine; you will belong to your good, kind masters.'"

Yanni's voice had risen, and he spoke quickly, with a red hot anger vibrating and growing.

"He said it to me," he cried, rising to his feet—"to me, free born of the clan, who have never had any dealings with the accursed race except to spit at them as they went by! And I, I sat there and said nothing, but for this reason, Mitsos, that I remembered the oath of the clan you had sworn, and I believed, as I believe that the Holy Mother of God hears me, that you would come, be it late or soon, and that he should eat his words with a sauce of death to them—the black curse of her who mocked at Christ upon him!"

"Steady, Yoani," said Mitsos, looking up at his blazing eyes. "Sit down and tell the rest."

"What, Mitsos?" cried Yanni, "are you a block of stone or log—you who are of blood with us?"

"You know I am not. But Mehemet Salik is not on this hill side. Tell me the rest. If he was here he should never go in to his women more."

Yanni sat down again.

"Even so. Then day after day he would come in, all white and cursing as before, and say: 'The time is drawing near, my little Yanni. They will be here to-morrow, or the next day, as it might be.' And yesterday morning he said, 'They will be here to-night.' And I—for I never doubted you, Mitsos—I thought to myself: 'Then I shall not be here to-night, and as for them, I know that they will never sit in the house of a Turk.' And—and that is all, I think."

There was a short silence, and Yanni stretched out his hand to Mitsos. "To you, dearest of all," he said, "I owe my life, once at the mill, and now once again life and honor and freedom. Yet is the debt no burden to me, because I love you. But still I would it were the other way. I have no skill of speech, Mitsos, but I know certainly that gladly would I give my eye or my right hand for you, and this is no figure of talk only."

Mitsos took the hand held out to him and shot it between his looking at Yanni with a serious mouth, but a smile in his dark eyes. "God send me tears for water and salt for bread," he said, again quoting the oath of the clan, "if I fail you in your need, or love not those who love you, and hate not those who hate you."

The sun was already declining to the western hills, and presently after they went down to the spring to eat and drink before they began the tramp through the night. Neither of them had been over this ground before, but it was likely that they would soon come into some path leading from the Arcadian plain to one or other of the villages near the Langarda Pass; in any case, even though this was a night's plunging through the heather under growth before them, it could scarcely be more than a twelve hours journey, and starting at six, they would be at the place by dawn, and after stowing the remains of their provisions in their pockets, they began the ascent.

So upwards they went out of the day into the sunset, and through the sunset into moonrise, and from moonrise into the setting of the moon. The air, warm below, soon grew colder, and their breath as they walked hung frostily in the still night. Now and then a breath of some sweet smelling shrub streamed across them; or, again, a roosting pigeon, with a bold noise of its uprising, started, still sleepy, from its perch in among the whispers of the fir; or a hawk, more cautious, slid into the air. To Yoani, born on the mountain and bred in the open, the spell of the sounds and scents that wander along the hill side at night were unutterably sweet, and sweet, too, the companionship of the incomparable cousin. In Mitsos, too, the feeling towards the friend he had saved from death and worse than death was father to a very tender affection, for it was a gentle heart that beat as boldly at the hint of danger, and the sweetness of self-sacrifice made him most content. The child within him spoke to his spirit of Suleima, but the boy found his wants fulfilled in the companionship of Yanni, and made answer with talk of brave adventures, done in part, and more to do.

About midnight they halted, and already they could see the heights as long distance above them dappled with snow; and Mitsos, observing this, knew that they had come as high as they had to go, for the beacon ground, he remembered, was itself just below the line where the fresh snow lay. They had an hour before struck a sort of sheep-track which led in the right direction, but they found that here it went still upwards; and leaving it to climb by itself, they struck off to the right, after eating the remains of their food, to follow the contour of the mountain through tracts of pines and open places, and across the scobbing stream that rattled down from the snows above, and around deep-cut ravines that broadened out into the larger valleys.

By degrees the stars paled at the approach of day, and the dark velvet blue of the southern night grew gray, a few birds awoke in the bushes with sleepy, half tuned twitterings, and then the sun, great and bold, looked up over the rim of the mountain.

"Look! it is day," said Yanni. "Are we nearly there?"

"Yes," said Mitsos, "it is close. Look! who is that?"

Leaping down the hill side towards them came a great man, but running like a boy.

"Oh, quick! down with you," whispered Mitsos. "I think there is but one man who can go like that, but it is best— Ah, I thought so. Show him we can run too."

And in two minutes Nicholas, with a face all welcome and morning, was with them.

The Greek camp which was being formed here, high up on the unfrequented side of Taygetus, was square, half of it lying on each side of a ravine that descended towards the plain of Kalamata, down which course a brawling rocky stream. It lay about five hundred yards below the place where the beacon was to be, which stood on the top of the isolated hill, separated on all sides by steep narrow gullies from the main mass of Taygetus. It was Nicholas who had chosen the spot, and certainly his choice did credit to him; for while the camp lay if lay concealed and sheltered from the northern winds the top of the hill just above it, from which a man could run down in two minutes into the camp, was an eyrie for observation. On the north it commanded the Arcadian plain, the corner of which Mitsos and Yanni had crossed early the morning before; on the west of the whole the valley of Messenia, with its capital, Kalamata, lay spread out like a map, and directly under it to the south lay the Langarda Pass, over Taygetus from Messenia to Sparta.

It was roughly marked out with a tall, thick barrier of brushwood, and covered with small huts roofed with furze and bath of poles, between which were woven branches of fir and heather. In the centre, just on the right of the stream, stood the hut shared by Petrobey and Nicholas, built in exactly the same manner as the others, and only distinguished by a blue and white flag which floated over it, bearing the Cross of Greece above the Crescent of Turkey. At the top of the enclosure stood a belt of pines, most of which had been felled for building purposes, one here and there only being been left to give support to a much more carefully constructed building of planks, which was divided inside into two chambers, in one of which were stored powder and ammunition, in the other the rifles and swords. Additional protection was given to the powder-magazine by a coat of felt which was nailed on above the boards.

The camp was all alive and humming like a hive of bees when the three arrived, a train of mules from the district round which Yanni and Mitsos had made their first journey, bringing the contents of the mills from Kalyria and Talmaya, had just come in. This was the first consignment of powder which had arrived, and Petrobey was superintending its stowage in the magazine. In other places the thin blue smoke of wood fires where men were making their coffee for breakfast rose up straight into the air, and the flashing of axes in the morning sun showed others still finishing their huts. During the last two nights the clan and the patriots from the villages round had been secretly arriving with their arms and provisions for the next few days, until the gathering was complete, and a herd of sheep and goats were browsing on the shrub-clad sides of the ravine below the camp. Already there were not less than two hundred men there, and before three days Petrobey hoped that the whole depot, consisting of eight hundred men with arms, would be assembled. Further along the sides of the mountain there were three more similar camps, and thus the total number of men who would march down from Taygetus on to Kalamata would reach over three thousand. These were all drawn from Laconia, Argolis, and the south of Arcadia, and the number would be raised to close on five thousand by additions from the populous Messenian plain. The patriots of the north of Greece would at the beacon signal rise simultaneously in Achaia as soon as the camps all contained their complement of men.

In the camp everything was conducted with the utmost regularity and order. A body of the younger and more active men were stationed on the top of the hill, with orders to report at once any movement they might observe in the country round, and to stop *et omnis* any Turk who was seen going up the pass from Messenia into Sparta, for fear of news being taken to Tripoli of the assembling of the patriots. This danger, however, was inconsiderable, all the camps were cosed carefully hidden from view, and the only circumstance of suspicion was that many Greeks had left their villages with laden mules and with their flocks. Even this was not unusual at this time of the year, for it was common as soon as April opened up the hills to drive the flocks higher up to the mountain pasture, when the shepherds would spend weeks at a time cutting down pines and burning them for charcoal. But this flight of Petrobey and Nicholas and the escape of Yoani would be sufficient to put their enemies on the lookout, and for the next few days it was most important that no harm should be given in Kalamata. For the last few weeks the fortification of Tripoli had been undergoing repair, and it was accidently expected that if a rising took place the first attack would be directed there; or, at any rate, the Turks thought that it was wise to have some fortress in a fairly central position, where their families scattered about the country could take refuge if necessary.

All the cattle, all the arms, the mules and horses brought to the camp, were put under the disposal of Petrobey. As he was the head of the clan of Mavromichelis of whom the camp was chiefly composed, Nicholas had felt it better that he should have absolute supremacy in all matters, and, as he had said to Prikotes, all that he asked for him self was the right to serve. Petrobey was loath to take advantage of his generosity, and only did so on condition that Nicholas would promise to give him advice and counsel on all points, dissent from him freely and promptly where his judgment did not coincide with his own, and at the wish of his men be willing himself to take over the sole command. Meantime would he take in charge the outposts and messenger corps of the camp on which devolved the duty of watching the roads, and of carrying news from one camp to another?

Nicholas had just come down from the beacon station when the two boys arrived, and the three went together to Petrobey. He was busy with the unloading of the powder-carrying mules when they came up, but as they drew near he saw them and ran towards them.

"The Blessed Virgin be praised," he cried, "that you have come. We expected you earlier; how was it you did not come before? Ah, Yanni, but your father has wearied for you! In it a long account we have with Mehemet? Mitsos, good lad, may Christ reward you for bringing him safe! We will breakfast together when I have finished this job. Get you to my tent with Nicholas."

The unloading of the powder was an operation which, as Petrobey thought, could not be too carefully done. It arrived in big donkey panniers, covered over with charcoal or some country produce, and the gunners were taken off and carried by men barefoot into the magazine. Here others were stationed whose duty it was to take off the stuff under which the powder was concealed, and empty the powder itself into small skin bottles, which could be carried by a man, and held more than the ordinary powder flasks. There were eight hundred of these one for each man in the camp and when they were full the remainder was to be stored in light wooden boxes of handier shapes for transport on the ammunition mules than the panniers.

During the day quantities of men from the Maina country arrived in the camp, and news came from the other camp along the mountain side that they too were filling rapidly. Fifty men had joined the patriots from Nauplia and the plain of Argos, among whom were the priest Father André and Mitsos's father. Mitsos himself, however, was to remain in the camp of the Mavromichalis, as he was to act as aide de-camp to Nicholas, but otherwise the disposition of the men was strictly geographical, as Petrobey rightly thought that men who had known each other fought best side by side. Each camp was organized in the same way as the Mavromichalis' camp, and the captains of each had voluntarily put themselves under the supreme command of Petrobey; for the dissensions which subsequently broke out in the army had not yet appeared, and the Hetairist Club, since the flight of Prince Alexander Ypsilantes, had wisely given express orders that the direction of affairs in the Moea was to be in the hands of some local chieftain, suggesting for that office either Petrobey or Nicholas.

A week passed, and the camps were all nearly full, and Petrobey waited impatiently for the completion of his preparations. Partly by extreme caution, and partly by good luck, there had as yet been no collision with the Turks, and apparently no uneasiness felt in Kalamata. A report had come in, a couple of days before, that two Turkish ships of war had been sent there in order to defend the town, or carry off the Turkish inhabitants in case of an outbreak. But though the bay was carefully watched by those on the beacon point, no sign of them had been seen. But about mid-day on the 24 of April a scout from the beacon came into the camp saying that a small band of Turks, some twelve in number, and armed, followed by a train of baggage mules, were coming up the pass from Kalamata.

Petrobey's answer was short and decisive—"Stop them!" and some twenty men were sent out to re-enforce the outpost at the beacon. From the camp nothing could be seen of the road, but a dozen more men were told off to hold themselves in readiness. Then, after a long pause, shots were heard, and in half an hour's time the message came back that they had been "stopped."

And then the wine was drawn.

Then Petrobey waited no longer. Yanni, who was his aide de camp, was sent off in haste to the next station, with orders that an hour before sunset the army was to start on its march to Kalamata and all afternoon the preparations were hurried on. The clan were half wild with excitement and eagerness, but all were absolutely in control, and went about their duties methodically and in perfect order, and the work of loading and marshalling the ammunition and baggage mules was finished by four o'clock. Meanwhile another party had carried up fuel for the beacon to the top of the hill, which beacon, Petrobey had arranged, was to be the signal not only across to the hill above Basæ, but to the patriots collected lower down in the village of the Messenian plain. Mitsos, who was charged with the lighting of it, was to do so as soon as it was dark, and then follow straight down the hill side after the main body. The whole disposition of the force round Kalamata, and the routes by which, converging as they went, they were to march there, had been already arranged, and by five o'clock the clan set out, spreading themselves in open order over the hill side, the mules alone following the road of the pass, so as to prevent any one leaving the town by other mountain paths over Taygetus.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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SPORT IN THE SAVANNAH BOTTOM.

BY W. G. VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN.

LYING along the Savannah River and some forty miles north of the city of that name is a strip of land made up of the contiguous properties owned or controlled by the Pineland and Okeetee clubs of South Carolina, together with the private holdings of Mr. John K. Garnett, of Garnett, South Carolina, who is the president of both club organizations. The tract contains approximately one hundred and three thousand acres, and is thirty-five miles in length, with a varying width of from two to seven miles. Topographically it may be described as flat, a fifteen foot contour being sufficient to include all the natural elevations, with the exception of the remarkable formation that divides the flat from the river swamps, and which is locally known as the "Sand Hills." The natural slope is of course towards the river, the character of the country changing gradually from pine wood uplands, through cultivated clearings and scrub oak barrens, to the cypress swamps that form so characteristic a feature of Southern river scenery. But these familiar conditions are modified by the presence of the Sand Hills spoken of above, so that instead of one swamp there are two, the sandy ridge dividing them being from one to three miles in width, and with an average elevation above the swamp of thirty feet. This natural barrier is the great safeguard for the larger game, the wild turkey, deer, and bear, who would otherwise have no secure place of refuge during the season of the spring freshets, when the rising waters compel them to leave the deep or river swamp. Were it not for the Sand Hills they would be driven to the uplands and fall an easy prey to the shotgun of the hunter, but on the Sand Hills they are safe, the flat or inner swamp being also inundated at the flood season through the natural waterways. Even in the dry season the river swamp is inaccessible to dogs and men, and the deer, when hard pressed, have only to cross the Sand Hills to find a safe retreat upon the innumerable hummocky islands along the river edge. Of course the natural feeding ground for both deer and turkey is the inner swamp and the clearings beyond, but they can find ample subsistence upon the Sand Hills for the few days of high-water.

The value of this natural game preserve is apparent when we cross the river to the Georgia side. Here the ground rises abruptly from the river, and there is almost an swamp to serve as a covert. The game, driven away from the river by the rising waters, are exposed at once to attacks from all sides, and, as a consequence, a deer on the Georgia side is as rare a find as a woolly horse would be. Occasionally some rash young buck, who has crossed the river in search of pastures new, is surprised and his retreat cut off. Then the whole county turns out under arms, and every "cracker" within hearing of the courthouse bell joins in the brief and unequal fray, whose end is the pot, and whose only glory is in first blood.

It was this unique natural provision for the preservation of the larger game that first drew the attention of sportsmen to this particular section, and in 1891 the Pineland Shooting Club was organized, the prime movers being Messrs. Garnett, H. B. Hollins of New York, N. Wallace of Connecticut, and E. W. Clark, Jr., and J. S. Clark of Philadelphia. It was a circumstance hardly less important from the sportsman's point of view that the land had always been held in large tracts of several thousands of acres, and that consequently the element of the poor white squatter was practically nil. A half-dozen landed proprietors, with the blacks, composed the resident population, and this fact made co-operation an easy matter and insured an effectual application of the game laws.

In 1895 the Okeetee Club was organized upon the same lines as the Pineland, with the exception that the rules of the former permit the members to bring their wives and families to the club. Both clubs have commodious houses, with ample sleeping accommodations, and stables, and kennels thoroughly equipped for their needs. The incorporators of the Okeetee Club were Julian T. Davies, Samuel Thorne, George C. Clark, R. Somers Hayes, and John K. Garnett. Among the other members are Charles T. Barney, William C. Whitney, F. A. Schermerhorn, H. Walter Webb, Arthur M. Dodge, Oliver H. Payne, T. Jefferson Coolidge, E. D. Morgan, J. J. Hill, Oakley Thorne, and Sir Henry King. The limit is fixed at twenty-five, and there are no vacant seats. On the Pineland list are the names of C. Oliver Iselin, A. V. de Goncourin, R. D. Winthrop, F. E. Simpson, W. R. Duncan, Jr., S. H. Ripley, J. O. Donner, Chester Griswold, Ralph Mortimer, and General Wade Hampton. The membership limit is thirty.

The game includes quail, woodcock, doves, Wilson snipe, teal, wood and Mallard duck, turkey, and deer, while in the deeper parts of the swamp may be found the wild-cat and the black bear. The bird dogs are nearly all setters and principally Llewellyns. Cat-briers and thorns are so abundant that the pointers are heavily handicapped, and in ordinary seasons there is too much water to suit any other dog than a setter.

The cover for the quail is excellent, consisting of short broom sedge, that gives the birds protection and at the same time insures open shooting. The pine lands are kept clear of undergrowth by a yearly burning over, and it is an exceptional thing not to be able to get a free and clear sight at even a single bird. There are cultivated clearings in plenty in these pine uplands, and it is an easy matter to flush a half-score of coveys—or say one hundred birds—in a morning's work, and that, too, without going out of sight of Mr. Garnett's house.

Everybody shoots on horseback—that is, one rides leisurely along behind the dogs until game is made. A quick dismount, an instant's pause to slip in a couple of shells, and the covey is flushed, to be marked down farther on, and perhaps followed up on foot, if the distance be short or the bird a singleton. Of course one may hunt in the orthodox manner, if in no sleeve, but the fashion of the country commends itself in the saving of time and the promotion of comfort, especially with the dinner hour at hand and the club house three miles away.

There may be other sections where small birds are more plentiful, or even where there are more of deer and other large game; but, taking everything into consideration, its accessibility (twenty-five hours from New York), the glorious winter climate, the advantages of a natural preserve for large game, the absence of the pot hunter and the poacher, and the general opportunities for all around sport, it is safe to say that the Pineland country comes pretty close to realizing that oft-quoted and long-dreamed-of ideal—"a sportsman's paradise."

We have had two days among the birds, with an incidental battue in honor of the doves (and, by the way, a swiftly quartering dove is no bad wing practice), and this morning we are to try our luck with hound and horn. A telephone message to the Pineland Club the night before has brought us a couple of recruits, and the drivers are to meet us a mile below on the Parachicola road. There is some discussion over the respective merits of "Three Bone" stand on "Cypress" run, and the "Sisters" stand on "Blue" run, but as we are only five guns strong the decision is finally for one of the smaller stands. It is a glorious morning, with all the balmy softness of a perfect May day, the deep blue sky over our heads and the brown sedge crackling musically beneath our horses' feet. Truly it is good to be alive and astride a horse's back on such a day as this.

We amble along two and two, with Mr. Warren Lawton, who is officiating as master of the hounds, bringing up the rear and keeping a watchful eye upon his dogs. "White Rouser" and "Rob" are young and impetuous and inclined to range widely, but we are still in the open country, and they are too anxious to be in the chase to disregard the occasional admonition of the master's lustily winded horn. They are fine deep chested animals, these black-and-tan native hounds, and evidently built for both speed and bottom. Several attempts have been made to introduce English strains, but the imported dog has not shown himself equal to the pace. Lately a cross between the native dog and the Virginia lemon-and-white hound has been tried with satisfactory results, and the evolution promises improvement in all around points. At present, however, the pack is made up entirely of native dogs, and they are quite fast and staunch enough for all practical purposes.

Of course the principal shooting is from stands, but it is the rarer sport to ride with the drive and run the chance of a snap shot at the moment that the game is "jumped." There are three or four natives and negroes who are assisting the master, all mounted on nondescript specimens of horse or mule flesh, and possessed of an abnormal capacity for the emission of ear-splitting shrieks and whoops. The canebrake cover beyond is a favorite jumping-place, and a "find" is almost certain. And listen! there is "Black Rouser" giving tongue, and the other dogs, with an implicit confidence in their old leader's omniscience, hasten to swell the chorus. A flash of fawn colored light as the deer breaks cover, and then with a whoop and a yell the crescent shaped line of horsemen sweeps forward and the chase is on.

It is fairly open riding through the cathedral like aisles of the mighty pines, for there is almost no undergrowth. But there is plenty of fallen timber, relics of the famous storm of August, 1893, which devastated the sea islands and swept like some giant scythe through these forest glades. However, these native horses are wonderfully sure-footed, and with a loose rein and a home-seat in the deep McClellan tree, you may trust "Tip" and "Whiteface" for the rest, with, of course, a mental reservation that may permit of providential interference in the case of a gopher-hole or a hidden log. It is all in the game, and it is a poor spirit indeed that will not risk the candle.

The chase is clear away, and that, too, without giving the ghost of an opportunity on the "jump." But the "stand" is still ahead of the quarry, and by the exercise of a little imagination we may assume that we have elected to wait for fortune rather than to follow it.

It is quiet here in the deep woods, quiet with the still-

THE OKETEE CLUB-HOUSE

OFF FOR THE DRIVE

ON THE STAND.

ness of a New England Sunday morning. We are stationed some three hundred yards apart (out of gunshot—for rifles are not allowed), with the horses tethered safely in some hollow beyond. The sunlight flickers down through the pine tops, changing the brown needles into masses of dull gold, while sharp against the heavenly blue stands out an enormous holly bush, gorgeous in its Christmas raiment of green and scarlet. It is peace and good-will again on earth, and then— The gentleman from New Jersey grasps his gun nervously with both hands. Can it be that this "cruel war" is not over yet? Surely that was the old Confederate yell, and was it the Louisiana "Tigers" or the "Black Horse" cavalry? Steady! that is "Black Romer's" voice, and our host expects every man to do his duty if we are to have venison steak for supper. Motionless as graven images—for the least flutter will cause the deer to swerve—we stand, waiting. The novice feels his heart thumping wildly, and there is a blue haze before his eyes. He almost wishes that the chance may not come to him, and an instant after bitterly anathematizes the other fellow a good half-a-c shot rings out on the station above. Three blasts of the horn as the drive sweeps over the stand, and we hurry to the scene of the "kill." A two-year old buck, and we are hardly two miles from the house, and just one hour out!

It is too good luck not to follow up, and after a few minutes' pause to bleed and hang the carcass up, let the dogs have a good sniff at the forbidden meat, and we are in the saddle again, bound for the "[illegible]" run, two miles away. The station here is [illegible] the Parachuola road, and it is to be understood that most of the stands are on the ancient causeways, built in *ante bellum* days by slave labor, and running through the swamps to the river lands.

The run this time is longer, for the game may be either turkey or deer, and the hounds are as ready to flush and run the one as to "jump" the other. Truly to-day the gods are propitious, for a flock of six or seven gobblers break out of the cane and come sailing majestically over our heads. Nobody is loaded with turkey shot, but no matter—a brace of "bucks" in the right place will do the business quite as well. There is a sharp crack from T.'s gun, and the great bird falls like a stone into the thickest part of a thorn-patch. But it is worth a few scratches to get him out—a veritable king of the woods, resplendent in his purplish bronze plumage and patriarchal beard. "He'll weigh sixteen pounds when drawn," says Warren Lawton, as he "lifts" him, meditatively; "and now what did the Governor of North Carolina say to the Governor of South Carolina?" And we answer as one man.

THE WOODCOCK AND HIS WAYS.

THE woodcock is a bird of singular, not to say grotesque, habits. A bird that feeds by night and rests by day, sees behind it without turning its head, has two distinct methods of flight (if not more), that gets its food by making shafts, or "borns," in the ground with its bill, and that is said to carry its young about on its back, may fairly be called eccentric. Though not more than half the size of the European species, he has much the same habits, and is quite his equal as a table delicacy. As regards difficulty in shooting him, he ranks next to the ruffed grouse or partridge, and is far less abundant. Altogether he is one of the finest of our American game birds. His habits, and the cover he frequents, render it almost impossible to shoot him in any way but fairly on the wing. He can't be "treed" by a barking cur-dog, and murdered sitting, as has been the fate of many an unhappy partridge. And yet, I fear, this beautiful and wily game bird is doomed to share the fate of the wild turkey, which has become so scarce and is on the road to extinction, and for much the same reasons, viz., limit of range and destroyal of covers. The axe is more fatal to the woodcock than the gun. Then, again, the woodcock cannot be preserved as the pheasant is in England, and as the quail is beginning to be in some parts of America. So his extermination is certain. The American woodcock is seldom found west of the Mississippi, and never on the Pacific coast or in the great Northwest country. He is still plentiful in some of the Southern Atlantic States, and is found in fair numbers yet in the New England and Middle States. Southern and central Ontario, Canada, is, I think, the woodcock's last stronghold on this continent. Though he is pretty plentiful in southern Quebec, in northern Quebec it is too cold for him, and he is unknown. I have never heard of him north of the Laurentians, nor even in Muskoka, nor in the country north of Peterborough. The name "woodcock" is universally applied to the woodpecker all through the northern backwoods of Canada, and is apt to prove misleading to sportsmen. In the Niagara peninsula, and about Hamilton and the counties bordering on Lake Erie, the woodcock, once very abundant, is now rapidly passing away.

Prince Edward County, Ontario, where the writer of this paper lives, is probably the best country for woodcock shooting left in Ontario, with the exception, perhaps, of that vast stretch of covers extending right across the great county of Simcoe and into the adjacent counties. Even in these favored localities, however, the falling off in the number of birds of late years is sadly perceptible. Many sportsmen from the States and elsewhere go to Prince Edward County in the summer for black-bass and maskinonge fishing, some even staying till the fall to have a crack at the ducks, but never learning that within three miles of the county-town there are large stretches of cover where really good woodcock shooting can be had.

These covers, and, I fancy, most other covers in America where woodcock are plentiful, are very dense, and afford some reason and excuse for that reckless but fascinating form of amusement called "snap shooting." Now I grant it is an inspiring sight to see a crack shot bowl over a twisting woodcock when it appears like a mere shadow for part of a second through the close tangle of vines and underbrush, or stop the still more *difficile* ruffed grouse, as he whizzes like a feathered cannon ball through the densest thicket he can pick out. But when a man who isn't a crack shot tries this sort of thing in close cover, the consequences are sometimes disastrous. I know well a keen sportsman, and a very good fellow, who, snap shooting, when he had plenty of time for a steady aim, put at least half an ounce of No. 10 into, not his, but, far worse, his friend's pointer, at least twenty-five feet below the bird he aimed, or, rather, didn't aim at. The same gentleman afterwards performed the feat of putting an shot into the arm and one through the ear of his shooting companion while "snapping" at a passing ruffed grouse. That sort of shooting is apt to interfere with the concord and harmony which are the chief charm in the companionship of true sportsmen.

I once heard of a gentleman—a clergyman, too—who tried a "snap shot" at the brown gaiters of a comrade in close cover, taking them for a running hare. He, moreover, promptly followed up his shot by firing his second barrel, being desirous, as he afterwards explained, "of putting the poor thing out of pain." The clerical gentleman was a better "snap shot" than the sportsmen first mentioned, for he hit his mark with both barrels, but his target was even more dissatisfied and fractious about it than the other man's.

Leaving out the consideration of the danger of snap-shooting in very thick cover, it is mostly quite needless. You can, if you are steady, nearly always find time to cover your bird fairly in any cover, especially in the case of a woodcock, which almost invariably "incurves" towards the light. I believe firmly that it may be almost considered a sporting axiom "that ten birds are missed by shooting too quickly for one that is missed by shooting too slowly." A fine old sportsman once told me that he thought the words "Don't hurry" should be engraved on a plate on the butt just back of the barrels of every young sportsman's gun.

In all woodcock covers in which I have shot, the birds early in September (about moulting-time) leave the dense wet swamp altogether in the daytime, and go up to the knolls and dry upland grounds, covered with dwarf poplars, maple, and brambles, in the immediate vicinity of their swampy feeding grounds. They certainly come down to feed in the wet covers at night, for you will find the mud round the pools and small streamlets of the low grounds riddled with their "borns," and yet you go for a couple of miles without flushing a bird. Go up to the higher grounds close by, and you may put up a dozen in a very short time. A week or two later they are all back in the swamp again. This fact is worth noting.

This same woodcock is a most original bird. Sometimes you will think he is the biggest idiot of a bird that ever lived, and at other times you will agree with a friend of mine, who claims "he knows as much as some white men, and more than many." I've known him to fly out of cover in an aimless sort of way, hang in the wind for a moment, and then flop down within ten yards of you, right out in the open, looking as if he thought he'd picked out the safest part of North America to rest in. Then, again, I've known one to keep two good marksmen and two good dogs dodging about for half an hour in one thick bit of cover, going off in every direction but the right one, with the velocity of a ruffed grouse and the twist and dodge of a Wilson's snipe. Half an hour's pursuit of such a bird, in a dense thicket, on a hot

A SNAP SHOT AT WOODCOCK.—Drawn by A. B. Frost

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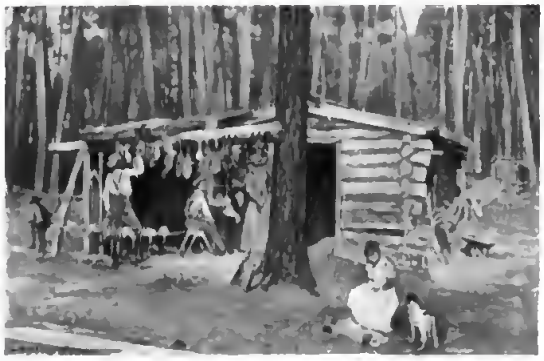
A POT-HUNTERS' CLUB HOUSE.



A CAMP IN THE PINES NEAR CURRITUCK.

September afternoon, with the thermometer near ninety degrees in the shade, not a breath of wind stirring, and a thousand mosquitoes to the square yard in the atmosphere round your person, gives you a much higher opinion of the woodcock's intellect.

He seems to know, too, when you have got one leg hip-deep in a bog hole, and generally selects that moment to rise and depart. Even when you have him in front of a steady point, it's a toss up whether he shoots over the dog's back straight in your face like a sky rocket, or zigzags off so close to your comrade's head that you daren't fire for your life (or, rather, for his life), or else flops into a dense tangle of vines, and sticks there long enough for a boy ten years old to shoot him.

For all his peculiarities, he is one of the best of game birds for the true sportsman, who likes to kill his game fairly and on the wing, and it is sad that he is becoming scarcer and scarcer each succeeding year.

REGINALD GOURLAY.

THE PASSING OF THE DUCK.

BY ALEXANDER HUNTER.

SAID the most noted sportsman and gun maker in the neighborhood of the national capital, a short time since:

"I can myself load all the shells the sportsmen order for shooting ducks, when ten years ago I had to use a machine and was rushed in my work. Where all the ducks have gone is more than I can say."

And probably nine-tenths of those who in the coming fall and winter go to shoot wild fowl will recall his words, and wonder where all the birds have gone.

I have lived on the banks of the Potomac and been an enthusiastic duck hunter for over a quarter of a century, following the sport with a persistency that, turned in the direction of business, would have made me a richer but certainly not a healthier or a happier man.

I can well remember the day when within a few miles of the national capital could be found the finest of duck shooting. In common with our neighbors, we had ducks for dinner every day in season, and the usual course of the housewife was to hand her husband's gun to one of the hands and tell him to bring back so many ducks. The manner of procuring them was always the same. The gunner and a companion walked to the shore where there was a good feeding ground, the ducks swam slowly away the gunner had behind some tree or blind and the other walked off, and the flock, thus deceived, returned to leave some of their number flattering on the banks. I often bought canvas-backs in those days for five cents apiece.

The constant travel of boats, as well as continued hunting, has nearly destroyed shooting on the Potomac River. One may get a day or so of good sport under favorable conditions, but the time for making good bags all through the season will never come again.

The Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries used to be famous for its wild-fowl, and even now there is some good shooting to be had; but it is spasmodic, and generally during their migrations, which grow less and less in number every year. And their scarcity is the natural sequence of the new and deadly inventions to lessen their flocks that have found their way into the hands of pot-hunters.

When the fine sport on the Virginia waters began to slacken, sportsmen turned to Currituck Sound, and fondly hoped they had found a spot so retired and favored by nature that it would afford them good shooting for the balance of their lives.

There is no question but that the waters of Currituck Sound give the finest red head, canvas back, and shoveller shooting in America. The bottom of the shallow sound, some forty square miles in area, is one mass of wild celery, and it seems to have been placed by nature as the feeding-place and native reservoir of wild fowl. I have never seen such varieties of ducks as I beheld on my first visit there in the early seventies, and three days' gunning gave me enough killing to last me during the season.

The rich sportsmen of the North flocked to this place and bought up all the best sites, ponds, marshes, and points, and there were millions invested in club houses and improvements. But the glory of Currituck has faded like a mirage of the plains. It is the old tale of soulless pot-hunters and greedy native market-gunners, using illegal means and defying the law, that has steadily diminished the great flocks of wild-fowl, until the shooting is so poor that it now costs the club-men from three to five dollars for every duck they kill.

Then, again, the great storm of last September drove quantities of salt water over the sandy barrier that divides the sea from the sound, thus tainting the fresh water of Currituck, and thereby killing all the celery, so that the wild fowl in their migrations kept on their way South.

I passed through this section last summer on my way to Hatteras, and it was sad to see how this superb resort has run down, and how the folly, greed, and villany of men have destroyed what nature intended to be forever a great sporting Utopia. But, to tell the truth and shame the devil, though these game-poachers deserve all the opprobrium cast upon them, yet the club-men themselves are largely responsible for the illegal killing of the wild fowl, and it happens in this wise: There are some club-men and their guests who, before leaving home, promise friends some of the spoils of their gun. The chances are that the weather is too open for the game to fly, or the water fowl are gunned to death, and the sportsman who started South with glowing anticipations and small arsenal (outfit and ammunition enough to serve a battery shooter through the season) finds himself short on game and hates to return home empty handed and be exposed to the chaff of his friends. His guide knows how he feels, and tells him a friend of his can supply him with a lot of good sized birds at high figures, and the club-man jumps at the offer. In the still depths of the night the booming sound of the huge swivel-gun floats over the water, it is the guide's friend shooting into the ricks of ducks sleeping in the creeks and ponds. The club man gets the wild-fowl and carries them home. The guide shares profits with the pot-hunter, and the frightened ducks soar upward, and do not stop until hundreds of miles have been traversed.

The real lovers of sport among the visiting club men and native sportsmen have joined hands cordially in determined efforts to protect the fast-diminishing game-supply. The Legislature of North Carolina is in full accord, and has passed all the enactments offered. It is now illegal to shoot wild-fowl three days in the week, and the penalties for the poachers and their ilk are severe; but there is not a sufficient force of constabulary to enforce the laws, and a capture and conviction are rare indeed. No doubt, were the harbor police force organized and a strict watch kept, the fowl-supply would last many years longer. The club-men of Currituck ought to organize for their mutual protection, and arm and equip a couple of flat bottomed steamers of light draught. These patrolling the waters, especially at night, would effectually put a stop to all depredations.

If I were asked to name the spot where the finest sport for wild fowl existed on the Atlantic coast, I would unhesitatingly say Cobbs Island, which attracted sportsmen from all over America, and had its glory during the seventies and eighties. But Cobbs Island is only a memory now. The waves have engulfed this sportsmen's paradise, and where were hotel, village, church, and a population of six hundred souls, only the life saving station and a few fishermen remain. The story of the rise and fall of Cobbs is a romance.

There is one place, Ocracoke Inlet, below Hatteras, where yet can be found the finest of wild fowl shooting, and which from its very inaccessibility will keep gunners away. The only route is through the five sounds that border the ocean, beginning at Currituck and ending at Pamlico, and it is harder to reach this place than to go to Europe. Even in a yacht the undertaking is difficult and dangerous, for to circle the Diamond Reefs off Hatteras is almost equal to doubling Cape Horn. With favorable winds it took me five days to get to the inlet from Norfolk, Virginia, and several times baffling winds and storms utterly prevented our party from making the trip, and we had to return, defeated and disgruntled.

Apparently there is no diminution of the flight of wild-fowl from their breeding grounds in their inaccessible haunts of Labrador and Canada. The veteran light-keepers along Virginia and North Carolina, who possess exceptional opportunities of witnessing the flight of the birds, tell me they can see no difference in the size and number of the flocks; and, what is the best test of all, they find after a great storm as many dead and crippled ducks that have been attracted by the light and dashed themselves against the screen protecting the reflecting-lantern as ever they did.

It was my good fortune to see one of these breeding places. In the early fall of '94 I was on an exploring expedition about one hundred miles north of Quebec, and after an exhausting portage of a half day over a chain of mountains, the guides launched the birch-bark on a lone lake, whose waters had probably never before floated a craft, and there to my delight I witnessed scores of wild ducks paddling along the shore, followed by broods of ducklings, and though many had just emerged from their shells, they could take care of themselves, and disappeared in a second among the lily pads. This occurrence made a great impression on me, for I had crossed about fifty lakes and seen no young water-fowl. It showed how carefully the ducks choose their nesting place. I do not see how the wild-fowl can suffer seriously in their breeding places.

It is a peculiarity of wild fowl, both geese and ducks, when they find a good feeding-ground, to remain in the vicinity all during the season. They seem to have a strong local attachment, and when they migrate southward in the fall, and follow the trend of the Atlantic Ocean, the different flocks, under the guidance of the old birds, generally stop at the section where they fed the

TYPE OF COAST NORTH-CAROLINIAN.

GULL ISLAND CLUB HOUSE.

THE CURRITUCK CLUB HOUSE, NORTH CAROLINA.

The home of the oldest organization on the sound—started a half a century ago. Nearly overwhelmed by a gigantic sand mound.

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previous season. They may be fired at and still remain, only getting more and more wary, until it is difficult to lure them to the blinds, except in stormy weather; and they keep far out in the open water, and seem to detect the decoys before arriving within gun shot. If the gunning is carried on in moderation, they will stay until they migrate northward, some time in the month of March. But if these birds are shot at in the night, they rise high into the air and by instinct strike southward.

So far as I can learn, the supply of ducks on the coast of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida remains undiminished, and this is because of the constant re-enforcement of the flocks that have been driven from the waters of Virginia and North Carolina by incessant gunning or night-shooting.

With the wild-geese, and especially the species known as the "white Canada goose," it is different. These birds have acquired in wisdom until their sagacity offsets man's ingenuity. A few weeks after the season opens they "catch on" to all the wiles of the sportsman. They treat the wooden decoys with marked contempt, and view with suspicion the tame live decoys; and only in rough weather, when they get scattered, do they stool at all. They choose as their resting and sleeping place wide sea-meadows as level as a billiard table, with neither wood nor shrubbery to serve as blinds, and the sportsman standing on a sand dune can see them by the acre; but this tantalizing glimpse is all he can get, for they are on the *qui vive* all the time. They cannot be slaughtered in the night like the ducks, for they keep regular sentinels outside of the flock, who give alarm at the slightest indication of danger. So they slumber in peace, for the stealthiest pot-hunter knows by experience that, though he may crawl on all-fours in the night over the sand waste or through the short grass of the sea meadows, or wriggle like a snake on his stomach, he cannot pass the sleepless old gunders that keep watch and ward over the sleeping fowls.

The subject of the preservation of game is of such importance that the sportsmen should form a national society to codify and carry out the laws. There should be a sportsman's congress held every year. The people should be educated on the subject, and taught that the protection of game is not a sentiment or for the benefit of the few, but that it is a benefit pecuniarily to every section they inhabit.

OCTOBER IN TENNESSEE.

Far, far away, beyond a hazy height,
The turquoise skies are hung in dreamy sleep;
Below, the fields of cotton, fleecy-white,
Are spreading like a mighty flock of sheep.

Now, like Aladdin of the days of old,
October robes the woods in purple gowns,
He sprinkles all the sterile fields with gold,
And all the rustic trees wear royal crowns.

The straggling fences all are interlaced
With pink and purple Morning glory blooms,
The starry asters glorify the waste,
While grasses stand on guard with plies and plumes.

Yet still amid the splendor of decay
The chill winds call for blossoms that are dead,
The cricket chirps for sunshine passed away,
And lovely summer songsters that have fled.

And lonesome is a bound of withered vines,
Amid the flutter of her withered leaves,
Pale Summer for her perished Kingdom pines,
And all the glories of her golden sheaves.

In vain October woos her to remain
Within the palace of his scarlet bowers,
Entreats her to forget her heart-break pain,
And weep no more above her faded flowers.

At last November, like a Conqueror, comes
To storm the golden city of his foe,
We hear his rude winds like the roll of drums,
Bringing their desolation and their woe.

The sunset, like a vast vermilion flood,
Splashes its giant glowing waves on high,
The forest flames with blazes red as blood,
A conflagration sweeping to the sky.

Then all the treasures of that brilliant state
Are gathered in a mighty funeral pyre,
October, like a King resigned to fate,
Dies in his forests with their sunset fire.

WALTER MALONE.

THE RISE OF THE CLAY PIGEON.

Very few branches of sport have increased so rapidly in favor during recent years as trap shooting, a growth the more remarkable because of inimical conditions that prevented anything like the mushroom growth which characterized the early days of lawn tennis and golf. Chief of these has been the taint of cruelty. In the old trap and handle matches this cruelty was actual. The conditions of such matches were for one party to provide the birds and trap them for the other. Two traps, known as H and T traps, were used, so called from the toss of a coin, "head" or "tail" deciding which trap should be pulled for the man whose turn it was to shoot. This made the match practically one of one trap only, with a rise, as a rule, of twenty-one yards, with the gun held below the elbow until the bird was on the wing, use of one barrel only.

As the shooter knew just where his bird was going to fly from, it became an art so study his weaknesses, and to furnish him with birds that would fly the way he would be most likely to miss them. Pins stuck into various portions of the bird's body were among the most humane devices used to accomplish these ends. Lighted ends of cigars applied to the bare skin of the birds and mutilations of a most infernal description were some of the weapons with which these trap and handle fiends really won their matches.

Again, in the earlier days of shooting pigeons from traps the element in attendance was not of the best, the shooting of pigeons being often only an incident to the sale of liquor.

For these reasons trap-shooting was not accepted by sportsmen at its start, and has had an uphill road to travel.

The introduction of artificial targets, such as glass balls and what are now known as "clay pigeons," created a new era. But still the promoters of this new feature did not have plain sailing. The idea of wasting powder and shot on such things was pooh-poohed. Most of the really good shots could not at first hit the glass balls, while "ten straight" on clay pigeons was for several years considered quite a cracker-jack's feat. Trap-shooting at artificial targets made headway slowly for some years, but as prejudice has now been ousted, and the sport reckons its votaries by thousands, it is no longer considered a disgrace to belong to a gun club, and assumed names are fewer than ever before in the history of trap shooting.

This improved condition of affairs is largely due to the efforts of the manufacturers of guns and ammunition, who have done much missionary work in localities where the sport needed fostering, or even perhaps introducing.

Of all the associations formed, but two remain, viz., the Inter State Association and the Sportsmen's Association. Of the two, the former is wholly a trap-shooting organization, while the latter was organized for the benefit of sportsmen throughout the country, without regard to whether they wield the shot gun, small bore, or fishing-rod. The Inter-State Association, however, holds under its auspices a series of target tournaments, selecting locations where it deems its work most needed.

To this association is also due the greatest live bird event of the year—the Grand American Handicap—an event inaugurated in 1893, at Dexter Park, Long Island, with barely enough entries to fill the guarantee of $500. The following year, with an increased number of entries, it was also held at Dexter Park; but in 1895 it was felt that the probability of a largely increased number of entries necessitated preparations on a larger scale than was possible at the Long Island grounds. Willard Park, near Paterson, New Jersey, was chosen, and the number of entries rose to over sixty, making a new high water mark. The guarantee of $500 to "the three high guns," however, had been raised to a guarantee of $1000, so the increase in the number of entries was not as large after all, the fifty mark having been touched, it memory is not at fault, in 1894. At Willard Park only one set of traps was used for the decision of the Grand American Handicap, but the association determined in future to use two sets at least, in order to shorten the duration of the contest as far as possible. This made it necessary to look out for new grounds, and Elkwood Park, near Long Branch, New Jersey, was chosen for the great live bird event of 1896. The entries for the Grand American Handicap on this occasion topped the hundred mark, a hitherto unprecedented figure in an event of this nature in America.

In 1896 the magnificent new grounds at Elkwood Park were opened, and here the big event was held in 1897, with 146 entries and 135 starters, there being among this number a solid delegation of over one dozen shooters from the West, all new entries for this popular event. In 1897 the event gained whatever it may have lost by unpopular weather in 1896.

The winner of the Grand American Handicap is looked upon by many as the champion for that year. The fallacy of this idea is self evident, as the affair is a handicap. If a scratch man won, he might possibly be entitled to consider himself a champion, but no one who received an allowance could do so. As a matter of fact, it is rather a pity that some such organizations as the Inter-State Association does not take in hand the question of championships at live birds. The matter is so relaxed up at present that championships at live birds have got to be so common as to create a smile whenever they are mentioned.

Two of these championships are now held by James A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City, Missouri, while a third seems to be liable to come his way; he has challenged the holders for it, but his challenge has received no attention. It is now merely a question of whether the "championship trophy" is forfeited or not. Under all conditions, therefore, it seems as if Mr. Elliott had the best right to be recognized the champion pigeon-shot of the United States.

In target-shooting championships have luckily been kept very scarce. There is but one true champion at targets, and his name is Fred Gilbert, a young man, and comparatively a new-comer in trap shooting circles, who sprang first into notoriety in 1895, and this year ('97) has defeated his one-time conqueror and erstwhile champion R. O. Heikes.

Gilbert's training for work at the traps has been years of experience among the prairie-chickens and ducks, when the result of every shot meant just so much money in his pocket, and just so many more birds to be shipped to Eastern markets.

The burning question in trap-shooting circles at the present time is "Professionalism; and what shall we do in regard to it?"

In order to introduce to the shooting public a special brand of powder, certain make of gun as shell, manufacturers hire men to visit trap shooting tournaments in order that object lessons may show the excellent qualities of the articles they manufacture. Of course the paid men are chosen from the ranks of the more expert shooters, and the result is that this class, which has increased rapidly in the last four or five years is very much in evidence at all large tournaments, pocketing by far the largest proportion of the purses in the sweepstake events.

The subject of barring professionals from competing for prizes has been very generally discussed, but no decision arrived at. Tournaments for "amateurs only" are frequently announced, but the attendance, save in a few isolated cases, has been far from satisfactory to the clubs holding such shoots. The reason is not far to seek. The "expert amateur" is just as keen for his share of the purse as is the "expert professional." The "expert amateur" gets the loaf, but the "semi-expert" and the "novice" only get the crumbs.

Handicaps seem to be the only real solution of the trouble, if trap-shooting tournaments are to have large attendance. But then comes the question of what handicap can be adopted to give anything like general satisfaction. "Form" at the trap, and on "clay pigeons" especially, is so inconsistent that the position of a handicapper is enough to turn a man's hair white in a week.

The increase in the number of "professionals barred" tournaments has made it necessary to define positively what constitutes a professional trap shooter. The following definition is now accepted as the true one. A professional trap shooter is one who is paid a salary to attend tournaments for the purpose of shooting a certain make of gun, shell, or powder, or who is paid a cash remuneration for shooting the same, whether his exhibition purposes or otherwise. Also, any person who takes part in a match or matches for gate receipts, as who receives a certain sum for taking part in such matches, is a professional trap-shooter. (*Per contra*, all others are amateurs.)

Briefly reviewing trap shooting as it stands to-day, it is perfectly safe to assert that never has it stood so high in public estimation. There is no earthly reason why it should not go higher still. The greatest bar to its more general popularity is the fact that it is not a poor man's sport. It costs money, and plenty of it, to shoot at the traps. The preliminary outlay for a gun is but a drop in the bucket. The cost of the cartridges and targets, not considering pigeons, for a single shoot afterwards is fully as much as the man with an average salary can afford to pay out.

EDWARD BANKS.

PLAYING THE OUANANICHE

BY E. T. D. CHAMBERS

In none of the lure of angling, and perhaps in no department of ichthyological science, has more advance been made within the last decade than in the art of playing the ouananiche and in the knowledge of the natural history of this gamest of the game fishes of the North. Ten years ago the non-anadromous salmon of Lake St. John was described in all seriousness as a land-locked variety, and peculiar to the inland sea and its tributary waters, while the angling for it was written of as a conflict between man and a dragonlike adversary which fought in captor more in air than in water, and with as much vigor and success that the strongest tackle manufactured was essential to its capture, and that a good proportion of the rods brought to bear upon the fight were smashed by the angler's valiant combatant as if they were so many match splints. Sportsmen who set out a decade ago to fish for ouananiche armed themselves for the fray as though they were bound for an attack upon the *salmo salar* of coastal streams, and were frequently to be met, as occasional English or Canadian fishermen are to-day, on the Grande Décharge or in the pools of the Metabetchouan River, casting with sixteen-foot, two-handed salmon or gillie rods, just as they do when fishing for thirty pound salmon in the Moisie or the Restigouche. Nowadays, anglers who have done a little investigating on their own account, as who are familiar with the work of recent explorers, are well aware that nowhere in Canada is the ouananiche a land-locked salmon, and that far from being peculiar to Lake St. John and its feeders and outlet, it is a resident of nearly all Canadian rivers flowing southward into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, eastward through Labrador into the Atlantic Ocean, as following a northerly course in the direction of Ungava Bay. Scientists go further and show that there are as structural differences between the Atlantic salmon, the Canadian ouananiche, and the land-locked salmon of Maine; and hence we find Mr. A. N. Cheney, the New York State fish culturist, including the last mentioned fish with its Canadian congener under the popular name "ouananiche." The difference in habits between the Canadian and the American ouananiche encourages the theory that they belong so different species. This belief is still held by those who have failed to grasp the idea that habits do not constitute variety, and that the difference between those of the Maine fish and its very near relative in the Lake St. John waters is due to the difference in their natural supply of food and in the temperature of the respective waters that they inhabit.

Playing the ouananiche in the Schoodic Lakes is an entirely different operation from that of taking him in a Canadian river; as much so, in fact, as the difference between impaling a brook trout upon a troll and raising him so a surface lure by the employment of the fly fisherman's finest tackle. There are seasons and places in Canada in which ouananiches are fought and killed as they are in the lakes of Maine, but it is not for this form of the sport that most American anglers visit the environment of the fish.

Ouananiche-fishing is at its best in Canada from about the 20th of May to the 20th of July, and from the 20th of August to the close of the open season on the 15th of September. There is not much better enjoyment of the sport to be had, especially by the novice, than that afforded by the early spring appearance of the fish in the mouths of the Ouiatchouan, the Metabetchouan, and La Belle Rivière from the 20th to the 25th of May. This is always within a few days of the disappearance of the ice from the surface of Lake St. John.

At this season ouananiche are taken in large numbers with bait by the French-Canadian *habitants* of the neighborhood all along the south and west shores of the lake. As these *habitants* fish for food rather than for sport, their angling outfits are of the crudest make and coarsest materials, and their favorite bait pieces of pork or of the flesh of the *ouananiche*, or chub, so abundant in these waters. The early spring fly fishing in the lake itself and in the mouths of the rivers already mentioned usually lasts for nearly three weeks. The water is high and not so clear as to call for the exercise of the highest skill in the art of fly-casting. For the same reason the tackle need not be of the lightest description. Large flies are advisable, those tied upon number two and number three salmon hooks, either single or double, being not at all too large except in the very brightest weather.

When the waters of Lake St. John begin to subside after the spring floods, usually from the 8th to the 15th of June, the ouananiche makes his appearance in the seething waters of *la Grande Décharge*—that most ideal and picturesque of fishing grounds, where the surplus waters of a dozen great rivers are poured out of Lake St. John over a broad, rocky, rugged, and rapid descent nearly forty miles in length and plentifully bedecked with pretty islands, into the deep, dark chasm down which rolls the dismal Saguenay to meet the St. Lawrence on its way to the sea. It is perfectly marvellous how the Indian and half breed guides navigate the wild rapids of the Décharge, and thrilling indeed is the sensation of shooting them in a birch-bark canoe. In the pools below the heaviest of these chutes and rapids is to be had the best angling for ouananiche. It is good nearly all the season, but at its best between the 15th of June and 15th of July. In

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July and August the fish may be successfully sought in the great northern feeders of Lake St. John — the Ashuapmouchouan, the Mistassini, and the Peribonca. These waters may be ascended for several days' journey, and for the return there is always a choice of several routes. Various lakes, such as Tschotagnam, up the Peribonca, and Lac à Jim, between Mistassini and Ashuapmouchouan, contain splendid specimens of ouananiche, but in many of these the fish are taken more freely upon the troll than on the fly. They take a surface lure better immediately below the many great falls and rapids of northern rivers, where they rest awhile on their journey up stream, whither they are impelled by the instinct of parental desires and duties. In their progress up these rivers to their spawning-beds they overcome many obstacles, and, like the salmon fresh run from the sea, leap the precipitous falls that at first sight appear to bar the progress of their ascent. In the Metabetchouan River this journey is short, and the pool upon which the scene in the accompanying illustration was sketched is not more than seven or eight miles from the mouth of the river. The fly-fishing here is at its best from about the 20th of August to the 15th of September. Another phase of the fishing in the Metabetchouan is furnished by Lieut.-Col. Andrew C. P. Haggard, D.S.O., in his charming introduction to *The Ouananiche and its Canadian Environment*.

Considerable diversity of opinion exists as to the best tools for playing the ouananiche. The two-handed grilse-rod, shown in the accompanying illustration, is still a favorite with many devotees of the sport, especially with those preferring a sharp, quick struggle with the fish to a protracted fight. Personally, I believe in the efficacy of a seven to eight ounce trout-rod. But there are experienced anglers who enjoy the sport of killing the fish upon a five-ounce rod, and I admit that there is keen enjoyment in the struggle, and that the weight of the rod suffices for the fight after the fish has been properly stabbed. My only objection to the use of an exceptionally light rod in the heavy water in which the ouananiche is played is based upon the difficulty of striking a rising fish with sufficient promptitude when upon a long line in heavy water.

ALPINE CLIMBING IN AMERICA—AT THE SUMMIT.

Good trout-tackle makes the best outfit for ouananiche in the hands of a competent angler, but the casting line must be of the best, and able to withstand the utmost strain that a five or six pound fish can subject it to. Some anglers employ an automatic reel in playing the ouananiche. With a very light rod and so stubborn a fighter as this fish can be, an automatic reel contributes largely to the angler's success, because of the difficulty without it of recovering the slack of the line in the occasional mad rushes of the fish towards the canoe. But with a rod heavy enough to recover a long line quickly in a strong current—say one of seven or eight ounces in weight—I believe more sport can be had by the angler playing his own fish and keeping his line taut with the aid of the good old-fashioned multiplying reel than in his employment of a lighter rod and the automatic care of his fish and line. More skill is certainly required in the saving of the fish when the angler has to do it all himself without any automatic aid.

Many of the most popular minnow flies are eagerly taken at the Grande Décharge, more particularly the Jock Scott, Silver Doctor, Childers, Butcher, and Durham Ranger. There are patterns and sizes of these with which I have had equal success in fishing for ouananiche at Lake St. John and for salmon in the Trinity, on the north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The Professor, Grizzly King, Coch-y-bondhu, and Green Drake are also good, useful flies, and so, in dark weather, is the Cochomas. Some others that have proved successful are the Queen of the Water, Hare's Ear, Rouland Wood, and Seth Green. The McCarthy Ouananiche and the General Hooker, or B. A. Scott, are specially killing—the latter particularly so in the bright weather and clear low water of the advanced Canadian summer, when it is necessary to employ the finest possible tackle compatible with strength, and flies that are tied upon nothing larger than a No. 8 or No. 10 hook.

The ouananiche has no cast-iron rule for taking the fly. To-day he may mouth it without taking it into his mouth, until, like a salmon, he has risen to examine it three or four times in succession. To-morrow he may strike at it with his tail, and then let it altogether alone. On another occasion he will seize it with a bound out of the water that would have done justice to Kilbourne's famous trout. Very often a large fish will slowly close his mouth upon the gay deceit—salmon fashion—under the water. At other times a sharp strike is necessary when the ouananiche snaps at the fly, in order to impale it upon the hook and prevent the ejection of the latter from the fish's mouth. And then the fight is on! Almost before you have time to be surprised at the length of line that the fish is running off the reel, a bright, arched gleam of silver darts out of the water fifty or a hundred feet away from the canoe, as suddenly as an arrow shot from bow, and deliberately turns a somersault three or four feet up in the air. If you are a novice at the sport, or he has taken you unawares you may never see him more. If he managed by his superior dexterity and cunning to get the slack of the line, he probably shook the hook from his mouth and is free. If, in your excitement, you gave him the butt too quickly, you perhaps tore the hook out of his delicate mouth. His leaps are made in such rapid succession that in order to retain your hold of him, and to keep your tackle intact, it is necessary that your rod be given a perpetual seesaw motion, keeping pace with his movements through air and water. His different methods of defence would appear to indicate that he possesses the combined *finesse* of the salmon and the bass.

Despite them all, it is only a question of tact and time when the ouananiche is brought to net, providing the tackle and the hold of the hook are what they ought to be. He is a freeman worthy of the steel of the ablest angler, and the keenest sportsmen of both the Old World and the New have sung his praises. "Such," says Colonel Haggard, "is his elasticity, the India rubber rocket-ball nature of his backbone, that he resembles Rudyard Kipling's description of our well-remembered freeman, the 'Fuzzy Wuzzy' of the Soudan. Like that Hadendowah Arab, the ouananiche is an 'India rubber bloke on the spree.'"

ALPINE CLIMBING IN AMERICA.

BY GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. DUVANTON ACTON PROUNSTRUPS AT FREDERICK M. CASSIDY.

There is no form of recreation which calls for the exercise of better qualities of mind and body than mountain-climbing, and none which offers a nobler reward for the labor undergone. The man who at last reaches the summit of a peak that he has studied for days or weeks feels

PLAYING THE OUANANICHE ON THE METABETCHOUAN, QUEBEC. DRAWN BY ARTHUR HOWES.

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himself greater than he who has taken a city. As he casts himself on the ground and slowly recovers breath, while he gazes out over the wide prospect, the sense of triumph and elation that fills his heart is satisfying and complete.

Mountain climbing is hard work, but, as in most other pursuits in life, the reward of success is proportionate to the effort expended. The satisfaction that comes to the mountain-climber is ever fresh. True, one must grow old, and a time will come when stiffening joints and failing vigor will force the climber to stop far short of the mountain's crest; but, though his physical powers may have deserted him, his love for the pursuit remains, and he who has once been a seeker of the peaks will hold his enthusiasm for climbing to the very last.

Mountain climbing in America is as yet practised by very few, but the constantly increasing interest of Americans in out door sports makes it certain that within a few years' time this will be one of the most popular forms of out door work. Yet, as it is more laborious and takes more time and more preparation than most recreations, it can never be so extensively practised as others which are less arduous and more immediately at hand. Still, its popularity is constantly increasing among men and women, and in the Adirondacks and the White Mountains the visitors strive to outdo one another in the number and height of the hills which they ascend. This is good preparatory work for the high mountains, where real climbing begins at timber-line and continues over rock and snow and ice till the summit is reached.

It is in this last few thousand feet after the timber has been left behind, when the slow ascent is foot by foot over the long steep slopes of the mountain towards a summit which seems never to grow nearer, or up inclining rock walls which hide that summit, or over tipping slide rock where each step requires close attention and the climber can look at nothing but the ground before him, that the interest and the excitement of climbing are chiefly felt. Here, if anywhere in the world, a man needs dogged endurance, steady nerve, and often hardy courage. He must be quick in decision as to the proper course to pursue, fertile in resources, and, above all, determined to push on. No difficulty must discourage, no danger daunt him, and, besides all this, he must have strong lungs and muscles of iron.

Climbing among the Rocky Mountains or the Sierra Nevadas or the Coast Range, as a rule, is to be undertaken only after some preparatory training. The labor is often severe, and a man of sedentary life who attempts such work without preparation merely invites exhaustion, from which he will not easily recover. But by no means all these mountains are hard to climb, or even involve any great toil. There is a railway to the top of Pikes Peak—14,400 feet—and horse trails run to the summit of many other lofty mountains, but there are also many more that can be climbed only on foot.

Most of the mountain climbing to be done in the Rocky Mountains is rock work, permanent snow being seldom found in great quantities, and glaciers being very few, except near the boundary line between the United States and British America. From southwestern Montana north and west, however, glaciers occur frequently, and there is ample opportunity to use the ice-axe. On the great snow cones of Oregon and Washington and in the higher Sierra Nevadas there is abundant snow and ice, and the climbing there and to the northward offers every variety that is shown by the higher peaks of the Alps.

The climber in America has the widest range of choice as to the character of the mountain-work that he will undertake. In Colorado there are lofty peaks, easy or difficult, where the work is chiefly over rock. Farther north in the main range are such peaks as Fremont and the Tetons, and still farther north the exceedingly sharp and jagged mountains which lie between Two Medicine Lodge Creek and Petty River. Here one sees the first important glaciers met with in

ROCK WORK—CLIMBING MOUNT SUMPER.

UNNAMED PEAK—SAN JUAN MOUNTAINS, COLORADO.

the Rocky Mountains; some of them are of great extent, though not nearly so large as those farther to the north and northwest.

On the coast of British Columbia there is a vast mountain territory which has never been trodden by the foot of man, except on the lower slopes of the mountains, near the water's edge, where the logger has cut his timber, or a little higher, where the Indian has followed the white goat. These mountains are accessible only by water, and on the actual coast are not very high, but deep fiords run from twenty to sixty miles back from the coast into the mountains, and there, from the salt water, the peaks rise steeply to a height of from 5000 to 8000 feet. Their lower slopes are clad with giant trees; but these soon disappear, and the higher peaks of ice smoothed granite which glisten in the sun are absolutely without vegetation. In every watercourse lies a drift of permanent snow, and from all the higher mountains slow moving rivers of ice pour their frozen torrents down the slope. From one camp which I made years ago, at the head of Bute Inlet, more than twenty great glaciers were to be seen, and sitting in my tent door and looking up at the mountains directly before me I could count thirteen.

Although mountain climbing has as yet hardly received recognition as an American pursuit, it is not without its votaries here. To say nothing of the many individuals who each year spend their vacations in climbing among the peaks, there are a number of alpine clubs which devote much intelligent attention to this sport.

Chief among these is the Appalachian Mountain Club, organized in '76, which has its headquarters in Boston, though its membership includes men and women who are residents of many cities, East and West.

The Oregon Alpine Club, founded about five years ago, has its headquarters in Portland, Oregon, and was organized with the purpose of systematically ascending some of the superb snow cones of that and adjacent States. Another alpine club recently formed in Oregon has taken its title from the sturdiest mountain-climber in America, having adopted the generic cognomen of the white goat for its own. There is a White Mountain Club in Maine.

The field of the Sierra Club of San Francisco has naturally been the mountains of the Pacific coast, among which it has done some good work.

Our mountain territory, stretching from the old volcanoes of Mexico almost to the Arctic Sea and from the plains to the Pacific, is a broad one, and contains mountains that will test the powers of the best equipped climber. As yet we know too little of this vast region. Enough, however, has been done both in the Rockies and in the Sierra Nevadas to make it clear that it will be long before their lofty peaks are all climbed, or even named.

Besides the mere physical delight of breasting the mountain slopes and overcoming by sheer dogged persistence and muscular effort the naked peaks and domes carved out by the elements, many collateral subjects offer themselves to interest the mountaineer. Chief among these is topography, or map making, a pursuit which furnishes an admirable excuse, if one were needed, for climbing, and lends an added interest to the pursuit. A large part of the territory of the Western mountains has been mapped, but for the most part very roughly, and on a scale so large that only the general features of a region are brought out. Watercourses are laid down, mountain country is indicated, and here and there the position of some lofty peak is shown, but no map that can be had, except of the Yellowstone National Park, gives the detailed features.

Besides map making, there are the not less interesting subjects included in the natural history of any region, the flora constantly changing as one passes from arid plains higher and higher, through aspen, pine, fir, and wind twisted spruce, to the higher mountain meadows where only stunted willows grow, and then higher still to the edge of the snow banks, where may be seen the beautiful alpine flowers blossoming through the very snow. The birds, great and small, are equally interesting, and many species have their definite level, above or below which they will hardly be found. It is the same with the smaller mammals.

Every mountain climber should know something about all these matters, and knowing something of them and having eyes to see and a mind to reason with, he will soon learn much more, and will find out for himself explanations of the many curious things he observes. The forests will reveal their secrets to him; the birds and the animals will tell him the story of their lives, in the rocks which form the mountain mass he will read as in a book the story of their origin. All these things will make more full the life that he leads on their rough sides, deepen his reverence for their majestic heights, and increase his desire to be among them.

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"IN CORN-FIELD STUBBLE."

PHEASANT AND QUAIL, THREE HOURS FROM TOWN.

BY HAMDEN SEARS.—ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. FROST.

I.

It is a thick rainy afternoon, some moments after three o'clock, as the train crawls over the many switches and feels its way through the fog out of that place of many odors which mortals call Long Island City. Everybody in the stuffy smoking-car is evidently out of temper, and even the green, oily covering to the seats seems inclined to let the unwary traveller slip off to the floor. The time is somewhat out of joint; and yet even under such circumstances and proceeding by such routes there is a distinct sense of pleasure, intermingled, ludicrously enough, with the sense of smell, at getting out of New York, with a gun case under the seat, a grip in the rack overhead, and a favorite brier under my nose struggling to overcome the strength of the many odors.

At first, as we run along, the car seems to be filled with the unmistakable suburbanite—him of the wrinkled clothes, the bespattered shoes, the brown paper parcel. But as the hour passes the suburbanite disappears, and in his place there strays into the car the still more unmistakable Long Island farmer. This is local color, and forthwith the train, which up to this time has been an express, now becomes local itself. Another hour passes, and if possible it grows darker. Lamps begin to smell. More local color comes and goes, and still the rain goes on beating at the windows. Each station looks a little smaller, a little less lively, than the last, until, with the speed of a snail, the train finely runs up to Cutchogue, and dragging itself off a moment later, leaves nothing but the rain and the darkness behind—except myself.

A homeless feeling is creeping over me, when I hear the friendly voice of an aged inhabitant asking somewhere out of the darkness if I am for Robins Island. Then comes a three or four mile drive to New Suffolk, over a road that is frequently under water; and the rain tumbles down on the wagon roof with a persistency that promises to make this uniform soon. Occasionally a yellow eye of light from some house passes by astern, but there is nothing else to be seen.

Suddenly we come to a stop before a country store.

"SHOOT! SHOOT, MAN! WHY DON'T YOU SHOOT?"

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The carriage is deserted, and my driver hands me over to Larry. The night is so dark that it is a surprise a moment later to feel wood instead of mud under my feet, and to discover that we are out on the end of a dock standing some feet above the deck of a large sloop. Larry, who turns out to be the club boatman, sets the sloop's mainsail, and then we stand on the wet deck, a lantern in the cockpit lighting up the perpendicular raindrops that patter down on my hat and mackintosh as the craft draws away from land. We cannot quite fetch the island on account of the head-wind, and Larry has to take a hitch out into Peconic Bay. Everything is so black that it is a mystery to me how the man has any idea of his direction; but as the lights of New Suffolk gradually fade away a glimmer out over the water grows continually brighter. Twenty minutes later, running in under a black dock, I am greeted by Larry from behind and pulled by an unknown hand from about ten feet above; and thus, always in the heavy storm, we trudge up to the big club-house.

Then there comes a vision that it would be difficult to forget—a vision of a large hard wood hall covered with thick warm rugs, a vision of a huge living-room with an enormous wood fire, where six foot logs by the dozen are roaring, walls lined with racks holding guns of all descriptions; big tables covered with cartridges, half-cleaned guns, some of the bags of the afternoon, glasses, cigars, bottles, pipes—all in perfect confusion; top-boots near the fire, rubber boots back of the chimney, and a half-dozen men in leather suits or knickerbockers lying around in easy-chairs, smoking quietly, and looking up in dreamy fashion at the magnificent heads of deer and moose, elk and caribou, that hang along the wall; but, best of all, a long and hearty shake of mine host's warm hand.

New York is dead. Purgatory is past, and heaven, in the shape of Robins Island, is won.

II.

Although George was nearly crazy on the subject of politics, any one who knew him felt that he was sure to maintain his sanity on the subject of sport, if he allowed his mind to touch on anything except the defeat of Tammany. I was sure, therefore, when he sent me a line inviting me for a day with his dogs, that I should find an good sport as he was sportsman and friend. And it proved to be true. The whole atmosphere of the island is full of sport of a healthy, thoroughbred kind. The keeper has made the most of its thousand acres, and given the birds their buckwheat fields, their plots of sunflower stalks, their marshes, and their upland cover just as the island and the materials at hand could best furnish it, and he knows his business all the way through.

Originally the island was used for the famous Eastern Field Trials, and some of the descendants of those prize-winning dogs are still to be found in the kennels. The club itself was founded by several of the men who once took part in those field trials, and it has grown steadily for fifteen years, until now there is the large club-house, run practically as a hotel, the kennels for more than thirty dogs, the pheasant runways, and the farm with its cows and the usual barn yard accessories. In its thousand acres are included uplands of the very best sort for quail, uplands near marshes of the kind that is found in some parts of Long Island, but far more frequently on Cape Cod and the islands along the Massachusetts coast. Then again off to the eastward is magnificent brush thick and close, for partridges, and over towards the southwest lie several bits of timber broken by tiny glades, where you might miss more pheasants—English pheasants at that, too—than you did tree trunks.

At one time the experiment of stocking the island with prairie-chicken was made. At just the right time of year, during the breeding season, the chickens were launched upon the island and disappeared into the cover. Days passed, and they seemed to thrive; none was found dead; none was killed by hawks or snakes. But one morning not a single prairie-chicken was left upon the island. They had given it a serious trial, and the night before had left in a body for other climes. There was no question about their having reached New Suffolk, for one or two were seen taking a look at the town a few days later, and then they disappeared altogether. There was mourning in the home of Robins, and the sequel came a year later, when from twenty miles across the Sound, at Madison, Connecticut, a peculiar bird was reported. It was neither quail nor partridge, and it finally turned out to be a prairie chicken. Hence the Robins Island Club is not alone a sporting organization; it is a benefactor to the human race; for ever since that date the Connecticut farmers have been shooting prairie chicken as the guests of the islanders.

In fact, the stocking of such a preserve is not only expensive, but difficult. It seems to consist of a number of somewhat gilded experiments, a large proportion of which are practically sure to be failures. Another trial was made with English partridge, which failed in a peculiar way. No doubt the partridges, being English, had vigorous ideas of their own. At all events, they had no sooner been introduced to the cover than they calmly walked out into the open meadow and sniffed in their own particular way at such un-English homes. The result was natural. It was even to be expected. Within a few weeks not a partridge remained, and the hawks in the neighborhood took a vacation, and refrained from eating for a month.

Experiments do succeed, however, and our trip to the pheasant runways gave us an illustration of the success of another of Mr Green's trials, which he made three years ago. These runways, or breeding houses, are lessons to the uninitiated in the science of cultivating birds to kill. They are small houses with long runs or alleys inclosed within wire netting walls and roof, down which little chicken pheasants can trot to their hearts' content. With in the coops everything is arranged for the greater comfort of the sitting hens. The pretty birds are supplied with fresh air, with scientific ventilation, the keeper attending house for them while they are attending to other and more important duties; and each coop and each runway is as clean and fresh as the club's living room—perhaps, if the truth must be told, a good deal fresher than the gun room is at one o'clock at night after unlimited pipes have been smoked.

Here in their homes the mother pheasants sit in their own good time add to their families, and the families grow and are watched by the keeper and his men until such time as they become old enough to enter the larger runs of the island. Thus long before the opening of the season, which comes on the 1st of November, they are strong cocks and hens, ready to give dog and man a good race for the victory. They must have been particularly strong on this eventful day, for in most cases the victory went to them, and not to the guest of the occasion.

Having viewed the kennels and the runways, we returned to the house and filled our pockets with cartridges and lunch, after having added to our party two very valuable members. One of these was "Belt," George's blue Belton, and his "King," of the Gladstone strain, who was in his first season. King was new to the game, but he had the heritage of a good family, and even in his early youth he knew his business, as events soon proved.

III.

It is probable that there is no greater test of the gentleman in a man than when he acts the host on his own preserve. Any one may be a gentleman when he is in a theatre fire or on a wreck at sea. He may even keep his instincts of chivalry in a football game; but when he can take a friend for a day's shooting over his own uplands and keep his anger, his sarcastic smiles, his involuntary criticism, and his gun from interfering until three o'clock in the afternoon, he has actually proved himself worthy to stand by the side of a Bayard or a Charlemagne.

My host did himself proud. He gave his guest the left side of the day so that he could swing easily as the quail jumped off to the left. The guest missed—Heaven knows how many times he missed that day—and George did not crack a smile. I fired at a bird that was half a mile away two or three times and spoiled his shot, and the dogs only received a reprimand. Finally I fired at a cock-pheasant and missed him because of the unforeseen interference of a large tree, and when he brought him down my host insisted that it was my shot which laid the bird low. Any other mortal after such occurrences would either have thrown down his gun and stamped upon it, or would have shot his guest, but George did neither. He only said that sometimes you could shoot and sometimes you could not, and that this was his bad day.

However, we started out a second time, and at perhaps fifty yards from the house, as we were in the act of breaking our guns to put in a couple of cartridges, one of us nearly stepped on something that moved, rose, fell, rose again higher, and then made a prodigious noise among the bushes. This particular person stood a moment in amazement as a huge creature rose and flew directly away from him. He did not even close his gun until the agonized cry of the host of "Shoot! shoot, man! Why don't you shoot?" came indistinctly to his ears. Then he closed his gun as the bird disappeared. The dogs stood stock-still and cocked one eye at him, and George put another cartridge into his gun, remarking in his placid tones that that was pretty sudden—so near the house, you know! It was a pheasant, a beautiful cock, and we watched him sail along into the sunflower field, over a hedge to the northwest and then started for his second hiding place.

Coming out of a bit of timber, we were skirting along by an acre of low shrubs and bushes, when Belt stopped short. Then he took a slow, graceful step forward, his flag waving briskly. Another step or two and his tail straightened out like a ramrod. King fell in behind him and stood in the same position, as motionless as a Barye

"I MISSED MINE TO THE LEFT."

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bronze. There could scarcely be anything more fascinating in out-door life than such a picture as this. Each dog knew his business well. King realized his youth; he felt that Belt had caught the scent, and his fine instinct told him to be ready to second Belt in whatever might come. The keen old dog held one fore foot up ready for a spring, and only turned his eyeballs, with that wise light in them, towards us. We stood behind ready for the flush, and George talked to him in a low voice, half encouraging, half checking his enthusiasm.

In an indescribable way your respect for such animals rises to a higher point than usual at a moment like this. You talk softly and gently to them as if they were human beings, and their bright eyes glance back at you, showing that they understand all you say, that they are giving you notice of the vicinity of a bird, and that they comprehend perfectly the exigencies of the moment. There seem to be times such as these when beast and man understand one another absolutely, each talking in his own language, each playing his part in the fine sport, while the object of it all is sitting near by in the cover, keeping close till the last moment, and watching events with bright, frightened eyes. It is this combination of wonderful instinct and human skill working out a little problem every few minutes that makes such gunning interesting, and the size of the day's bag has little to do with the amount of the day's sport. We stood thus a moment, and then the whole scene changed. Five birds got up and made a fan-shaped shot for us. George brought his down to the right just as it was getting into the timber. I missed mine to the left, and then on the second barrel each of us got one as it flew straight away.

We were discussing this shot when we went into the timber again. You might have been in Maine, up back of Moosehead, the place was so full of little ravines and dry brooks. Then in a moment we came out on an open bit of bramble and alders, and there, not two hundred yards away, lay the sea, blue and cold in the morning light. The suddenness of the change must have struck King too, for he was trotting along unconcernedly, looking out over the water, when there was a whir, a whistle, and the poor fellow nearly broke his back trying too late to point. He realized at once what a discreditable thing he had done, for he turned sheepishly towards his master and wagged his tail in evident apology. Belt was very much disgusted, and George seemed to be angry, too, for the unhappy King had a long and serious lecture on not giving his superior that respect which one dog owes another at such times. All the time King stood before us, his nose pointed downward, his eyes glancing up at his master in the most intelligent apologetic manner imaginable. He understood all that was said to him, for the lesson showed its effect at once, and not again during the day did Master King interfere with his leader.

Shifting from the northwestward, we covered the island's most famous marsh, where started quail usually seek cover, and after getting up two or three bevies we reached another piece of close timber towards the south of the island, which will stick in the brain of one of the party for many a day to come. The undergrowth was so close here that George took King off to the right, leaving Belt with me, and we had gone on thus for a few moments only when Belt stopped short and put his nose almost into the undergrowth, his whole body quivering with excitement. There was a suspicious quiver in another body too, for it was sure to be a hard shot there in the midst of the trees, and one might well be doubtful over the result. The rumpus made by a big cock pheasant getting up out of the brambles interrupted any further meditation. In a moment he was in sight, sailing straight away under the branches of the trees and just above the bushes. I said to myself, "Be cool!" I took long and careful aim. I fired—and the cock kept on. He was making for an open space to get above the trees. Again I took careful aim. There he was somewhat larger than an eagle as reflected on my starting eyeballs. I fired—and he kept on. At that moment a shot rang off to the right. The tops of the trees shook near by—but the cock kept on. What novelists call "a cry of grief and shame" escaped me, and I heard a severe criticism from off to the right. It is to this day my opinion that Belt groaned. Yet in spite of us all that bird had disappeared, and when last seen he was flying. The old dog, however, had more courage than either of the men of the party, for he followed this invulnerable pheasant and disappeared in a ravine that ran diagonally through the bluff where we stood down to a meadow below. We waited a few moments watching the lower entrance, and then the good Belt came trotting proudly around the corner and up the path, with his flag waving from side to side, and a pheasant as big as a turkey in his mouth. There was no mistaking the meaning of the dog's arched neck, his brisk tail, his knowing look. *His* was not the faint heart that might have failed to win this fair cock.

A discussion now ensued, of which the end is not yet. Of course George, aspiring, as I have intimated, to become a Bayard, maintained that the cock was mine, while I, being merely honest, flatly denied the right of ownership. From this starting-point the discussion continued while we moved on down to Southwest Point and had our frugal lunch on a bluff a hundred and fifty feet above the waters of the bay. Then we roamed about this way and that for the rest of the morning, moving along the southern stretch of the island, sometimes in corn-field stubble, sometimes in buckwheat-fields. Finally towards noon, coming to the southeastern extremity, we walked into an immense patch of brambles that stood breast high and so thick as to require artificial paths to assist dogs and men in getting into its wonderful cover. Here was an opportunity for quick shots in plenty, for the quail rose above the brambles and turned back of us with a flank movement that made one of us at least long for a Hotchkiss gun with its fanlike range. Often these brambles and the adjoining edges back of the club house are the best places of all for both quail and pheasant, and it was while walking along the latter, watching the dogs in the hollows on either side, that we finally made up our limit of twenty quail and a brace of pheasants.

It was hardly twelve o'clock; and yet the club limit was already reached, not counting double the number of misses that for once proved boons, since they lengthened my hours of sport in this fine air. We already had had a day's sport, and it was not twenty-four hours since I had left New York.

There lies the charm of Robins Island. You are one day in New York city. That night you are hugging a big fire in the club house far away in the country, with the conscientious feeling of having finished a day's work in town before leaving. Next morning you are on the uplands or in the marshes bringing down wild birds and making wild shots, but never waiting long for another chance. And by noon you have your limit, which is a generous one, with plenty of time left to reach New York that evening and tell the family all about the day before bedtime. This is the spurt of civilization, and the men of Robins Island have solved the difficult problem of bringing the free open air, the wild life of the woods and sea, with sport as thorough of its kind as can be found anywhere, into such close proximity to work and home and duty that the whole thing can be done in less than thirty-six hours.

IV.

We are back in the big living room of the house enjoying those little tingles of weariness that run through your legs and back at such times. And then comes a most satisfactory climax to such a morning—a cup of tea, than which there is nothing more comforting when you are willing to sit quietly half an hour and talk over some such series of incidents as we had walked through to-day.

Other parties come in as the hour passes, men conscious of much the same physical sensations, and bringing with them traces of similar arguments more or less exalted as they know each other less or more intimately. Finally, after a bath and the resumption of worldly clothing, we all move slowly into the dining-room to a luncheon of that thoroughly hearty sort which goes best with a large toby of ale, and is followed best by an extremely long cigar.

It is, of course, necessary to realize that three o'clock approaches regularly at its appointed time, but there is something irritating in its regularity at such a moment; and as George and I walk down to the dock I begin for the first time that day to complain against fate. Yet there is Larry with his sloop, drier fortunately than when I left her last night, waiting to ferry me across. We watch each other from dock and deck over a slowly increasing distance. Robins Island moves a mile away or more, and Larry hands me over to my driver at New Suffolk. The road to Cutchogue makes its appearance—above water now—a long winding line across the flat country of Long Island. The same old train, the same green, oily seats, come into the station a few moments later, and—I have had my day.

The local farmer, the local train, come and go. The express and suburbanite take their places, and all too soon I catch something sifting through the car—something when once known is never forgotten. It is a whiff of the place of many odors—and then the rattle and bang and bustle of Thirty-fourth Street and East River once more.

GIRAFFE-HUNTING.

The pleasure of a giraffe hunt is indisputable, but it is one that no real sportsman will repeat more than twice. A hard spur and sjambok gallop through bush and thorn, with more than an even chance of your nag putting his foot in a jackal's earth, a gradual overhauling of the giant mammals that are sailing without apparent exertion in front of you, a hasty dismount unless you are lucky enough to be able to shoot from horseback, a bullet planted just above the tail and penetrating through the tough skin into the heart and lungs, and with a crash your game comes to earth, and you are standing, dripping with perspiration after your two-mile run, and outrageously scratched with *haakdoorn*, over the body of what is surely the strangest animal that even South Africa can produce. The trouble is that beyond the chance of being thrown or of coming in contact with a tree, there is not much danger in the pursuit of the giraffe. No animal could be more gentle or defenceless. You have the thrilling excitement of a twenty minutes' burst, but you miss what should be the spice of big-game hunting—the risk. All that you need in giraffe-hunting is a good nag, if possible, one that has been used to the business. It is hard to keep an inexperienced horse from boring to one side when the disagreeable smell of an old giraffe bull comes down the wind. With that and a solid Martini-Henry bullet—the hollow express ones are not firm enough to get far beyond the inch or inch and a half of brazen hide that encases these monsters—success is almost certain. Giraffes do not put out their fullest speed unless very hard pressed. They start off at an easy, ambling gait, moving the legs on one side simultaneously, like an American pacer. Their black bushy tails corkscrew over their backs, and their immense necks bob backwards and forwards at each stride. They do not appear to be going very fast, but you will find you have to be well mounted to get within shooting distance of them. If not run down in the first two miles they stand a good chance of getting clean away. When going their hardest they change their gait into an extraordinary sort of gallop, their hind legs being well straddled out and brought forward, one on each side, in front of the fore legs. It is a jerky, convulsive, awkward movement, but wonderfully effective as a means of getting over the ground.

We had ridden for nearly four hours eastward from the Botletli across the desert, with nothing more cheering to look upon than the brown and shrivelled mopani trees, and I was growing dejected. But the Masarwa Bushmen, unequalled as spoorers even in South Africa, knew their business, and led us at length to woodlands of camel-thorn, with open parklike glades of yellow grass, interspersed with dense thickets of haakdoorn. And there we struck a herd of five. They caught sight of us when we were three hundred yards away and headed at once for the forest. Giraffes are remarkable for picking out a straight line and keeping to it. A grand old bull of an almost mahogany color led the way, with the cows of dark orange hue close behind. Some very dense and thorny thickets had to be taken first, through which their heavy weight and iron skins cleared an easy path. I never expect to see anything more extraordinary than the way in which they dodged the branches, bending their necks so low at times that you all but lost sight of them from behind, and avoiding trees with a lightning turn of which no horse could be capable. Then we used our spurs and whips freely. By galloping hard at right angles to their line we managed to turn the herd towards the open veldt, and a short heart-bursting race resulted in two cows dropping behind the rest, reeling for a hundred and fifty yards, and finally tottering over with a magnificent crash. The bull we purposely let alone, as his flesh is rank and uneatable by any one except a half-starved Masarwa. Cows give excellent steaks, and their marrow bones are perhaps the tidbit of an African hunter's menu, being full of juicy and succulent meat. Their hides we used for making whips and sandals of, trading the latter to the Bechuanas on our way down country.

Sydney Brooks.

THE "RECORD" HEAD

"AN ENGLISH OUTFIT IN THE ROCKIES."

BY H. SOMERS SOMERSET, A. H. AND C. H. POLLEN

Late on a September night we arrived dusty and tired, after many days' travel, at Livingstone, Montana, and for the first time saw the now familiar outlines of a Western town. For buildings, there were wood-framed stores and saloons that cater to the wants and vices of the outlying ranchmen, wandering hunters, and the more adventurous tourists who here bid farewell to civilization before entering the wild paradise of the Yellowstone Park. Early next morning we bought the last necessary stores, blankets, etc., and put the final touches to our equipment, and by twelve o'clock were speeding towards Cinnabar in the train. We spent that night at the Mammoth Springs Hotel, and on the morrow joined our camp. Here we made acquaintance with the rest of our outfit, which comprised, besides George the guide, who "bossed," Dad Brown the cook, Dave, Chris, and "J. S." Dad, whose real name was more suggestive of dignity, was a gray-beard of sixty years, and a very good cook. May we perish before we forget his doings with elk meat and black-tailed venison, flapjacks, bean soup, and Yellowstone jam.

Dad was, moreover, a man of very gentle bearing and address, and though his voice was commensurate with the mountains, he never offended in conversation, and was conspicuous for a certain kindliness and innate tact. Mounted on an old raw-boned mare, with her sucking colt at heel, he might have sat indifferently for Moses or Don Quixote, according as the artist was piously or comically inspired. He was of so tough a complexion that on the coldest nights he slept without any tent to cover him, and through all the journey carried his only coat strapped to his saddle. "J. S.," another stripling of sixty-eight Aprils, was with us as a packer, a man of unexampled fertility as a profane swearer, and the hero of many pioneer adventures. He had served many years in a whaler, mined successfully in the gold-fields, and seen the whole west of America grow from a desert waste to its present condition, and the noble red man reduced from unquestioned supremacy to his present humility. Notwithstanding his years, he was almost the hardest worker in camp, and it was pretty to see him drop tall trees within a yard of one's tent, or wherever he pleased, with unfailing accuracy.

The white-haired, ruby-visaged Dane familiarly known as "Chris" was another packer—a great angler, who could convert the most unpromising quaking asp into a "fish-pole," and seldom returned empty-handed from the sport. Dave, our head packer, we sometimes feared was a bit of a braggart, and "Now I'll tell yer," was his invariable exordium before delivering a dictum that was always meant to be final. However, he was a hard worker, good-tempered, and a master of his profession; at climbing mountains he was unmatched, and though not always a scientific hunter, had a good eye for country and generally found game.

We had started on the 20th of September, and until the 24th were accompanied by a wagon, so that packs ran light. But on the 25th the difficult process of making our way through fallen and burnt timber and over steep, difficult ground began, with packs heavy and the horses restless and unused to the discipline of following an unmarked trail.

It was surprising, however, with what wonderful certainty the horses after a little made their way over difficult country, dodging with packs between trees hardly wide enough apart to let them pass, and continually having to step over the dead trunks, always two feet thick and often girth high. Sometimes all had to jump, and it was curious to see them come up in turn, each taking the log in the same place. For although many of them would wander off the trail when going easy, they were glad enough to follow the leader when things looked bad

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OUR CAMP IN THE SNOW.

We were on the Pacific slope, where the trees are taller, and interspersed with enormous spruce firs cerging on 150 feet in height, and often six feet or more in diameter, with bark of rich Venetian red, and dark blue-green branches matted against the sky. Here, too, the willows touched a deeper carmine and the withered grass a more golden yellow. On the hill side the timber seemed less incessant, and between the forests lay great parks of grass, where the elk could find good feed of a morning. Here, too, we first saw that royal bird the war-eagle of the Sioux; and it is astonishing what a distinctive and romantic interest attaches to the country, where, with no sign of life, you suddenly see this magnificent creature sweep in undisputed sovereignty over the crags. It gives a meaning to all the rest—a meaning of its own, full of great and heroic suggestion. At last we got out of the Park and dropped straight on to the camp of that redoubtable hunter Hon Theodore Roosevelt. Of course we could not stay here, as they had, as to speak, snouzed that hunting ground; therefore next day we moved up the creek to a point ten miles from where they were stationed, and pitched our tents at three in the afternoon. It was a country that promised well, and two of us started at once for a short expedition, which, though in each case unsuccessful, confirmed the promise of the first view. But our hopes were destined to disappointment, for we had hardly finished dinner before the snow began and we shall never forget the feeling of helpless horror that came upon us when, next morning with the daylight, we made the unpleasant discovery that our tent was almost borne down by the snow, which all round us, as far as eye could reach, covered the ground to the depth of two feet or more, and was still merrily falling.

Next day the snow had increased to three feet, and it was doubtful whether the horses could hold out much longer without more food. A horse can hustle for himself under almost any circumstances, but with snow to his belly it was hard even for him to get a meal, so it was determined to pull out. That was indeed a march. It was twelve o'clock before we got the horses to and the tents and other goods done up and packed, and then we started off, cold and wet, and a little despondent at the prospects of an indefinite journey over a trail we did not know, and it was weary travelling over a country disguised with its new mask. Besides the ropes were wet, and the fatal tendency which packs have always to shake loose over rough and difficult ground was indefinitely increased by the ropes stretching and contracting again. All day it snowed incessantly, and our comfort was not increased by the unpleasant fact that every tree we passed and touched replied to our civility by a hundred weight or so of snow on our heads. There was nothing for it but to go forward, and when we came down to the low, flat, narrow creek that we had left three days before, it was past nine o'clock.

If the camp we had already made seemed hopeless and inhospitable in the snow that had fallen on us there, how much more hopeless did it seem to be to make a new camp in eighteen inches or so of snow, which was the shallowest place we could find?

On the morrow we started on our first hunt, each in a different direction, and, alas, each without success. Round the camp fire at dinner we compared our experiences of the day: one had seen a single bull a mile off, another had charged a shot at four hundred yards; a third had followed a great band of elk for miles without getting a sight of game. It was an unpromising beginning, but we knew that elk were there, and our only fear was that, in the extreme depth of snow, they might be moving so fast as to be altogether out of our country before we could get a shot at them. Dinner over, George went out to where his horse was picketed, and instantly came hurrying back to camp with the welcome news that a big bull elk was feeding on the hill side not a mile away. "S." and "A" at once loaded their rifles and started up the steep hill side to get a shot. It was a pretty tough stalk. We only had about three-quarters of an hour of daylight left, we had two rivers to ford, and at least 1500 feet of mountain to go up before we could reach the cover which would enable us to get near the game.

Half way up the hill we got our first view of him. He was grazing unsuspiciously, but moving fast, as elk always do when they feed, and was a great deal farther off than we had been led to expect. There was nothing for it but pace, and we made the pace that we were able for. Here we saw him again, and by this time his suspicions must have been aroused, for he was looking uneasily from side to side, and though still feeding, was moving faster than ever. Worse luck! there was nothing between us and him, and we had to wait till his own movements hid him from our sight for a second before we could make any advance. As he walked behind some trees, with his back towards us, we started across six hundred yards of hill down a steep slope. The snow was deep, but we covered it at the double before our friend had passed beyond the farther tree. "A" was the next to see him, and for about ten minutes there was swift and silent rushing from tree to tree, moving only when he moved, in the attempt to get within a shot; we had not got within two hundred yards before he was well aware of our pursuit, and started up the mountain at a swinging trot. It was not a moment to hesitate, and "A," throwing himself down across a log, took a snap shot at his shoulder as he vanished into a thicket of cotton-trees. We were all too exhausted to go very fast in pursuit, and it was with sobbing trudge that we made across the mountain to where he had vanished from our sight. For a little any there was no sign, but suddenly in a field of snow we came upon him—dead. He was a magnificent fellow, a regular six pointer, with antlers 55½ inches long and 7 inches round, standing some 16 hands at the shoulder, and weighing perhaps 1000 pounds. It was a great moment!

For five days more we hunted from that camp, and then left it for a country further south, with nothing more to our bag than the single bull and the black tail that "C" had shot in the snow. After our move we had better luck, and in three days "A." had shot three more bulls, and "S." and "C" two apiece. Of these "S.'s" head was one of the largest and heaviest that had been killed in those parts for years. It was got by a masterpiece of stalking, being actually shot at a distance of considerably less than fifty yards. After this, for many days, our hunting was uneventful. We saw tracks of more than one bear, but got, alas, no sight of them.

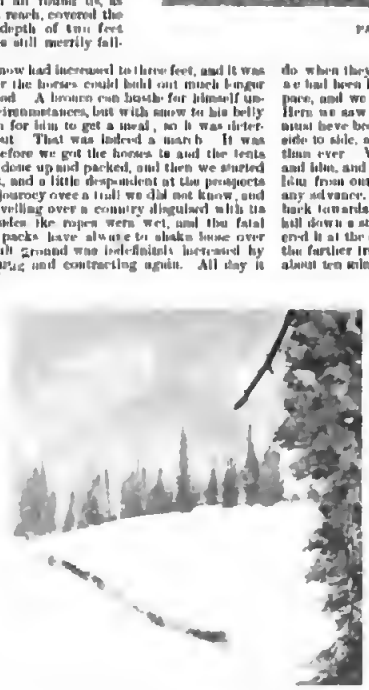
Under that superb range of mountains the Tetons, towering and majestic in their serried outline of solid and sheer rock, trimmed with snow that glistened in the morning sun and showed red in the sunsets, we pitched our next camp by the side of Snake River. We found here the most astonishing variety of wild fowl—teal, snipe, geese, duck of several varieties, grouse, and plenty of trout. Here, too, "A." was successful in getting two more bull elk, both with exceedingly fine heads, and we had one or two exciting stalks after black tailed deer, which, though unsuccessful, were full of interest. Unfortunately the antelope had gone down to the plains, but the country was tracked up by them and in these flats under the foot hills in the late summer and early fall there must have been thousands about.

We were said to have been very fortunate in being able to get the large amount of game we bagged. There were other outfits over the same ground in the same year that were totally unsuccessful, and we attributed our good fortune to the fact that we had gone out so late that the game had had time to recover from the disturbances of the earlier year and to have got back again into herds after the Indians had had their annual hunt. Then, too, it was no doubt an enormous help to have been on the ground while the bulls were whistling. I do not know that any one has succeeded yet in conveying to those who have not heard it any idea at all of this most musical of sounds. One can hear it for ten miles or more, and on the stillness of the great mountains it comes as a strange message to the listener. It is curious to watch a bull whistling. He stands with his horns thrown back and head forward, his great shaggy mane bristling on his neck, his mouth slightly open, and under jaw a trifle on one side. It begins low, and rises by curious modulations, and then harmonic intervals, to an incredibly high shrill note, and descends again, but with greater rapidity, to a deeper tone, ending in a half-roar, half bark.

At this time of year, too, the bulls are often single, although it is not rare to find three or four in close proximity to one another, and sometimes even old bulls will be found with the herd. However, it seems difficult to state precisely what their habits in this respect may be, as the evidence one has is continually conflicting. We wondered at the end of our time at the reports that had been told to us of the scarcity of game in that part of America. Whether it was that we were wonderfully lucky, or that peculiar circumstances drove the game in our direction, or that the reports to the contrary are due to those who have been wonderfully unlucky, we cannot pretend to say, but certainly in the three weeks that we spent in hunting we must, between us, have seen something very like a thousand head of elk. Six distinct herds we met, and it probably would be a safe average to say they numbered from one hundred to two hundred in each herd. One was certainly larger, and "C," who saw it, was very positive that he had not seen the whole.

We left our hunting ground and returned to civilization with heavy hearts. It was to all of us the most delightful experience of our lives. There is something in the open-air freedom of camp life, in the physical joy of living, that is an entirely new and wholly fascinating experience, and after one's first three days in camp one sits down seriously to wonder why one should have wasted so many, many years under the cozening shelter of a roof, surrounded by the restraints of civilization. One looks back with a feeling akin to regret on those returns at night, after the day's wandering when one would stand above the sheltered camp with its cheerful fire, a hose tossing and dancing flames would throw a lurid light on the red stems of the towering trees and rocks, the shadows from the dark silhouettes of passing figures radiating from the bright centre, and a sensation suggestive of a well-earned supper will rise through the crisp air, and all round one will hear through the darkness the horses plucking away gayly at the abundant feed, and presently the bright stars will blink and the pale moon herself peep over the peaks at the little white tents and the glowing embers of the camp fire, all quiet and sunk in slumber. Perhaps hunting and killing is not the most noble occupation that a man can pursue, but it is probably the oldest profession in the world, and in the tax that it makes on one's endurance, courage, and nerve, ennobling in its effect upon the character.

PACKING UP



MOVING CAMP.

SOME PRIZE ANTLERS—SNAKE RIVER CAMP.

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THE DIFFICULTIES OF METROPOLITAN BICYCLING—A CLOSE SHAVE ON BROADWAY.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.

LESSONS OF THE '97 BICYCLE.

WHEN the bicycle, following in the wake of the cumbersome velocipede, made its appearance in this country, during the middle '70s, its progress into public favor proved extremely slow, and opposition of a varied and surprising sort manifested itself on all sides. This prejudice against what was to become a most important factor in nineteenth-century life gradually gave way with the substitution of the convenient and reliable "safety" for the uncertain and dangerous "ordinary." But the "goat," as the low wheel was dubbed, needed betterment, and did not show well in contrast with the graceful "ordinary," which had about reached its highest possible degree of perfection. As the "safety" improved in appearance and mechanically, the number of riders increased, and each year saw the corps of pedal-pushers become greater, until an army existed.

Once those who rode could be designated as a class, but when the wheeling idea captured both sexes, young and old, the rich and the poor, the cyclists could no longer be considered as a distinctive element, for they grew to comprise all classes. Those who at first had laughed at the suggestion of riding a wheel allowed themselves to be talked into a trial of that which gave so great pleasure to their friends. A single success of boating with the bicycle, and the beginner surrendered to the fascinations of the pastime, and immediately became a missionary among those who had yet to taste the delights that are inseparably connected with cycling. In time it became a matter for surprise if one did not ride, where once it had been a mark of distinction for the few who figured as the pioneers in this line.

Such a year as has been the one now nearing its last quarter has never before been experienced by the pastime, sport, or whatever name one cares to use to designate the pleasurable sensation of feeling dependent upon self solely in the axis of wheelhood.

The new owners of '97 bought their wheels early, and truth to tell, many of them repented their haste before a month or less had elapsed.

Lessons were taught both maker and rider this year, and the experience gained by each will be used profitably. Naturally the old and established concerns fared better than did their newer rivals, but even those who had felt the pulse of the cycle buying public for years found that they still had a bit to learn. The drop in prices was inevitable, and would have come much sooner had not the '97 recruits indulged in a monstrous demand to have their mounts at the earliest possible moment. Temporarily—and only temporarily—it appeared that the supply would not equal the demand, but it soon became apparent that there would be more than enough wheels to meet the requirements of even a record breaking market. It was not generally known that large stocks were carried over from the previous year, and one leading maker was said to have on hand 30,000 machines, either assembled or in course of construction.

After the preliminary rush in the spring the demand visibly decreased, and when it became obvious that there had been an over production the long-predicted reduction in price was seen in the immediate future. It was staved off for a time by a clever ruse on the part of the makers, who met the emergency by selling '96 wheels at a reduced figure, meantime still insisting upon list-price for the '97 machine. But all the wheels disposed of with the assertion that they were of the year preceding were not such in reality, and many thousands of them had been intended to be exhibited as of the '97 vintage. In this way numerous makers weathered the selling season, but the margin of profits in a majority of instances was on the wrong side of the ledger. Probably not more than a score of manufacturers made money, and bicycle paper in mercantile estimation rated less than any other. The supposedly enormous profits of cycle making induced manufacturers of other lines which were suffering from the general financial depression to embark in the wheel game, and when the slump came they had a very hard row to hoe, and soon became aware that experience was as necessary in the construction of wheels as in any other business. The other class which was caught between the financial bumpers was the assemblers, who bought parts from various sources, threw them into some sort of shape, and sold the result as a bicycle.

The whole cycle industry atmosphere will be clarified in the preparation for next year's trade, and there will gradually come that permanency so essential in any commercial channel. The assemblers will disappear, those who went after golden eggs and got sawdust will retire, and the legitimate maker will recover the field, content to accept smaller profits. Of course, in this cutting down of profits, the maker will retrench himself. His advertising will be confined to the best of publications; the guarantee will go, and the exclusive agency idea used by many may be abolished; and possibly the racing feature will not be so liberally supported.

How much of a figure the department emporiums will cut in next season's trade cannot be estimated, but it is not likely that the big stores will bother so much with the selling of cycles, which has not been particularly profitable in all instances. The makers of high grade machines have no grievance against the department stores, whose cheap wheels induced thousands of people to become riders, and these same people will buy again next year. They will not buy, however, the average department store wheel, and waste upon it more in repairs than its original cost.

Though several of the leading makers have come out with announcements that they intended to uphold the $100 price, they will soon discover that they are in error, and that that figure will never be obtained again, except for a special built wheel, or for a radical change in the present model. The $75 wheel will have a large sale, but the popular price will be $50. There will also be a cheaper grade that will be bought by those who are always after the cheapest that the market affords. In connection with this price reduction, those who have bought wheels in the past at the higher figures should not imagine that they have paid exorbitantly, for in the early days of the trade the cost of a plant compelled the pioneer makers to demand a liberal profit in order to get a fair return on the large amount of money invested. Most of the business, too, had to be done on ninety days' credit, for the banks regarded the industry, as did many others, in the line of an experiment, and of doubtful success. It was put down as a craze, and one that would soon die out. But it was something more than a craze, though even its most sanguine supporters did not imagine that it would reach its present enormous proportions.

So repeatedly has the sewing-machine argument been used in connection with the price of bicycles that the writer feels compelled to put in an answer. One sewing-machine will do for an entire family, and will last for years. Oftentimes a half dozen bicycles are necessary to supply a household, and the average rider desires to change his mount at least every two years. It has been argued that when everybody was supplied the price of the high grade wheel would ultimately drop to the figure now obtained for the last sewing machine. But the sewing-machine is not subjected to the usage doled to the bicycle, and its material, except in a few important parts, is far less costly than that used in the making of a bicycle.

With the reduction in prices comes the logical death knell of the guarantee—something that has been the nightmare of the makers since it was introduced. There is opportunity for so much dishonesty in this regard that little short of highway-robbery has been practised by unscrupulous purchasers whenever anything went wrong with a wheel. Though the guarantee was cut down this year, its total abolishment will become a necessity with reduced prices.

The tire guarantee will also have to go, and the matter undoubtedly will be accomplished at a meeting of tire-makers scheduled to take place in the near future. The profits in this branch have been very materially reduced this year by the costly repair stations in nearly all the large cities, maintained by the principal tire concerns, and oftentimes if it was impossible to make the repair asked the tire had to be replaced with another.

Of course the abolishment of the guarantees on both wheel and tire will compel the buyer to use more discretion in the purchase of his '98 wheel, and the knowing ones will take the best that the market offers. People nowadays are becoming very expert in deciding for themselves as to the quality and mechanical excellence combined in a wheel. Those who have been bitten by the department store wheel have obtained their wisdom at a costly price, but it is certain that they cannot be fooled again. Nevertheless it must be stated that there were many good wheels sold by the department stores, but they were machines that fell into the capacious maw of the emporiums usually through the financial distress of the makers.

The merits of a gear, the adaptability of a saddle, the resiliency of a tire, and the worth of a light are discussed with as much concern and thoroughness as though the fate of an empire were at stake. All this results in enlightening the man who desires to change his mount, and also poses the prospective purchaser, and so it is that the hastily and imperfectly made wheel will have less attractiveness and selling worth than formerly during the '98 trade.

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What effect the chainless wheel will have upon the trade is a matter on which there is a wide division of opinion. In spite of the fact that some form of this idea has been seen off and on for the past seven or eight years, it never before reached the stage of perfection to warrant one of the established concerns to push it as a leader. Judging from the several announcements of chainless makes for next year, there will be a sufficiency of this style of machine to fill any call that may be made for them. The chainless will probably meet with favor from those who are always on the lookout for something that is a bit different from what is found in the ordinary run. The price, too, will be such as to keep it out of the popular reach, and this will be an item in its favor for those people who always insist upon buying the most costly in the market.

Professor Carpenter of Cornell University recently made an exhaustive test of the chainless idea, and his report was not altogether favorable, he claiming that no form of gearing could equal the chain. Many of the makers, however, take exception to this finding of the learned gentleman, and claim that there will be a market for all the chainless machines that can be turned out. Other makers are not so pronounced in their views, and while admitting that the chainless will be more or less of a factor next season, insist that it will be another year before the machine will have demonstrated its superiority to the chain-driven wheel. Incidentally it might be mentioned that the gear case will be used on many wheels next year, and this protection to the chain will be detrimental to its abolishment.

The talk of a bicycle trust is hardly worthy of comment, though something of the kind might happen in the line of tubing. The industry is too scattered, and there are too many smaller concerns which would have to be swallowed up by the larger ones before a trust that really controlled could be formed.

In connection with the growth of cycling might be mentioned the influence that wheelmen now possess in matters of municipal ordinance and State, even national, legislation. Time was when those who rode had to fight to get any sort of right, which when granted was done grudgingly, and considered in the light of a favor. Now all is different, and the trouble is that wheelmen are wont to demand too much. Might does not make right, and the cyclist should remember the days when he was of the minority, and not of the majority as at present. Gradually this majority is swallowing up the farmers, who, as they join the cycling ranks, appreciate more thoroughly the value of good roads. Probably, of the several million people who have yet to become riders, the greater number will come from the country districts where the long wait for the reduction in price has been most pronounced. As a sequence, the good roads movement, which has had many inklings of promise and few of realization in many States, will receive a boom that will soon result in the building of broad highways that will be a benefit long desired, ever since the cycle was introduced.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE GOLF CLUB.

Carefully preserved in a glass case at the St. Andrews club-house in Scotland are a number of curious-looking instruments, variously fashioned of wood and iron, and authenticated as genuine specimens of eighteenth-century golf-club handiwork. Fearfully and wonderfully made are these relics of the past—the play clubs with their shallow elongated heads and shafts of abnormal length, and the irons with their heavy sockets and hideously misshapen blades. The visiting golfer examines them with respectful interest, and begins to understand the feelings of the man who described a golf club as being the very worst possible instrument for the purpose for which it was designed.

FIG. 1.

Both the wooden and iron clubs of a generation ago were clumsy, heavy implements, whose sole merit seems to have consisted in the fact that they could endure an infinite amount of hard pounding. Moreover, every player of repute was wont to include in his collection a certain fearsome weapon which he called his "black spoon," and to which he had recourse only when in direst extremity. *Badminton* thus describes a famous "black spoon" belonging to a certain Mr. Burton:

> It had a head like a game bottomed with brass, and a shaft like the piston of an engine, and when in full swing it boomed through the air like a cannon-ball. It was created by a well-known maker towards the beginning of this century, and doubtless would have seen the next but for a *force majeure* which no mortal spoon could have resisted.

It was Hugh Philp (1818–56) who first departed from these primitive models of the stone age and began to make golf clubs that looked as though they were intended for some gentler work than the crushing in of an enemy's skull or the manufacture of broken flint for road building. Philp had an eye for graceful lines and curves, and his slim, elegant models remain to-day things of beauty, though their usefulness has long since departed. Moreover, as any fine old crusted golfer will tell you, Philp was the only man who ever knew how to make a perfectly balanced wooden putter. The few specimens that still exist are acknowledged "old masters," and are only to be exchanged against much fine gold.

Study these average dimensions and measurements of the play club of hardly a generation ago. The shaft was three feet ten inches in length and excessively supple, indeed, the spring often ran clear up to and under the grip. The one-sided head seemed nothing more than a slight lateral development of the shaft itself, it was four inches long, less than an inch in depth, about an inch and three quarters wide, and was heavily weighted with lead. Such a club was almost invariably badly balanced, and the long whippy shaft created innumerable difficulties of practical execution. Any departure from a perfectly smooth and even sweep must result in a "top" or "sclaff," and with the abnormal length of head the club was very apt to twist in the hand. "Don't press" meant something in the days of Allan Robertson, and accuracy was of far more importance than hard hitting. As a consequence the long driving of to-day was a thing unheard of during the many years that Mr. George Glennie's 88 stood as the record for the St. Andrews course. And, more than that, long driving *par excellence* never would have been heard of had not the golf club evoluted into a weapon in whose construction some approach was made towards scientific principles.

FIG. 2.

The modern wooden driver has a comparatively short and stiff shaft, and its head is very much shorter, thicker, and deeper than that of its prototype, the difference in some of the extreme models being as high as forty per cent. all round. The two principal factors in this evolution have been the development of the wooden niblick and the invention of the "bulger."

A generation ago a full set of clubs included no less than seven wooden ones, made up as follows: play club or driver, long spoon, mid spoon, short spoon, baffy spoon, niblick, and putter. The several varieties of spoons differed from the play club only in the length of their shafts and in the extent to which their faces were laid back or "grassed." They were used in playing through the green where the nature of the lie or the distance to the hole precluded the use of the play club. The particular office of the wooden niblick was in playing the ball out of a bad lie, such as long grass or a cart rut. Its shaft was comparatively short and stiff, and its head (moderately "grassed") was only about half as long as that of a driver or spoon. With the final addition of a brass plate screwed to its sole, the wooden niblick differed but little from our up-to-date brassie, and in practical use it soon began to do the work once divided among the spoon family.

Now if the short headed niblick were the better club through the green, why not from the tee also? So argued some of the bolder spirits, but golfers are conservative, and the great majority clung obstinately to the old fashioned type of driver, with its long, narrow, and shallow head. And then in the fulness of time appeared the "bulger," whose invention is variously ascribed to the late Mr. Henry Lamb and to Willie Park, Jr.

As everybody knows, the "bulger" has a longitudinal convex striking surface instead of a plane, or straight face. When originally introduced it was supposed that this convexity could be trusted to keep the ball straight, even when struck off the centre. But most of the theories advanced to account for this useful property have since been disproved, and it has been shown that a ball badly "sliced" or "pulled" with a "bulger" will travel in quite as much of a curve as though the striking surface were a plane. And it still remains true that to obtain the longest possible carry the point of impact must be the exact centre of the convexity.

The early "bulgers" were made with abnormally "swelled faces," and as it was not desirable to increase the actual weight of the club head, the extra width could only be secured by a relative reduction in length of head. The superiority of the new club was unquestionable, and though little by little the original convexity was modified into what is now termed "semi-bulger," the head itself continued to grow in width and at the expense of its original length, until the modern model was finally evolved. The depth of the striking face has also been gradually increased, the idea being to give the ball a lower initial trajectory. Allan Robertson's play club, with which he did his famous 79, has a striking face of only fifteen sixteenths of an inch in depth. The depth of face of a modern club is often as much as one and one-half inches.

Now all of this development has been towards the hammer type, and revolves two distinct scientific principles. If we examine any tool of the hammer class, such as an axe or a mall, we will notice first that the weight is concentrated immediately behind the striking-point, and secondly that the head or point of impact is in the same plane of action with the line of force—*i. e.*, the handle or shaft.

FIG. 3.

The old fashioned driver with its four-inch length of head was mechanically imperfect in this respect, for the weight on either side of the point of impact was of little or no use in driving a ball. By transferring thirty to forty per cent. of this "dead wood" behind the point of impact, we obtain at once a corresponding increase in power. The weight is now placed where it will tell.

The second point, while not so obvious, is quite as important. Imagine a hammer with its head set to one side of the handle instead of being in the same straight line! The harder the blow, the more likely is the handle to turn in the grasp, and of course the slightest amount of slip means a tremendous loss of force. The same principle applies to the golf club. In the old style of head the distance between the plane of action of the point of impact (centre of striking surface) and that of the line of force (the shaft) was as much as two and one half inches. By the shortening of the head these parallel planes have been brought to within an inch and a quarter of each other, and this means that the blow is both a more powerful and a more accurate one than was possible with the old style of play club.

In Figs. 2 and 3 are shown the end and side views of three distinct patterns of wooden drivers. That on the left is the ordinary play club of twenty-five years ago, the middle club is a modern "one piece" driver, while the mallet-shaped instrument on the right is a so called "cross-head" club, the very latest thing in golf-club construction. In Fig. 2 the dotted line x marks the plane of action of the point of impact, and the shaft is the line of force. Note how these parallels have approached in the "one piece" driver, while in the "cross-head" they actually coincide. In Fig. 3 is shown the massing of the weight behind the point of impact, and here again the tendency is towards the hammer as fully developed in the case of the "cross-head."

The development of the iron club has been in the same direction with that of the wooden ones. The old time cleeks and lofters had long and narrow blades; the modern heads are short and thick. The evolution has been due in great part to the growing use of the cleek and iron for driving through the green. The old fashioned cleeks could not stand the hard hitting of players like Rolland and Mr. Blackwell, despite all attempts at a hardening process, the blades would bend out of shape. The obvious remedy was to increase the thickness of the head, and since the blades were already of excessive weight, their dimensions had to be altered. The old fashioned irons had enormously long sockets, ranging four inches in length, and this unscientific distribution of the metal made their balance execrable. Consequently the hose was shortened up, and the weight transferred to the back of the blade. Some of the inventors have dispensed with the hose altogether, and their "patents" bear a far greater resemblance to gardening tools than to golf clubs. Along with this thickening of the blades has followed the shortening of their length, as exemplified in the ordinary driving mashie and mashie cleek. The general tendency is still towards the hammer type, although the iron club in its original integrity is perhaps nearer to the hoe in its mechanical principle of action. In modern iron patterns the hoe-like bottom edge is being replaced by a well-defined sole, and this massing of weight below the striking point tends to loft the ball independently of the actual pitch on the face of the blade.

FIG. 4.

The old style iron niblick has been an equally important factor in the development of the up-to-date iron. In the old days a player would often take his niblick when he wished to loft his ball exceptionally high, and so secure a dead ball. But the face of the niblick was very small and very much laid back, and its bottom edge was a curve. These peculiarities made it a difficult club to handle with any accuracy, and it possessed a particularly sinful tendency to "hook" the ball. With its edges straightened and its nose lengthened out, it became the mashie and the original type of the modern approaching iron. The average light iron of to-day is moderately laid back and short-faced, with a growing tendency to depth of blade. See Fig. 4 B.

In the "cross-head" system (Fig. 4, C) there has been a partial return to an obsolete principle of "pitcher" construction. The old time players always approached with a baffy spoon (Fig. 4, A), so called because the stroke was baffed, *i. e.*, the club was brought down so that the face and sole of the club struck the ball and ground simultaneously. This threw the ball into the air with a great deal of under spin, and consequently the fall was comparatively dead. It is to be understood that the wooden face of the baffy was very much laid back, and yet it had the actual sole of its brethren, the play club and long spoon. The mechanical principle is that of the hammer combined with the wedge, and it is entirely distinct from the hoe-like action of the ordinary lofting iron.

In the case of putters there has been but little modification from original types. The wooden putters have had their heads shortened, and their lie is generally flatter. Balance is still their prime essential of usefulness. Monstrosities of numberless shapes have been launched upon the golfing world under the name of patent putters, but none of them has won public favor, with the possible exception of a well known crook necked patent. It is particularly in the holing-out department that the performer is of more account than his club.

A shaft is still a shaft in the golfing sense of the word. One inventor has endeavored to increase its efficiency by caning the grip-stock, after the fashion of a cricket bat, and steel cores have also been tried. In the "one-piece" driver there is no splicing of head to shaft, with a consequent loss of spring at the point of juncture. The club is fashioned from one piece of compressed hickory throughout, and the result is a noticeable gain in length of carry.

Minor details of construction, such as leather facing, compressed wood for heads, anatomical grips, etc., etc., have their use in the line of durability and of increased comfort to the player, but they involve no essential principles. New patents are being constantly brought out and old ideas revived. In the vast majority of cases the patent club is like the Yorkshireman's razors—only made to sell.

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THE HUNTING-GROUNDS OF AFRICA (PAST AND PRESENT).

BY F. C. SELOUS.

In variety of species be considered of equal importance with the numbers of any one kind of game, neither Asia nor America could ever compare as a hunting field with Africa.

In the early part of the present century the whole of the eastern and central portions of this great continent must have presented the appearance of one vast zoological garden, and there can be little doubt that a traveller from Abyssinia to Cape Town, a distance of some 4000 or 5000 miles, would have heard the roar of the lion in the immediate

vicinity of his encampment on almost every night of his long journey. At this time Europeans had only obtained a footing on the extreme southern point of the country, and the natives, having no firearms, were able only to kill the wild game by means of traps and pitfalls, methods by which but a comparatively small number were destroyed. This it was not until about the commencement of the latter half of this century, when the Europeans colonists in South Africa commenced to exchange their old muzzle-loading guns for breech-loading rifles, while at the same time firearms of all descriptions began to find their way through the medium of white traders into the hands of the natives, that the wild game of Africa was seriously attacked.

When in 1836 a large number of Dutch Boers abandoned their farms in the Cape Colony, and in order to escape from British rule trekked with their wives and their families, their flocks and their herds, into the wilderness beyond the great Orange River, they not only found the plains of what are now the Orange Free State and the Transvaal Republic teeming with innumerable herds of game, but they also left behind them immense numbers of wild animals in the old Cape Colony, notably on the undulating plains known as the Bontebok flats, and in the arid wastes of the Karoo.

In these regions, where now no game exists save a few spring-buck, the traveller Harris found great herds of bleesbuck and black wildebeest, besides gemsbuck and hartebeest, while lions were still plentiful. Beyond the Orange River the same traveller and his immediate successors, such as Dr. Livingstone, Gordon Cumming, Messrs. Oswell, Murray, Baldwin and others, found throughout South Africa such a variety and profusion of wild animal life as has never been equalled in any other part of the world except in other parts of the same continent. The undulating grassy plains of what are now the Orange Free State, the Transvaal Republic, and British Bechuanaland were

(Continued on page 991.)

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(Continued from page 987.)

black with commingled troops of millions of antelopes, of many different species, among which were present great herds of the beautifully striped Burchell's zebra, or his more soberly colored congener the quagga. These great masses of game were always closely attended by lions, leopards, cheetahs, tiger-cats, hyenas, wild dogs, and jackals, which hung array of hungry carnivora was, however, unable to make any impression on their numbers, although the lions were often seen in parties of over a dozen together, and the Rev. Robert Moffat has left it on record that while travelling in what is now British Bechuanaland he once saw in one day nine different troops or families of these grand beasts. In the forests of the further interior, beyond the great plains, elephants roamed undisturbed in incredible numbers, while rhinoceroses of both the square mouthed and the prehensile-lipped species were very abundant. The stately giraffe and several species of antelopes unknown on the southern plains also lent life and beauty to the forest-lands, while many others frequented the banks of the rivers, which again in their turn were full of hippopotami.

But at the present day, in those parts of southern Africa which have been opened up to civilization, only a poor remnant of these teeming herds exists. They have been destroyed and swept from the face of the earth by man, and in this work of destruction the European colonist has vied with and surpassed the native black, for whom the latter killed for food and clothing and but seldom left a carcass for the vultures and hyenas to feast upon, the former, urged on by greed of gain, shot down hundreds of thousands of beautiful animals indiscriminately and wastefully.

The same decade, say from 1874 to 1884, which witnessed the final destruction of the buffalo in North America, will always be remembered in South Africa as the period during which the remnants of the great herds of black wildebeests and bleshbucks, which once roamed the plains of the Free State and the Transvaal in countless numbers, were finally annihilated, none being now left alive, with the exception of two small herds of the former which are carefully protected in the Free State, and a few larger herds of the latter, now in either state—all of which, I am happy to say, are doing well and increasing in numbers.

Yet, despite the terrible destruction of animal life between 1840 and 1880 there yet remained enormous areas of country in various parts of eastern and central Africa where wild animals might still be seen in the most astonishing profusion, both as regards numbers and variety of species. At that date (1880) all the rich hunting grounds of eastern Africa, from Somaliland to Delagoa Bay, and the whole of Central Africa, which in many districts teemed with game had been practically untouched by Europeans, and until quite recently no traveller in these regions ever failed to be struck with the great wealth of animal life which he constantly saw around him, whether in Somaliland or Gazaland, in Masailand in east central Africa, or the Garamganzi country in the west. But during the last ten years a fate has been meted out to the wild denizens of a large proportion of these regions as cruel as and more deadly than the thoughtless greed of man by which the South African plains were denuded some decades earlier in the world's history.

About ten years ago—I am not sure of the exact date—a fell disease broke out amongst the great herds of cattle possessed by the Masai in east central Africa. This disease, which has now been proved to have been rinderpest of the most virulent type, was probably introduced in some way through one of the East African ports, and probably came from southeastern Europe or western Asia, where the disease of rinderpest is, I have read, endemic. Be this as it may, the plague swept off all the Masai cattle, and caused the death of thousands of the natives through starvation and disease, as they grew no kind of grain, but had been accustomed to live entirely on the produce of their herds.

In Masailand innumerable herds of buffaloes, giraffes, Burchell's zebras, and antelope of many different species were wont to graze over the same plains on which the cattle fed, and from the cattle the rinderpest spread to the wild animals. Of the buffalo, as with the cattle, only one or two per cent survived, and the carcasses of these grand animals lay strewn about the country in thousands. Giraffe, eland, and many other species of antelopes also suffered heavily, the Burchell's zebras alone, I believe, being entirely unaffected. From Masailand this cruel plague spread southwards, and sweeping slowly through the country, killing literally hundreds of millions of wild animals on its course, at length reached Mashonaland in February, 1896. In that country it practically carried off all the cattle (over 100,000 head), and then swept onwards, doing infinite damage wherever it passed, though happily it seems to have died out before reaching the British states of Cape Colony, Natal, and Zululand. Of late the destruction wrought by man upon the various beautiful forms of animal life which in the course of countless ages have been evolved upon the earth is nothing before this ten years of ruthless, pitiless slaughter which has been inflicted upon Africa by an inexorable, incomprehensible fate.

And now it may be asked what is the present quality of Africa as a hunting field? Well, in spite of the destruction wrought by man to the south of the Zambesi, and notwithstanding the awful plague of rinderpest, there are large areas of that enormous continent where more game can still be seen, and where the sportsman can yet secure a more varied collection of the spoils of the chase, than in any other part of the world.

When the rinderpest swept southwards through east central Africa it carried its message of death and desolation steadily onwards till it reached the northern shores of Lake Nyassa, where it worked terrible destruction amongst the herds of the Wacondé cattle owners. From this point, however, probably because immediately to the south there were neither cattle nor game, it turned westwards towards Lakes Bangweolo and Mweru, from whence it again turned southwards through the Mashukulumbwe country to the Zambesi, and after crossing or having been carried across, that river, gradually extended its ravages to the European states of South Africa, as I have already related.

Up to the present moment the rich hunting grounds of the Shiré and all the game crowing lands lying between the lower Zambesi and the great Sabi River have not been touched by this pest.

I am not personally acquainted with the hunting-grounds of Nyassaland and the lower Shiré, having only passed by the mouth of that river on my way up the Zambesi, but I know a good deal as to its sporting capabilities, from the verbal communications of friends who have been there, and also from a study of the reports of Sir H. Johnston, Messrs Sharpe and Crawshaye, and others. Elephants (which have not been affected by the rinderpest in any part of Africa), although their numbers have been much reduced of late years, are still fairly numerous in parts of Nyassaland, as are also hippopotami, especially on the lower course of the Shiré River. The great square mouthed rhinoceros is not found in this part of Africa, nor, indeed, did it ever exist anywhere but in the countries to the south of the Zambesi, but the prehensile-lipped or black rhinoceros is to be met with throughout Nyassaland, though it is nowhere numerous. Of other game, buffaloes are the most abundant, and may still be seen in herds of upwards of one hundred together, whilst antelopes of many varieties are to be found in various parts of the territory, though they would not all be met with in any one small district.

In the neighborhood of the river water buck, reed buck, bushbuck, bush buck, and impala might be looked for, while in the north of Nyassaland the pookoo would also be found in great abundance, and with good fortune a specimen of the rare and handsome lupula might be obtained in the thickets bordering the Mouma River, which enters the Shiré on the right bank near the Murchison cataracts. In the forest country between the rivers sable antelopes and elands would be met with, and on the open downs blue wildebeests, Lichtenstein's hartebeests, and perhaps roan antelopes. Besides this long array of large and handsome animals, several smaller species might be added to the list, such as oribi, duiker, klipspringer, and one or two other diminutive antelopes, Burchell's zebras, two species of wild boar—the wart hog and the bush pig—and nearly all the African carnivora, including the lion, leopard, cheetah, red lynx, tiger-cat, gray cat, spotted hyena, hunting-dog, and two specimens of jackals.

Now let us take a district further south—that is, the country lying immediately north and south of the lower Pungwe River which flows into the Indian Ocean at the Portuguese port of Beira. With this country I am well acquainted,

"BY MEANS OF TRAPS AND PITFALLS."

* Later accounts report that the plague is still spreading.—Editor.

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HUNTING WITH A CAMERA—A SNAP-SHOT AT A MOOSE.—Drawn by Louis Rhead.

and it is without doubt one of the finest hunting fields in Africa or in the whole world at the present day, not only on account of the abundance of game that is to be met with there, but also because of its accessibility.

The game of the Pungwe district consists of elephants (in considerable numbers, though they are local and hard to find), an odd black rhinoceros, hippopotami, buffaloes, Burchell's zebras, wart-hogs, bush-pigs, blue wildebeests, Tsessebe antelopes, Lichtenstein's hartebeests, water-bucks, reed-bucks, impalas, bush-bucks, elands, sable antelopes, oribis, stein-bucks, duikers, and all the carnivora mentioned in the previous list of Nyassaland game. In 1891, and again in 1892, I saw enormous herds of game in this district, the most plentiful species being buffaloes, Burchell's zebras, blue wildebeests, and water-bucks. Lions are very numerous in this part of the country, and during six weeks which I spent there on a hunting trip in the latter part of 1892 I do not think there was one night on which they were not heard roaring round the camp, and on several occasions there were three and once four troops of them serenading at the same time. Yet, in spite of their numbers, lions are not met with in the Pungwe district as often as might be expected, the reason being that they are nocturnal in their habits, and have a lot of cover in the shape of long grass, reeds, and bush in which to hide during the daytime. During the trip in question, though I was continually hunting all day and every day, I only came across lions—three males together—on one occasion. One of these I shot, and I also killed a fine elephant bull, with tusks weighing 108 pounds the pair. Were lions, however, systematically hunted in the Pungwe country, as they have been of late years in Somaliland, I have no doubt that a large bag might be made.

It is only during three months of the year that a hunting trip can be successfully undertaken in this part of Africa, that is, from August 15 to November 15. After the latter date the rainy season sets in, and the country becomes very unhealthy until the following June, at which time hunting is almost out of the question, as the whole country is covered with grass eight, ten, and even twelve feet in height. In August this grass becomes dry enough to burn, and by the middle of the month a certain amount of ground will have been burnt clear, the game immediately flocking into such open spaces in search of the young sweet herbage which at once springs up. From this time until the rainy season sets in, which is generally during November, a hunter will be sure to enjoy himself. He will be able to kill any number of animals, but if he is a sportsman and not a butcher, he will leave the great mass of the game he is sure to see unmolested, and will only shoot those with fine heads. Although in the district of which I am speaking the sun is intensely hot during the best months for a shooting trip—that is, just before the rainy season sets in—yet the climate is fairly healthy, and I have never heard of a fatal case of fever occurring at this time of the year.

In the countries of which I have just been writing multitudes of game may still be met with, and scenes may to-day be witnessed which will recall the descriptions given by Harris and Gordon Cumming of those portions of temperate South Africa through which they travelled some fifty or sixty years ago, which are now settled states, and in which game to-day is conspicuous by its absence. But besides these game-teeming regions there are still vast areas of country in southern Africa, both north and south of the Zambesi River, where large game was still fairly plentiful a year ago, but the present condition of which I do not know, as I have not yet ascertained to what extent they have been affected by the rinderpest. This fell disease has not, I believe, had the same effect upon the sable and roan antelopes, hartebeests, and water-bucks as it has had upon buffaloes, elands, and koodoos; and if this is the case there will still be much game left in the northern parts of Matabeleland and Mashonaland, as well as in the Kalahari Desert, into which it is to be hoped that the disease has not penetrated, as that country is only a desert in the sense that it possesses no rivers, nor, indeed, any surface water but the short-lived pools which only hold water during the rainy season. But it is covered with forests and rich succulent grasses, and has hitherto been the home of a great variety of game, notably giraffe, eland, gemsbuck, blue wildebeests, hartebeests, spring-bucks, and duikers. All these animals, strange as it may seem, live for months at a time without drinking, obtaining all the fluid they require from wild melons, and a white tuber something like a turnip, but which is as full of water as an orange is of juice. These roots grow about a foot below the surface, and are smelt and scratched up by the desert game.

I have written concerning certain portions of Africa as a hunting-field at the present day. Of the whole of that vast continent I cannot speak, because I am only personally acquainted with the southern, south central, and southeastern districts, and also owing to the fact that the rinderpest has altered the conditions which prevailed until lately in many parts of the country. But still Somaliland and the countries to the south of Abyssinia have been untouched by this plague, and in all these parts game is to be found in great abundance and rich variety, whilst there must also be districts here and there throughout eastern and central Africa where the pachydermatous animals—elephants, rhinoceroses, and hippopotami—which the rinderpest does not affect, must still be plentiful, and where a large number of the countless antelopes which once existed must still survive.

On the west, too, I know, from the verbal communications of friends who have been there, that game is fairly numerous in the neighborhood of the Cunene River, and from there northwards through the Portuguese province of Angola. Then come the dense equatorial forests, in which, though animal life is plentiful, hunting is difficult and unsatisfactory, because of the deadly climate and the density of the jungle. But further north, in Senegambia and on the upper course of the Niger, there lies a field still untouched by the European sportsman, but which would well repay a visit. Here might be found the great black-necked Derbian eland, never yet seen or shot by a European, and the almost equally unknown West African roan antelope, and here, too, would almost certainly be found some altogether unknown species.

Altogether, although neither I nor any other man can speak from personal knowledge of the entire country, yet I think I may safely affirm, from what I have actually seen, supplemented by what I have heard from reliable men, that the dark continent of Africa, with its ponderous elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotami, and buffaloes, its wealth of animals of the antelope tribe, its stately giraffes and beautifully striped zebras, its dark-maned lions and stealthy spotted leopards, even now possesses hunting-grounds in which game exists in a variety and profusion almost beyond the dreams of a sportsman's avarice—hunting-grounds in which the modern European may to-day forget all the artificial conventionalities of civilized existence, and lead the free wild life of his prehistoric ancestors of palæolithic times, with this advantage over those ancient savages, that during his reversion to a savage state he will be armed with a modern rifle that would have made short work of cave-bears, sabre-toothed tigers, or any other pleistocene monsters, none of which have, alas! survived to gratify the modern hunter.

THE CAMERA AS A PART OF THE SPORTSMAN'S EQUIPMENT.

The camera is of value by reason of its ability accurately to record events. The story written by the light on the sensitive photographic plate is held as an unimpeachable record of the object at which the camera was pointed. The life of the sportsman is made up of events more or less stirring and exciting, and while the average individual can only indulge his desire for the excitement of the chase for a short period each year, that period is one replete with interest and abounding in subjects for the camera. To the sportsman photography should and does particularly appeal. Perhaps in no other branch of pleasure-seeking is the camera at once so necessary and so welcome. The photographic sportsman is ever welcome in the camp. His little apparatus is far more deadly than the rifle, and the product of his "shooting" is of a more permanent nature. The camera gives to its devotees the power of preserving for all time an accurate record of the day's sport, of securing a series of pictures that will tell the story of the outing far more graphically and with greater truth than any words, and of studying the habits of animals and, incidentally, of men. There is an indescribable feeling of satisfaction in turning over the pages of an album of one's own records of pleasant days gone by, each page telling back its story of pleasure, toil, patience, and prowess. The game brought down by the gun is of the past, the old guide is a memory only, the camp was broken up years ago, but the photographs are there, an ever-pleasant reminder. The camera and the gun are boon companions, both necessary parts of the true sportsman's outfit.

The sportsman of a few years ago knew little or nothing of photography, save that bulky, expensive apparatus and intricate manipulation were its attributes. The "wet plate" held no attractions for him. The advent of the extremely rapid dry plate, capable of receiving an impression of a rifle bullet in flight, caused the disappearance from general use of the dirty wet plate process, and brought into existence the compact and portable hand camera, with its instantaneous shutter. Under the old method photography by the sportsman was practically impossible, with modern apparatus and methods it is eminently practicable. The hand camera of to-day is designed to occupy as little space as possible, is as light as is consistent with durability, and is exactly suited to all and any purposes to which the sportsman may find it necessary to apply it. Modern photographic methods make it possible to carry a practically unlimited supply of material in very small compass, and to defer the finishing up of the exposures until a favorable opportunity may present itself. The general simplifying of the few necessary

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manipulations, and the uniformly high quality of all materials used in photography, have so popularized it that the camera is found everywhere. A hand camera of modern make, with film attachment, is capable of producing the very highest class of work, if the operator understands the conditions under which he must work to insure success, and fully appreciates the limitations of the camera.

The size of the picture is an important consideration, not because of the increase in bulk of the outfit, but by reason of the somewhat greater difficulty in the general working of a camera of large size. A camera making 5×7 or 6×10 pictures occupies but little space, and its weight is trifling, so that these factors will not be considered as militating against large work. It is a fact, however, that a large picture requires more careful focusing and more attention to technical details than a smaller one, and those who take up photography as a side issue should give this due consideration. A 4×5 picture is very satisfying as regards size, is moderate in expense, and presents but little difficulty in manipulation. The very small sizes of cameras, while yielding good work if properly handled, simply breed a desire for something larger. The size being decided upon, it must be borne in mind that a camera consists of three principal parts, each dependent on the others—lens, box, and holder. The camera proper is nothing but a light, tight box, designed to occupy as little space as possible. It carries the image-forming lens at one end and the image-receiving sensitive surface at the other, and is constructed so that the distance between lens and sensitive surface may be changed as desired. The lens and its shutter are the important factors in picture-making, but in modern hand-cameras these articles are of such high merit that it is almost unnecessary to allude to them, except to point out that the shutter should be of variable speed and that the lens should be easy of access. Too many amateurs use the shutter at the same speed the year round, and in many cases the lens is not working at its highest degree of efficiency because of dust or moisture on its surfaces. The comparatively new lenses, known as anastigmats, are without equal for work in the field, and where expense is not an all-important item such a lens should, if possible, be substituted for the one usually furnished with the camera. The shutter is a delicate piece of mechanism requiring protection from moisture and dust. Time, indeed, are enemies to success, and the whole apparatus should be packed in a dust and water proof case fitted with lock and key. The carrying-cases supplied with modern cameras are very efficient, but should be supplemented by an outer covering of rubber cloth, similar to that ordinarily used for focusing cloths, and adjusted so as to fasten at the bottom of the carrying case. In this manner ingress of dust and moisture may be obviated. With a 4×5 folding hand-camera, anastigmat lens, and rapid, variable speed shutter, the sportsman may consider himself well equipped for photography in the field.

The sensitive material is carried in plate or film holders, and these should be strongly made, perfectly light-tight, and of simple construction. The introduction of celluloid film as a substitute for glass may be looked upon as a great advance in the direction of portability and compactness. While it is true that the first films placed upon the market were decidedly inferior to the glass plates, it is also true that the increased demand for perfect films for use in the vitascope and similar instruments has resulted in the perfecting of sensitive reliable films to such an extent that they are now superior to glass for all purposes. Weight and size are reduced to a minimum and an added advantage is the possibility of loading the film holders in daylight, thus obviating the necessity of improvising a dark room, and permitting the transmission of fresh or exposed film by mail. The film-holder should be thoroughly understood before it is purchased. Celluloid films, and, indeed, all sensitive materials, are very susceptible to moisture, and too many precautions cannot be taken to exclude all dampness. When purchased the roll of film is in a card-board case, and is sometimes wrapped with tin-foil. It is well in all cases to give the box of film an outer wrapping of tin foil, and to rub down the edges with the thumb nail to ensure contact. When mailing films, the same precaution should be observed. Many cases of fogged films may be traced to the influence of moisture, but tin-foil will be found an easily applied preventive.

The finder on the camera is an important adjunct, too often carelessly adjusted. Its object is to indicate exactly what will be on the plate or film if the shutter is released. It should be marked to show precisely the same image as appears on the ground glass. The scale of distances should be tested before being accepted as accurate, and a pocket distance-measurer may prove of service.

The sportsman need not be deterred from taking up photography by imaginary difficulties of manipulation. He has overcome far greater problems, and a little application will reveal the principles on which success is based. It is, above all, essential to remember that it is he who makes the photograph, that the camera is simply a thing of wood, brass, and glass—a tool in his hands. Just as it is his intelligent manipulation of the gun that brings success in shooting, so is it his appreciation of the possibilities of the camera that will bring successful pictures. The ordinary still-life photographs and the scenes of camp life call for no particular expertness in the handling of the camera, but rather for an exercise of artistic ability in the matter of selection of subjects. Really rapid instantaneous work, however, involves a thorough knowledge of the camera, and no little utility in the whole gamut of operations, from point of view to development. The sportsman who takes to photography seriously, with a feeling that success with the camera is akin to success with the rifle, will find that the possibilities of the camera will develop as he progresses in his knowledge of the subject. One will find the impossible become possible, and will successfully attempt subjects that would hopelessly swamp his "press the button" brother. Not satisfied with the ordinary equipment, he will affix to his lens a telephotographic attachment and thereby photograph through a telescope. With this instrument photographs may be made from great distances having all the detail and size of pictures made in close proximity to the subject. Animals may be photographed without disturbing them, and much valuable data regarding their habits gathered. The true sportsman loves animals. The camera enables him to study them, and offers him the means of a series of permanent mementos of his trips. There is strong indication of the coming of the day when skill in shooting animals with the camera will rank as high in sporting circles as prowess with the gun.

FREDERICK J. HARRISON.

MINERS' RIOT NEAR HAZLETON.

THE attention of the civilized world has been called, during the past fortnight, to a little village of four thousand inhabitants situated in Luzerne County, Pennsylvania, at about the centre of the middle anthracite coal fields. It was within the limits of this village of Lattimer that a mob of foreign miners were find upon by Sheriff Martin's posse of about one hundred deputies during the afternoon of Friday, September 10. The sheriff had read the riot act on five separate occasions within four days; and as the mob of Slovaks, Polacks, and Italians entered Lattimer he ran forward alone, waving in his left hand a copy of the proclamation, and shouting aloud its provisions. The officer was about two or three hundred feet away from his deputies, when the mob reached him, surged around him, knocked out of his right hand the pistol he had drawn, and then threw him to the ground, kicking him and trampling upon him, until he rolled toward a ditch at the side of the road. During the few seconds in which Sheriff Martin was being disarmed and knocked down a large portion of the mob, screaming and shouting, rushed toward the deputies, who were lined up on private property owned by Calvin Parder & Company, whose superintendent had demanded protection of the sheriff, and the rest of the mob, suddenly struck with fear, turned and ran for the nearest woods, several hundred yards distant. It was at this time—when one portion of the mob was rushing toward them and another portion was running away—that the deputies fired, killing or wounding fifty men.

Some of the events which followed have been told in the daily papers, but by far the most important of them are finding print for the first time in this article. Before they are considered, however, it will be necessary to sketch briefly some of the causes which led up to the strike and riot. Twenty years ago the middle anthracite-coal fields suffered from a strike of the miners, who then were for the most part Irishmen, Welshmen, Scotchmen, Germans, and a few Englishmen and native-born Americans. These men were so well organized that the operators found it impossible to force them to go to work; and after months of vain endeavor one or two of the operators sent abroad to Austria-Hungary and brought hither a large number of peasants, who were accustomed to work from daylight until dusk for a pittance, who were used to restraint on the part of government officials which would be deemed oppression in this country, and who came here very much as adventurers went to California in 1849—to remain for a few years, and then to go home with that which seemed to them a big fortune.

Work was gradually resumed at the mines, and the steamship companies awoke to the realization that in the countries bordering upon the Mediterranean were millions of peasants who might be brought to this country in the steerage if they could be informed of conditions existing here. Every effort was made to increase this traffic, with the results already known to and deplored by every thoughtful American, no matter what his parentage. Year by year the immigrants decreased in the scale of intelligence, until those who have come here since 1890 are believed to be, in many thousands of cases, about three centuries behind Americans in their standard of living. They have existed more like beasts of the field than like human beings of the present time, and they have fought and killed one another as veritable savages. The exceptions, known as good citizens (self-respecting merchants, clergymen, etc.), are very few indeed. But it must be remembered that the foreigners have been compelled to purchase practically all their food and clothing at company stores, paying enormous prices, or else lose their work, and that too many justices of the peace and constables have bullied and oppressed them in every imaginable way. Considering the manner in which they have been treated, and their innate savagery, the only wonder is that these people from southeastern Europe so long confined their fighting and killing to themselves, for until recently they left English-speaking persons alone. At present in the middle coal fields the foreigners outnumber the native miners about four or five to one, and although wages have been cut time and again, the strangers have been able to live and save money in almost every case, whereas the old hands have been gradually driven out. The immigrants never had any idea of striking in the anthracite region until five or six weeks ago, when one of several labor agitators appeared and told them that they could get higher wages by refusing to work at present, and it is believed that this agitator intimated to the old hands—who were becoming more and more discouraged—that their only hope lay in having the foreigners frightened out of the country, since there is no law through which they could be expelled. At any rate, bodies of the foreigners, encouraged if not led in many cases by some of the more irresponsible of the old hands, commenced to march to and fro from one colliery to another, ordering men at work to join their ranks, and beating them if they declined. So reckless did these several mobs become that they impressed to their ranks travelling salesmen from New York and Philadelphia who were met driving along the roads, as well as clerks, merchants, reporters, teamsters, and others who were pursuing their usual vocations.

On Tuesday, September 7, Sheriff Martin organized a posse of fifty-eight men, carefully chosen from among the residents of Hazleton and vicinity. These included at least one employe of a national bank, a trusted official of a great business concern, one or more young mining engineers, and others of like character, many of whom are college graduates. They were chosen by the sheriff with the utmost care, so that if trouble should ensue (as it did) none could say he had employed roughs, such as have been the cause of discussion in other labor disputes. Martin and his men on Tuesday and Wednesday and Thursday met mobs of marching strikers within a few miles of Hazleton, read the riot act to them each day, and warned them that they must stop or take the consequences. And yet on Thursday the marching men impressed and beat those who declined to take part voluntarily in the marching, and looted houses of weapons and axes, with which they continued to menace various communities situated back in the mountains. On Friday, September 10, the sheriff and his posse met near West Hazleton a crowd estimated to contain about seven hundred marching foreigners. Whether these particular men had taken part in the riotous acts of the previous three days is not known, but it is known that when the sheriff commanded them to disperse and read his proclamation they pressed down upon him and his deputies so that the latter pushed them back with the stocks of their rifles. In at least one instance murder was attempted at this time by a striker, who tried to crush the skull of Mr. Arlo P. Platt, of Hazleton, who was rescued by his son and some other of the deputies nearest to him. Utterly disregarding the sheriff's proclamation and the appeals of the deputies, who now realized fully the seriousness of their position, this mob rushed on toward Lattimer, four miles away, to force the miners there to cease working.

It is admitted that this mob of foreigners had no weapons other than penknives and one or two revolvers, and some of them have said since then that they were advised that if they were without arms the sheriff had no authority whatever to forbid them to march along the highway. As they started for Lattimer on foot, Martin and his deputies boarded a trolley car, the motor of which was controlled by Mr. George Thompson, superintendent of the Lehigh Traction Company, who assumed the responsibility of transporting the officers of the law during the crisis which he felt had arrived. When the car reached Lattimer the deputies disembarked and took up their position on the Parder property. Mr. Thompson was then in direct range of the guns, and of course backed his car around the nearest curve. He says that the firing could not possibly have lasted more than ninety seconds. Other witnesses corroborate this statement, and it is simply absurd to think that volley after volley was fired at the fleeing men, as has been alleged by sensational newspapers. About fifty of the mob fell to the ground, dead or wounded. The rattle of musketry stopped instantly, and twenty of the deputies were detailed at once to care for the wounded, while the remaining seventy or eighty were massed to resist another possible attack. The fifty-eight deputies from Hazleton had been re-enforced by some forty who were stationed permanently at Lattimer. The only reporter present, Mr. William A. Evans, of the Hazleton *Sentinel*, ran to the nearest telephone and sent a message to his paper, and in less than half an hour a number of trolley-cars were on the scene, having been brought from Hazleton with surgeons and various assistants. Mr. Alvin Markle, president of the Traction Company, arrived on the first car, and personally superintended the conveying of dead and wounded to Hazleton. In some cases the dead were laid three deep, and then living wounded men were placed on top of them, in the first car that left the scene. It was a grewsome sight, but could not have been avoided, as Mr. Markle, at the suggestion of surgeons, decided to take the dying and the dead and the wounded with all possible speed to the nearest city. Thirty men of the wounded reached the Hazleton Hospital alive, whither Dr. H. W. Keller had summoned fifteen surgeons in addition to his usual staff to care for them. Twenty-two of the mob either were killed outright or were wounded fatally.

The excitement in Hazleton and in the surrounding towns Friday night was simply terrible. The streets were choked with men and women, who shrieked curses at the "bloody butchers," the "hired murderers," and "corporation assassins," as the deputies were rolled, and there is little doubt that if any of them had been found on the streets he would have met assault and perhaps death at the hands of the enraged populace. It is a fact, almost beyond belief, that within a few hours after the awful event at Lattimer irresponsible blatant politicians had seized the opportunity to further their hold upon the so-called "laboring-classes" by demanding the execution of Sheriff Martin and his deputies, and by speaking of the "bloody massacre" and of the "martyred dead."

For some reason news of the encounter at Lattimer travelled slowly through the country to the southward of Hazleton, and did not reach the mining town of Macadoo until about nine o'clock at night, and then the report in that vicinity was to the effect that a large proportion of the English and American miners at Lattimer had started to murder all the foreign miners who could be found. Within an hour two to three thousand maddened foreigners were sweeping over the mountain roads, firing revolvers and guns into the air, and shrieking that they would kill every white man in Lattimer and burn the town. They intended to sack the gun stores in Hazleton on their way—at least such was the report brought to Hazleton by a courier on horseback, who had escaped notice of the mob and had got ahead of them. He aroused a large number of gentlemen in Hazleton, who seized the weapons with which they had provided themselves since the riot began, and ran toward a prearranged rendezvous on Broad Street. In some cases families were sent into the cellars of their homes, and in others wives and elder daughters sat, guns in hand, at upper windows, ready to cover the retreat of husband and father should the men be driven by the mob from the corner by the Presbyterian Church, where it was decided to make a first stand. But fortunately the mob at Macadoo defeated its own purpose. In order to prevent the people of Hazleton from learning of its action, all telephone wires had been cut; and when a courier from Hazleton rode back toward Macadoo and told the on-coming rioters that regiments of the National Guard already were pouring into Hazleton, the statement could not be disproved, and of course the cowardly mob dispersed and ran to cover. Meanwhile the courier first mentioned had pushed on from Hazleton to Lattimer, and before midnight that town was literally deserted, with the exception of one Welshman, who staid in his house with his wife, who was too ill to be moved. All the other English-speaking people—men, women, and children—fled without stopping to dress. Through the woods and over the wild mountain roads they hurried, women and children as well as men, stumbling through briers and over rocks and logs in their bare feet, and facing the cold and dampness clad only in their night-clothes. Some who were too feeble for flight hid in shafts of the mines, and others buried themselves to the neck in the loose dirt of culm-piles. It was a night of terror indeed, and not until the sun was well up did any of the people return to Lattimer.

(Continued on page 998.)

HOW CIGARETTES ARE MADE.

MARVELS OF MECHANISM THAT TURN OUT THE DAINTY LITTLE PUFFS.

How readily we fall into the habit of talking about the big things and the little things of life! And yet, if you get down to facts, who shall say what is a little thing? Is it a rivet in a suspension bridge? Measured by inches, it may be; but by its effects, scarcely. If we peer into the great workshop of commerce with careless eyes we are vastly impressed with the huge fly-wheels, immense cranks, and the other big embodiments of resistless power, and pass over unnoticed some little bit of mechanism which, in the skill with which it is contrived and in the influence it exerts upon the whole, is just as important as any part.

It is one of the pleasures of a man who keeps his eyes open that he is continually coming upon some fresh surprise in connection with these so-called "little things." Some chance word in conversation, perhaps, sets him thinking about one of these little articles of commerce. He knows where he can buy it, what its price is, and can give you an opinion upon its merits; but when it comes to the question of how it finds its way on to the market, his knowledge can be summed up in Topsy's origin of species, "Specs it growed." Supposing he follows up the inquiry, he will very likely find that its popularity is not attained by hoodwinking the public, by palming off on them the poorest quality they are tolerant enough to accept, but by giving them the very best they can desire—by educating the taste and continuing to satisfy it. He will find, also, that this little article is a big contributor to the welfare of the community, directly, by the taxes it pays, and indirectly by ministering to the necessities and comfort of millions of people. And by this time he is prepared to regard the little thing as a very big thing.

It is just in this way that I have lately learned to look upon the cigarette. This modern life of ours, with its ceaseless struggle for existence, is a huge clock-whirl, in which the springs of human endeavor have a constant tendency to rush themselves to a standstill. Man to-day is as much in need of a sedative as the clock is. He finds it in a variety of ways; especially in recognizing the value of vacations, for which steamboats, railways, and bicycles offer increasing facilities. But for most men these are only occasional sedatives, while many are debarred altogether by their expense. For them the readiest, the cheapest, the most effectual sedative is a smoke.

What a change has taken place in the way of regarding smoking! We can, most of us, remember the time when it was considered a luxury and a sign of laziness. Now it is admitted by the medical faculty to be a necessity of modern life, the solace of the poor man as well as of the rich. The surest proof of the new point of view is the changed attitude of women of all classes towards it. They have got over their dislike of the smell of smoke, rather than lose some of the companionship of their male kind; they will permit smoking in their presence—a thing unheard of some years ago. They have discovered that under its soothing influence the overwrought brain disentangles itself of the snarls of business, and gradually smooths itself out to take a part in the common interests and delights of the home.

Is this toleration of our womankind a cause or an effect of the popularity of cigarettes? Possibly both; anyhow, the freshest and sweetest form of smoke is unquestionably the cigarette. There is nothing to offend the eye or the nostril at any stage, and it does not monopolize the smoker's attention as a pipe or cigar is apt to do; on the contrary, it invites to confidence and chat, it is the very dessert of smoking.

But the popularity of a thing is not only determined by its elegance, otherwise it would be confined to the few who have the leisure and opportunity to study the refinements of existence. Smoking is a necessity, and not only to the man who guides the threads of a great banking business, but to him who holds the reins of an ice wagon; and when we see that men of all ranks and all kinds of labor are cigarette smokers, we need some stronger reason for this popularity. It is a very simple one. The American cigarette, cheap as it is—so cheap that it is within the reach of every man—is made of the very best tobacco on the market. There are cheap cigars, cheap pipe tobacco, but the poor man has discovered that the smallness of their price is due to the inferiority of their grade, while for the same money expended upon cigarettes he can get the best.

This is one of the marvels of modern commerce, which is the most truly democratic force in the world to-day—this combination of capital and labor, which is gradually solving the question of the equality of men. A visit to a cigarette factory not only explains—what the majority of smokers have discovered—the excellence of the cigarette, but opens one's eyes to the extraordinary concentration and skill expended in the process of manufacturing.

All American cigarettes are made of "Bright Virginia," not only the best tobacco in the market, but the mildest. Frequent analyses, made in England as well as in America, for our cigarettes are equally popular over there, show that this tobacco contains only from one to one and a half per cent. of nicotine. The mildest Havana contains much more, while the best grades of domestic cigars reach as high as eight and a half per cent. It is in the red soil of Virginia and North Carolina that "Bright Virginia" grows, and only in the South is the climate suitable for maturing and warehousing the leaf. For this maturing is one of the sources of excellence. Three years are allowed it to ripen, to throw off its coarser qualities, and to acquire its delicate and subtle aroma.

The tobacco reaches the factory in hogsheads which contain from 800 to 1000 lbs. each. It is thrown out upon a travelling-blanket, something like that of a threshing-machine, at the end of which the leaves are caught in baskets and carried to the cutter. Here they pass between iron rollers, which compress them so that they offer a solid front to the shearing knife, which cuts them into slender shreds. These are next put through long revolving cylinders, while blasts of hot air pass through the mass until it is fairly dry, after which the process is repeated in cold air cylinders until the shreds are thoroughly cooled. Then they are packed in big round tubs and sent up to the cigarette-making machines on the floor above.

Up to this point we have been discussing the excellence, which is due to soil and climate, and to the judgment displayed in selection and blending. Now we come to the miracle of the matter, which makes it possible for the poor man to obtain that excellence at the price of ten for a nickel! Many years ago I remember going on the stage of St. James's Hall, London, and taking a hand at whist with Maskelyne & Cook's automaton whist-player. It was marvellous how he scooped in the tricks, but nothing like as marvellous as the way this automaton machine turns out cigarettes, and here there is no deception. Instead of a stock-faced figure in Turkish costume, we see a bright, happy-looking girl, perched up on a stool, sprinkling the shreds of tobacco on to an endless cloth and patting them with dainty finger-tips until the surface is smooth. All the while the golden layer is slipping from her and disappearing between rollers, to be caught by still defter fingers of steel, which scurry the shreds until every kink and knot is loosened out, and the tobacco passes between two wheels. The surfaces of these are grooved, and gather the tobacco into a continuous roll. A travelling tape is waiting for it and passes it on to a moving strip of paper. A moment later the mechanism clips the paper and, slipping it past a brush, which imparts a tiny quantity of starch, presses down the edge and sends it on, a continuous roll. A little farther on this shoots through a cutter and drops into a basket a shower of cigarettes.

In our admiration of these wonderful machines, so deft, rapid, and absolutely clean, we must not lose sight of the paper, which plays so important a part in the excellence of the cigarette. Manufacturing skill has reduced it as nearly as possible to nothing. If you will take a cigarette paper, and another piece, no matter how fine, and light them and let them float through the air, you will realize what a cigarette-paper is. As well as being filmy and tough, it is completely combustible; and, moreover, analysis has proven that it is entirely free from all deleterious ingredients—that, in fact, it is nothing but the purest paper fibre.

After all, purity is the final test of excellence; and analyses made by chemists of unimpeachable authority have proved, not once or twice, but often, that only pure tobacco and pure paper are used in the American cigarette.

Legal Notices

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT IN THE "CITY RECORD," commencing on the 21st day of August, 1897, and continuing therein consecutively for nine (9) days thereafter, of the confirmation by the Supreme Court, and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments, etc., of the assessments for OPENING AND ACQUIRING TITLE to the following named streets and avenues in the respective wards herein designated:

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23d WARD.—JENNINGS STREET, from Stebbins Avenue to West Farms Road. WALTON AVENUE, from the south side of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad to East 167th Street.

ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller.

Comptroller's Office, September 2, 1897.

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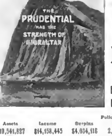

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(Continued from page 990.)

Governor Hastings ordered the Third Brigade of the National Guard of Pennsylvania, together with two detachments of cavalry, to proceed to Hazleton, and his order was telegraphed shortly before midnight on Friday. At twenty minutes past nine o'clock Saturday morning the first of the transport trains came slowly into Hazleton, twenty packed guards, with loaded and bayoneted rifles, standing on the locomotive and examining the tracks for dynamite cartridges, which, it was feared, might have been placed thereupon. Thirteen hours after the Governor's order had been issued the entire brigade of 2000 men had reached Hazleton, and had reported for duty to Brigadier General Gobin. This is said to be the most rapid mobilization of State troops in the history of the National Guard.

It is astonishing to relate that not merely were certain of the politicians and priests of various nationalities at Hazleton aroused to frenzied statements concerning the dispersal of the rioters at Lattimer, but that at least two of the Hazleton newspapers also did all in their power to inflame the community and arouse the spirit of anarchy.

In all probability the sheriff and his posse will be tried for murder or manslaughter, and the case bids fair to be one of the most remarkable in the history of criminal law in Pennsylvania. A few hours after the mob were dispersed at Lattimer, George H. Troutman, of Hazleton, was retained to defend the officers of the law, and associated with him will be John T. Lenahan, of Wilkesbarre, and George H. Ferris, of West Pittston, personal counsel for the sheriff. Announcement has not yet been made of the lawyers engaged to prosecute the deputies by the foreign priests and politicians and labor-agitators, who are not slow in seizing upon such an opportunity; but it is worth noting that while the agitators and priests and politicians are preparing to prosecute, the responsible people of Hazleton are upholding the deputies, and also are subscribing money to assist those who were dependent upon the strikers killed and wounded.

The attempted interference by consular representatives of foreign governments will amount to nothing. They have not the slightest claim for indemnity.

HENRY EDWARD ROSS.

A. CHENNY MORRISON,
First Vice-President L. A. W.

REVOLVER-SHOOTING.

THE country over, and one may say the world over, there are countless thousands who shoot the pistol and revolver fairly well. Great numbers of ordinarily good shots exist, but the extraordinarily good shot—the truly excellent marksman that shoots wellnigh unerringly—is but rarely found. Some such there are, however, and of those who stand in the front rank as amateur revolver-shots in contradistinction to pistol shots (a distinction chiefly dependent for its difference on the length of barrel), by far the greater number are residents of New York or Boston or Springfield—somewhere in the East, and not, as seems natural to suppose, in the South or the Wildly Woolly West, where shooting to kill is still somewhat commonly indulged in. Speaking generally, the reason for this is that, short arms offering, as distinctly they do, means to the end of playing a decidedly difficult game, those truly interested in it developed degrees of skill quite beyond that of and probably altogether unknown to men whose best shots are usually made at one another, and who taking pride in this, have little or no interest in deliberate-aim shooting at very small targets or over long distances.

Some results got by individuals who belong strictly in the amateur class (a class the actually first rate scratch men of which number probably not more than twenty) are remarkable. The following records I have seen made, deliberate aim at 12 yards in doors, with 44 calibre revolver, 6½ inch barrel, round bullet and 9 grains of black powder: Forty-two consecutive hits on three-quarter lath bullets held pendent by a thread. Six ordinary playing cards consecutively cut in two, they being so fixed that the edge only was presented. Five ordinary carpet tacks consecutively hit (the head of which offers a mark of not more than one quarter inch).

At 20 yards noted marksmen sometimes shoot at minute objects, and, with what must seem to the unskilled a most marvellous control over so short a gun, they frequently hit the ace of diamonds from an ordinary pack, or still smaller marks. But that cannot be recommended, because that prime essential good eyesight, which more than any other one particular qualification, fits a man for fine deliberate-aim work, must not be abused. Abused it certainly will be by whomsoever strains at seeing things that are uncomfortably obscure. For better shoot most carefully at what cannot be seen at all than fatigue the sight drawing a bead on what will soon or late appear to dance incessantly. For example, a tinned carpet tack stuck in the centre of a yard square of white paper is not discernible at 20 yards, still, I have seen 5 of them so placed hit in 12 shots by a crack shot who happened to be especially able visually to measure distances. He, of course saw nothing but the large flat square of white, and hit tacks one after another by shooting carefully for the centre of the paper, which, as suggested, he readily measured with his eye. This sort of

thing interesting though it may be as an odd performance, cannot properly be classed with deliberate-aim shooting for points on a thoroughly practicable target—a target readily seen, rightly conspicuous, and which is for these reasons more nearly acceptable to all fair minded shooters than anything that calls into play strangely peculiar ability. Such a target we have not, and although I am not in this instance requested to air individual notions, still may I venture to offer a proposition long current amongst amateur shots, it is this: Exact measurement made in a straight radial line from the true centre of the bull's eye to the centre of the shot hole constitutes distinctly the best possible method for determining which shot is nearest thereto, and by this means the aggregated excellence of long strings can be compared exactly.

The opposite of this same method found a striking example at the recent Sea Girt meeting, where a reduced military target, put up for contestants in the Military Revolver championship, was composed of an elliptical bull of captivating proportions counting 5, surrounded by a corresponding line, about a foot away, enclosing vast territory, any part of which counted 4; thus furnishing a target on which an altogether ordinary marksman could wander hither and yon, with 4 points to his credit every shot; and if he by a happy fluke managed so much as to nip the big bull, he would score 5 good points equally with a man whose shooting all lay very near the true centre.

Deliberate aim at 12 yards seems now to be a thing of the past, and we find that during the present decade most crocks have made their important published scores at 20 yards or further. Duelling in America was usually done at 12 yards, and to this fact doubtless should be ascribed the notion sometimes prevalent among pistol shots that that particular distance was the right and proper one at which to demonstrate unusual skill. The comparatively recent departure from 12 in favor of 20 yards should by no means be taken as conclusive, however, for even to-day there is rather more interest attaching to 50 yards revolver practice than to 20; and bearing in mind the excellence of our best revolvers, which, when properly charged, shoot both hard and accurately up to 300 yards, we naturally view the 50-yards mark as but one of various ranges that will probably be steadily increased until the practical limit is finally reached.

The French distance, 16 metres, happened never to find favor with us, and although the typical Frenchman, in all his love of *gloire*, may feel quite averse to being told that he is by no means the best of shots, I beg to say, all his best shooting done during the past forty years has been surpassed by Americans. About twelve years ago M. Gastien Ramet, proprietor and son of a proprietor of the best known shooting place in the world, sent to New York from Paris duplicates of twenty targets made in his galleries by famous pistol shots during more than forty years. These duplicates were within two years thereafter all redupliated, or better, by New York shooters with 44 calibre revolvers at the French distance, excepting alone one particular target of twelve consecutive shots within a 1½-inch ring, and this was tied by the late Pat Paine for M. Ramet in his gallery, but not recorded by him because it so happened that Mr. Paine had fired a shot or two on the same target prior to beginning his 12 shot string.

The best sights to hold in Bull's-eye Shooting, because thereby the eyes of the shooter are less fatigued than when the Black Bead is held in the Black Mark.

To the attainment of real excellence as a revolver shot there is no royal road; likewise may it be truly said that that most fatuous of declarations which has for its everlasting refrain those tiresome words "hard work" has nothing soever to do with learning how. Intelligence that comes of nerve force and capability for learning where one's faults lie, in conjunction with that keen self criticism, memory, and experimental tact which may be said to comprise the difference that exists between a knowing man and a noodle—these are a few of the mental considerations involved; and unless those who have a leaning, and think they would aver so much like to shoot first rate, find themselves awake to the way here generally suggested, they will make very little headway.

The points that can in cold ink be made clear are not many, and have nothing to do with the finer coachings that can only be thoroughly appreciated when seen practised with consequent astonishing results. Technicalities, literally, there are none, for were an attempt made to familiarize even the most particular practitioner with the various problems involved in the question of ammunition alone, nothing would result; both he and his instructor would soon be out of their depth, shooting would not gain a votary, and the ammunition people themselves would be brought to bear in mind nothing new of many things they already know fairly well but practise little. Nor would what may be termed a postgraduate on form be listened to by noteworthy shooters, who, in nineteen cases of every twenty, infinitely prefer to work out their own salvation.

Unquestionable general suggestions, however, are these: The revolver chosen should be of large calibre, and not less than six and a half inches in the barrel, exclusive of the cylinder. The lock action should be what is called single, so that the piece can be cocked, instead of vain efforts being made to shoot accurately with a self cocking affair. The trigger pull should be four or five pounds, in fact, heavier is still better, for the tendency to hope for the best and bang away that a very light trigger often increases comes to be materially corrected when

APPROVED POSITION IN WHICH, APPROXIMATELY, THE BEST DELIBERATE AIM SHOOTING IS DONE.

one must hold hard to shoot straight. I have known shooters whose practice with light triggers improved their shooting as very little that they almost lost interest, and who were at the eleventh hour saved to the ranks of actually first class shots through using a heavy pull—not infrequently eight pounds.

The piece must be kept clean, and to this end a proper wiping and oiling of it should be done whenever it is fouled. All ammunition, too, must be oiled, greased, or somehow properly lubricated, because unlubricated bullets will tend to foul the barrel, spoil the shooting, and consequently discourage the shooter.

Positions vary, and that practically of the masters comes now and then to be questioned. Still, that wonderfully reliable shot, the late Chevalier Paine, adopted a position both easy and sensible, that, judging by the surprising results he attained, may well be considered worthy every shooter's most respectful consideration. Standing evenly balanced, his feet about fifteen inches apart, and in a line almost directly towards his target, the revolver was firmly grasped, the arm fully extended, and thus drawing sights steadily the trigger was pressed "through the shot"—*i. e.*, the piece was so controlled that the shooter did not flinch, but actually held his gun so well directed during that infinitesimal period elapsing between the letting go of the trigger and the discharge that he knew perfectly where the bullet should strike.

Those who come to appreciate this sterling fact learn to "call" their shots at all distances, for they are fully conscious of the precise aim of the piece when the bullet leaves it. Shooters never who do not so learn need never be surprised if their shooting is irregular and excellent only by accident; for there is nothing in the connection more determinedly important than constant exercise of that unmistakable consciousness by which the slightest variability is known to him who shoots with a full weapon.

ALFRED BRENNAN.

WRONG AND INEFFECTUAL POSITIONS.

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OUTFITTING FOR THE KLONDIKE.

To the Editor "Harper's Weekly":

SIR,—In your issue of September 11, page 901, your special correspondent says: "Klondike River is in Canadian territory, and the laws that govern the Dominion apply as well to its remotest corner, and every miner's outfit that goes across the International line, whether from Circle City or from Chilkoot Pass, owes a duty. Why, then, should not Victoria and Vancouver do the business for Klondike, and thereby save the miners the duties?"

An answer to your correspondent's statement will be found in the following extract from a letter of the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, addressed to the Seattle Chamber of Commerce on August 24, 1897. It is as follows.

So far as relates to any measure of the Canadian government which bears heavily upon the emigrants in question, I have to advise you that this department is in receipt of a communication from the Department of State, enclosing a note from the British Chargé d'Affaires, in which it is stated that no special or unusual exactions have been made, and that the customs charges only those authorized by the ordinary revenue laws of Canada. He also states that *miners have been treated exemption from duty* miners' blankets, personal clothing in use, and broken packages of provisions being used, also cooking-utensils in use, and one hundred pounds of food for the journey, charging ordinary customs duty only on excess.

From this it will be seen that a large per cent of a miner's outfit is exempt from duty in Canada. Nearly seventy per cent. of all articles needed by a miner going to Alaska are not produced in Canada, but are exported from the United States to Canada where they not only pay duty, but the profit of intermediate handlers. Further, it should be borne in mind that Dyea and Skagway, the two ports now in use, are on American soil, and that the Canadian line is not reached for some distance after leaving those ports for the passes. So that a person leaving Victoria with Canadian goods has to carry them through United States territory again. Still further, it may truthfully be said that there is a positive advantage for any intending Alaskan prospector in buying his goods on this side of the line, in the thorough familiarity with outfitting on the part of the Seattle merchants, who have, as your correspondent says, "practically monopolized the Alaskan outfitting business." This advantage is worth more to prospectors than—all other things being equal—any saving in duty can be, for upon the proper packing of his goods may, and often will, depend not only a prospector's successful journey, but also his life, and this knowledge can only be acquired by long experience, such as the Seattle merchants have had during the past ten years.

Respectfully yours, EBENEZER BRAINERD.

MAJOR JAMES A. WALSH,
Governor for the Klondike Region.

A GOVERNOR FOR THE KLONDIKE.

In view of the recent growth of the Klondike gold district, the Canadian government has just sent out a Governor in the person of Major James A. Walsh, who for many years has been the head of the Mounted Police of the Northwest, having virtually been the organizer of this semi-military frontier guard. Major Walsh's fame was won largely through his diplomatic and fearless dealings with the Indians while at Fort Walsh. The peaceful settlement of the Sitting Bull difficulties was accomplished by Major Walsh's prompt and sagacious actions, having, immediately after the massacre of Custer, ridden into Sitting Bull's camp and notified him that he could only remain upon Canadian soil so long as he obeyed the laws. It was due to Major Walsh's strategy that Sitting Bull and his three thousand warriors were prevailed upon to return to the United States. His bravery and success in skirmishes with the Indians of the Northwest have made him a hero in Canada. He received his education in the military and cavalry schools of the Dominion. The British ship *Quadra* takes Major Walsh and 130 picked men from his Mounted Police, embarking from Victoria on the 21st, and landing at Dyea, thence passing overland to Dawson City, where a semi-military government will be established.

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AMATEUR SPORT

THE MOMENT IS TIMELY for some final remarks on the very much discussed question of summer nine hotel and resort baseball-playing. The season has brought me a great many letters touching the subject. Letters from sportsmen, thankful that the unhealthful practice is receiving needed exposure; letters from "summer nine" players, protesting against being blacklisted; and letters from hotel-proprietors, calling attention to several differing varieties of summer baseball. Considering all its phases, this summer resort baseball playing is a complicated and a disturbing question.

I have one most interesting letter from the proprietor of a White Mountain hotel, who asserts his team has relied solely upon the hotel's regular employés—bell-boys, waiters, and clerks—to make up its regular nine, and urges the formation of an association by hotel men to forbid the playing of ostensible guests, who, under existing methods, are remunerated for their services by free board and lodging, and to protect hotel baseball from the stigma of professionalism which now rests upon it.

Here we have a most curious situation. In the list given me by this proprietor every member of the nine, with one exception, was a college man; four of them served as bell-boys, one as elevator-boy, one as clerk, two as waiters, one as a driver, and one as a hotel runner.

It is not easy to reconcile college-bred men with these positions.

IT IS DEFINITELY UNFAIR, of course, that a waiter or a bell-boy who plays ball during his recreation hours for the pure sport of it should be classed as a professional, but the perplexing part of this question, as it is of all athletic questions of the day, is to distinguish between those members of hotel nines who are playing ball incidentally to their summer living and those who are playing bell boy and waiter incidentally to their baseball living. There would be no question raised concerning the status of these summer hotel nines had there not been organization on illegitimate lines. The manner of organizing resort nines is pretty well known to sportsmen.

College and school players are paid for their services one way or another. Some receive their board and lodging, some of the more skilful players receive money in addition to their board and lodging, and occasionally a man is paid cash at so much the game. Cash payments, however, are rarely found necessary, as the board and lodging are sufficient inducement to the average summer-resort ball-player. If the waiters or bell-boys of any given hotel choose to organize a ball nine and play the waiters and bell-boys of other hotel nines, for their own fun and the entertainment of the hotel guests, there is certainly no objection. It is something with which we have nothing to do.

THE WORLD OF COLLEGE SPORT is not interested in the amateur status of the average summer hotel bell boy. But the college world is interested in the summer resort baseball playing as it is presently conducted, because it is well aware that men, college men, are paid for their summer ball playing by board and lodging, and because in most cases their employment in hotels as bell boys or waiters is mere subterfuge. I would not pretend to pick from the "black list," herewith published, the names of those college men who have been employed at hotels because of their baseball prowess, and those who have been employed because of their agility in responding to the clerk's cry of "front."

"SUMMER-NINE" BLACK LIST.

A "summer nine," so called, is a baseball team maintained by an individual, or group of individuals, or hotel, or club; wholly or partly dependent for its players upon summer residents, and at the games of which gate-money is accepted and used for other than charitable purposes. An undergraduate who joins such an aggregation is considered to have forfeited his right to thereafter represent a university in any department of amateur athletics.

Phillips,* Miner, Lander, and Sedgwick (Brown), Bradley,* Altman,* Smith,* Jayne,* and Wilson* (Princeton); Barclay (Lafayette), Davis* (Wesleyan); Wadsworth, McDonald, and Clarkson (Yale); Scannell, A. Hayes, Haughton, Dean,* Stevenson,* and Palan* (Harvard); Blakeley* and Dickson (Pennsylvania), Foster and Boyden* (Amherst), Erikson (Allen School, Newton), Parks, Bean, Clarke and Hildreth (Tufts); Hafford (Somerville High), Wood (Arlington High); N. J. Gibbons* (Exeter); Folsom, Teber, Crosby, and Drew (Dartmouth); J. B. Gibbons (Colby); French* (Andover), Libbey (Bowdoin); and Fishel.

* Graduated in '97.

Names will be added to this list as they are learned. In the discovery of offenders against the ethics of healthful college sport we invoke the aid of all sportsmen.

Perhaps there are some on this list who would have sought employment as bell boys and waiters even though they had never seen a ball. But who is to be the judge?

It is a fact that summer resort ball playing is supported on a professional basis; that college men are given their board and lodging in return for their playing on baseball nines—and this is professionalism.

IT MAY SEEM UNJUST to put all the summer resort ball-players on the "black list," and very likely it does work so in some directions. But it has come to pass that an athlete is judged by his associations. Unfortunately there is no officially appointed athletic censor to pick out those hotel players who deserve to be blacklisted and those who do not. It is a case of the greatest good to the greatest number. All friends of college sport are united in condemning summer resort ball playing as now conducted, whether it be by hotels, or by clubs, or by individuals for the gate receipts. A college man who plays on any of these nines puts himself in a questionable light before the amateur-sport world, and he must not resent our suspicion of his status. He has the remedy in his own hands.

Sadly enough, the situation in sport is such that an athlete's word cannot be taken, and we must judge him by his associations. It is our only resource. What with the athlete who strives to make a living out of his athletic ability, and the hotel-proprietors and club managers who endeavor to make profit out of that ability, we are obliged to draw hard and fast lines, which in occasional individual cases undoubtedly work injustice.

THIS APPLIES ALSO TO CLUBS. Take for an instance the Newton Athletic Association near Boston. Here is a club which is made up almost entirely of college graduates of several years' standing. Most of them live within a few miles of the club. It hires a professional pitcher, and it takes in only enough gate money to pay the expenses of visiting teams. No one believes, I am sure, that this club exploits a baseball team to make money. But there are other clubs with all the outward semblances of purity that pretend to as much chauffeurs as the Newton club no doubt has, and yet that are in baseball purely and solely for the cash they can make out of it. If there is an hard and fast rule, who is to distinguish between these different kinds of clubs? It is true that a hard and fast rule will keep an undergraduate from playing on a club team, say like that of the Newton A. A., but, on the other hand, if there is no such rule, we lose control of him altogether during the vacation, and there is no knowing on what kind of a team he may play. Therefore the only safeguard we have is to prohibit undergraduates from playing on any nine that charges an entrance-fee, or that is supported by hotels or by aggregations of any description.

Unquestionably the undergraduate who receives his board and lodging in exchange for his ball playing should be disqualified from thereafter representing his college in any branch of sport.

This does not stop summer-hotel baseball, however, which is certainly a very entertaining feature of the summer season, but it will protect boys against the comfortable though professional atmosphere of the present resort-base ball season. Let hotel nines be confined to bona fide bell boys and waiters or other employés, and the disgrace of summer resort baseball-playing will disappear.

HARD AND FAST RULES, however, are for the present urgently needed, since this summer nine playing is a serious menace to the health of college sport. Boys are readily attracted to the summer resort play because it offers an opportunity of seeing the stirring life of a big and rather fashionable hotel, which is some times contrasts sharply with quiet country homes, because there is practice and progress in the set in which they hope to gain proficiency and distinction in college, and because there are some applause and newspaper mention and certain flattering, which tickle unstrained and youthful vanity.

To the youngsters just out of his preparatory school or who has just entered college there is great danger in such an atmosphere.

And if schoolboys become tainted with professionalism, what may we expect from our college sport? It is most imperative that the purity of our preparatory schools be maintained. Too little heed is given this serious question by parents. Too few fathers realize that dishonesty in athletics at school or college is a very easy stepping stone to dishonesty in the more serious affairs of life.

My study of this question has convinced me that the average American boy is all right at heart. He wants to see the best man win honestly, and believes unqualifiedly in a fair field and no favor; but he is human, and human nature is susceptible to temptation to a more or less impressionable degree.

THE MEN WHO ARE RESPONSIBLE for the unwholesomeness in our sport, or, to particularize, who are responsible for the summer-resort nine ball playing situation, are the hotel keepers and the school principals and college faculties. We can hardly criticise the hotel-keeper, he is in business to make money, and the more attractive his hotel the more money he makes. He realizes that a team of college men, hired under the guise of bell-boys and waiters, leads a great deal more interest to the ball playing than were the nine made up of regular bell-boys and waiters, therefore he hires the college men. It is his living, and we do not look for a revelation of the ethics of amateur sport in the average hotel-keeper. But the principals of the preparatory schools and the faculties of the colleges are in an entirely different position. The mental and moral well-being of the boys is consigned to their care, and they hold the key to the "summer-nine" situation.

It is entirely within the power, for example, of the Yale and Harvard faculties to declare, as those of Princeton and Pennsylvania have already done, an ineligible to any "varsity team in any branch of athletics those men who play on "summer nines." It is equally within the power of the principals of our preparatory schools to forbid to school athletics such of their pupils as play on "summer nines." In most instances the faculties and the principals are either indifferent to the ethics of amateur sport or they care not to deprive their teams of the services of promising athletes, or they relax their vigilance, or they lack courage to stand resolutely opposed to the serious. To guard the health of athletics is an arduous duty, but it is a most important one.

WHEN WE FIND ATHLETIC IMPURITY in our preparatory schools there is indeed occasion for serious alarm. We have all known in an indefinite way that each season the college athletic procurer busily recruits the preparatory schools. There are legitimate and illegitimate ways of attracting boys to colleges, and too often we hear of the illegitimate being employed. The most drastic treatment is the only one to be used on such occasions.

It has recently come to my notice that M. W. Long, the quarter mile runner, has put himself in the athletic market. I am aware of a letter asking for free tuition in exchange for attendance at a certain school. I am aware of other schools offering to give him free tuition. Here is a case that needs parental authority, and a father who will turn his son over his knee, and having spanked him soundly, publicly expose the school principals who are playing the contemptible rôle of tempters, and endeavoring to sully the boy's clean record. Here, too is another illustration of the influence of training tables and their environments. Long has been one of the New York Athletic Club's summer boarders, where he has been associated with other summer boarders, several of whom are thoroughly professional in instinct and spirit. If you throw a boy of sixteen or seventeen years into such company, what can be expected of him? We should advise Mr. Long, the father, to look to his boy's amateur status. Meanwhile we are watching the manœuvres of two New York preparatory schools in their endeavors to attach Long to their school free of all expense to himself or his father and we shall expose the whole disgraceful negotiation if the necessary is forth coming.

THE RETURN OF SCHILLO TO NOTRE DAME for his annual course in football calls to mind the culpable negligence of this university faculty, so notorious in its indifference as to create a suspicion of its connivance in the scandalous athletic shortcomings of the college. Schillo played on the team several years ago. If he is to return, I believe, ostensibly to teach a class. If he is a bona fide member of the faculty, certainly he is ineligible to play on the football team as a student, and if there is no pretence to being a member of the faculty, then is he also ineligible, on the ground of having no student's status. In fact, he is ineligible from any view-point. Notre Dame has been an persistently unwholesome in its athletic methods that it merits a place on the black list with Georgetown, Holy Cross, Manhattan, and Fordham. The faculties at these colleges appear to be in entire sympathy with unhealthful methods, and until there is some evidence of improvement the five should be barred from games with other athletely cleaner universities.

MEADOW BROOK DEFEATED WESTCHESTER for the polo championship last Wednesday by 12 goals to 4½, and, as the score shows, won the Association cup with greater ease than had any previous team. They had faster ponies, rode them harder, and played an infinitely better team game.

The Westchester combination was stronger Wednesday than it had been the previous Saturday when playing Rockaway. L. Waterbury had recovered from his sickness and took his place at No. 2, while Cowdin replaced Herriman at back. And with Stevens at No. 1, and J. M. Waterbury, Jr., at No. 3, the '97 Westchester combination was at its full strength. Considered individually, there was the material here for a very much better team than showed itself against Meadow Brook. A cleverer No. 1, than Stevens when he is at his best has probably not played polo in America, although it must be acknowledged that Rustic divided honors with him on Wednesday. If indeed he did not earn the major portion. Cowdin is one of our strongest players, although his style of game is not as effective against the new tactics of team-play in the game of several years ago. Indeed, on Wednesday Cowdin on several occasions was shut out of the game completely.

The Waterbury boys are among the most promising of the younger players, they are first class players in embryo; they need very careful drilling in team play and in the best principles of the game, which teach that position and consistency are the jewels of high grade polo form. There were times on Wednesday when their work was very brilliant, but too much of the time and on most important occasions they were not in the game. The trouble with Westchester on Wednesday was their failure to play a team game. There were moments when they rallied in the first period, and again in the third period, and showed some good team-work, but for the greater part of the time they were not together. The fact of Cowdin's going to back position split up what team play there had been between him and Stevens on the previous Saturday, and when Meadow Brook set their splendid team work in motion they simply swept Westchester before them.

MEADOW BROOK EARNED THEIR VICTORY most brilliantly. Their team play was not only first class, but it was of a very much advanced character. It was, in fact, a much higher class of team play than that revealed by Stevens and Cowdin. Eustis was a hard-riding and a determined No. 1, who was rarely ridden off the ball and seldom missed it. He was superbly mounted, and so was Hitchcock. Indeed, the beautiful work of these two men largely accounted for Meadow Brook's success. They played into each other's hands most skilfully. Whitney was a serviceable and fairly accurate No. 3. Nichols played a strong game at back. Some of his stops and nearly all of his drives were timely, sharp, and accurate.

It was perfectly evident in the first period that the team-play of Meadow Brook was bound to wear down the more or less brilliant individual play of Westchester.

In the first period Meadow Brook made two goals, and Westchester made one goal and a safety. In the second period Meadow Brook swept Westchester from end to end of the field, making eight goals, while Westchester made but one. In the third period brilliant play by Westchester and an occasional glimpse of team-work resulted in their making three goals to Meadow Brook's two.

It was not as high-class polo as shown in the play for the championship of last year or the year before—there were too many misses—but the team-work revealed by Meadow Brook was the most effective we have ever seen.

THE POSSIBILITIES OF DISHONESTY in racing have at last become apparent to the Racing Board of the L. A. W., or, I should say, have become so notoriously obvious that the Racing Board is about to take official action. From the very beginning the practice of pacing has been opposed by all members of the L. A. W. who really have the health of the sport at heart and who have sense enough to see the course it must run. It is extraordinary that the officials of the L. A. W. have not before realized that to permit pacing is simply to establish for vicious professionals an easy and a most lucrative method of swindling.

It is pretty well known by those who have studied the situation that men who race for money use every means to win the purse. Naturally it would follow that the pacer should be approached by somebody interested in the race, and paid liberally for doing what he could to lose or win the event for a particular contestant. This has been found to be the case. It is conceded that the results of several races this year have been influenced by the unscrupulous conduct of the pacers; and there is no doubt that among that section of professionals who make pacing a business there are more ways of making money than one.

CASPAR WHITNEY.

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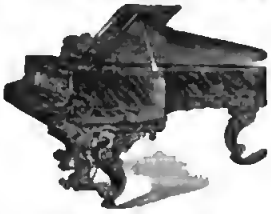

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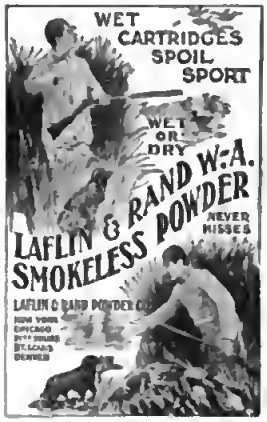

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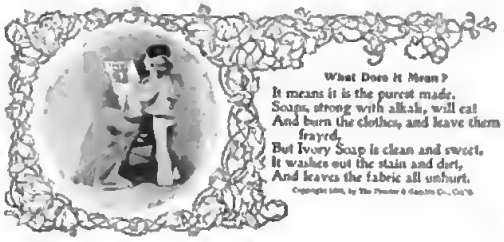

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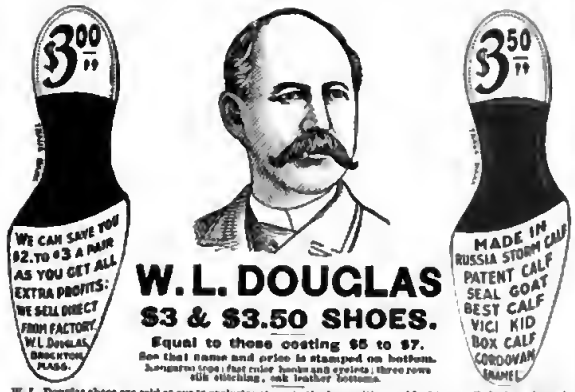

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLI.—No. 2100

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1897.

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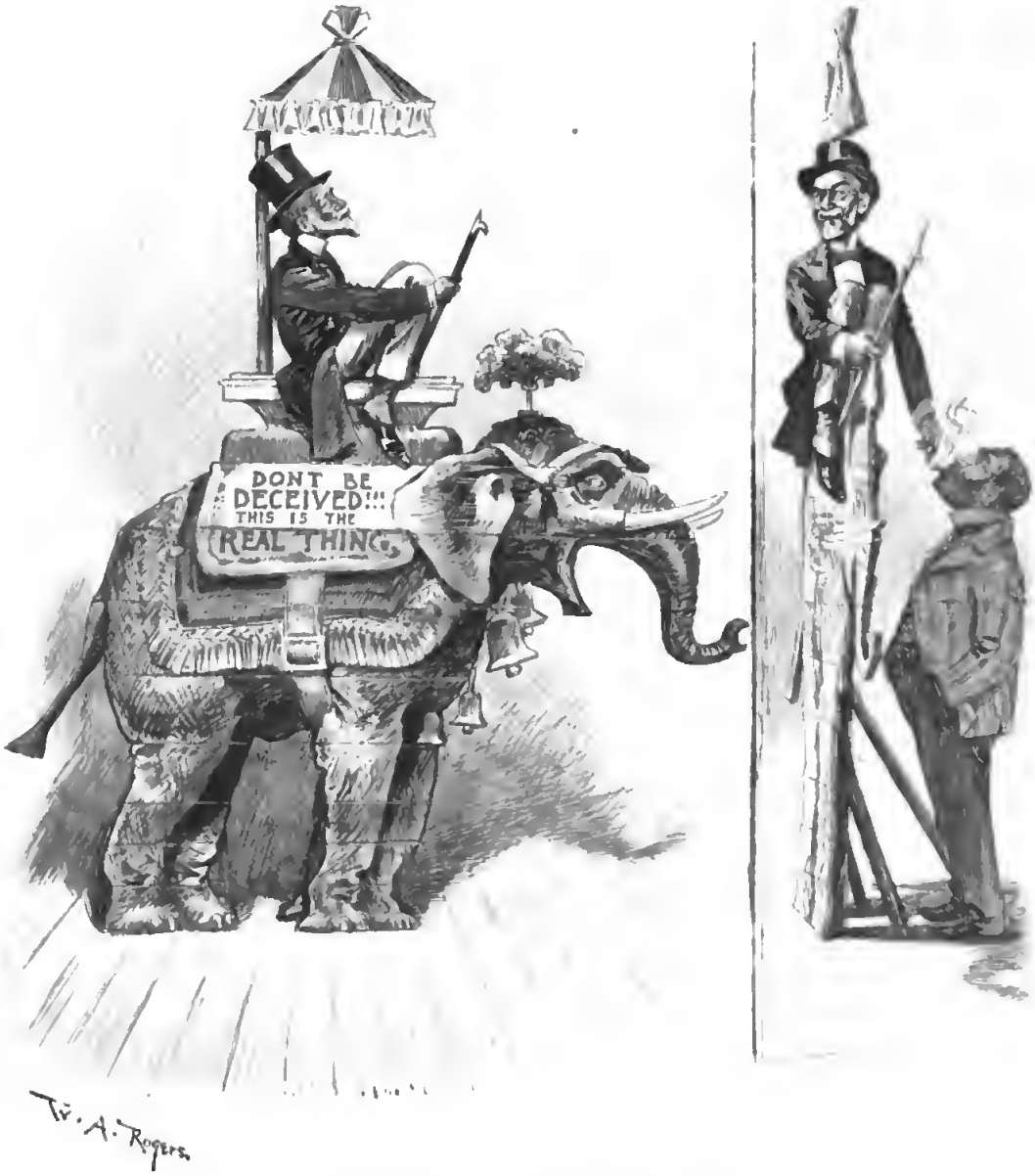

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IRELAND is promised a famine for the coming winter. The barley is in a bad state, the potatoes are rotting in the ground, and, as the *Speaker* says, "Ireland is again on the relief lists." All her politics has not yet taught her to be self-supporting.

ON the 27th of September, according to a New Orleans despatch to the New York *Herald*, there had been 563 yellow fever cases in fourteen places, sixty-two of which had then proved fatal. Since then there have been a small number of new cases and a few deaths. We are asked to state that the report of cases at Jackson, Mississippi, was incorrect.

ON November 1 the Union Pacific Railroad is to be sold at Omaha under a decree of foreclosure. The government will receive for its debt, under the agreement made by Mr. CLEVELAND, the sum of $45,000,000. The sale will put an end to the scheme of Senators HARRIS and MORGAN, involving the taking and running of the road by the government—a happy postponement of the looked for time when government inefficiency shall be applied to railroad management.

ON September 28 the people of New Jersey defeated, by a large majority in a small vote, three proposed constitutional amendments, one of which was an anti-gambling race track amendment, and another an amendment extending the suffrage to women. The event is of importance, not so much as indicating the opinions of the people of New Jersey on the subjects submitted to them, as showing the indifference of the vast majority of the voters—a further fact for the careful consideration of the advocates of a referendum.

A YEAR ago Kansas was sure that the gloom of bankruptcy would settle on this country for many years to come if BRYAN should be defeated. McKINLEY was elected, and on the 27th of September this year a week of festivities was begun at Topeka to celebrate the return of prosperity to the State. The dwellers in the cave were almost beside themselves with joy, and expended some of their sudden and unexpected gains in most fanciful devices. A good deal was said about the crops and their prices, but nothing, so far as we have heard, of the DINGLEY bill as the cause of all this prosperity.

TAMMANY has been having difficulties almost numberless. A few days ago it thought, in the language of the "boys," that it could win with a "yellow dog" ticket. But HENRY GEORGE was nominated by the United and other Democrats who adhere to Bryanism, and the Germans notified the bosses that if a "yellow dog" ticket was nominated they would vote for Mr. LOW. Finally, on Thursday the ticket was named. The candidate for Mayor is ROBERT A. VAN WYCK, Chief Justice of one of the lower city courts. If the ticket is not a "yellow dog" ticket, it closely resembles one, and so the Germans seem to think.

MR. BENJAMIN F. TRACY, once a cabinet officer, was nominated for Mayor by PLATT on September 28. We say that he was nominated by Mr. PLATT, because the convention was a mere legal fiction. The delegates, with the exception of JACOB WORTH and some forty others from Brooklyn who voted for Mr. LOW, did not think or act except as PLATT dictated. At his command they nominated Mr. TRACY, and he lent himself to PLATT'S purpose. In his speech of acceptance, which had been carefully prepared in advance, and probably at PLATT'S dictation, Mr. TRACY, in effect, announced that he was in the field to bring the Citizens' Union and Mr. LOW to terms, and to compel them to act with the PLATT machine.

A CURIOSITY in the way of news was published last week in a New York evening paper. It was thought worth while to cable from London to the effect that the *Sheffield Telegraph* announced that the French, Indian, and United States mints would be opened in October to the coinage of silver at 15½ to 1. The delay, short as it was, was due, we were informed, to the fact that a meeting of the British cabinet was necessary in order that the terms suggested by this government should be formally agreed to. It will have to be a very ignorant free-silver American who will be "heartened up" by this bit of news. A commentary on the distribution of powers in the United States government would be an admirable addition to the office furniture of the newspaper that published the despatch.

THE condition of affairs in Austria-Hungary is becoming more and more interesting. The discontent of the Hungarians, and the revolt of the Germans against the government for making the Czech, equally with the German, the official language, are the ostensible elements of the trouble. Count BADENI, the premier, has been forced to violate the law against duelling and to "meet" Dr. WOLFF, the German Nationalist leader, who first denounced him as a scoundrel, and then wounded him with a pistol-shot on the "field of honor." So exigent are the political necessities of the moment that the Emperor has felt himself obliged to uphold his premier's violation of the law.

THERE has been much discussion as to the character of the communication made by Mr. WOODFORD to the Duke of Tetuan. Those who ought to know, including Mr. WOODFORD, Secretary SHERMAN, and the Duke, say that the message was friendly, and that there was no mention of possible interference by the United States for the purpose of putting an end to the war in Cuba. The contrary is maintained by some European newspapers. It is clear, at all events, that Spain is in a better mood for "mediation" than she has been before or than she may be again. Her domestic troubles press upon her. The reported capture of Victoria de las Tuñas on August 26 by the insurgents is exciting much apprehension, and the prediction is common that Spain will not be able to hold Cuba. Whether Spain shall drop Cuba amid the glories of a war with the United States or with due thanks to the United States for friendly services will depend upon Mr. McKINLEY and his chosen diplomatic representatives at home and abroad. The hope of peace in Cuba is strengthened by the resignation of the AZCARRAGA cabinet on September 29, and by the selection of SAGASTA as Prime Minister.

THERE is probably no method by which the English newspaper mind can be accurately informed on American affairs. The *Saturday Review* of September 18, for example, speaks of Sheriff MARTIN'S conduct at Lattimer as a "terrible crime." It announces that the strike was a great one, extending over a number of States—confusing of course this local strike in the anthracite region with the general strike of the miners in the bituminous regions. It says that the miners did not understand the riot act when it was read to them by the sheriff, "through ignorance of the language," and that the sheriff, "assuming that the strikers were determined to go on and that he was in danger if he prevented them, ordered his deputies to fire at close range." All this is attributed to the "tendency in the States to use 'shooting irons' on the slightest provocation." The *Spectator* of the same date also regards the shooting as murderous, and while it has more accurate information than the *Saturday Review*, also looks kindly on the miners, and regards the event as an illustration of the rough way and the heedless barbarity with which American sheriffs and their deputies administer the law. It also tells us what the trained policemen of England do under like conditions.

The mob which Sheriff MARTIN faced at Lattimer had got beyond the bounds within which a trained police force might have kept it. It was not a mere peaceable procession of miners, as our English critics think. It was an ugly, murderous crowd that had been in existence for many days, and that had already violated the law and threatened murder. Sheriff MARTIN believed that the work of the mob must be stopped at all hazards, and he undertook to do his duty. In this effort his orders were disobeyed and he was assaulted. Then followed the shooting. It was not of flying workmen that the deputies fired, but at advancing and threatening hostiles, whose success on that afternoon would have left property and the lives of many persons at the mercy of men who had shown a readiness to destroy both. At a time when officers of the law in many States of the Union are afraid even to arrest the many lynchers who are disgracing the country, one cannot listen patiently to uninformed and hasty criticism of this officer, who, with his deputies, upheld the law. In the mean time the coroner's jury has disagreed as to the responsibility of the sheriff.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S letter, or the letter written by Mr. EDWARD WINGFIELD by the Colonial Secretary's order, to the British Foreign Office, is published in full in the London *Times* of September 18. As to its manners we do not feel that we have the right to say more than that rough manners on the part of one who feels himself wronged do not excuse bad manners in response. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S letter is not an important contribution to the discussion of the seal controversy. He undertakes to maintain, by detached quotations from Mr. JORDAN'S report, that the seal herd of the Pribyloff Islands is not disappearing as rapidly as Mr. JORDAN asserts and as this government maintains. He also insists that British subjects have the right to hunt seals on the high seas, and says that the effort of the United States to deny this is a departure from "the noblest traditions of their country." As a matter of fact, no one now denies that British subjects, and all other persons, have the right to catch seals on the high seas, for the Paris award settles that question. But, for the preservation of the game, the tribunal declared that the two countries should unite to accomplish a certain object—to wit, the restraint of pelagic sealing, principally carried on by these same British subjects, whose "undoubted right of fishery on the high seas" has thus been limited by the assent of their own government. The discussion of this undoubted right is therefore an idle waste of words on the part of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, unless it is entered into to make him and his scheme of federation popular in the Dominion.

Coming from the general proposition to particulars, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN does not adequately meet the accusation that the British government has not enforced the rules of the tribunal in good faith. Having agreed that the two countries should preserve the herd from extinction on the same principle that each endeavors to preserve its own game, the British government is charged with neglect of duty. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S reply to this charge is of such a character as to amount to an admission of its truth. Last week it was announced that Lord SALISBURY had declined to take part in the conference to which he had agreed if, as Mr. HAY had informed him, Japan and Russia were to be parties to it. But it turned out that he was merely pausing to think over the proposition, which was not new, since the British government had expressed itself favorable to such a joint conference as far back as 1894. Even if Sir JULIAN PAUNCEFOTE does not attend the conference as a member, he will be there as a spectator.

A STUDY IN CONTEMPORANEOUS POLITICS.

THE Republicans and the regular Democrats of the State of New York have nominated candidates for Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals. Each party's nomination was made by its State Committee—that is, the Republican nomination was made by Senator PLATT, and the Democratic nomination was made by ex-Senator HILL and Senator MURPHY.

Fortunately the bosses named good lawyers with judicial experience. WILLIAM J. WALLACE, the Republican candidate, has for many years served with distinction on the Federal bench; and ALTON B. PARKER, the Democratic candidate, has served also with distinction on the bench of the Supreme Court of the State and as a member of the Second Division of the Court of Appeals. It is not, however, with the candidates themselves that we intend to deal. Each nomination is good. But, as a study in contemporaneous politics, the reasons for making the two nominations, and the arguments, stated or implied, addressed to the voters in behalf of each, are worthy of serious consideration.

Both candidates were chosen, not primarily because they were fit for the place, but because they have the friendship of the respective bosses of their parties. Judge WALLACE has not had opportunities of late to manifest his friendship for Mr. PLATT, and he supported Mr. CLEVELAND against Mr. BLAINE, but he comes down to the Senator from a former generation. He was a warm and steadfast friend of ROSCOE CONKLING, and personally and socially was on an equal footing with him at the time when Mr. PLATT was contemptuously and appropriately known as "Me too." That Mr. PLATT remembers and respects some of the men to whom he looked up in the days when he was following Mr. CONKLING'S footsteps is perhaps an in-

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dication that he possesses a certain fidelity which is not a human attribute solely. ALTON B. PARKER is made the candidate of the Democrats who are known as regular because they preferred the candidate of 1896 to their principles, because he is the friend and has been the lieutenant of Mr. HILL.

The Republican boss alone has assigned reasons why the voters of the State should elect his candidate, and, considering the office to be filled, these reasons are of a singular character. What the office demands is learning in the law, impartiality in its administration, clearness and courage in its interpretation, and absolute fairness and purity. A fundamental essential of the virtues of the judge is non-partisanship in the performance of his duties. We would not for a moment suggest that Judge WALLACE has not that essential virtue. But, omitting the one paragraph of the Republican address which mentions him, the reasons assigned for voting for him would support the candidacy of the man of the meanest intellect and the most degraded character who has been faithful to the Republican party and to Mr. PLATT.

These are the reasons given to the voters of New York for supporting Judge WALLACE. He is to be voted for because, in Mr. PLATT's opinion, the Republican party has fulfilled its promises; because troublous times followed the Democratic success of 1892, not to speak of the Republican legislation of 1890; because prosperity has followed the Republican triumph of 1896, not to mention the favorable crop conditions that have also followed that triumph; because most of the Democrats of the Senate were antagonistic to Mr. CLEVELAND during his Presidency; because Republican government is a "demonstration of intelligence, conservatism, and success," whatever that may mean; because the Republican party taxes the people for the benefit of favored manufacturers, and permits the beneficiaries of the bounty to determine the rate of taxation; because Mr. PLATT thinks that Mr. McKINLEY "enjoys the singular distinction of being a President who, at the end of his first nine months of administration, could be re-elected by increased majorities"; because the Democrats are for silver, no matter how silent they may be on the question, while the Republicans are for gold; because the Democrats are trying to "sneak back into power" by ignoring this vital issue; because the Republican party made the Greater New York; because Mr. PLATT has the hardihood to announce in his address the false statement that under the new charter the city enjoys "a measure of self-government such as is enjoyed nowhere else in organized society"; because a "few self-sufficient persons" are plotting to turn over the government of the metropolis to Tammany by nominating Mr. LOW for Mayor instead of permitting Mr. PLATT, the friend and ally of that organization, to dictate the candidate who, if elected, would preside over the city in his name, in place of the Mayor who would represent CROKER; finally, the voters are asked to support Judge WALLACE's candidacy to vindicate Governor BLACK's miserable record, and Mr. PLATT has the temerity to point to his tool's tricky attempt to cheat the civil service provision of the Constitution as a reason for giving to him, as the representative of his party, the control of the judiciary of the State. The Democratic candidate is supported by his political sponsors because he is a Democrat, while he voted for Mr. BRYAN.

We do not explain and enlarge upon this attitude of the bosses for the purpose of reflecting on the two candidates. Neither Judge WALLACE nor Judge PARKER is to be supported or opposed because of PLATT's impertinent address or because of the timid and perhaps "sneaking" silence of HILL and MURPHY. The attitude of the bosses is important because it expresses the universal habit of thought of bosses throughout the country. They look upon the judiciary, as upon the executive and legislative branches of the government, as plunder which they want. They are desecrating the courts as they have long desecrated the political power. They are trying to fill the bench with their friends, and if they still take fitness into account it is because they dare not do otherwise. They dare not yet arouse the unanimous opposition of the bar. They are working towards a time, however, when fitness will not be necessarily considered, but when servility and usefulness to them will be the first and sometimes the sole consideration. What their principles are is shown in PLATT's address. That address contains his view as to the essential qualities that his candidate should have. He should be loyal to his party, blind to its faults, and obedient to his boss. From his and HILL's point of view better candidates could be found than those whom they have named, and some day their views will be stated in their candidates as they are now stated in their speeches and platforms. If Mr. PLATT's address is a platform for a judicial candidate, why could not LAUTERBACH or "ABE" GRUBER stand on it? and what is to prevent HILL, if he remains boss long enough, from nominating JOHN C. SHEEHAN or "JIMMIE" OLAVER for Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals? At least, that is the direction in which the bosses of both parties are travelling.

THE MASSES *VS.* THE BOSSES.

THE progress of the municipal campaign in the city of New York has at last clearly disclosed the real point at issue. Mr. SETH LOW was, as a candidate for the Mayoralty, first in the field. He was nominated by a popular movement, supported with their signatures by more than 123,000 citizens. His high character was universally recognized. His eminent fitness for the position was not questioned by anybody deserving serious notice. The excellent record of his two administrations as Mayor of Brooklyn and his high standing in the present city of New York naturally made him appear to the popular mind as a man exceptionally well suited for the first place in the new consolidated municipality. When other candidates were looked for, the question always was whether anybody could be nominated who would appear "as good as LOW." The Republican organization professed to see in Tammany Hall the embodiment of all the tendencies making for corrupt government, and to be bound to defeat Tammany if it could. A large number of the Republican rank and file were, and are to-day, unquestionably honest in that purpose. If the controlling spirits, or, to speak more precisely, the one controlling spirit, of the Republican organization, its dictator, Boss PLATT, had been equally sincere in that purpose, nothing would have been more natural than that he should have accepted Mr. LOW, who had already received the endorsement of an enormous number of voters as the standard-bearer of the anti-Tammany forces.

Why did he not do that evidently natural thing? He announced through his henchmen that the municipal administration of Greater New York must be a Republican administration, and that Mr. LOW was not a good enough Republican for him. And when it was objected that a consistent record as to party affiliation did not matter much when the main question was how the interests of the city should be served, the answer was that all this non-partisan talk was barren nonsense, that the municipal officers must be "responsible" to a party, and that this party must be the Republican party. This was the resounding cry in Boss PLATT's camp for a good while. Nothing was left untried to excite against Mr. LOW Republican party pride and prejudice. It was left to Boss PLATT himself to demonstrate the utter hollowness, the arrant hypocrisy, of this pretence. Nobody doubts that he possessed and exercised the power to dictate by a simple expression of his will who should be the nominees of the Republican organization; and now we find among those nominees Mr. ASHBEL P. FITCH for the city Comptrollership—Mr. FITCH, who for years has held office by the grace of Tammany Hall itself. Whether Mr. FITCH is or is not a man to make an efficient Comptroller is not here the question. Nobody will deny that Boss PLATT, by selecting him as his candidate for that important office, has himself pricked the bubble of all his professions of supreme party fidelity, and of his cries against the inadmissibility of non-partisanship in municipal government.

That he does not command votes enough—not by tens of thousands—to elect this ticket, he knows. Nay, the admissions made by his mouth-pieces in the very convention in which that ticket was nominated prove conclusively that his candidates were nominated not with any expectation nor for the purpose of their being elected, but for the purpose of forcing Mr. LOW off the field, or, if Mr. LOW remain a candidate, of facilitating his defeat by Tammany—the professed object being to prevent the election of Mr. LOW to the Mayoralty at any cost, even at the cost of surrendering the city of Greater New York to the tender mercies of Tammany rule.

The meaning of all this is now as clear as sunlight. Boss PLATT virtually makes this proclamation to the citizens of New York: "There are two great political powers in this city—the Republican organization and Tammany Hall, and I am the Republican organization. The nominations for the municipal offices are legitimately made on the one side by Tammany Hall, and on the other side by myself. If you want to keep Tammany Hall out of power, you will have to do it through me and on my terms, or not at all. If any candidates against Tammany are nominated by anybody else, be those candidates ever so good, I shall use my whole power to defeat them, for the nominating power is mine, and I shall not tolerate any interference with my prerogative. I shall therefore in this instance use all the influence of my Republican organization not to elect my ticket—for I know that I cannot do—and not to defeat Tammany—for I know I cannot do that with my Republican organization alone—but to defeat SETH LOW. And thus I give notice that so long as I hold my power nobody shall encroach with impunity upon my right to nominate. If anybody outside of my Republican organization who commands votes will recognize my right to nominate and negotiate with me upon that basis, I may be willing to make a trade."

It is to be hoped that the citizens of New York will fully appreciate their situation. The power to nominate is half the power to elect. He who can dictate the nominations of a party or of a combination of citizens cannot, indeed, compel the election of the candidates nominated by him; but certainly nobody on that side will have a chance of being elected unless the man holding the nominating power makes him a candidate. A political party permitting one man to possess himself of the power to make its nominations is a party of political slaves. And Boss PLATT is now attempting to extend that condition of slavery, with himself as master, beyond the boundary of his own organization. There is little doubt that if the rank and file of the Republican party in Greater New York had originally, without any interference by Boss PLATT or his minions, been allowed to express their honest preference, a large majority of them would have pronounced for SETH LOW, and carried his name triumphantly through the Republican convention against the opposition of the politicians directly interested in bad government. Indeed it required the incessant shouting of drivers and cracking of whips to keep down that sentiment even inside of Boss PLATT's own camp. At last he succeeded in having the nominations of his choice obsequiously ratified by his subject hosts, and in inducing a respectable gentleman to serve as his cat's-paw; and thus re-enforced he renewed his attempts to subject to the same political enslavement beyond his regular organization all the sincere friends of good government in the city. He simply demands of them that they shall surrender their candidate for the Mayoralty, Mr. LOW, not as if Mr. LOW were not an eminently fit man for the office, but simply because a number of citizens of high character and universally recognized intelligence and public spirit have had the audacity to make Mr. LOW their candidate without Boss PLATT's previous consent—that is, without recognizing his right and power to nominate. If that surrender be not made, he threatens to turn over the city to Tammany. If it be made—that is, if his right to determine who shall and who shall not be nominated and voted for be thus admitted—he will graciously listen to suggestions as to some other candidate to be put in the vacated place. This demand appears especially brazen, considering the fact that the number of citizens whose signatures stand behind Mr. LOW far exceeds the number shown by the enrolment of his subjects, which is known to be largely fraudulent.

Is it not high time that the friends of good government in the city of New York, without distinction of party, should use every means in their power to put a stop to this insolent denial of their right to designate the man whom they deem it best for the public good to vote for? Can they, without loss of self-respect and without a base betrayal of the public interest, submit to so audacious a usurpation? Is not the fight against such pretension really a fight for the fundamental principles of democratic government, ay, for the freedom of the suffrage itself? Is it a wonder that many thoughtful men, and old Republicans too, have arrived at the conclusion that to tolerate the fastening of such a yoke upon the neck of the community may be more harmful to the cause of good government than even a few years of Tammany misrule? Most not those who still think that submission to the despotism of Boss PLATT is justifiable in the struggle against Tammany on the principle that we may fight the devil with fire—must they not see that such continued submission will make of our politics a permanent arena for a lot of devils to fight one another with fire? That the situation is full of difficulties and complications cannot be denied. But the true friends of good government can do one thing that is sure at last to tell—that is, with a clear presentation of the case, to call upon the people to assert their right of free suffrage. It is high time thus to appeal from the bosses to the masses.

CARL SCHURZ.

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SHIPPING GRAIN AT BROOKLYN ELEVATORS.—DRAWN BY G. W. PETERS.—[SEE PAGE 1014.]

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A TOW OF GRAIN-VESSELS COMING THROUGH ST. CLAIR FLATS, THE WATERWAY CONNECTING LAKE HURON WITH LAKE ERIE

LOADING GRAIN AT BUFFALO

GRAIN-ELEVATORS AND STEAMERS AT TOLEDO

BUFFALO'S CROWDED HARBOR

THE LARGEST ELEVATOR ON THE LAKES—AT BUFFALO

FLEET OF GRAIN-VESSELS COMING OUT OF THE DETROIT RIVER, BOUND FOR BUFFALO.

MOVING THE GREAT GRAIN CROP THROUGH THE LAKES.—DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.—[SEE PAGE 1014.]

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THE FÉMINISME MOVEMENT IN FRANCE.

It is doubtful whether a mind whose processes and faiths are the results and constructions of American and English environment can ever completely understand the French view of woman. One who reads modern French literature—for example, Marcel Prévost's studies of women—will go far astray in assuming them to be simply pathetic or amusing excursions for the entertainment of fleshly imaginations. Nevertheless, it is probably the fact that the *Lettres de Femmes* and the other and the last *lettres de femmes* are ranked among the volumes that are kept under lock and key in men's clubs, and whose presence on the shelves promotes a zest for literature in minds to which purity is commonplace and sublimity incredible. I am speaking, of course, of Anglo-Saxon minds, and, besides, of minds taught to judge with conventional accuracy and harshness, to accept no palliating motive or excuse, and to indulge their native baseness, if any exist, by a greedy acceptance of French frankness as lubricity [illegible], and I am not going so far as to say that the Anglo-Saxon mind ought to like all the fiction that modern French writers pour out when I state that many of the books which are read by English and American youth with vile intent are conceived and executed in the most profoundly serious spirit, and are designed for good.

It is necessary to interrupt my general reflections for a moment to notice a somewhat ill-mannered denial of the truth of the charges against the French dandies who were at the Charity Bazar fire, and who saved themselves not only without attempting to save the women, but partly by the brutal and maybe fatal treatment of those women who were unhappy enough to be in the way of the flying gardenias. In a letter from Paris, a correspondent of a New York newspaper made himself the advocate of the young men who acknowledge Count Montesquiou as their leader, and he assumed the duty of denying the tale of cowardice, just as his client assumed the duty of challenging the men relatives of women whose allusions to canes in connection with *incendies* were too suggestive. It is immaterial whether this advocate of the idle dandies of Paris bore false witness innocently or wilfully, but as the paper for which he wrote the defence called his assertions an "exposure" of "journalism," and accepted his statement that the accusations were the inventions of irresponsible French and American journalists, it becomes necessary to say that the evidence of their truth is abundant, that it consists in the statements of women who were present, some of whom were injured; that since the publication of the letter by this champion of gardenias I have taken the trouble to verify my own statements by writing to Paris, and that no one there pretended to doubt the truth of the charge, except those most immediately and injuriously affected by it, until the matter involved a question of class, even of national honor. In view of the fact that the most forceful presentation of the charge was made by Le Passant in the organ of fashionable Paris, the statement that it was the invention of irresponsible French and American journalists cannot be reconciled with any other theory than that its author, if well informed, is not inclined to undervalue a truth that stands in the way of his necessities.

Among the evidences at my command are these: A distinguished artist says that the Juge d'Instruction told him that the evidence showed that the conduct of the men was "*navrant*." That there were men at the fair on this fatal day is not denied by the correspondent who has made himself the defender of the Montesquiou set, but their number is astutely minimized. The bazar is an affair like an afternoon tea, for which invitations are issued, and the men who go to teas, who go everywhere where they can meet the pretty women of Paris, go also to the fair. Perhaps the best description of the kind of men who attend the bazar is to be found in *Le Baron Sinaï*, Gyp's latest novel, which, I judge from the date of the dedication, was published about two months after the fire. In reply to Madame Guérande, who has said "*les hommes qui vont à ces réunions—ce sont si peu des hommes*," Clagny, a thoroughly manly man of the world, replies: "You are right if you speak of men of our set. They are evidently poor creatures if they can employ their time no better. But there are others. There are those who go to these *fêtes* in order to meet and mingle with the fashionable world and to force its grateful doors with their money." There were thirty counters at the bazar, and fifteen to twenty-two women at each table, and each table must have possessed an attraction for some men. The French artist already mentioned says that he saw about thirty hats of men, besides some of priests, which were found after the fire, and not a priest lost his life; not a man lost his life, indeed, except the five men whom I named in my letter, and these accounted for themselves, as did the humbler men, including the roofer and the cook, who really did save life, and who have been honored for their courage by their enthusiastic countrymen, who have a wholesome love for brave men and as wholesome contempt for cowards. And this recalls the last bit of evidence that I shall offer, the monotonous cry "*les lâches! les lâches!*" uttered hour after hour by the secretary of a woman of rank, who fortunately escaped, concerning the men whose pretended efforts to save the baroness were signalized and eulogized by the zealous *Gaulois*. All this testimony I owe to the kindness of an exceedingly well-informed correspondent.

It may be thought an extravagant assertion that it is logical for a Frenchman to consider his life of greater value than the life of a woman; but this attitude is nevertheless the something which is bred by ages in a race—bred so constantly and is so unquestioned that it becomes to that race an almost eternal and immutable principle, even essence, becomes not only the thought but the inevitable sentiment of the race, becomes so much part of the mind that a doubt of it is the excitator of that dumfounding astonishment which has always greeted questionings of the soundness of what men call their "eternal verities."

Marcel Prévost—I take him for a type—is not writing that mean minds may revel in a corner over illicit relations between men and women. He is dealing philosophically with the inferior state of French women. He is showing us the living Frenchman's living French doll. Whether or not he might be engaged in better business may be deemed a question for him rather than for me, but I have at least the right to say that literature ought not to be demoralizing, and that Marcel Prévost's books are not only demoralizing, but that they give us such a revolting view of French character that whatever worthy purpose he may have must be thwarted. It cannot seem to Americans and Englishmen, who have made some advance in what the Frenchman calls the *féminisme* movement, that it is essential to the relief of women from legal and traditional injustice that the text of the sermons in their behalf should be forever the frailties of the idlers of the upper world or the temptations of the miserable and the lazy of the under world. Nevertheless, it is but justice to add that if one wishes to learn the kind of accepted principle of life, the kind of man and the kind of woman, that have been bred by certain French legal and social relations, by a certain secular faith, there is very little in French literature more illuminating and more pathetic than the letter of "Mademoiselle Cécile Cantard à Monsieur Louis de Listrac." One who reads the letter with the feeling that is the author's due—and it is surely due to every serious artist to believe that if he works in mud it is because he hopes to discover gold—one who reads this letter, I repeat, as a serious contribution to literature cannot escape the conviction that its intention is to strip the decorations of manners from the true relations of the sexes to each other.

This, at least, is what the letter does, and what other letters and stories of Prévost and of other modern Frenchmen do; and when it is added that Prévost is probably a *féministe* of one faction or school or another, his intent seems clear. For the movement in France against the wrongs or the position of woman, as I have said, is becoming general. Alexandre Dumas *fils* was not the first of French dramatists to avail himself of the pathetic interest of women's lives—of the lives of the women who are first the victims of men, and then the ill-omened birds of prey that feed their revenge not alone on the strength but on the very hope of the nation. *La Femme de Claude* was the expression of the dramatist's later years, and his remarkable preface to the terrible drama, in response to the critic Cuvillier-Fleury, was the speech of the man who had so greatly suffered that he felt himself impelled to warn his countrymen, broken and heart-sore after their great defeat, against the luring enemy within the gates. But *La Dame aux Camélias* was the pitying voice of the younger man resenting the primal injustice to women. It must not be assumed that this question of *féminisme* is merely one of the social problems that are no more revolting in France because they are there dealt with frankly, or no less exigent in England and America because our Teutonic minds decline to permit the expression of our thoughts on the theme. Since the days when Dumas appeared on the Parisian stage as the champion of the only kind of woman to whom his worthy father, and comrade, had presented him, the relation of women to the world of men and affairs has come to be discussed in all its varied phases, and France is asked, at last, to render to woman that justice which other nations accorded to her years ago.

We have our own woman's rights movement, which at present breaks out in neurotic manifestations, assailing the state with a demand for the admission to the suffrage of voters who habitually entertain as lively a hostility to established law and orderly precedent as has yet been exhibited by the most unwelcome of our immigrants. But these manifestations are merely the traditional mischief invented by evil counsellors to vary the monotony of idle hours. The *féministes* of France have not yet reached the point where they can find the leisure for trying to seize the moon in their teeth. The woman's rights movement in France is engaged in serious work, and the whole broad field of what is called the "emancipation of woman" lies temptingly before it, for the gallant nation is more unjust, or less just, to its women than any other nation of Europe.

For fifty years woman in this country has owned her own property, so that now there is no American, probably, who ever thinks of a woman as a human being who parts with all her possessions at her marriage. It is true that she may often surrender her spiritual possessions, and in some parts of the country, where a certain unwritten law has been recently declared, she may herself be so far considered as mere personalty that her consent, otherwise her free will, plays no part in the issue which her husband settles summarily, but her visible possessions are her own, the moneys and lands that she brings and all that she earns belong to her, and the law gives her all the protection against the wrongs of husband, as of others, of which human crudity is capable. In England a married woman's property act was passed in 1882. The Danish woman has had the right to collect and to dispose of the product of her toil since 1880. The Swedish woman since 1874, and the Norwegian since 1888, have had the same property rights. Even the woman who is the subject of the Tsar is the mistress of her own. But in France the woman of the humbler class who is married works for the man, keeps her money only if he will, and must give it to him if there is the best of reasons why she should be permitted to withhold it—as, for example, if he be an idle drunkard, spending for his pleasures the earnings of the wife and mother that are needed for the household. Among the shopkeeping *bourgeoisie*, the woman works also alongside of the husband, is often the real head of the establishment, especially in the little businesses whose prosperity depends upon good taste, patience, tact, and unfailing courtesy. And for the toil which knows little rest, the possible maker of the family's prosperity receives what is granted by the head of the house, whose temper and awkward mindedness may possibly prevent the wife's achievement of a still greater prosperity, involving a larger *dot*, and therefore a more shining marriage for the daughter.

If any reader of the WEEKLY is curious to acquaint himself with the effect which existing conditions have made upon French nerves, let him, or her, read M. Léopold Lacour's unpleasant but illuminating book, entitled *Humanisme Intégral*, which is the name that M. Lacour prefers to give to the movement in which he is interested, because he regards it as an effort to give to woman her right place by the side of man, thus composing humanity of the two sexes that are now, in his view, engaged in a repulsive duel. M. Lacour's book expresses, as a socialist expresses every belief, the extreme utterance of the movement. He sees all the shadows of his time, and he contemplates the very abysm of existing conditions alone. There is no relief for him except in the overthrow of all that is responsible for the laws that touch French women, and of all established order that is unfortunate enough to be contemporary with those laws. But, like all extravagances that are born of actualities, this book of a sincere mind and of a sympathetic heart reveals not only the truth but the direction in which French life is marching. The imaginings that seem wild to-day are often the sober, perhaps the terrible, realities of to-morrow.

We learn from this work of M. Lacour's of certain demands that are made by women, and among the demands of human beings are likely to be found the things they need and deserve. Victor Hugo prophesied that as the eighteenth century had "proclaimed the rights of men, the nineteenth will proclaim the rights of women." And while the rest of Europe has in a measure fulfilled the prediction, France—the land of the prophet—is approaching the twentieth century with her old laws as to women unchanged. There are among the demands quite enough evidences of that faith in statutes that is the common folly of democracies to show that the French woman's rights movement will eventually be part and parcel of a world-wide movement, and that it will then in no respect differ from such movements everywhere. But the fundamental demand at present is that the woman who marries shall have that which belongs to her, and that she shall not be the slave of the husband, toiling for him, earning for him, living for him, having no rights antagonistic to him or to his inclinations, not having equal rights with him when it comes to the question of the culpability which permits the breaking of the marriage tie, not enjoying equal power with him over their children, not having the right to kill him if he be guilty against her, as by No. 324 of the Penal Code he has the right to kill her if she be the sinner.

There is so much in French domestic life that is beautiful that one cannot sympathize with the victims of its vices without wondering whether, on the whole, any reform that law might make would increase the joys of that charming portion of our puzzling race which not only dwells in the most beautiful land in Europe, but which has supplemented nature more cleverly, and perhaps more happily, than any other people in the world. I must admit, at the end of my discourse, that I have been talking of the minority, and that the greater number of French women and French men are probably not what their laws and institutions have made them, but are what Christian civilization makes of all fine natures that come within its gentle mastery. The French family, and the comradeship that comes from the common interest of the man and the woman in the business that sustains the family, may possibly be due to something besides the very nature of the people. At any rate, it is clear that relations and sentiments that are traditional and that have come to be part of the racial essence, are not to be lightly disturbed, and that changes by law should be slow and of insistent conditions. There is something going on in the French mind that finds expression in the *féminisme* movement, and in the increasing assurance, too, which we have in literature, on the stage, and even in political and economic discussion, that a good many Frenchmen are weary of being forced to economies that they may have a little fortune for each daughter, enough of a fortune to enable the most palpably intended old maid to buy an unhappy marriage for herself, and that a good many French women are rather ashamed of the sordid side of the affair of marriage. One is irresistibly tempted to say here that if proper love-affairs in France should ever cease to walk in the straight path of conventional commerce, the French novel would be inevitably purified. Judging from the present French novel which has love for its subject, an ordinary, proper, and permitted passion, in France, may lend itself to comedy, but if a story of love is to be tragic and absorbing, it must enjoy the advantage of irregularity. This, however, is aside. The mingling of business with marriage at all must suggest that the partnership should be even, and that if the woman is to furnish part of the common capital, she should have the right by law, and not merely by reason of the charitable and kindly disposition of her husband, to enjoy her equal share of the fruits that are born both of her capital and her labor. This much at least *féminisme* might accomplish without brushing off the fine flower of the relations that now exist between the happy man and woman who are civilized and Christian. The law, after all, is for the weak, and though they are in the minority who suffer in France from the slavery that the law permits, even intended once, it must seem better to our American minds that the risk that attends change should be taken rather than that this minority should continue to suffer from the hardships that destroy the moral as well as the physical life of the woman who are the victims. When, however, *féminisme* shall score its triumph; when the woman's *dot* shall remain her own, or shall be surrendered only when she wishes to surrender it, when her earnings shall be her own; when she shall have the right to an equal share of the profits of the little shop—there will probably be less of the charming sentiment between wife and husband who carry on the family's trade, there may be less of the kindly atmosphere which now surrounds so much of the polite bargaining that goes on in so many a little shop, but there will doubtless be happy women where there are now slaves, and perhaps there will be a revolution in the attitude of Frenchmen towards French women in that something that, as I have said at the beginning of this article, has become to the race "an almost eternal and immutable principle, even essence . . . . not only the thought, but the inevitable sentiment of the race." Perhaps M. Paul Bourget has most happily suggested the philosophy of this wide subject in these sentences—at any rate, I will close by reminding the reader of what he has said:

"Si les Orientaux, par exemple, ont réduits leurs femmes à un affreux état d'esclavage et de dégradation, c'est qu'ils les ont aimées avec la plus violente sensualité. Or il se cache dans toute sensualité un fond de haine, parce qu'il s'y cache un fond de jalousie bestiale. Si tout en laissant, dans le monde Latin, plus de liberté aux femmes nous n'acceptons pas sans révolte l'idée de leur indépendance et de leur initiative personnelle, c'est que nous éprouvons, à travers des raffinements de toute nuance, un peu de ce qu'éprouve l'Oriental. La sensualité et le despotisme de sa jalousie sont là."

HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.

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THIS BUSY WORLD

LORD KELVIN's seventy-three years of active life seem neither to have abated his energy nor his interest in mundane affairs. He has been scurrying through the country at top speed for the last month, paying the liveliest attention to what he has seen, especially to what has concerned the practical uses of electricity. Lady Kelvin being asked in Boston what impressed her most in this land, made the diplomatic though doubtless sincere response: "The size of the country. It seems to have no end. When you are certain you have got to the limits, you find that you are still in the interior." This was after a journey of exploration as far westward as the Yellowstone. What seems to have most edified her husband are the electrical power plant at Niagara and the General Electric workshop at Schenectady. He tried to believe that in time the whole water power of the Niagara River would be converted into electricity and put to work, an expectation that has excited the horror of some citizens. What he saw at Schenectady it would take an electrician to record, but it seems to have realized all his expectations, and to have edified and interested him to a degree that must have pleased his entertainers. This country, as most readers know, is far in the lead just now in electric railway work, and the shops at Schenectady are providing electric railway systems for London, Dublin, Madrid, Barcelona, and other European cities. In Boston he saw and gloated over the new subway. From there he went to Montreal to examine a new water power works on the St. Lawrence, his further purpose being to return to New York and Philadelphia, and sail for home on October 11.

Something said in the WEEKLY about possible statues for Copley Square, in Boston, prompts the *Transcript* to recall that at least one portrait statue is sure to stand there, that of Phillips Brooks, already ordered from St. Gaudens, which will probably be placed in the grass-plot adjoining Trinity Church. As for a central statue, the *Transcript* wants none—not even one of Copley—but instead a first rate fountain with real water in it.

Copley Square, by the way, is threatened by no less a calamity than an apartment house of immense height, by contrast with which Trinity Church is to become a trifle, the Art Museum a hovel, and the whole square a scandal. But it isn't built yet, though the plans are ready.

The big liner *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*, of which, as noted last week, so much was expected, outdid expectations. Her time from the Needles to Sandy Hook Lightship (which she passed at 8.05 Sunday night, September 26) was five days twenty-two hours, and thirty five minutes. This beats the Southampton record made by the *St. Paul* by an hour and fifty-six minutes—a great feat for any ship, and especially for a new one on her maiden trip. Her officers expect her to better it, under favorable conditions, by at least twelve hours, a rate of speed which would carry her from Queenstown to Sandy Hook in less than five days.

The provision for the retirement of judges at the age of seventy, which is operative in most of the State courts of the United States, constantly takes experienced and useful judges out of the public service while their powers are still unimpaired and their energies still equal to their task. None the less it is, in the long run, a wise provision, as appears from the experience of courts which it does not affect. English judges hold office for life, and usually continue in active service until the last. How this resulted in Sir James Stephen's case is still fresh in the public memory. A recent case of analogous features is that of Mr Justice Cave, of whom the London *Times* said, the other day, in its obituary notice:

> Had Mr Justice Cave died or resigned some years ago, the almost universal verdict would have been that few more efficient and capable judges had sat on the bench in recent years. . . . It would be flattery to say that the last years of his judicial career were as distinguished as the first. . . . The judicial day, short though it is, of late times seemed often too long for him. He was most alert in the morning than in the afternoon.

The *Saturday Review*, intimating that the decorous *Times* has expressed itself very, very mildly, adds, "And how many other judges are there still sitting on the bench to whom the same words might be fitly applied?"

A painful report is circulating in Europe that the German Emperor has appropriated and spent the famous Guelph fund, of about $15,000,000, which constituted the private fortune of the kings of Hanover. The story of this fund is that when Prussia gobbled up Hanover in 1866 the fund was seized by Bismarck on the ground that the blind King of Hanover was conspiring to recover his throne. The income of it is supposed to have been used by Bismarck while he continued to power as a means of subsidizing newspapers, especially in France. The Emperor Frederick is said to have intended to turn over the fund to its rightful owner (by inheritance), the British Duke of Cumberland, but after his death no more was heard of that. The opinion that William has used the fund up, though not proved, seems to have a good deal of basis. At last accounts, however, he had not been arrested, and perhaps, even if the reports are true, he will simply assume the historic attitude of Boss Tweed, and ask his accusers what they propose to do about it.

It seems to be doubtful how far Williams College will succeed in reducing the number of her students by making a specialty of classical education and raising her standard. It is rumored that her policy of judicious exclusiveness has been so widely advertised and proves so popular that it is in danger of defeating its own ends and bringing to her more students than ever.

Editor William A. White, of the Emporia (Kansas) *Gazette*, is still active in dividing to his fellow Kansans such truths as he can command, and his neighbors now days hear him willingly. The other day, when he made the annual address with which the fall term of the University of Kansas is used to be opened, the biggest crowd that ever got into University Hall was gathered to hear him. He laid greatest stress on the uses of education as a means for the abatement of greed. Greed, he said, was pretty equally distributed among all sorts and conditions of men, and he warned his hearers against the notion that it can be abated or controlled by law. "All the legislatures and congresses on the globe," he told them, "cannot better conditions that now exist while the greed which the farmer hates in the banker the hired man finds in the farmer, and the storekeeper has to outwit in the hired man." The remedy, he thought, was in education of a sort defined as "the most practical preparation for conduct that will get the most happiness from the life that is now, while it returns the most happiness to one's fellows." Mr White insists that Kansans and others who believe in having folks love their neighbors as themselves should not be content to "humoristic themselves and act as neighbor while they repress any desire they may feel to officiate as lover." He declared that Christ's injunction to the young man to give his fortune to the poor was not given for the benefit of the poor, but of the young man, and that it did not warrant any hyrander in compelling the young man to divide. Mr. White thinks that the world is only beginning to realize the meaning of Christ's lesson to that young man, and that when it comes to realize it fully we shall no longer say, "The fool and his money are soon parted," but, "The fool and his money are inseparable." He believes in education as the great factor in bringing that realization about, and that hope makes him declare that "the primary object of an education should be to instruct men and women in the gentle art of spending money after they have earned it."

Kansas, the same Kansas that was in such plights of poverty only six months ago, let herself out last week in a six day celebration, at Topeka, of the return of prosperity and the consequent amelioration of her circumstances. The central figure of "festivities conducted on the most elaborate scale ever witnessed in the West" was a festival queen who appeared nine times in nine different and ever-memorable gowns, and was adorned besides with crowns and jewels of fabulous value, supplied by Tiffany. The reports have told of crowds of happy Kansans flocking to the show, of railroads unable to transport all who wished to be hauled, and of Topeka overrun with visitors who had money in their pockets and spent it "like the typical Westerner of former days." Kansas has much to be happy over. To have paid one's debts and to have money to spend after four years of hard pan, struggle, and lamentation is an experience that justifies profound thankfulness and incidental high jinks.

While Mr Frank Stockton's narrative of polar adventure, now running in HARPER'S MAGAZINE, is the most thorough, comprehensive, and interesting of recent polar disclosures, it has not wholly diverted attention from the reports of other voyagers. Lieutenant Peary's steam-bark *Hope* has got safely back to Boston after a two months' trip, in which it penetrated as far north as Cape Sabine, latitude 78° 44'. The *Hope's* trip was in all respects successful. Besides her crew of twenty, she carried a party of seventeen explorers, hunters, and scientists, who returned with valuable spoils and trophies. Lieutenant Peary found the old Greely camp at Cape Sabine, and brought home relics from it. Most important of all, he fetched home the famous hundred ton mass of stone and iron discovered seventy years ago by Sir John Ross at Cape York, and believed to be a meteorite. To get that was a chief purpose of the expedition. All the objects of the expedition, including the establishment of Jensen at the whaling-station at Spicer Harbor, were accomplished without misadventure.

More than a month ago (on September 3) Mr Frederick Jackson and the companions of his three years' stay at Franz-Josef Land got back to England. The chief result of his protracted investigations is the suspicion that the lands supposed to lie north of Franz-Josef Land, and named Petermann Land and King Oscar Land, do not exist. Mr. Jackson believes that there is no land to the northwest of Franz-Josef Land, and none between latitude 82° and the pole. He left supplies at Cape Flora for Andree, or whoever might happen along, and established another depot at Bell Island.

A rumor that emanates from London that Uncle Sam is feeling his way toward the purchase of Greenland from Denmark may very possibly have been started to facilitate the purchase of that outlying district by Great Britain. The prospective use of Hudson Strait as a route for grain carrying vessels from Manitoba gives new value to the southern end of Greenland. Ships from Hudson Bay bound for England would pass almost in sight of Cape Farewell. The development of the North seems on the eve of rapid advancement. The district lying between the sixtieth and seventieth parallels, which includes the southern end of Greenland, includes also nearly all of Alaska, most of Norway and Sweden, all of Russia north of St. Petersburg, Iceland, and the Shetland Islands. Well to northward in it are such cities as Archangel, Bergen, and Trondhjem. Just to the south of it, in the latitude of Cape Farewell, are Christiania and St. Petersburg, both of which lie nearer the north pole than Juneau, and much nearer than Sitka. If the Alaskan gold mines meet present expectations, there will be cities in that territory where civilized creatures can live in comfort, and of course the Hudson Strait traffic, if it comes, is likely to make business for a port in Greenland. Civilized people will live very far to the north if the motive is adequate.

There is news also from the other end of the American continent. The Princeton expedition to Patagonia has returned, with great store of trophies and information. The east side of Patagonia belongs to the Argentine Republic, the west side to Chile. Messrs. Hatcher and Peterson, who had charge of the Princeton expedition, dealt only with the east side, and had help and courteous treatment from the Argentine government in prosecuting their explorations. They began at Port Gallegos, worked up along the coast from Magellan Strait to Port Desire, and then spent five months in an expedition in the interior, about the head waters of the Santa Cruz River, and northward into the unknown region of the Cordilleras. On this trip they saw no human being except themselves, but they added to their knowledge of geography and geology and natural history. Afterwards they explored Tierra del Fuego and the neighboring islands, and paid attention to the Indians, who live a primitive and rudimentary life in those parts. The expedition brought back a good many tons of bones, rocks, skins, and botanical specimens.

A plan of action has been arranged for Dr Nansen, which will begin before he sets foot on American soil, and continue with brief intermissions during the term of his visit. He is expected to arrive by the *St. Paul* on Saturday, October 23. He will be met at quarantine by a delegation of gentlemen, who will see him safe ashore and past the custom-house officers, and escort him to his hotel. On Sunday he will be privately entertained in a manner in keeping with American sentiment as to the proper uses of the day. On Monday he will be his own man until evening, when the Norwegian citizens of New York and Brooklyn will form a torch light procession in his honor in New York and serenade him at his hotel. On Tuesday he will visit Washington as the guest of the National Geographical Society. On Wednesday he will return to New York in time for the dinner to be given in his honor by representative Scandinavians of New York and Brooklyn. On Thursday, October 28, he will give his first lecture in Carnegie Hall and after the lecture will receive the medal voted to him by the American Geographical Society. On Friday he will lecture in Philadelphia, and take his seat as a member of the American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia. On Saturday he will lecture in New York and in Brooklyn, and after his second lecture will meet some distinguished scientists at supper. On Sunday he will perhaps rest.

The next day, November 1, he starts eastward, lecturing at Providence, New Haven, and Worcester. On Thursday, November 4, he reaches Boston, where the local Scandinavians are to meet him at the station with brass bands and other flattaries, and are to have a supper and reception in his honor after the lecture. If he survives he will lecture in Lowell on Friday, and in Boston again twice on Saturday, and so on. Thus his week is laid out for him up to December 20, and as he is an exceptionally hardy person, he will probably execute the programme as it is written, and do besides whatever else worth doing may incidentally offer.

Seven thousand five hundred dollars has been awarded by the State Board of Claims to John Roberts, of New York, as damages for his confinement in State prison for twenty two months for a crime he did not commit. Roberts, a saloon and restaurant keeper, was arrested in January, 1877, on charge of burglary, and was convicted and sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment. Two years later, when it had been conclusively proved that he was innocent, he was pardoned. In 1895 he was restored to citizenship, and the Legislature authorized him to sue the State for false imprisonment. He sued for $108,976—$100,000 personal damages, $30,000 business loss, and the rest interest. Now, twenty years after the wrong was done him, he gets $7500.

It seems reasonable to infer from this award that the State Board of Claims will never die of enlargement of the heart. It finds a precedent for its award in the action of the old State Board of Audit, which gave $8000 in a similar case in 1879. When the law does a wrong, as in Roberts's case, reparation is very hard to get, and usually inadequate when obtained. It is nobody's business to set right the mistakes of official justice. The theory is that justice does not err; and when she does, it seems to be the practice to ignore it as far as possible, to do as little as possible for the victim, and do that little meanly, reluctantly, and tardily.

It is recognized that moving-day in New York is no longer May 1, but has come to be the 1st of October. Practically it is spread over a fortnight or more, including the last ten days in September and the early part of October. The understanding is that a May lease is favorable to the tenant and unfavorable to the landlord. Thrifty people who rent till May can store their effects and go into the country for the summer, and defer hiring a new town abode until fall. That saves rent, though it undoubtedly increases trouble. Of course it is not a practice that landlords approve, consequently they favor October leases. The Jewish New Year, which fell on September 27 this year, and with the celebration of which the East Side synagogues were vocal last week, better marks the true beginning of the twelvemonth in New York than the first of January does. Now the schools are opening or have already opened, now families return, vacations close, and even the reluctant golfers are constrained to admit that there are other interests in life besides golf.

In spite of bicycles, automotors, trolley cars, torn up streets in New York, and all other hinderances to sport, the horse business is reported to be good, with most varieties of good horses in demand, and prices of raw material higher in the West. The horse show now abounds. Two important shows have already been held near Boston, several suburban shows near New York are in process or imminent, and this week is held the annual horse show of the Genesee Valley Hunt Club. The great shows in the cities—in New York, Chicago, Baltimore, and elsewhere—come later, when the fervor with which the hunting season begins has spent its first force. The exportation of American horses to Europe, especially for cavalry purposes, is reported to be a considerable and growing business, the effects of which on demand and on prices are felt and approved by breeders and dealers.

Mr Moses P. Handy, the special commissioner of the United States for the Paris exhibition of 1900, is now in Paris, and feels sure that the United States will make a good showing at the great fair, and will have sufficient space to make it in. He is pleased with the plans for the exposition, has received assurance of the co-operation of such important exhibitors as President Depew, President Frank Thompson, and Mr Pullman, is getting new applications daily, and feels confident that Congress will make an adequate appropriation. If American prosperity holds out for three years more, all Major Handy's hopes will be realized. By 1900 if all goes well, Chicago will have forgotten all the pains and penalties of her memorable effort, and remembering only its glory, will be ready to do unto Paris as she would be done by.

E. S. MARTIN.

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STORE AT DAWSON CITY.

ON THE RIVER-FRONT AT DAWSON.

FIVE-FINGER RAPIDS, ON THE YUKON.

CLAIM OF LEAKE & ASHBY, ON EL DORADO CREEK.

A BARGE ON THE YUKON.

CLAIM OF CLARENCE BERRY, ON EL DORADO CREEK, ONE OF THE RICHEST ON THE KLONDIKE.

BUILDING BOATS AT LAKE LINDEMAN.

IN THE KLONDIKE GOLD-FIELDS.—[See Page 1015.]

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"THE VINTAGE."*

A STORY OF THE GREEK WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY E. F. BENSON,

AUTHOR OF "DODO," "LIMITATIONS," "THE JUDGMENT BOOKS," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

As soon as the clan had started, Mitsos, left to himself, ate his supper, and sat down to wait till the darkness came on. It had been a hot sultry day for that time of year, and he had packed up with the rest of his things a heavy woollen cloak, which Nicholas had given him to replace the one he had left behind in his race to Tripoli, and was dressed only in his linen trousers, shirt, and open Albanian jacket, the air still being heavy like a blanket on the mountain side, but he saw that clouds had gathered on the top of Taygetus, and were pushing down westward in the direction of the camp. But they remained as yet high, and though before sunset they had stretched light over from Taygetus to the peak of Ithome in the west, a gray floor looking like marble, and flushed here and there where they were thinner with the fire of angry sunset, the northern heaven was still clear, and his beacon-point close above him stood out black and sharp cut.

For want of anything to do, he strolled up to the point where the stacks of geese and brushwood had been collected, and began arranging the fuel. The lighter and drier wood he put on the windward side, so that the wind might drive the flames inwards against the larger bushes, which would catch less easily. He also tore a quantity of dry moss from the sides of a couple of plane trees which grew to the leeward of the hill, and made a cove of this within the brushwood, with a train of it, in the manner of a fuse leading outwards to where he would apply the light. He had just finished this to his satisfaction, and was about to return to the camp to fetch up the burning lump of charcoal which he had fed during the afternoon, and which, in this wind a kick had upturn up, soon would kindle the moss into flame, when a few large raindrops fell splashing on the ground, and he hurriedly covered the dry, tinderlike furze with thick branches of fir in order to keep it protected. Then for a few moments the rain ceased again, but Mitsos looking up saw that the clouds had grown black and swollen with congested water, and that a regular downpour might break out any moment. His next thought was for the burning charcoal below, and springing up, he began to run quickly down the hill side in order to carry it under cover of the ammunition magazine. But before he had gone fifty yards the storm broke in a sheet of blinding rain, falling a little inland in the wind, but like a rain of bullets for heaviness. However, in hopes of saving the charcoal, he ran on, and raking about in the black embers of his fire, already turning to a black mud under the storm, he found a lump of charcoal not yet extinguished. Then, taking off his cap, he wrapped this up tenderly in it, and carried it into the ammunition magazine. There he sat for half an hour, with the rain rattling like musketry on to the roof, and from it managed to kindle a few more lumps, and looking out, he saw that night had come on, black and blinding.

The position was sufficiently uncomfortable. The beacon fuel would be soaked, and he had nothing to rekindle it with. Then he remembered a flask of brandy which Petrobey had told him to keep with him in case of emergency, and he ran across to fetch it from the hut. The clouds had lifted a little, though the downpour was still heavy, but looking up, he still saw the black outline of the beacon hill, showing that it, at any rate, was clear of mists. He groped about the walls of the hut for some little time before finding the flask, and just as he put his hand on it the rain ceased for a moment, and in the stillness he heard the sound of the footstep of some man stumbling up the hill side just below. At that he stopped, and then creeping to the entrance of the hut, peered out. He could see nothing, but the step still advanced, drawing nearer.

Who could it be? It was hardly possible, though still just possible that this man was some Greek of the clan coming from Petrobey with a message to him, or it might be some benighted peasant, or, again, it might be a Turk, and with redoubled caution he crept out of the hut, still keeping in the shadow, and looked round the corner; and whether it was the rush of his moving in the dead silence or the faint shimmering of his white trousers in the darkness that betrayed him, the next moment, from some thirty yards in front, he saw the flash of a gun, and a bullet went singing by him, cracking in half one of the upright posts which bound the sides of the hut together. Mitsos stood up, as he knew he was seen, and called out, drawing his pistol, yet seeing no gun, "Speak, or I fire", and in answer he heard the sound of another charge being rammed home. He bolted back round the corner of the hut and waited. The steps advanced closer; clearly the man, whoever he was, finding that he did not fire, concluded that he had no arms, whereas the truth was that Mitsos, having seen nothing but the flash of the gun, thought it more prudent to wait until he had a better chance. But the steps came no nearer, and after a moment he heard them going with redoubled quickness up the hill towards the pass.

Then a solution flashed upon him. This could be no patriot nor would a wandering peasant have fired at him; it could only be some Turk who had seen the Greek army advancing, had somehow eluded them, and was going hot foot for Tripoli with the news. He must be stopped at all costs, and next moment Mitsos was doubling up the hill after him, keeping as much as possible in the cover of the trees. Clearly the man had passed his way in the darkness and had come unexpectedly upon the Greek camp, and seeing some one there, he had fired. In three minutes or so Mitsos, with gigantic strides, had gained considerably on him, and saw saw him, with his gun on his shoulder, making up the hill. The man, he knew, carried a loaded rifle, and he himself carried a pistol.

They were now within fifty yards of each other, but Mitsos had the advantage of position, for while he was running between scattered trees the other was in the open. The man apparently recognized him, and changed his course, running towards the belt of wood, but then suddenly, seeing Mitsos so near, he halted and fired, and Mitsos felt the bullet just graze his arm, and then running forward while the man still stood, reloading his piece, he fired at him. The bullet went wide, and Mitsos, with a cry of rage and anger, ran on to close with him; but the other, while he was still some eight yards distant, finished loading and was just raising his gun to his shoulder, when Mitsos, seeing his case was utmost desperate, and that another couple of seconds would probably be the end, took hold of his heavy pistol by the barrel and flung it full in the Turk's face. He reeled for a moment and staggered, and Mitsos, gaining the advantage of that pause, rushed forward and closed with him. When it came to mere physical strength the odds were vastly in his favor, and in a moment, in the blind rage of fighting, he wrested the man's gun from him, and without thinking of firing, lost hanged him over the head with the butt end. He fell with a horrid sound of breaking, and Mitsos, still drunk and beside himself with the lust of slaughter, laughed loud, and hit him again with his full force as he lay on the ground. There was a crack, and a spurt of something warm and thick came out in a jet against his trousers and over his hand. He paused only one moment, to make sure that this was a Turk he had killed, and then, without giving him another thought or waiting to brush the clotted mess off his clothes, he ran down again to see about the beacon.

The wound on his arm was but slight, though it bled a great deal and smarted like a burn, and only stopping to tear off a piece from his shirt sleeve, which he bound tightly round it, tying the knot with his teeth and his right hand, he again put the charcoal, which was burning well, into his cap, and with the flask of brandy set off for the top of the hill. The rain had come on again, hissing down in torrents, and tearing the cover of bougha off from the cove of moss and furze, he found, to his dismay, it was quite damp and would not light. It was necessary to get a flame somehow, the brandy and the moss would do the rest if once he could get that, and to get a flame he must have something dry which he could blow at. There was no time to waste, already a big raindrop had made an ominous black spot in the middle of the glowing brand, and meantime everything was getting rapidly wetter. For a moment he clutched at his hair despairingly, this thing seemed an impossibility.

Then suddenly an idea struck him, and tearing off his

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2110.

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jacket, he took off his shirt, which had been kept quite dry, and kneeling down with his back bare to the tearing rain, put the two lumps of charcoal in the folds of it, and blew at them. For a couple of seconds the linen smouldered only, but then a little golden flame shot up. Mitsos took the brandy-bottle, and with the utmost care shook out a few drops on the edge of the flame. These it licked up, burning more brightly, and soon the whole of the tail of the shirt took fire. He crammed it under the thick core of moss and brushwood, and feeding them plentifully with brandy, coaxed the flame into the driest part of the moss. Now and then a little spark would go running like some fiery insect through the fibres, only to come to an end when it reached the damper stuff, and even the flame seemed to die down altogether; but meantime it had penetrated into the centre of the pile, and suddenly a yellow tongue of fire leaped out and licked the dripping branches of fir outside. These only smoked and crackled, and Mitsos pulled them off the pile, for they were but choking the flames, and running down to the edge of the wood, tore up a great armful of undergrowth which had been partially protected from the rain by the trees, and threw it on.

Then the fire began to take hold in earnest, and through the thick volumes of smoke which were streaming away westward shot lurid gleams of fire. Now and then, with a great crash and puff of smoke, some thicker branches of timber would split and break, throwing out a cloud of ignited fragments, or again there would rise up a hissing and simmering of damp leaves like the sound of a great stewing over a hot fire. The place where he had first lit the beacon was all consumed, and only a heap of white frothing ash, every now and then flushing red again with half consumed particles as some breeze fanned it, remained, and from the fir branches which Mitsos had taken off ten minutes ago, but had now put back, there were bursting little lilac fan shaped nosegays of flame.

Meantime, with the skin of his chest down to the band of his trousers reddened and scorched by the heat, his back cold and dripping and lashed with the heavy whips of rain which had so belabored him in those first few moments of struggle between fire and water, his hair tangled, and steaming with heat and shower, his eyes blackened and burned with the firing, Mitsos bustled about—now pushing a half-burned branch into the fire, now lifting a new bundle of fuel, as much as he could carry in both arms, which pricked and scratched the tender skin of his chest, now glancing northwards to see whether Basse had answered him. With the excitement of the work and the fury and madness of the blood he had shed dancing in his black eyes, he looked more like some ancient Greek spirit of the mountains than like the lover of Suleima, the boy who was so tender for Yanni. In ten minutes more the rain had stopped, but Mitsos still worked on, until the heat of the beacon was so great that he could scarcely approach to throw on the fresh fuel. The flames leaped higher and higher, and the wind dropping, a shower of red hot pieces of half burned leaves and bark was continually carried upwards, peopling the night with fiery sparks, and falling around him in blackened particles, or floating away, like motes in a sunbeam, in feathery white ash. And as he stood there watching it, throwing new bundles of fuel upon it, and seeing them smoke and fizz and then break out flaring, the glory and the splendor of the deeds he was helping in burst in upon him with one blinding flash that banished other memories, and even Suleima for the moment was the shadow of a shadow. The beacon he had kindled seemed to illuminate the depths of his soul, and he saw by its light the cruelty and accursed lusts of that hated race and the glory of the freedom that was coming. Then, blackened and burned and sodden and drenched, he sat down for a few moments to the north of the beacon and looked out. Was that a star burning so low on the horizon? Surely it was too red for a star, and on such a night what stars were there in the sky? Besides, was not that a mountain which stood up dimly behind it? Then presently after it grew and glowed; it was no star, but the fiery mouth of message shouting north and south. Basse had answered.

There was still a little brandy left, and between his wetting and his scorching Mitsos felt that he would be none the worse for it, and he left his jacket to dry by the beacon while he went back to where the body of the Turkish soldier lay to look for his pistol, which he had till then forgotten. He searched about for some little while without finding it, for it had fallen in a tangle of undergrowth, and taking it and the man's gun, which might come in useful, he turned to go. Then for the first time a sudden feeling of compassion came over him, and he broke off an armful of branches from the trees around and threw them over the body in order to cover it, and then, crossing himself as the Greeks do in the presence of the dead, he turned away, and going once more up to the beacon to fetch his jacket, which had become quite dry in that fierce heat, he ran off down the hill to join the clan.

They had gone but slowly, for they did not wish to reach Kalamata till an hour before daybreak, and had halted at the bottom of the range where the foot-hills began to rise towards Taygetus when Mitsos came up. He was challenged by one of the sentries, and for reply shouted his own name to them, and finding Dimitri was his challenger, stopped to tell him of the success of the beacon and the answer flared back from Basse, and then went on to seek for Nicholas or Petrobey to report his return.

Petrobey was sitting by a camp fire when he came up, talking earnestly to Nicholas and Father Andréa, who had come in from the Nauplia contingent, and only smiled at Mitsos as he came up.

"That is the order, father," Petrobey was saying. "We want to take the place at all costs, but the less it costs us the better. I should prefer it it capitulated, and not to waste lives which we can ill spare over it. All the Turks inside the walls will be our prisoners, and then—"

"Yes?"

"Perhaps the moon will devour them," said Petrobey. "I shall make no conditions about surrender. Good-night, father. And now, little Mitsos, the beacon, we know, got lit. How, in the name of the holy saints, did you manage to do it?"

Mitsos unbuttoned his jacket and showed the bare skin beneath. "There is much in a shirt," he said, laughing, and told his story.

When he had finished, Petrobey looked at Nicholas with wonder and something like awe in his eye.

"Surely the blessing of the holy saints is on the lad," he said, in a low voice.

During the night the clouds blew off again, and an hour of clear starlight preceded the dawn. Before starting again, after an hour's halt about midnight, Petrobey called together the captains of the three other camps and gave them their instructions. Three battalions—those from Maina, from Argolis, including Nauplia and Laconia—were to besiege the citadel, while the battalion from Arcadia was to join the two from Messenia, which would meet them on the plain and invest the harbor, destroy all the shipping except three or four light-built boats, which were to be kept in readiness for other purposes, and watch for the coming of the two Turkish ships of war. The Messenians, with a true and unselfish spirit, had asked Petrobey to name them a captain for the three battalions which would be employed on this work, and he, in order to prevent jealousy or dissent between them, had nominated one Niketas of Sparta, who was well known to most of the men, popular, and had seen service before on an English ship, where he had worked for two years, as in Greece a price had been placed on his head by the Turks for supposed brigandage. He had returned to his country a month ago, and hastened to put himself to the service of the patriots.

The citadel of Kalamata stood on rising ground about a mile from the harbor, but it was small, and a large undefended town, chiefly employed in commerce and the silk industry, had spread out southwards from its base, almost connecting together the harbor and it. The place was defended by a complete circuit of wall, and on three sides out of the four the rocks on the edge of which the walls stood were precipitous for about thirty feet. Under the western of these, and directly below the wall, ran a torrent bed, bringing down the streams from the mountains to the north, dry in summer, but now flowing full and fast with the melting of the winter snows above. On this side the town was impregnable to the Greeks, who at present had no field pieces, nor arms of any kind larger than the ordinary musket then in use, and similarly it would have been waste of time and lives to attack the citadel either on the south or east. On the north, however, was a picket gate in the wall, communicating with a steep flight of steps cut in the rock. Petrobey's plan, therefore, was to take possession at once of the lower undefended town, and to besiege the citadel from there, for with a body of men to guard the northern picket though they could not get into the citadel from any other side, those within could not get out. Meantime the three corps, consisting of the Messenians and Arcadians, would cut off the harbor from the town, leaving the Mainotes, Argives, and Laconians to deal with the town itself.

When day broke they were further favored by a thick mist which rose some ten feet high from the plain, and under cover of this, manoeuvring in some fields about a mile eastward from the town, the army split in two, and one half marched straight down to the shore of the bay, and from there, turning along the coast, ranged itself along the harbor shore and on the breakwater, made of large rough blocks of stone, which sheltered the harbor from southerly winds, and the other portion, leaving the citadel on their right, went straight for the lower town.

Half an hour afterwards the heat of the sun began to disperse the morning mists, and as they got to the outskirts of the town the last vapor was rolled away, and the sentries on the citadel, looking out southwards, saw three battalions of soldiers not half a mile off. The alarm was given at once, and spread through the lower town like fire. From all the houses rushed out men, women, and children, some still half clad, just awakened from their morning's sleep, to find refuge in the citadel, or hoping to find refuge and flight in the shipping.

But the army came on in silence, making its way slowly up the narrow streets towards the citadel, without being attacked by the terrified and unarmed inhabitants, and in its turn neither struck a blow nor fired a shot. Two battalions only had entered the town, the third remaining on the outskirts to the east, acting like a "stop" in cover-shooting, and driving back the game into the cover again. From the west of the town a bridge led over the torrent, and here Petrobey stationed some thirty men to prevent any one leaving the town across the river, but before long, wishing to concentrate all his forces again, Yanni was sent to the party picketed there with orders to destroy the bridge. This was made of wood, but preparations were in hand for replacing it with one of iron, and several iron girders were lying about on the bank for the approaching work. With one of these as a lever and twenty men to work it, it was an affair of ten minutes only to prize up the nearest planks of the wooden structure, and after that to saw in half a couple of the timber poles on which it rested. The bridge, thus weakened, drooped towards the water, and soon was caught by the swift stream below. Then as some monstrous fish plucks at a swimmer's limbs, it twitched and fretted against the remaining portion, and soon, with a rush and swirl of timbers and planks, it tore away a gap of some twenty feet across, sufficient to stop any would-be fugitives. Here and there, in the passage of the troops up the town, a house was shut and barred against them, but for the most part the inhabitants streamed out like ants when the hill is disturbed. Once only was resistance offered, and from the upper window of a house a Turk fired upon the soldiers, killing one man, and Petrobey, leading a charge himself, burst in the door, and a couple of shots were heard from inside. Then, without a word, he and the three others who had gone in with him took their places again, and the column moved forward up the street.

The square of the lower town stood just at the base of the rising ground leading up to the citadel, and on its north side stood a row of big silk-mills, all of which had been deserted by their owners on the first alarm, and in these the Mainotes and Argives took up their quarters.

Then Petrobey sent to the Laconian corps, who had been acting as a "stop" on the east to prevent the people escaping into the country, and brought them up on the right to complete the line which they had drawn along the south front of the citadel. The Argive corps meantime had been divided into two, one half of which blockaded the picket gate on the north, while the other was drawn up on the left of the Mainotes, between them and the river. This done, the blockade of the citadel was completed. On the west it was hemmed in by its own impregnable rock, below which ran the torrent, on the south and southeast by the Greek army; on the east again by the precipitous crags, and on the north by half of the Argives.

Two courses were open—either to make a sortie as soon as the Turkish ships appeared, and regain communication with the sea, or, by engaging and defeating the Greeks, establish connection with Tripoli, or to support the siege until help came. In the utter confusion and panic caused by the sudden appearance of the Greeks the inhabitants had simply fled into the citadel—which was crammed with a crowd of unarmed civilians—or down to the harbor. Each thought only for himself and his own personal protection. Mixed in this crowd of fugitives had been hundreds of Greek residents, some of whom, possessed merely by the wild force of panic, and without waiting to think what this army was, had rushed blindly with the others into the citadel; but the larger number had joined their countrymen—men, women, and children, all mixed—imploring protection, with horrible tales of outrage and cruelty on their lips. All those who were fit for active service and willing Petrobey enlisted and employed them in making a more careful search through the town for any Turks who might remain in hiding. These were not to be killed or ill-treated, but merely kept as prisoners. But the wild vengeance of those who had been slaves so long burst all bounds when they saw their masters in their power, and all who were found were put to death.

The weakness of the citadel lay in the bad water-supply. There was only one well in the place, and that was not nearly sufficient for the wants of the crowds who had taken refuge within it. But about mid-day Dimitri, the Mayor of Nauplia, who was in charge of the division of the north, observed buckets being let down from the top of the citadel wall into the river, and this, he thought, must be stopped. The rocks here overhung a little, and taking with him some ten men, they dashed right under the walls up to the corner where they abutted on the river. At that moment two more buckets appeared close in front of them, and he and another, taking hold of them, quietly untied the knots which tied them to the rope. The grim humor of this amused him, and in half an hour there was a row of some twenty buckets which they had untied or cut. The besieged then attempted to get water farther down, but the rocks there being not so precipitous, and sloping outwards, the buckets always stuck on some projection of rock before reaching the water.

Meantime a column of smoke rising from the harbor showed that the Messenian troops were at their work. One corps had deployed along the shore, and taken in hand the work of burning all the shipping, while the other was employed in making prisoners of the Turks who ran down from the town hoping to escape by sea. A few of these, striking eastward across the plain, tried to escape by land, and were shot; but the majority, finding themselves between two divisions of the army, cut off from the citadel by Petrobey's division, and from the sea by the Messenians, and also being unarmed, surrendered to Niketas, who, knowing no Turkish, but being proud of his English, merely said "All-a right" to their entreaties and prayers, and had them incontinently stowed away in batches in the harbor buildings. The Arcadians meantime had ranged themselves along the breakwater, where they kept watch for the Turkish ships, and, having nothing else to do, sang songs and smoked all the morning.

About two in the afternoon the captain of the troops within the citadel, one Ali Aga, was informed that two Turkish ships had been seen in the offing, sailing towards Kalamata. A strong south wind was blowing, and they would be in in a couple of hours. He had seen that the shipping in the harbor was destroyed, the ammunition within the walls was very scanty, and realizing the insufficiency of the water supply, which would be exhausted before help could come from Tripoli, unless news had already got there of the siege and a relief expedition was now on its way, he saw that the only chance of safety, except in capitulation, lay in being able to concert action with the ships, and to attack the Greeks from both sides, the citadel and the sea. So, though a vigorous sortie on the Greeks might still perhaps have saved the citadel, or, at any rate, enabled him to send men to Tripoli, he determined to wait until the ships came up and engaged the detachment of Greeks on the shore.

Half an hour later the two ships, which were crowding on all sail, came close enough to be distinguished by the Arcadian contingent on the breakwater. The breakwater was still only half completed, and masses of tough masonry lay about on the seaward end. Niketas rubbed his hands gleefully as he set about his arrangements for giving them a grand reception, and explained many times, "This is very all a right." Then relapsing into Greek, he gave his orders, chuckling.

"The Turk made the breakwater," he said, "but it was God who planned it. Hide yourselves ever so thickly among those stones, like anchovies in a barrel, and when the ship turns into the harbor we will all talk to it together. The water is very deep here; they will sail close to where we are, and they will see none of us till they turn the corner, for the breakwater which God planned hides us from the sea."

He called up one division of Messenians to join the Arcadian corps, leaving the other to guard the beach, and the sixteen hundred men ranged themselves among the blocks of masonry along the inside of the breakwater, so that until the ships turned the corner not one could be seen, but once round they would be exposed to a broadside of muskets at close range. Niketas himself—for the foremost ship was now not more than a few hundred yards out—crawled with infinite precautions to the end of the breakwater, and smilingly watched its unsuspicious approach. It carried, he saw, several guns, but that was a small matter.

Just opposite the end of the breakwater her helm was put hard a-port, and she slowly swung round, crumpling beneath her bow the smooth water, and came straight alongside the wall at the distance of not more than fifty yards. Niketas had told the men to fire exactly when the ship came opposite them. She would pass slowly down the line, and would be raked fore and aft again and again as she went along. Thus the first division were to fire as soon as she showed her whole length opposite them, then the second, and so on. After they had all fired in this order, they might fire as they pleased, only let their first discharge be careful and regular.

The decks and rigging were crowded with the sailors, who were standing ready to furl the sails and cast anchor on the word of command. On the bridge stood the captain with two other officers, and marshalled in

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rows on the after deck about two hundred soldiers carrying arms. Simultaneously through the ambushed Greeks the same thought ran, "The soldiers first," and as the great ship glided steadily past the end of the breakwater the fire of a hundred men broke out, and they went down like ninepins. The ship moved on, and before the smoke had cleared away a second volley swept the decks. The captain fell, and two officers with him, and a panic seized the crew; they ran hither and thither, some seeking refuge below, others jumping overboard; some standing where they were, wide-eyed and terror-stricken. A few soldiers only retained their presence of mind, and with perfect calmness, as if they were practising at some sham fight, brought a gun into position and proceeded to load it. But again and again they were mowed down by the deadly short range fire of the Greeks, while others took up the rammers and charge from their clinched hands, only to deliver them up from their death grip to others. But still the stately ship went on, as if too mighty to regard these puny efforts at men. The well directed and low fire of the Greeks had left the sails untouched, and the wind still blew steadily. But in a few moments more there was none left to take the helm, and swinging round to the wind, she changed her course and went straight for the low sandy beach on the other side of the harbor. There, fifty yards off the shore, she grounded heavily, with a slight dip to starboard, striking a sand bank on the weather-side, and there all the afternoon she stood, white and stately, with sails bulging with the wind, but moving not, like some painted or phantom ship which no winds can move or waft on its way.

Not till then did Nikeitas, nor, indeed, any of his ambushed party, give a thought to the other ship, but when the first turned in the wind and sailed ashore, he looked round the corner for the other. It was still some quarter of a mile away, but there seemed to be some commotion on deck, and he was uncertain for a moment whether they were preparing to bring their big gun into play. But he was not long in doubt, for in a couple of minutes more the ship swung round and beat out to sea again. This disgraceful piece of cowardice caused a howl, partly of derision, partly of rage at being balked of their prey, from the Greeks, and a few discharged their muskets at it, until Nikeitas stopped them, telling them not to waste good powder on runaway dogs.

On the first ship the body of soldiers had literally been destroyed, and out of the two hundred not more than thirty remained. But these, with a courageous despair, after the first few minutes of wild confusion were over, had sheltered themselves at different points between the bulwarks and furniture of the ship, and were returning the fire coolly, while others began preparing the big gun for action. But the latter were an easy mark for the Greeks, for they were unprotected, and after five or six more men had been shot down they abandoned the attempt and confined themselves to their muskets. They were, however, fighting with cruel odds against them, for the men on whom they were firing were sheltered by blocks of masonry on the pier, and hardly more could be seen than a bristling row of gun barrels. Hardly any of those who had flung themselves into the sea lived to reach the shore, for they also were shot down as they swam, and all over the bay were splashes of blood, and clothes which they had flung off into the water. One man succeeded in reaching the shore, but as he stood there, wringing the water out of his clothes in order to enable him to run, he was shot dead, and fell back into the water again.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CANADA'S NORWAY.

BY ELIZA RUHAMAH SCIDMORE.

BRITISH COLUMBIA, the most westerly province of Canada, is the Norway of the New World, the physical counterpart of Scandinavia in every way, but with all its features exaggerated in the grandiose Occidental scale—the new Norway far out towering and out forestring and in all natural features outdoing its European prototype. The great mountain system of the continent there draws its ranges together, masses them in splendid uplifts, rising sheer from the sea on one side and as boldly from the plains on the other. Peaks and spurs have breasted the sea and stand half submerged in still deep waters, and arms of the ocean reach far inland, filling the deep trenches cut by primeval glaciers, remnants of which are still at work around every fiord and higher ravine, still hewing their way and sculpturing the mountain masses. Rivers wind their way between these mountain ranges and break away to the sea through gorges and canyons unknown in Norway, and lakes lying high on mountain shoulders or winding at their base introduce other beauties of softer moods. The Columbian coast has been described as "the sea of mountains" and "the sea of islands," and behind the little continent of Vancouver Island lies the Gulf of Georgia, an inland sea greater in extent, grander and more varied in its natural features, than the enchanted stretches, where man has done so much as well, which give scenic fame to central Japan. The island belt fringing this coast and sheltering a continuous system of waterways, an inside passage running the whole length of the Northwest coast, is broader and more extended than the skjerguard that defends the Norwegian sea front.

The outlying Queen Charlotte Islands, with their magnificent scenery, their cod and halibut fisheries, correspond to the Lofoten Islands, and the Japan Stream of the Pacific bathes their shores as the Gulf Stream of the Atlantic falls full upon the Lofodens. The same producers in climate are produced by this warm ocean current, also and the whole Columbian coast enjoys the mild, even temperature belonging to far lower latitudes. It is the Ireland, the Cornwall, the Devonshire, of Canada, and the soft Chinook which blowing from the warm sea mists modify the winters of the far interior. This greenhouse atmosphere and the heavy precipitation give the greatest beauties to the region, crowning the mountains with eternal snows, which hold in time the glittering jewels of glaciers that deck the ranges, and forcing a vegetation as dense and rank as that of the tropics. The unbroken forests, covering every foot of earth from water's edge to snowline with their mammoth cedars, their giant ferns, and tangle of undergrowth, have been aptly called the forests of the carboniferous era and the smooth grassy islands and shores of Norway offer no counterpart to this feature. The new country lacks, however, the beautifully cultivated valleys and hillsides, the hay fields, the steep cultivated pastures, of Norway, the towns and villages nicked in every fold of ocean's front, the admirable system of post roads, linking every fiord with the far interior, and furnishing a unique and delightful means of travel.

BLOCK-HOUSE AT NANAIMO, B. C.

The ranchman has lately succeeded the placer miner in the few southern valleys, but he has demonstrated that the province will become a great fruit country. The quartz mill thunders in the earliest country, and the independent miner with his pick and pan is encountered in many a fiord, and rakes his sluices in the farthest recesses of the coast. The ten year old railway has only traced one great route across the province, although from the two great passes in the Rocky Mountain range thirteen routes were surveyed to tide water, and a more northern terminus is still insisted upon as a military necessity. The two great rivers of the coast—the Fraser and the Skeena—are only navigable for a short way above their mouths; but the great loop of the Columbia, through and around the Gold and Selkirk ranges, gives means for considerable navigation in the very heart of the mountain province.

Geographically this Occidental or Columbian Norway extends from the Rocky Mountains to the sea, and from the forty-ninth to the sixtieth parallel of north latitude, and by natural boundaries on the ocean front from the Strait of Juan de Fuca to Dixon Entrance, the latter at the famous line of 54° 40', which our fathers failed to secure as the northern boundary of the United States. Its superficial area amounts to some 300,000 square miles, twice as great as that of the State of California, and its coast-line exceeds 7181 statute miles, because of the winding shores of all the fiords and of the eleven hundred islands within the limit of this 500 miles ocean-front. With not a thousandth part of its resources developed, its fisheries only in their infancy, the mines, forests, and soil only scratched in places, its population of 120,000 confined to the coast and one river valley, the revenue returns rank British Columbia as third among the provinces of the Dominion.

British Columbia is emphatically the province of the future, the country of destiny, and the most valuable possession of the British crown on this continent. Its political value is even greater than its economical value. As a strategic point it is the key to the Pacific, England's highway to India and Australia, a perpetual check and menace to the western seaboard of the United States, an insurance of Great Britain's commercial dominion in the Pacific, and the guarantee that Britannia will continue to rule afloat. If the Pacific is rightly called the ocean of the future, and is to be the theatre of man's greatest achievements in the coming centuries, as the Atlantic is now and the Mediterranean has been, British Columbia will contribute a considerable share of those achievements. While the Pacific coast of the United States presents a bleak, inhospitable front, with only one opening worthy the name of harbor for the last thousand miles of its length, the British Columbia coast is all harbors, a net work and labyrinth of safe waters for refuge, commerce, or defence. The coal mines of Vancouver Island, the best and almost only steaming coal on the coast, furnish Great Britain with the greatest sinew of war, the most necessary element of naval supremacy and success. The province in this respect alone is the most desirable bit of the Pacific coast, and only the most short sighted policy prevailed when President Polk weakly retreated from his pledge to insist upon having the line of 54° 40 respected as the northern boundary of the Oregon Territory, and thereby allowed Great Britain foothold and frontage on the Pacific.

The earliest days of the region are fraught with all the romance of Middle Age navigation and discovery, when explorers dreamed and sought for the mythical Strait of Anian, for Del Fonte's river, which by a chain of lakes was supposed to lead out into the Atlantic. Romancers peopled it with giants and dwarfs, and Gulliver was supposed to have travelled there. Captain Cook, who followed the first Spanish navigator, named it New Albion, but the general name of the Northwest Coast applied to all the country between the old Spanish and Russian possessions until very recent times. The fur traders, who made Nootka headquarters, and finally disputed its possession with the Spanish authorities, brought the region into diplomatic consideration, and Nootka was best known of all places in western America a century ago—now but a remote little trading station on the west coast of Vancouver Island, where pelagic sealers recruit their crews from among the least civilized of native tribes. Cook's pupil and successor, George Vancouver, explored and accurately surveyed the whole North-west coast just one hundred years ago, mapping the fabled Strait of Juan de Fuca, and forever ending the belief in any practical northwest passage from Atlantic to Pacific. His names of New Georgia, New Hanover, and New Cornwall for different parts of the Columbian coast are all forgotten. In 1793 just as the surveying ships passed by, Alexander Mackenzie made the first crossing of the continent, traversing the northern end of the province, and reaching tide-water at Bean Canal, where the natives told him that "Mocutah's" (Vancouver's) men had just left their village. In 1808 Simon Fraser descended the river bearing his name, but exploration went little further for a quarter-century. In 1833 the Hudson Bay Company established their Fort Victoria at the lower end of Vancouver Island, and the whole country was considered so useless, save as a fur preserve, that the British admiral and the prince minister's brother, sent to report upon it at the time the Oregon question was raised, declared it valueless and not worth fighting for.

The settlement of this Oregon question by the treaty of 1846 left bitterness in both British and American hearts, and the astronomical boundary of the forty-ninth parallel was no more pleasing to the British, who had contended for the Columbia River as the right and natural boundary, than to the Americans, who had declared for "All of Oregon or none"—for "Fifty-four Forty or Fight."

The present Victoria is not so markedly British and insular, as individual, as it was before the completion of the railroad, and that great business boom of the whole Pacific coast at the same time, roused it from its calm and infused an electric sparkle into its soothing sunshine. It has its large hotels, clubs, business blocks, electric roads, and all the accessories of a lively Western city; but there is a British order and decorum about and in it all that, with the judges in their wigs and gowns, the presence of soldiers in all the street crowds, very soon tell one that the great eagle does not brood above it. The Lieutenant-Governor holds court but a little less stately than that at Ottawa, and Government House lists for levees and balls decide all social rank. The presence of the naval establishment and the barracks at Esquimault gives the real tone of English novels to Victoria society and an extra-official flavor.

During the summer tourist's season radiant and perfectly tempered days succeed one another for months, the breath of the mountains, the pine forests, and the cool mists of the sea combining with a matchless ozone that is both tonic and solvent. Even a Californian can wonder at the luxuriant growth and the glory of a Victorian June, that riot of roses that made Etienne Marcheand a century ago compare the rose covered wastes to the slopes of Bulgaria, the giant honeysuckle, the wonderful fuchsias, and the blooming broom trees that rise in clouds of solid gold cannot be forgotten. The deep blue camass flowers dye the ground in patches, and the wild flowers are legion. Tangles of azalea decorate the forest edges; the low salal bushes make carpets of beauty. Fern fronds, uncurling from their furry balls, reach upward until in midsummer they tower above one's head and fronds seven and nine feet in length may be gathered by the road side. All the island, too, is a great game preserve. There is duck-

BIG TREES IN STANLEY PARK, VANCOUVER, B. C.

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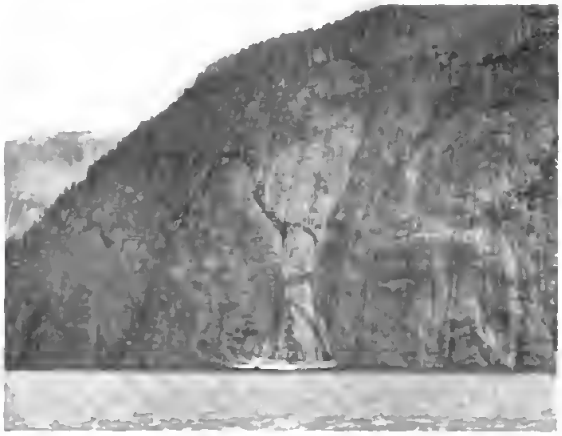
LAKE LOUISE.

MOUNT BAKER AS SEEN FROM VANCOUVER.

LAKE LOUISE AND MIRROR LAKE.



IN GARDNER'S INLET.

A GOLD MINER "PANNING OUT."

"CANADA'S NORWAY"—BRITISH COLUMBIA: A PROVINCE OF POSSIBILITIES.—[See Page 1007.]

IN ONE OF THE LABORATORIES—BOTANISTS AT WORK.

LOOMS FROM JOHORE, AND PART OF JAPANESE EXHIBIT.

SILK AND GOVERNMENT STANDARD WOOL EXHIBIT.

MEXICAN FIBRES AND WOOLS.

MONOGRAPHIC COLLECTION OF WOODS.

THE LIBRARY, AND BUREAU OF INFORMATION

PHILADELPHIA'S GREAT COMMERCIAL MUSEUM.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES HENRY HARPER.—[SEE PAGE 1011.]

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shooting in the autumn on some suburban lots, and the 1st of September, St. Grouse's day, is duly observed by every citizen. There are angling all along shore, hunting in the very sight of the Castle, and back in the wilderness are snug shooting-boxes—tiny English inns by wildwood lakes—where sportsmen enjoy forest life with the solid comforts—civilization in the veriest backwoods.

The Island Railway, running seventy miles northward from Victoria to Nanaimo cuts through the heart of the primeval forest, and shows one the untamed wilderness. This colliery town fronts on a picturesque bay, and the mines are everywhere, beneath the town, beneath the harbor, at the edge of the forest, and a half million tons are shipped yearly from the harbor. The bed of bituminous coal along the eastern edge of the island is estimated as one hundred and thirty miles in length.

The community deserves praise for preserving the sixty-year old block-house which was part of the Hudson Bay Company's fort, the bullet and arrow marks of its many sieges and attacks eloquent of the very near and dangerously picturesque past, as it suns itself on a bank sloping to the bay.

CHIEF'S HOUSE AND TOTEM-POLE, ALERT BAY, B.C.

Forty miles across the gulf the city of Vancouver is hidden within a fiord, and at the mouth of the Fraser, New Westminster makes a fine show of commercial activity. Vancouver is a new and ready made town, and presents a strange mixture of English order and decorum and American hustle and energy. Built beside the still waters of the first real fiord of the mainland coast, the long conventional city-front faces an abrupt mountain wall, which, save for the white line of the Indian mission village at the base, is as much a wilderness as when Vancouver and his lieutenants rowed up the fiord. Across the Fraser flats to southward shines the white wonder of Mount Baker, on American territory, the snowiest peak of the Cascade Range, the Indians' Puksan or Kulshan, the mountain of fire.

The pride of Vancouver is its Stanley Park, a tract of the richest primeval forest lying between the fiord and the Gulf of Georgia, which was set aside for a park with the original plotting of the town site. The hand of the improver or of vandal park commissioners has never fallen in that enchanted forest. Roadways have been cut and tunnelled through the dense greenwood, and the rest left as Nature made it—the hoary firs, cedars, and spruces intact, the rock ribbed hemlocks ragged and unkempt, the fern world untouched, the festooning mosses as they grew, and all the tangle of vegetation showing how a Northwest Coast forest approaches the luxuriance of the tropics.

The Fraser canyons lead through ridges and ranges to the Alpine region, where the heart of the Cordilleran Range shows landscapes, peaks, glaciers, chasms, and valleys that interior Norway cannot suggest. The Fraser's mad rush through its long gorge is surrounded by the rich forest decoration of the coast, but the Thompson's Canyon walls glow and blaze with a wealth of color that belongs to mainlands further south, the painted and pictured walls of the Colorado and the Yellowstone appearing for the last time and marking their northern limit on this continent.

The Selkirk Range is draped with a rich glacial mantle, and a little Switzerland, with its enthusiastic army of climbers and its library of descriptive literature, is already established here. The great climbers of Alpine clubs have tried their crampons on Selkirk ice sheets. Every year sees a book from such tourist explorers of the highlands, and yet only a small part of the range has been made known. The Jostedalbrae, the Svartisen, and Buerbrae glaciers shrink beside these mighty ones that feed the Columbia, and the Romsdal, hard by, compares with the canyon of the Illecillewaet, or the valley of the Bow—just over the range, but physically a part of the mountain province. There the grandest of mountain scenery encompasses one, the giants of the Rockies almost overhang one; and in this world built on such a colossal scale peaks show that they have so lately been upheaved from below and carved out with glacial tools that one imagines one even sees and hears those awful processes continuing.

High, high above the green Bow Valley, with its wondrously colored river, are the three pearls of the region—three lakes named, one for the Marchioness of Lorne, another for Lady McDonald, and a third for itself, the Mirror of all the summit peaks' beauty. The intense color, the magic clearness of the water in these glacial bowls, the picturesqueness of their forest wrapped and flower-wreathed shores, and the awful precipices and glacial slopes defy reproduction. The views off to the valley are superb, and the Trolltindre and the Romsdal Horn are little models of some of the splendid palisades and peaks that wall the valley from Laggan upward to Sir Donald, corner stone and monarch of the province.

From Burrard Inlet to Portland Canal the coast is indented with a score of giant fiords, where Norway comes more sharply to mind. Every one of them was explored and named by Vancouver a century ago, and their prolongations in interior valleys were followed by miners and railway surveyors. Bute Inlet, the most noted fiord of the lower coast, was the strong rival of Burrard Inlet with the engineers, but the government gift of the half-completed road along Fraser River determined in favor of the mainland terminus. Lord Dufferin and the Marquis of Lorne were among the first to celebrate the praises of this fiord, the Hardanger of the coast, and their enthusiastic descriptions give the best idea of its splendid precipices, its forested slopes, the ribbons and mists of waterfalls that drop from the snow banks to the sea, and the glitter of glacial ice on the higher slopes and gorges.

All the inlets facing the Vancouver shore hold much of landscape magnificence, snow peaks, glaciers, forests, waterfalls, and bare precipices, in different combinations, ringing all the possible changes in scenery of the Scandinavian order. The *Coast Pilot of British Columbia*, accurate, minute, and reliable as it is, is soulless enough to characterize all these profound chasms, these splendid canyons of the sea, as "useless" because too deep for anchorage, and describes others as "encumbered with islands," when Nature has most nearly outdone herself, and flung her rocks and floating forest gardens where they would combine to most of landscape charm. All of them are untenanted, unvisited, save by the occasional prospector, timber-cruiser, or the canoe-loads of natives, who find happily undisturbed hunting grounds along such shores, and "the gleam of waters in a narrow pass" lies unbroken, the splash of the salmon and the cry of the eagle the only sounds of life.

The first of the great tidal rapids or reversible cataracts of the coast is met in Sechelt Arm, at the entrance of Jervis Inlet. The tides, having a rise and fall of twenty feet, are compressed in a narrow rocky gateway as they fill and empty the long trough, and four times a day there is a tumult of waters whose roar can be heard for miles. The natives have their legend of the evil water spirits in the underworld, and never venture within their reach save in the short half hour of comparatively slack water. There is a tidy Indian village with a large church at the entrance of the arm, and the Catholic fathers have converted these people into the most admirable and industrious of Salish people. The first representation of a rude passion-play was given at this mission a few years ago, and converts came hundreds of miles to witness the scenes in the life of Christ. Each year the service is held at a different mission, but when given at Vancouver and at the old mission on Fraser River the concourse of curious whites detracted from the solemnity and simple pathos of the scenes at Sechelt.

Seymour Narrows between Valdes and Vancouver Island, hold the best-known tidal rapids of the coast, but as steamers pass through at slack water only, the passengers never see the full fury of waters when the gorge boils from side to side, waves leap, and water rushes over in smooth curves as on the lip of a fall, and great eddies make sink holes where kelp stems whirl and snap madly. Half the tidal waters of the Gulf of Georgia and all its inlets races through that narrow pass, which is beset with rocks that have given the death blow to many vessels that ventured in at the wrong time of the tide. There is only a half hour of slack water at a time, when it is safe for steamers to attempt the pass, and a few minutes too soon or too late causes the largest vessel to shiver and reel, while no engines can stem the current. The Indians know the place as Yaculta, and believe in the water-demons that reach up from below and snatch canoes, that toss whales about in sport, and make this Via Mala of the sea the scene of many tragic happenings.

The greatest reversible cataract of this or any coast is that at the mouth of Belize Inlet, opening from Queen Charlotte Sound. The zigzag course of this long glacial cutting promises a way of waters if the way is not deep and wide, and at the Nakwakto rapids the fiord narrows to a few hundred yards and the waters race at fifteen and twenty knots an hour. The waves comb high on the face of a turreted island in mid rapids, and except for the so-called slack water, enduring for ten or fifteen minutes, no canoe dares venture in, and all white men have given wide berth to that roaring canyon where the waters are always in fury. The famous Saltstrom and the trifling Maelstrom of the Norwegian coast, the one extolled in guide books, the other magnified in legends, are insignificant beside either Sechelt, Yaculta, or Nakwakto rapids. One may be confident that the next century will bring a tourist hotel, an overlooking bridge or platform, the guides, sign-boards, and turnstiles that go with Nature's greatest, to the banks of the Nakwakto.

Little known as the lower fiords are, those above Queen Charlotte Sound are still more remote from travellers' enjoyment. The main route of commerce, the inside passage between the islands, traversed by Canadian and Alaskan steamers, presents such an unbroken panorama of landscape magnificence that one might wonder what grander scenery the far-reaching fiords could hold. The island belt is close and unbroken, with no such rolling gaps of ocean as break the Scandinavian skjergaard. Large ocean steamers are dwarfed to canoes by their surroundings and toylike, pursue their way down lanes of smooth green glass for days and days. The bare mountain walls rise sheer two thousand feet from the water's

GOLD-WASHING IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

edge, and wherever any slope or ledge or crevice permits a root to reach and hold, Nature weaves her fine green traceries and raises up a forest. Ribbons of cascades open from the snow banks, and fill these canyons with the soft roar, the undertone water melody; glaciers glimmer on all the heights, and amphitheatre and alcove walls tell where some highland lake is hidden in their rocky basin. There is no Torghatten or tunnelled mountain, but the Horseman's Hat of the Norwegian coast is paralleled in the China Hat that floats gigantic in Finlayson Channel, as if a giant coolie had waded to his neck up that landscape reach. The maze of passageways shown on the charts is more labyrinthine and puzzling still when entered in reality, and piloting is a matter of divination, done by second-sight apparently. A British gunboat was once lost for two weeks in this maze, pursuing one blind channel and then another.

Vancouver found the Geiranger fiord of the coast in the little Cascade Inlet opening from Dean Canal, and even that serious surveyor had much to say of the waterfalls that bounded from the heights and filled the air with their music. He wrote that the cascades "were extremely grand, and by much the largest and most tremendous we had ever beheld their impetuosity sending currents of air across the Canal." All this in a little fiord but eleven miles long and barely three quarters of a mile wide!

Graham and Fraser Reach and Grenville Channel are scenic boasts of the north coast, and Grenville has few rivals or parallels—a grand canyon forty-five miles in length and never a mile in width, a double panorama of mountain walls in every possible arrangement that could charm the eye and stir the soul. Gardner's Inlet—or Killup's Canyon, as it should be called—was accurately described by Vancouver's surveyors a century ago, but they voiced nothing of the enthusiastic praise which modern tourists lavish to-day. In many places natural towers guard the turns of the waterway—some standing out as boldly as the Yosemite's El Capitan. One such, the native's Old Man, lifts its bald front two thousand feet straight as a mason's wall, and while the ship hugged the base, a plummet was dropped two thousand feet without finding bottom. A splendid waterfall foams for two thousand feet down almost as sheer a cliff, and the whole fifty miles of Gardner's Inlet are given up to masterpieces in the decorative art of fiords.

The salmon was pioneer and led the way into all such remote fiords, and the cannery is the reason for the summer tourists' enjoyment. At the end of every such fiord, and along the Skeena and Nass rivers, busy hands may be watched preparing the noblest fish that swims for his journey to the end of the earth in hermetically sealed tins. The fisheries of the province are under government control, and are regarded as a regular source of income, a permanent industry, though free and unrestricted fishing just over the line in Alaska has caused many of its canneries to close. Two thirds of the salmon shipped from British Columbia come from the northern canneries, those above Queen Charlotte Sound, and the annual pack is close upon 400,000 cases. The Japanese who work in the Skeena River canneries have a little winter village of their own, and with their own industries have created there an exact bit of real Japan.

The native people of this coast have long been the puzzle and delight of ethnologists. Their origin is still unsettled, and their resemblance to Japanese, Maori, and Aztec causes that many separate contentions. They are superior to other canoe Indians of the world, more advanced than the plains Indians, and their totemic organization and customs afford the finest opportunity for the study of that curious social organization of so many primitive people. From the fine totem-pole on the coast, that at Alert Bay opposite the north end of Vancouver Island, to the Chilkat's country in Alaska, all the original Indian villages have these heraldic insignia displayed. The totem-pole is a genealogical record, a heraldic monument, whose carvings of conventionalized animals record the descent and alliances of the members of the great coast clans, each of which has some beast for its crest or coat of arms. The native displays his totem-pole just as a nobleman parades his coat of arms, and the whales, eagles, and bears carved on poles, canoes, and personal belongings are quite as realistic as the lions and griffins of European heraldry.

The Haidas, inhabiting the Queen Charlotte Islands, are the fine flower of the Columbian races, and being further removed from the routes of commerce, longest preserved their villages and customs unchanged. Tottering totem-poles crowd their abandoned villages, and add a melancholy interest to the beautiful shores of the inlets and passes among the islands. The Haidas were long the vikings of the coast, and harried its shores from Chilkat to Puyallup. The early settlers were always armed and the Hudson Bay Company's forts strengthened against the forays of these northern raiders, who came in long painted canoes that held a hundred warriors, and were the terror of all people. Civilization has reduced and weakened them, and the remnant of them are docile and industrious. There are canneries and oil works at their old villages of Massett and Skidegate, a colony of Norwegian fishermen are already established on the west coast near to the cod and halibut banks.

Fort Simpson is the most northern settlement on the Columbian coast, reaching now its third estate, after being first the scene of great native fairs from unknown times, and then the chief fort and storehouse of the Hudson Bay Company. The fort is now a general country store. The village, nearly stripped of its totem-poles, is the home of a few hundred civilized, educated people, decorous, almost conventional, in every way. The spelling-book and the ready-made clothes have reduced them to the great common level of humanity, and only by their complexions does one notice them. Picturesqueness has gone. The eulachon, or candle-fish, that silvers the sound for miles in March, is taken with seine now, no longer raked and scraped out of the water by primitive gigs and harrows. The village chiefs are now councilmen. They have their own fire engine and Salvation Army. Every house its melodeon, clock, and fancy lamp. Marble tombstones take the place of cedar totem-poles.

Fort Simpson regards itself seriously as a future great city, the last outpost of British enterprise on the Pacific. One survey contemplated it as the terminus of a trunk-line railway. Its harbor is three hundred miles nearer Asiatic ports than Vancouver, and when once fortified it will be more a menace to our Alaska than Esquimault is to Puget Sound. It has always an open roadstead, mild winters, and its summers so warm that vegetation thrives as in the steam of the Japan Stream on the Queen Charlottes, and horticulturists and florists are amazed at the marvellous fruits and blooms along the line of fifty-four forty.

A COMMERCIAL MUSEUM.

In the Philadelphia Commercial Museum are gathered specimens of field, forest, stream and mine in all stages of their existence, reaching at last the finished product.

This collection of the world's productive energies has its temporary quarters in the old general offices of the Pennsylvania Railroad. The large four-story granite building, with its two annexes, is filled with cases teeming with closely packed specimens of raw products, and articles in various stages of completion. On passing the doorway of the first floor to the right of the entrance the eye rests upon a collection of woods that in its completeness and variety surpasses anything in the world. From Australia alone the collection far exceeds the fine display in the Kew Gardens, it being nearly the entire exhibit sent by the colonies to the World's Fair at Chicago. A striking example is a huge square shaft of red cedar from a giant of the forest which lay seasoning on the ground for fifteen years before it was fashioned into the present shape and brought to Chicago from New South Wales. The tree from which this huge log was taken was upward of fifteen feet in diameter. Here also is a fine collection of the varieties of rosewood in all its manifold colors and brilliancy of polish, from Brazil. A little further on is a trunk of mahogany, ten feet in diameter, the finest specimen of this wood in the world, selected by the government of Guatemala to be exhibited at the World's Fair. The woods in this collection are so arranged that one may see the trunk in its native state, the cross section, and the polished surface of a vertical section.

It is a natural step from the woods to the fibres, and the mind is immediately struck with the vast extent of this exhibit. The first object to strike the eye is the century-plant, most familiar to us in its years of waiting to put forth its flowers; but here is shown what a wealth of value its leaves possess for mankind. The long line of cases shows specimens of henequin, pita, and istle, and many other members of this family, as valuable in the world of textiles. The importations to this country from Mexico of henequin last year amounted to 12,205 tons, which gives an idea of the value of the century-plant to commerce. Along the walls and in the cases are strong nets, hammocks, baskets, and numberless other articles revealing the variety of the uses made of this plant. The rattan, bamboo, and the palm-tree of the East and tropics are displayed, and the many valuable applications of barks from Russia and Patagonia. A case showing a North Carolina pine tree in all stages of its contributions to the comfort of mankind,—the rough tree, the bark, the pine needles, the cones, the pitch and turpentine, the timber, and also an interesting display of the uses made of the fibre from the needles for mattresses, surgical dressing, twines, and cloths,—is a revelation of the wonderful resources of this old familiar friend. Specimens of hemp and flax from all parts of the world, are so placed as to show the condition from the growing grass, through the various stages of development, until the thread and rope and woven cloth are reached.

On the same floor with the woods and fibres are the halls devoted to the dyes and tannings, all carefully classified. Further on, one room has a collection of gums and resins used in the arts, many from plants we know little about, as well as gutta-percha, India rubber, and chicle. At the end of this hall is the mineral collection and the nucleus of an assortment of marbles for architectural purposes.

The collections are divided into two great classifications, the monographic and the geographic. The monographic, on the first floor, and extending in other parts of the building, gathers the articles of a class from all countries, and brings them together for inspection and comparison. The geographic, on the second and third stories, arranges the products of each country in separate rooms or a series of rooms, according to the extent of the collection.

A typical display is that from our neighboring republic of Mexico, which is the first to greet the eye upon reaching the second floor. Around the walls of two large rooms and of the halls adjoining are specimens of woods from nearly every state of this republic. These are labelled so that the cabinet maker who finds some new grain or color which pleases him can communicate with the proper persons and learn if it can be economically procured. Adjoining rooms are filled with specimens of gums, and resins, medicinal plants, spices, coffee, and cacao seeds. In the centre of another room are two cases, one with specimens of rubber and the plants from which it is obtained, and the other with the gum which has sprung up recently into prominent notice, the chicle, whose principal use is in the manufacture of chewing-gum. It seems hardly credible, but the importations of chicle in the fiscal year 1896 amounted to 3,618,488 tons. The next room has its walls and the cases in the centre stored with vegetable fibres, such as cotton, henequin, istle, banana, cocoanut palm, and many others with native names. Saddle-cloths, beautiful baskets, sandals for the poorer classes, mattings, nets, and other articles are distributed around, and indicate the uses the natives make of these plants. A carefully selected collection of the rich mineral wealth, from coal and iron to silver and gold, appears in the next room, and closely following are the agricultural products, sugar, tobacco, vegetables, hides, with one case devoted to wines and liquors of the country, including a dozen or so produced from the century plant, from which the Mexicans brew their beer or pulque and distil the fiery mescal, which is almost pure alcohol. All around the walls of these half a dozen rooms are charts giving the latest statistics of the commerce and productions of Mexico.

Similar arrangements, in different degrees of completeness, are made of the collections from Brazil, Guatemala, Costa Rica, and, in fact, from nearly all countries of Latin America, as well as Johore, Japan, Liberia, and many other countries. The collection of woods from Argentina is so complete that the Argentine government borrowed it in turn to send to the Atlanta exposition.

All this exhibition of the world's production is a potent educational factor as well as a commercial treasury, for students may come here and through the eye learn in a short time more about the physical character of other lands and their products than they could ever obtain by a mere reading of text-books. In this way the museum is a coworker in the cause of education for the whole country.

Before reaching the fourth story, where the official force of the museum is gathered to impart to others the knowledge that is constantly gathered here, there can be seen a still further expansion of the monographic classification in the most complete collection of wools and hairs that exists anywhere in the world. There are two interesting arrangements—one in glass jars, of the official samples that are the tests for the assessment of duty at the custom-house, and the other, a magnificent collection, the fleeces of all the varieties of wool that are known to commerce throughout the world. In other rooms there are cereals, sugar, vegetable oils, and silks in all stages, from the cocoon to the spun thread and woven fabric.

In order that this museum shall be truly a stimulus to commerce, there have been established in its administration different bureaus, which enable the institution to give full information of the world's progress in taking advantage of the earth's products. The scientific department, with its laboratory of tests and technology, and the chemists and botanists are ready to analyze and report upon all minerals, plants, and animal and vegetable fibres. Here we have the only conditioning laboratory for wools and other fibres in the United States.

The bureau of information and the library, with the corps of compilers, indexers, translators, and type-writers, furnish the latest information of commerce and trade obtainable from the commercial reports, reports of consuls of all countries, and particularly of our own consuls (which have been especially directed by the Secretary of State to afford every possible aid to the museum), scientific works, journals in all languages, relating to trade, commerce, or manufactures, and the like, and the special reports of the museum agents in different parts of the world, as well as specific information from merchants, manufacturers, and others in different lands, who have become personally interested in the great work of the museum.

In a large room at the southwest end of the fourth floor there is a complete card index of the latest information obtainable which may be of use to manufacturers, merchants, and others seeking such knowledge from various parts of the world. This bureau of information is so thoroughly systematized that it is very interesting to study the method employed speedily to answer inquiries. Suppose that it is desired to know something of chicle, or chewing-gum. One of the officers will go to the cabinet and pull out the drawer labelled "Gums," and by the alphabetical arrangement lay open the card "Chicle," where will be found the page in *La Revue Coloniale*, where is a full description of the manner by which it is extracted from the sappodilla tree and fruit. The library number on the card will indicate the division of the library in which this periodical may be found. Or if it is desired to know what there is in print about a country, an adjoining cabinet has all the cards that are in the subject cabinet, but instead of being arranged by the articles, in it will be found everything that relates to the country alphabetically classified according to the subjects. A force of a dozen indexers are busily employed in reading and indexing from the latest commercial periodicals and consular reports, writing the cards in a dual arrangement of subject and country, so that answers may be made as speedily as possible to inquirers for the newest information on a given subject of commerce in its broadest sense. From 600 to 1000 cards are daily added to these cabinets. There is also a special cabinet, in which specific subjects appear, such as tariff, constructions of recent public works, bridges, railroads, and many other items of general interest not included in the index of products.

For the benefit of foreign correspondents who may want to know the names of manufacturers of any given article there is also a classified card index of the firms and corporations engaged in all branches of industry throughout the United States, and in order to provide similar information a carefully selected list of names in all classes of occupations in the Latin American republics, Asia, and South Africa is similarly arranged. The number of separate firms appearing on these cards amounts to more than 15,000 in the other countries, and fully half as many in the United States. Constant additions are being made to these files as definite information is received to indicate that the parties are reputable and in business. The complete list of manufacturers in the United States contains over 30,000 names.

In the library and reading-room are found nearly a thousand special trade and scientific journals, pamphlets containing the latest statistics from all quarters of the globe, consular reports from every country publishing them, and nearly ten thousand volumes selected with a view to be of use to persons seeking information about countries, raw and manufactured products, and in general whatever relates to the progress of mankind.

On the same floor, and as an auxiliary to the bureau of information, is a collection of manufactured products, showing what the manufacturer of Europe is sending to Central and South America, Africa, and other importing countries. The price obtained, the usual discounts, the mode of transportation, and the parties dealing in these articles are all obtainable from this bureau, so that if a manufacturer of boots should wish to know whether it would pay him to export his goods to Venezuela, for example, he is able to learn what the Europeans are sending there, what prices they obtain, what discounts they give, and by studying the rates of transportation, tariffs, and other things that enter into the cost of landing the merchandise, he could easily determine whether the market was one he might desire to enter into for his product.

In this commercial exhibit are a number of native garments made for Japanese children and women, as well as what they have copied from the Europeans, with their own modifications. In one case are specimens of the new artificial silk made from pulp, and which it is supposed will be an important factor in textile fabrics before many years have passed. Indeed, all through this set of rooms may be found hats, shoes, hardware, and a thousand novelties for which there seems to be a demand in these countries at the present time, as they are actually samples of articles now imported into them.

In a collection from the islands of the South Seas are

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PICKING THE BERRIES.

SCREENING AND PACKING THE BERRIES FOR MARKET.

A CRANBERRY-BOG "LINED OFF," WITH PICKERS AT WORK.

HARVEST-TIME ON THE CAPE COD CRANBERRY-BOGS, MASSACHUSETTS.

seen specimens of the scant garments used by the Islanders, made of rows of feathers, grasses, or skins, with ornaments of shells, quills, and tusks, bracelets of engraved bark and carved ivory, and spoons of sea-shells.

The exhibit from Japan carries one along from the rough sandals of rice straw, and shoes for their agricultural animals of the same material, through the gradual development of the cottons, linens, and silks, and the skillful working of woods and metals, until as a specimen of their technical school is seen a beautiful model of a bell-tower made in wood by the pupils.

The museum is governed by a board of trustees, having the Governor of the State, the Mayor of the city of Philadelphia, and a number of State and city officials and fourteen prominent and influential citizens associated with them. Its president is Dr. William Pepper, for many years Provost of the University of Pennsylvania. There is an advisory board, with representatives from the chambers of commerce and boards of trade of all parts of the country, a foreign advisory board, with delegates from similar institutions abroad, and a diplomatic advisory board, having the ministers from all the Central and South American countries as members. From this it will be seen that although housed in Philadelphia, it really extends throughout the world in the scope of its plans and methods.

At the time of the formal opening of the museum the second annual meeting of the Advisory Board also took place. At this meeting topics were ably discussed, all with a view of furthering the closer commercial relations of all the countries represented. After its termination, the representatives from foreign countries were taken, as the guests of the museum, on a forty-eight days' tour to some twenty of the principal manufacturing centres of this country, bringing the delegates into personal acquaintanceship with our principal manufacturers, and resulting in the formation of business connections that will be of great benefit to the whole country in the future, as well as showing to sixteen governments the variety of productive occupations and the capacity of serving their neighbors which the United States possess.

Next year, in October, will be held the third annual meeting of the Advisory Board, and it will be entirely a great gathering, for in addition to the representatives from this hemisphere will be delegates from South and West Africa, Australia, India, China, Japan, and other countries. The programme for this event is now being arranged, and will be considered by careful business men, who will bring up topics for discussion that will be for the benefit of commerce, and the museum will present to the delegates in a new form and on a wider scale that which is shown this year by the trip to our cities.

The establishment of a museum for the use of commerce is not new. Belgium, years ago, was made to see the importance of such an institution by Dr. Hugenaus, who is now the Consul-General of Belgium in the United States, and the Commercial Museum at Brussels was organized, the government putting the entire consular force of the country at work for it. But this museum contains only manufactured articles made in other lands, and brought together so that they might be copied by the Belgians in order to compete in the foreign market. The Imperial Institute of London is linked almost entirely to the products of the vast colonial possessions of Great Britain. There are commercial museums, some private and others supported more or less by the governments, in Vienna, Berlin, Berne, Milan, Rome, and Stuttgart, but none of them arranged on the plan of the Philadelphia museum—*i.e.*, to be of service to the whole world, with its collections gathered from every nation, and inviting to its annual business congress representatives from both hemispheres.

Although the present quarters cover more than two hundred thousand feet of space, there are many boxes of specimens still unopened for want of room to display them. The city of Philadelphia, besides appropriating several thousand dollars, has devoted to it a site of sixteen acres on the banks of the Schuylkill, adjoining the University of Pennsylvania, and within less than ten minutes' ride from City Hall, where the work is just being commenced for the new building, to cost a million and a half dollars. In order that this building should be constructed in the best possible manner for museum purposes, Dr. Wilson, the director, has visited several institutions of a cognate character in Europe, and has gathered nearly all the information that has been printed on the subject of museums.

THE CAPE COD CRANBERRY.

Within the past twenty-five years hundreds of acres of land on Cape Cod and in towns adjoining which previous to that time were almost worthless have become valuable, good paying property, and are now the great cranberry-bogs of southeastern Massachusetts, producing a large proportion of the berries grown in the United States.

The cranberry has become one of the staple fruits, being in season from September till June, and to be grown successfully the conditions must be favorable.

The soil best adapted to the purpose is low and swampy, with no clay. Not only the soil here, but the climate also, with its comparatively mild winters and cool summers, seems especially suited to its needs, and being on the coast, early frosts are not so liable to injure the crop.

After the swamp is cleared it is irrigated, the proper construction of dikes, dams, and ditches being essential, that the bog may be flooded and drained quickly—flooding being necessary when there are indications of frost, also on the appearance of the worm, which is one of the greatest enemies the grower has to contend with. Therefore success in a great measure depends on the ability to control the water supply.

In three years after the vines are set out they have covered the ground, are about four inches high, and bear the first crop. The berries grow in small clusters on top of the vines, and look as if they had been poured down on a soft carpet of green leaves.

The bogs vary in size, some containing but a few rods, while there are others of one hundred and more acres, owned by stock companies.

One hundred barrels to an acre is a good yield, though, like all others, the cranberry crop is very uncertain, and while many fall below this figure, bogs have been known to produce one barrel to a rod, or 160 to an acre. One bog of thirty acres produced, in 1886, 3700 barrels.

The harvest begins about the 1st of September, and is the most busy time of all the year to the people living in the vicinity of the bogs. To live out-of-doors at this beautiful season is very pleasant, and when it means health, pleasure, and profit it calls all ages and conditions, from the baby in arms to the octogenarian with cane and spectacles; rich and poor, black and white, all are there, even the belated summer visitor is not left behind. At an early hour in the morning the pickers are astir, everybody is in a hurry, and although preparations were begun days before, there are many last things to be done before the start is made. The bogs have been "lined off" in rows, and are all ready when the pickers arrive, so the work is gone at once. The berries are gathered in four and six quart measures, for each of which the picker receives a ticket when it is filled, as some of the larger bogs employ a tally keeper. Who will get the first ticket? Each picker keeps one eye on his neighbor, and picks with all his might. It is an exciting race, with something in it for every one. The overseer (for this important personage is found on every bog) keeps a sharp watch that no berries are left in the hurry and that the measures are filled. He tells them when to begin and when to leave off, and is authority on all subjects connected with the work. No order is obeyed more promptly than "Leave off for dinner."

There are groves adjoining nearly all the bogs, and here in the shade of the trees the dinner is eaten, and how good it tastes! The hour seems a short one when the call to work is heard, but the tickets have been counted, and it is an honor to be "high," which all covet, so they are soon at work again. It is a jolly company. They talk, they laugh, they sing, they entertain visitors, but they pick all the time. But the day is drawing to its end, the sun sinks behind the trees, the dew begins to fall, and "homeward they plod their weary way," and the village, which during the day has seemed almost deserted, is again all life and bustle.

After the berries are picked they are screened and the dirt and imperfect fruit removed. The small growers do this all by hand, but on the large bogs blowers and separators are used, which greatly facilitates the work. They are then packed in boxes and barrels, stamped, and shipped to market.

Pickers are invented every year which it is claimed will gather the berries without injury to fruit or vine; but so far no method on Cape Cod has proved as satisfactory in every way as hand picking.

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THE DRAMA.

MISS MAUDE ADAMS IN "THE LITTLE MINISTER"

It is both fortunate and unfortunate for Mr. J. M. Barrie's play, produced, for the first time in New York, at the Empire Theatre on the evening of September 27, to introduce Miss Maude Adams as a "star," that it should be based on so popular a novel as *The Little Minister*. Lovers of the book are of course attracted by the promise of the play, but they follow the play with preconceived notions of the way in which the story should be dramatized, and they are inclined to resent differences. In the case of *The Little Minister*, so many episodes of the book are not in the play that the resemblance between the two works is decidedly remote. In constructing the drama Mr. Barrie began all over again, so to speak, and it is fairer to judge him by what he has done rather than by what he has not done—in other words, to consider *The Little Minister*, according to the definition on the programme, simply as a "comedy."

The first act begins in comedy vein, with the serious-minded men of Thrums on guard against the threatened attack of the soldiers. Just what they are doing in defiance of the law is not altogether clear, though the spectator may guess easily enough. Here, at the very beginning Mr. Barrie, presumably through neglect, violates one of the most important canons of dramatic writing—that the significance of the situation carry its message at once. The unexpected appearance of Gavin Dishart, the Little Minister, and his dispersing of the men, establish his character, and make him a delightful foil for the character of Babbie, who comes singing through the wood in gypsy dress, the very embodiment of witchery. The scene between them would be altogether charming if it were not a trifle overdone, but no criticism can be passed upon the ingenious device by which Babbie persuades the minister to blow the horn that is to warn the people of the soldiers' approach. That is comedy of the most delightful kind, and the scene which specially follows, where Babbie saves herself from arrest by claiming Gavin as her husband, is one of the prettiest episodes seen on the stage for many a day. Altogether, the first act, in spite of certain crudities in the author's management, is well rounded and promising.

The second act, which passes through two scenes, is executed in a wholly different mood; whatever restraint the author put upon himself early in his task was rudely broken by the temptation to exaggerate. During the first scene, which discloses the interior of Nannie Webster's cottage and serves to develop the love affair between Babbie and Gavin, Mr. Barrie indulges in wild burlesque. The actress who plays the part of Nannie is absolutely faithful to the spirit of the author, and the result is a grossly distorted characterization. A similar exaggeration, too, weakens the scene that follows, in which the men of Thrums discuss the scandalous flirtation of their pastor with the supposed gypsy. Here the suggestion of comic opera given by Nannie's performances is strengthened by the chorus-like demeanor of peasants on their way to and from the kirk. The broken hearted soliloquy of Thomas Whamond over the Little Minister's downfall, apparently designed by the author as a serious climax to the act, illustrates the disaster that is sure to follow the mixture of incongruous emotional elements. Whamond, almost persuaded that the young minister, whom he loves as his own son, has disgraced himself, is overwhelmed with grief, but to the spectator, who knows that Gavin is innocent, this grief borders on the ludicrous and the effect of the situation is, merely to bewilder him—to make him wonder whether he ought to laugh or to sympathize.

The last two acts are written wholly in the comic-opera spirit. Here we have the old castle of comic opera, the comic-opera lord who is father of the heroine, and even the comic-opera French maid, whose salary is raised as soon as she discovers Babbie stealing back to her ancestral home. There is genuine humor in the characterization of the French maid, and though her sudden fall over the threshold as soon as Babbie opens a door, after an exciting scene, is by no means new, it made the audience laugh aloud. Indeed, when once the spectator forgot to expect the promised "comedy," there were many things in the last two acts for him to enjoy. The arrival of Gavin in the castle, and his declaration that the gypsy was in the house and in the next room, followed by Babbie's sudden appearance as a fine young lady, made an impressive moment, like a thrill in a fairy tale. Gavin's declaration of affection, however, was as absurd as Babbie's own avowals, and it was easy to sympathize with the angry father's disgust. But the discovery that Gavin's acknowledgment of Babbie as his wife in the first act constituted a marriage gave an ingenious twist to the story, and enabled the author to bring his play to a pretty and wholly whimsical conclusion. The best thing in the last act was Babbie's wheedling of her father out of his rage into good-humored consent to her marriage. It allowed so delightfully Mr. Barrie's humor playing through human nature that it made one wish he had relied on human nature throughout the piece, instead of having recourse to the apologetic devices of the second rate dramatist.

The Little Minister shows that since writing *The Professor's Love Story* Mr. Barrie has made a great advance in dramatic construction. It is lacking, however, in the spontaneous humor and the shrewd characterizations of the earlier work. In his treatment of the people of Thrums Mr. Barrie is decidedly open to criticism; instead of representing them as they are, he has held them up to ridicule. It is much easier, of course, to make a caricature than to draw a character, and it is needless to explain why it is vastly inferior art.

In spite of its faults, the play has certainly scored a great popular success. Miss Maude Adams received a welcome as a "star" that is said to have been unprecedented in warmth. In the character of Babbie she had a part exactly suited to her abilities and her personal qualities. On her first appearance, as the fine lady masquerading in gypsy garb, she acted with delicacy and effectiveness, suggesting her limitations only when dropping comedy for momentary lapses into almost alarming pathos. Her comedy is natural, her pathos is artful. In the wonderful costume worn at the close of the third act, Miss Adams made an extremely beautiful figure, but as soon as she undertook, in a long speech, to express the conflicting emotions of the woman agitated by love and at the same time solicitous for her personal appearance, she was unequal to creating the subtle contrasts. In the last act, however, she was altogether delightful.

The weak spot in the cast was in the interpreter of the character of Gavin. Mr. Robert Edeson is a good actor in certain parts but as the Little Minister he was sadly out of his element. In the first place, he did not look the part; he brought to it a face marked by experience, and the bearing of the performer trained to romantic rôles. There are, indeed, very few actors who could adequately interpret this character. It requires, first of all, finesse, a rare quality. Mr. Edeson's failure is quite excusable, but it is none the less deplorable, for much of the charm of the play depended upon the performance of the title character.

The other players all did their work extremely well, and the settings were artistically painted and arranged and beautifully lighted. Mr. W. H. Thompson, as Whamond, presented a wonderful make-up, and built on the rather uncertain foundation provided by the dramatist an admirably deliberate and impressive characterization.

JOHN D. BARRY.

BABBIE PRETENDS BEFORE THE SOLDIERS THAT SHE IS THE LITTLE MINISTER'S WIFE

BABBIE SUDDENLY OPENS THE DOOR AND ENCOUNTERS THE LISTENING PELICE.

BABBIE, SUMMONED BY HER FATHER, CONFRONTS HIM IN EVENING DRESS

BABBIE WAITS ON THE LITTLE MINISTER.

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THE TROUBLES IN INDIA.

The latest news from India, and recently published public documents, disclose the fact that the British administration in India is confronted by difficulties of a more formidable kind than it has been willing to admit. For the first time in the occupation of the country, external danger has to be faced at the same moment that the internal condition of the country is giving rise to the gravest apprehensions. As a consequence the English government has to make extraordinary preparations to maintain its prestige among the warlike populations of the western frontier, and at the same time repress every attempt at insurrection among the native races in the rear of the army now collecting on the frontier. This grave situation is the culmination of a long period of errors in judgment and administration on the part of the government in India itself, and of the government in England, which has steadfastly refused to face the social and economic problems that have during recent years been loudly calling for solution. The warnings and pleadings of upright and loyal natives and many distinguished British officials have been sneered at and disregarded, and now, to all appearance, changes that might have been peacefully effected a few years ago will only be arrived at through something very much like revolution.

Regarding the internal situation, the resentment roused by the violence done to social and religious prejudice in the matter of the exposure and examination, in the plague camps, of native women of all ranks belonging to the Hindoo and Mussulman populations is far from allayed, and the refusal of the British authorities to order or allow any inquiry into the conduct of accused officials has had the worst possible effect. The result is that what has only been a social grievance is now raised into a political question, and is made an issue between the dominant power and its subject peoples. To add to the gravity of the position comes the statement from responsible sources that an ominous sympathy has manifested itself between the Hindoos and Mussulmans, which means a coalition of twelve-thirteenths of the population against the government. The economic situation is becoming alarming, but all attempts on the part of members of Parliament to raise the question in the House of Commons before the close of the session were fruitless, and the government of India, under the guidance of Lord George Hamilton, is drifting along in hopeless confusion. With increasing poverty among the people, the public debt is being heavily increased and the military expenses augmented.

For the present the events on the frontier overshadow the internal troubles, and judging by the magnitude of the military preparations, would seem to be considered of the greatest moment. A series of recently published documents relating to the last Afghan war throw unexpected light on the relations between Abdurrahman Khan and the British Indian government at the time he came to the throne, and the causes that led to the conclusion of peace and the British evacuation of Afghanistan. The last invasion of Afghanistan was undertaken in consequence of the massacre of Sir Louis Cavagnari, the British agent at Cabul and his escort, and was hurriedly brought to a conclusion in consequence of "the critical situations into which the Anglo-Indian armies had drifted." The armies at Cabul and Quetta were suffering severely from the effects of climate, transport animals were dying off by hundreds, fuel was falling short, and the tribes, emboldened by the inactivity of the troops, were committing depredations and harassing the outposts and lines of communication with India in every way. A distinguished officer serving with the army recorded his observations in terse and clear language. He said: "The war was commenced in ignorance of the difficulties to be encountered, and in consequence, at an early period, the government found itself, with exhausted resources, compelled to make a peace which might almost have been dictated by its adversary. The enormous difficulty of carrying out a successful campaign in Afghanistan is due to two causes. The first cause is the absence of combined resistance. Attacking the Afghan tribes is like making sword-thrusts into the water. You meet with no resistance, but you also do no injury. The tribes harass the communications of an invading army, they cut off straggling parties, they plunder baggage, they give the troops no rest, but they carefully avoid a decisive action. The invading force moves wherever it pleases, but it never holds more of the country than the ground on which it is actually encamped. Each separate tribe is, as it were, an independent centre of life, which requires a separate and special operation for its extinction. The consequence is that the only way in which we could enforce our authority would be by a simultaneous occupation of the entire country; and seeing that the country is as large as France, very sparsely populated, and quite incapable of feeding a large army, such an occupation is simply impossible. The other great difficulty is that there is scarcely any forage in Afghanistan, and consequently the transport train of an invading army cannot fail to be crippled after a few weeks of active service. The moment that such a catastrophe is consummated, an army in the field becomes as cumbersome and useless as a swan on a turnpike road. This latter difficulty it was which compelled the government to make the Treaty of Gandamak." A curious light is thrown on the way in which history is sometimes written by other revelations. It now appears that the success of Lord Roberts's celebrated march to Candahar was due to the diplomatic astuteness of Abdurrahman Khan, who seems to have understood the value of building a golden bridge for his enemy. To facilitate the evacuation of the country he caused stores to be collected along the line of march, giving orders that the march of the army was not to be harassed, and proclamation was made that the Ameer was sending one division of the infidel army out of the country by way of Candahar. The other part of it returned to India by way of the Khyber Pass, now the centre of interest in the present conflict. Another fiction has been swept away by the admission that Abdurrahman did not receive his Ameership at the hands of the British, but installed himself as "the choice of the people of Afghanistan to protect the country, in the name of Islam, against all infidel encroachments." These latter facts will have to be borne in mind later on, as some English writers wrongly argue that, having appointed the Ameer, the British government has a right to dictate to him, and are already urging on the government the execution of the policy of the "scientific frontier" that ended so disastrously in 1880. It would seem as though the British government has had some intention to resume the execution of that policy, and that the move up the Tochi Valley, that leads into the very heart of Afghanistan, was deliberately planned to provoke the risings against which forces are moving from various points of India. A well-informed writer gives some interesting information in connection with the Tochi disaster. The Darwesh Khel Waziris who attacked the British force in the Tochi Valley belong to a numerous clan, a section of which, the Kabul Khel Waziris, occupies a territory to the north of the valley, and another section, the Mahsud Waziris, dwells in the Zhob country to the south. In 1880 an unsuccessful attempt was made to subjugate the former, and in 1888 an effort was made to bring the latter under control, and to construct a railway through their territory to connect the frontier station of Dera Ismail Khan with Pishin through the Gumal Pass. The survey, however, was stopped by the tribesmen of Makin, and when in 1889 a force advanced from Beluchistan to protect another survey for the same purpose, it was driven back by the Kidarzai tribe. The following year, however, the late Sir R. Sandeman induced the Zhob chiefs, in consideration of a subsidy, to allow the establishment of a post at Apozai, afterwards called Fort Sandeman. The Mahsud Waziris and other local tribes were at the same time subsidized to keep the Gumal Pass open for trade purposes. When, however, the tribes perceived that Apozai was being strongly fortified, and the Gumal Pass was used for bringing large bodies of troops into the Zhob Valley, they repudiated the bargain, and began by attacking the post camp by firing into it at night, cut off stragglers, plundered the convoys, and harassed the communications with India. When complaints were made to the Ameer of what were described to him as hostilities committed on British territory, he inquired what and where were the limits of British Indian authority, and hinted that it was the British who were encroaching on independent tribal territory. He, however, recalled, at the request of the Indian government, an officer of his who was resident in Waziristan; but the Waziris continued their hostilities. The Ameer was then threatened that his kingdom would be suppressed unless he fell in with the British frontier policy. This was in November, 1892. He paid no attention to this menace, and a conference was held at Cabul at which the British representative contended that the border tribes were not his subjects, as they paid him no revenue, and were ruled by their own elected chiefs. An offer was made at the same time to increase his subsidy from 1,200,000 rupees to 1,800,000 on condition that he abstained from giving material aid to those tribes resisting the introduction of British rule into the country. This he accepted, and also consented to the appointment of a joint commission to delimit the boundary line which, according to the British view, separates Afghanistan from the territories of the independent border tribes. The British contentions, however, are irreconcilable with the fundamental laws and customs of Afghanistan, where the tribes are united by a compact which binds each to keep the land of Islam free from the *Kafir*, or infidel, and to join in a *jehad* for the expulsion of the infidel. The sentiments of the Ameer himself were disclosed in letters which the British succeeded in intercepting, among them one addressed to the tribal *maliks*, or leaders, in which he said:

"God has imposed a *jehad* on all believers, and whoever denies this is as a *Kafir*. You should fight the *Kafirs* who come into your land. Fear not death. All believers should join in the *jehad*; they should not, like women, remain in their houses, but, like men, become *ghazis*, martyrs, in the cause. True Moslems should hasten to the frontier, which it is their duty to guard and protect, preventing *Kafirs* from entering the land of Islam. We call on all inhabitants of cities and villages to support the religion of Islam by prayer, by fasts, and by war. The frontiers of the territory of Islam have fallen into the power of oppressors. All believers are bound to join in the *jehad* when they are called to arms. By the grace of God they should do their utmost to uphold the religion of Mohammed. Let them go forth to war, and like tigers meet the host of unbelievers. Let them mow down with their swords that pernicious people, and use their heads like balls." It is this that is the justification of the attack made by the Tochi tribesmen on the British force, and the Ameer's call to them was in self-defence, as a road up the Tochi Valley leads directly to Ghazni, which is on the road from Cabul to Candahar, and if captured by a British invading force would cut off all communications between Cabul and southern Afghanistan, leaving an army advancing from Peshawur only the local tribal levies and the army round Cabul to contend with.

From the character of the reinforcements that are being hurried out from England it is evident that more serious operations than those against the tribal levies are contemplated. The large force of artillery and cavalry now on its way to India indicates that it is expected at some stage of the campaign to meet forces similarly provided, in other words, that war on the Ameer and an invasion of Afghanistan are intended. In such an event it is more than probable that other forces will appear on the scene. It is known that Russian troops have been lately moved down to points on the Russo-Afghan frontier, and it has been recently announced that General Kuropatkine, commanding the Russian army in Turkestan, who was in St. Petersburg to confer with the Emperor and government, has been ordered to rejoin his command without delay. A British advance to Candahar from Quetta, from where a railway line has been carried as far as Chaman by a tunnel through the Khojak Amran Mountains, within one hundred miles of Candahar, would undoubtedly bring a Russian army within striking distance of Herat. At Herat, such is the favorable nature of the country, that, according to information in possession of the British War-Office, it is calculated that everything required for the sustenance of an army of 120,000 men, with transport animals, could be found with ease. From Herat to Candahar the distance is about three hundred and seventy miles, by a route presenting no obstacles to the transport of artillery. This was proved in the last Afghan war, when Yakub Khan marched from Herat with the force that inflicted the disaster of Maiwand on the force covering the road to Candahar. Unlike a British Indian army, the Russian Turkestan troops are unhampered by masses of camp-followers, which gives them a mobility not possible with the British. The Russians would have a double objective—one to put a limit to a British advance beyond a certain point, probably the Helmund, the other to secure the immunity of the eastern frontier of Persia on the side of Beluchistan. The reason for this is found in the fact that Russia in 1889 obtained certain concessions from Persia, among them the right to construct a railway from Askabad on the trans-Caspian railway, to Meshed, in Persia, and thence, *via* Jumain, Birjand, and Kerman, to Bandar Abbas, thus virtually commanding the approach to Beluchistan and securing a footing on the Strait of Hormuz, the outlet from the Persian Gulf to the Indian Ocean. It is apparent from this that the steps now being taken on the Afghan border-land may be fraught with very far-reaching consequences. Every incident, therefore, connected with the forward movement begun by the British forces in India will be watched with the deepest interest. In the fighting that has taken place so far we hear only of non-Mussulman troops being engaged on the British side—Sikhs, Goorkhas, and others. The Pathans, Beloochis, and other Mussulman regiments appear to have been kept in the rear or sent away. As this is the first time that a *jehad* has been proclaimed against the British by a recognized ruler among the Mussulmans, and every good Mussulman is bound to obey such a call, this would only be an act of common prudence. But it is not the less a serious matter for the British rulers of India that they enter on a struggle of a critical character deprived of the power they would otherwise have had from over fifty millions of a warlike population, and without the sympathy of the vast majority of the people of India.

MOVING THE GREAT GRAIN CROP.

The wheat crop of the United States for this year of 1897 is estimated at 500,000,000 bushels, one of the largest crops on record, and fortunately for the farmers the European demand has raised the price, and is sending the golden grain eastward at an unprecedented rate. Over 200,000,000 bushels will be demanded by the Old World, and the shipment of this enormous bulk is taxing the capacity of the railroads and grain-carrying vessels on the lakes, of canal boats and ocean steamers to the fullest extent.

Of the various routes to the seaboard, the one *via* the Great Lakes, from Chicago, Duluth, and other distributing points to Buffalo, and by the Erie Canal to New York, is the cheapest. While the railroads are more expeditious, they are more expensive, but the needs of the present year have provided an unusual amount of business for all. The importance of the great inland waterway is exemplified this year in the handling of a large portion of this important business with such speed and economy as to make a marvel in the great achievements of modern commercial enterprise.

To show the increasing importance of the lake traffic, the total tonnage on the 30th of June last was 1,410,103, an increase of 86,000 tons since last year; while Michigan is second only to New York among the States in the number of vessels it owns, having 1132, with a total tonnage of 477,002, and Ohio is third, with 558 vessels and 390,052 tons.

Twenty-five or thirty years ago the bulk of the grain trade on the lakes was done in wooden sailing-vessels—high-sparred, fast-sailing, three-masted schooners and barkentines—gayly painted, trim, and pretty to look at, carrying from twenty to thirty thousand bushels of grain, and making remarkable trips sometimes, when there was wind enough. There were always delays in those days in loading and unloading, and the rates were much higher than they are to-day. Now the sailing vessel has largely disappeared, turned into tow-barges for carrying coal and lumber, or grain when they can get it; the few remaining are sad and dingy reminders of their former smart appearance, while the new craft on the lakes are of modern steel construction, many of them among the finest models of American-built merchant vessels.

At present there are nearly seven hundred vessels engaged in carrying grain on the lakes, the newer ones having a capacity of over 100,000 bushels, while there is one new steamer, the *Empire City*, which carries 180,000 bushels in bulk, which is considerably more than any vessel engaged in carrying grain on the ocean. These new steamers are fitted with triple or quadruple expansion engines, lighted by electricity, and make the trip from Duluth to Buffalo, about a thousand miles, in four days.

The Argosys of old, with

> Sails of silk and ropes of sendal
> Such as gleams in ancient lore,

were not more richly laden than these great iron ships, shorn of beauty, plainly practical, and pouring forth their streaming banners of black smoke as they rush through the placid waters of these tideless inland seas. Ever in haste, their hoarse-voiced sirens sounding the warning note of imperative commerce as they hurry on, urging lesser craft out of their way, and waking the smooth waters to tumbling wrath behind them.

Where once the Indian canoe glided in untroubled security these leviathans of modern need plough their way night and day. Ever an unceasing procession from port to port, they hurry their great cargoes with safety and despatch. The lake sailors are a class by themselves in the skill with which they handle their great craft in the narrow rivers and crowded harbors they have to deal with. Where there is scarcely room to pass, so narrow the way, they twist and turn, back in or out, and find their way night and day with rare cunning and an ease that might astonish the salt-water sailor accustomed to more room and larger harbors. Then, too, when the autumn gales wake the sleeping lakes to a fury hard to realize in the calm summer months, the lake sailor must be brave and skilful to bring his vessel through the turbulent seas to the shelter of the surf-clouded breakwater.

Buffalo, by reason of its fortunate position, is one of the greatest grain ports in the world. Its muddy, narrow river harbor is lined with great elevators and warehouses, which lift their huge bulk through the smoke-laden atmosphere. Grim and important, dust-covered and grimed with soot, they tell of the wear and tear of great activities. Here the grain is discharged for reshipment by rail or canal, and here are some of the largest elevators in the world. A new one being built by the Great Northern Steamship Company will have a capacity of 3,000,000 bushels, and is fire-proof, built of brick and steel, the grain stored in enormous cylindrical steel

tanks holding 100,000 bushels each, and hermetically sealed to protect it from moisture. All the machinery will be run by electricity from Niagara Falls, and it affords a striking contrast to the old slow methods of lifting and shovelling. By the modern methods a vessel can be loaded or unloaded in minutes, where it formerly took hours, and the loss in dust and handling till the wheat is loaded on the steamers at New York is only one per cent.

From Buffalo the grain travels to New York by rail and canal. With the improvements now in progress on the Erie Canal, the new steel boats will be able to come all the way down the lakes to the Hudson and alongside the steamers in New York Harbor without shifting their cargoes. This is being done to-day, but the water in the canal is too shallow to admit of any great speed. However, it is only a matter of time when grain will be shipped through in this way. The new boats, resembling somewhat small whaleback steamers, are towed through lake, canal, and river to the great city by the sea.

NEWS FROM THE KLONDIKE.

FROM A PRIVATE LETTER FROM THE SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

In advance of his photographs, which are to be published in next week's WEEKLY, comes a hasty letter from Mr. Tappan Adney, the WEEKLY'S correspondent, which has quite as much news between the lines of it as he has written out. Under date of "Skagway, September 3," he says: "I am writing this at the U. S. Commissioner's Office while the officer is making out the replevin papers for my horses. I am now nearly over the Chilkoot Pass with my outfit. Words cannot describe the chaos, confusion, uncertainties, and losses that are hourly occurring. Expenses are frightful. It has cost me seven or eight hundred dollars to get my outfit as far as it is. Plenty of men are not so far, and never will be. There are no prices that last a day. I have a roll of films of Skagway and the White Pass trail ready to send as soon as I can get down the trail, but I did not expect to be here to-day. I contracted with a packer to put me over with my horses, but, confronted by physical impossibilities, he has failed, and I am having trouble even to recover my horses.

"I had this letter once written when a thoroughly characteristic thing occurred—the sort of thing that is happening hourly—a stove upset setting fire to the building, and destroying the part of the letter which I did not save. Nothing can be counted on from hour to hour or out of one's sight. Twice my outfit has narrowly escaped destruction from absolutely unforeseen causes. The first escape was from fire from cinders which a runaway steer kicked into my tent. The cover was burned off my camera frame and plate holder, but no real damage done. The second case was more serious, but when it happened I telegraphed to have the loss repaired. It consisted of the loss of 230 5 × 7 celluloid plates, damaged by water. I took five dozen 4 × 5 plates, which I can use, from the man who was responsible, at the point of a gun.

"Boats are bringing fabulous prices. Five hundred dollars was offered and refused at Lake Lindeman. It costs a frightful sum to get one packed over; besides, one has to guard his property hourly or find himself without it. Two or three men have gone out of their heads—lunatics! There never has been anything like this on this continent, all the old miners say the same thing. The only thing I can send now is a daily journal. The real story must come from a distance of time. We have only had one or two days when instantaneous pictures could be taken, but I have tried to have the men pose as well as possible.

"I return in a few hours to Dyea, to pick up my stuff along the line and face a dozen desperate men who are ahead of me on the contract, and who see no other way to get over save by the help of my stock. The pack train was held up this morning, and will not pass with another load unless the goods of men who have been waiting two weeks are taken. I shall clear my stock, sell them for what I can get, and then hire packers over the summit, doing what I can myself."

Mr. Adney's pictures arrived too late for reproduction in this number, but some excellent scenes of Dawson City and its neighborhood, and on the route Mr. Adney will travel, are printed on page 1004.

FRENCH MUGWUMPS, OR THE NEW "EMPLOYERS' PARTY" IN FRANCE.

THE large employers of labor and the principal merchants belonging to all shades of political conservatism have lately formed in France a union, or league, in view of the general elections to be held next year for the Chamber of Deputies. The Socialists, Collectivists, and other more or less radical revolutionists, against all of whom the new Conservative association is openly directed, have already nicknamed it "Le Parti des Patrons," the Employers' Party, though its official name is "Comité National Républicain du Commerce et de l'Industrie" (National Republican Committee of Commerce and Industry). The French promoters of the organization, like its protagonist, M. Waldeck-Rousseau, ex-minister, renowned lawyer, a friend of Gambetta, and a former candidate to the Presidency, were undoubtedly inspired by the success which attended, at the latest election in the United States, the patriotic union of all conservative elements, Democrats and Republicans, against the silverite and demagogical candidature of Bryan. The new French Conservative Republican party thinks that it will prevent the threatened election of one hundred and fifty Socialists to the Chamber of Deputies. It hopes, also, not to be deceived in its expectations, as has occurred in America, and that those who shall have been elected through the efforts of the Employers' Party will carry out the main articles of the programme.

The foundation of the National Republican Committee of Commerce and Industry was decided on February 24, 1897, at the general meeting of merchants and manufacturers held at Paris, when the members of the committee were elected unanimously. These members, presided over by M. Expert-Besançon, count among them some of the highest representatives of French trade and manufacture, all men who have never before taken an active part in the struggles of political parties, but who are presidents of the syndical chambers of their respective businesses. Even at present, though engaged in an electoral campaign, they do not aspire to do a political work, in the strict meaning of the word, but rather a work of social preservation. Their attention to its urgent necessity was awakened by the speeches delivered recently in several cities of France by Waldeck-Rousseau, Paul Deschanel, and other moderate Republican Deputies, aware of the consequences which an increase in the number of revolutionists in the Chamber would exercise upon social order.

This is very distinctly proclaimed in the circular letter, or "Appel," which the committee has just sent to all electors susceptible of listening to its entreaties and of giving their practical support. The circular says that the aim of the committee is "to cooperate in the preparation of the legislative elections of 1898, through the organization of a propaganda as active and general as possible, against the socialistic and collectivist doctrines, the ardent attacks of which threaten the principles of the social organization bequeathed to us by the French Revolution, notably individual liberty, individual property, and freedom of labor. These essential liberties are indispensable to the march of progress from a political and social stand-point, as well as to the prosperity of commerce, industry, and agriculture." To defend those liberties the committee declares that itself and its adherents must exercise their "legitimate influence" over the approaching elections in profusely spreading the necessary publications, and in organizing meetings, and also conferences or lectures to be made by "experienced Republicans." The circular adds: "In order to reach our aim, we appeal to all merchants, manufacturers, and agricultural producers in France. You will appreciate how much is necessary your pecuniary assistance and that of your friends." This is the important point of this campaign, prepared so much in advance, for the elections will not take place probably much before the month of May, 1898, according to the usual custom, though the Constitution permits them to occur right after the dissolution of the existing Chamber, whose term of five years ends next April.

The opposition to the plans of the National Republican Committee has already been displayed in a portion of the French press from two different sides. Not on the side of the former Royalists and Bonapartists; for the immense majority of them are "rallied" to the republic, as it is well known, and the others, the "irreconcilables," are too well off and too conservative for attacking a committee defending property and social order. But the Radicals, on the one hand, and the Socialists and Collectivists on the other, have lost no time in opening their batteries upon the committee and its appeal. The Radicals accuse it of degrading French political dignity in introducing money as an electoral agent. They forget that they were the first to do so on two notable occasions. Under the Presidency of Maréchal MacMahon, at the time of his famous ministerial *coup d'état* of the 16th of May, the Radicals clamored that the republican form of government was in danger, and they appealed for electoral funds to the Republican merchants of the rue du Sentier, which is for Paris something like Worth Street is for New York. Later on, when M. Floquet, a Radical, was Minister of the Interior, he received from the Panama Canal Company three hundred thousand francs, which he publicly declared himself to have demanded as a needed assistance in the preparation of an electoral campaign. The Socialists and Collectivists pretend, in their turn, that the committee, being mainly composed of the presidents of the syndical chambers, these presidents were betraying the interests of their chambers which are exclusively professional, in using them for electoral strategy. They also pretend to know that in every chamber there is a minority ready to protest against the action of their presidents, and consequently that the circular letter of the committee can bring no results, and will be a mere "brutum fulmen." At any rate, the fight is warmly proceeding already in the revolutionist and the conservative organs, and the electoral campaign in France promises to be at the same time very active and somewhat instructive to lookers on from abroad.

The above-mentioned association has been supplemented and re-enforced more recently by another, called the "Grand Cercle Républicain," or Grand Republican Club, clothed with a more directly political character. Its foundation was urged also by ex-Minister Waldeck-Rousseau, the originator of the conservative and mercantile organization, as the issue of a banquet given by the famous "Revue Politique et Coloniale," and over which he presided, June 18, 1896. The Grand Republican Club is opened, according to its prospectus, to "Senators, Deputies, political men, and electors." Its Paris conference and correspondence committees will organize, especially during the electoral periods, an active propaganda by lectures and speeches, and they will carry on a constant correspondence with similar committees in the provinces. This Grand Republican Club has for its object to ensure the election to the French Chamber and Senate of "républicains de gouvernement"—that is, of conservative and moderate Republicans. And it will be noticed that it employs the same routine which was used under the first Revolution by the famous Society of Jacobins, which actually governed France for four years, and which had ramifications in the smallest towns of the country.

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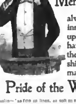

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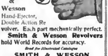

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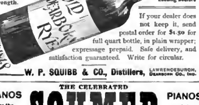

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AMATEUR SPORT

Mr. Caspar Whitney will be absent several months on a sporting tour around the world, which he has undertaken for Harper's Weekly. *He proceeds overland to San Francisco and Vancouver. On his way across the continent he will gather material for a series of articles on sport in the West. From Vancouver he will sail for Siam, touching at Japan and China. In Siam Mr. Whitney will penetrate into the interior, which is one of the least known lands in the world. His main purpose there will be to hunt big game, Siam being richer in varieties of the larger wild animals than either Africa or India. After this hunt Mr. Whitney will proceed to Europe, and will there prepare a series of articles on sport in France, Germany, and England.*

During Mr. Whitney's absence this Department will publish contributions from Mr. Walter Camp, Mr. John Corbin, and other well known writers upon special subjects relating to Amateur Sport.

SMALL YACHTS AND YACHT-RACING—1897.

BY W. P. STEPHENS.

The present and the preceding season have produced some new developments which indicate a radical change in yachting for the immediate future. It is not only more than ever apparent that, for an indefinite time at least, there will be no more building or racing of such

SEAWANHAKA-CORINTHIAN YACHT CLUB HOUSE.

large and costly yachts as *Defender*, or even of similar extreme craft in the medium classes, but it is now possible to predict what will fill the void at present existing. The yachts of to-day, the ones which have kept the sport alive through the seasons of '96 and '97, are of two kinds, those in which design and construction are entirely unhampered, and those built under special restrictions of the most stringent description. All of these craft belong in the smaller classes, of not over 30 feet water line length, and the first of them are considerably under this limit.

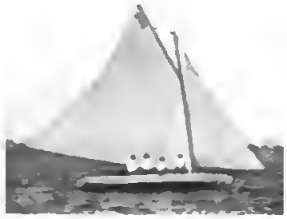
The contests for the Seawanhaka International Cup, covering the years '95, '96, and '97, have produced a fleet of racing craft quite as extreme in design and construction as *Defender* herself, and open to all the objections of extreme cost, fragile construction, and limited utility lodged against the large yachts. The vast difference in size, however, between 15 feet and 90 feet alters the problem; the sum of $650 for a racing 15 footer or of $1200 for a 20 footer is indeed excessive, when the limited life and utility of the boats are considered; but, on the other hand, a man may get a couple of seasons of fine racing out of one of these boats. True, they are useless save for racing, and they are speedily outbuilt, but they give good sport at a merely nominal outlay as compared with the many thousands required to build and run a large racing-yacht.

The highest development of this new type of miniature racing-machine is found in the 20-foot class, whose exciting races for the Seawanhaka Cup have just concluded. The best of the defending and challenging fleets, the choice of the trial races, are very much alike; very lightly built centreboard craft of 31 to 33 feet over all, 17 feet 6 inches water-line, 8 feet beam, and about 5 inches draught, the extreme draught with centreboard lowered being limited by the rules to 6 feet. The sail area, in mainsail and jib, is 500 square feet; the spars are hollow, the sails of the strongest combination of cotton and silk that can be made for the purpose, and the details of the rigging are worked out with the greatest care to secure strength, extreme lightness, and perfect working of all parts. In the design, both of the challenger *Mosco* and the defender *Gleneira II*, no consideration whatever is given to seaworthiness, durability, or general usefulness, speed being the sole end in view. The construction and arrangement follow the same line, everything being sacrificed to the saving of weight.

While it is a matter of regret that the skill of designer and builder is devoted merely to a temporary end, and not to the improvement of yachts and the advancement of yachting, it must be admitted that the evils of the modern racing machine are reduced to a minimum when the total cost is little over one thousand dollars as compared with an expenditure of upward of one hundred thousand in the production of an equally useless and temporary racing-machine in the large classes.

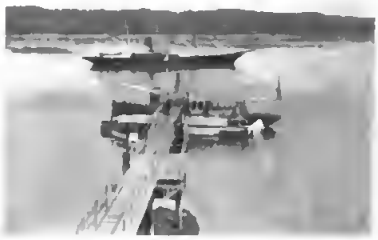
There are indications as every hand of a general desire among yachtsmen for such a thorough reconstruction of racing rules as will encourage the building of yachts that, while fast enough for good racing, at the same time will give some accommodation for cruising and life on board, and through this and more permanent construction will be capable of continued use as cruisers after they are outbuilt as racers. This end cannot be reached in a day or a year. However, the prejudices in favor of unrestricted speed, regardless of cost, are still very strong. In the mean while the best hope for the maintenance of racing lies in the smaller classes, such as the 20-footers, in which the expenses of racing, though relatively heavy, are actually within the reach of yachtsmen of moderate means.

In the decline of the larger classes and the rapid growth of the smaller is seen one result of the over development of the racing machine at an excessive increase of cost—the decrease of size in order that quality, from a racing stand-point, may be maintained. Still another result is now evident in this country and England—the establishment of special classes in which quality, so to speak, is limited in order to lessen cost. These classes, existing by the dozen and increasing day by day, have been created solely to counteract the evils of extreme features of design, limited utility, fragile construction, and rapid outbuilding. Each class is governed by special restrictions peculiar to it, these being of two kinds. In the "one-design" class, as it is called, all of the yachts must be built from a standard design, which usually includes not only the model and construction of the hull, but the rig as well. In this way the yachts in a class are all exactly alike, so that the victory of one means merely that she is better managed and handled. There can be no outbuilding through excessive draught of water or through the use of specially costly materials, and a yacht is not superseded after her first season by a new one that costs more and is really inferior to her. In such a class the racing, confined to equal boats, may go on for a series of years with increasing interest.



"BOOSTER."
Owned by C. F. Adams, 2d.

The best known of the "one-design" classes, and one of the most successful, is the "special thirty-foot" class, established last season by some of the leading yachtsmen of New York and Newport. This class now boasts thirteen yachts, identical in design and construction, all turned out at the same establishment. They are fin keel craft of 42 feet over-all length, 30 feet water line, 8 feet 6 inches beam, and 7 feet 2 inches draught, with a sail area of 900 square feet, a simple pole masted rig. The hull is of light and elaborate construction, double-skin with mahogany outside, and a small cabin-house giving shelter, though the boats are practically open racing craft. The crews are limited to four, professionals being allowed both as helmsmen and in the crew, and, by the special conditions of the class, one lady may be carried in addition to the four men. Beginning at New York in May, this fleet has raced continuously, until October, going to Newport after the spring races about New York were over. They sail four and five races in a week, for sweepstakes and other prizes, many valuable cups being offered by yachtsmen and others interested in the fine sport which the class has made. The competition between the owners, themselves at the helm, and in some cases between Corinthian and professional helmsmen, has served to stimulate the interest. The little craft are great favorites with the ladies, and many of them carry passengers in racing. As a school for racing men the class has never been equalled; even yachtsmen of wide experience in large and small craft have discovered that they had need of all their skill to hold near the head in the constant hard racing of this fleet, and that there was still much for them to learn.



OYSTER BAY—VIEW FROM SEAWANHAKA-CORINTHIAN YACHT CLUB HOUSE.

The "thirty-footer" is the most expensive of the "one design" yachts, the first cost being about $3000. From this figure the cost ranges downward to as little as $150, for which sum, or its equivalent, £30, may be had a well-built centreboard boat of 13 to 15 feet over all, with cockpit, of excellent design, and capable of racing and general sailing. One of the first of the "one design" classes, and one of the most successful, is the "Water Wag" class of Kingstown, Ireland, established in 1887, the boats, which cost but £15, being 13 feet over all, and 4 feet 10 inches beam, with a sail of 75 square feet. There are now between 40 and 50 of them about Kingstown alone, while the class has been adopted in many other places. Under distinctive names, "Collson," "Droleen," "Red Wing," etc., and in various types and sizes, the "one-design" classes flourish in British waters, and they are rapidly increasing in this country.

What promises to be a most useful class is now in process of establishment by the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Club. The design selected by the club is for a deep centreboard craft of about 23 feet over all, 21 feet water line, 7 feet 8 inches beam, and 4 feet draught of hull, including an iron keel of 2300 pounds, through which works an iron centreboard. This board, which increases the total draught to 7 feet, will house under the cabin floor. There will be a snug cabin, 8 feet long and with 5 feet head room, an 8 foot cockpit, and the sail plan, of 550 square feet, will include a mainsail and jib, there being no bowsprit. The cost, for excellent and durable construction, will be about $800, and it is expected that some fifteen boats will be built this winter. Regular races will be held at Oyster Bay, and the boats will also be fitted for general use and cruising.

Another variation of the same idea is found in what are called "special" or "restricted" classes, governed by stringent regulations as to dimensions, construction, cost, etc., but not necessarily of one design. In reality, the

HERRESHOFF KNOCKABOUT
Owned by C. S. Easton.

"VAQUERO III."
Herman Duryea's Thirty-footer.
Photograph by Child.

"ROSEMARY."
Gerald Paget's English Thirty-footer.
Photograph by Child.

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thirty-foot class already mentioned belongs to this category, but as a matter of fact only the yachts of one designer have figured in it. These classes offer practically the same advantages as the "one-design," but are better in some cases in that there is a larger field for the ingenuity and skill of the designers, and material improvement is possible. While framed to prevent an undesirable extremes of design and construction and rapid outbuilding, the restrictions still allow considerable latitude to the designer.

The most successful of these classes is that known as the "Knockabout," founded in Boston in 1893, the present regulations being as follows:

A Knockabout boat is a seaworthy keel boat (not to include fin keel), decked or half decked, of fair accommodations, rigged simply without bowsprit, and with only one main sail and head-sail. The load water line length shall not exceed 21 feet. The beam at the load water line shall be at least 7 and not more than 8 feet. The freeboard shall be not less than 20 inches. The forward side of mast at the deck shall be not less than 5 feet from the forward end of the load water line. The planking, including deck, shall be not less than ¾ inch, finished. The frames shall be not less than 1 inch square, and spaced not more than 12 inches on centres. The dead wood shall be filled in. The rudder shall be hung on stern-post. The outside ballast shall be not less than 3500 pounds. The limits of freeboard, beam, planking, frames, dead wood, rudder, and place of mast shall not exclude any existing Knockabout boats which otherwise come within the restrictions. The actual sail area shall not be over 500 square feet, not over 400 square feet of which shall be in the main sail.

Under this rule a fleet of over 300 yachts has been created, some of them being cruising craft used only occasionally for racing. Many, however, are racing-craft of elaborate design and construction, the result of a very strong rivalry between designers. The racing of this class has been the mainstay of the sport about Boston for the past two seasons, and at the present time there is every evidence of its continued vitality.

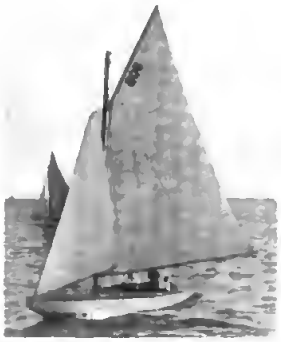
It is to such "restricted" and "one-design" classes that yachtsmen must look for sport in the immediate future, and further than that, for the revival of the larger classes. The attempt to build upon fifty one foot class without other limits than racing length, that was inaugurated last fall, has resulted in a failure, but one yacht being built, and she finding no competitor in existing boats. There is now under discussion a plan to create a limited fifty one foot class, an extension of the successful experiment in the special thirty-foot class, and if carried out properly, it will be as great a success.

The growth and general success of the restricted classes point to a lesson which cannot be ignored merely on account of the small sizes of the boats. Even the wealthiest of yachtsmen have tired of the effort to win through the unlimited possibilities of speed afforded by increased cost, and they, as less than others of moderate means, will welcome any legislation which, while not giving the prizes to enormously old or slow boats, or hindering all advance on the part of designers, shall never theless produce a more reasonable combination of accommodation and durability with speed than now exists. Such experiments in restrictive legislation as those in the "thirty foot" and "Knockabout" classes are not only valuable as proofs of the necessity for similar work on a larger scale, but at the same time they throw light on many important details of restrictive legislation.

"GOSLING."
Owned by F. O. Worth and L. M. Clark.

"MONGOOSE."
Owned by A. D. Irving, Jr.

"JACOBIN."
Owned by T. E. Jacobs.

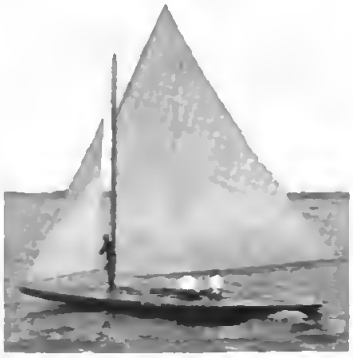


"HAZARD."
Owned by Herbert M. Sears.

"CUCKATOOL."
Owned by C. S. Eaton.

"SALLY III."
Owned by L. F. Percival.

"FLY."
Owned by W. D. Guy.



"GLENCAIRN II."
Winner of International Small-boat Trophy.

"MIDGE."
Challenger for the International Small-boat Trophy.

OPENING OF THE FOOTBALL SEASON.

A new football season is at hand, with all the old complications and the new possibilities. Harvard will not play Princeton, but will play Pennsylvania; Princeton will play Yale, but, at least up to this writing, will not play Pennsylvania. This combination leaves Princeton and Pennsylvania with but one great game, while Harvard and Yale each has two. The training of Pennsylvania and Princeton will thus be greatly simplified, while the treasuries of Harvard and Yale should be blessed. The taking of the Yale-Princeton game away from New York will doubtless mean a diminution of gate-money, and, it is to be ardently hoped, of expenses. In spite of some hope held out to the contrary, West Point and Annapolis are still forbidden to meet, and the game that West Point has improved in so rapidly cannot be exploited upon the navy in an attempt to even up the score. Lafayette is planning to take a try at two of the cracks, and Cornell has made the step toward home coaching that inaugurates a new era at Ithaca. In New England, Dartmouth hopes to perpetuate her position at the head of the league, while Brown is the leading free lance of that section. West and South the teams multiply, and the skill now promises to keep some sort of pace with the increase. Chicago, San Francisco, Denver, and New Orleans equally expect football as a fall sport, and take it with a pleasant tingle of interest and satisfaction.

While a victorious team beginning a new season with ranks nearly intact can be said to have a long lead, the history of football has shown that such teams are by no means invincible. In fact, that is one of the pleasant features of the sport, that dash and determination will oftentimes upset strength and even experience. Princeton has the backbone of her team of last year, and among the substitutes and ineligibles of last season a suitable lot to fill the few vacant places. But of really fresh material there seems to be a dearth. Probably the most important position, in one way, of the entire line to day is that of tackle. Here a first-class man can do a great amount of work that is sometimes not fully appreciated, while a weak man at that spot means all sorts of trouble, both on the offence and, especially, on the defence. Princeton's school of tackles has been for the last few years a capital one, the pace set by Lea having been well followed up by such players as Church and Hillebrand. The latter has now the opportunity to keep up the succession by forcing Holt to play up to the same high standard.

The placing of such an admittedly good guard as Holt out at tackle, while radical, is wise. He may not satisfactorily fill the position, but if he does he will be of greater value in Princeton's style of play than he ever could be at guard. Besides, the guard positions were very well cared for last season, no one breaking Princeton's centre to any degree. Hard, faithful work develops a class of player that is remarkable for one thing, and that is reliability. Such men were found in Princeton's team last year. Crowdis can play centre, but demonstrated last year his value as a guard, and will probably be kept there if the centre can be properly filled, although there is other good material. There are at least three promising candidates in Booth, Edwards, and Jordan. All are heavy, Edwards especially so.

The missing end, Brokaw, will be replaced by Lathrop, a good

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breaker of interference and a fair runner. Oglesby is also a possibility. The loss of Smith at quarter, many think, will result in drawing Baird into that position once more, especially if kicking from the snap direct by centre becomes, as is likely, more and more a feature of the game. In such an event Wheeler would play full-back. But it is quite possible to secure the advantage to be gained by the excellent kicking of Wheeler without bringing Baird in to quarter. Besides, Baird was at his best last year when farther away from the line, and with an opportunity to exert himself. Ayres is another very promising punter, and between the three Princeton is easily the best equipped with kickers of any of the teams on the field this year.

Princeton will make every endeavor to repeat the good training record of last season, when her men were improving steadily from the second week on to the final game. So often have Princeton teams paid the heaviest kind of penalties for error in this respect, and so well have they performed when they were at at out in condition, that a blunder in this respect will be regarded with serious eye this year. It is a far more vital error than the selection of a poor play or of an unsatisfactory man, for it entails not merely occasional lost ground, but almost certain defeat. And veteran teams are far too apt to be either extremely lazy, for very fear of insufficient work or to totter on the verge of staleness. So I regard Princeton's greatest task this year is to bring her men into the game fit to the moment. The fact that Princeton has no Harvard game this season means that it will be easier for her to accomplish this, for with but one big game ahead there should certainly be no temptation to make the pace too fast or to risk playing men when "off."

While Sandow is proposing to the Cambridge boating authorities that they give him an opportunity to train the light blues for the Oxford race this year, and suggesting that all the principles of training have been erroneously interpreted by those formerly in charge, Mr Forbes at Harvard is said to be inaugurating an era of dumbbells and calisthenics for the football team. I fancy that this feature has been made the most of and rather exaggerated in the reports that have emanated from Cambridge, but one thing is certainly clear, and that is that every effort is to be made at Harvard this fall to insure against a team of cripples. It has always seemed to me that the condition of Soldiers' Field last year was responsible for a good share of the difficulties, at least early in the season, whatever may be said of the later condition of the men.

Practising football on a slippery ground is like trying to play hockey on ice without skates—it shakes a man up considerably. The improvements in the field and the extreme care that is to be observed in the training and development of the team ought to bring it through with far fewer men laid up than last year. The only question is whether there will be enough really hard work done to accustom the men to the actuality of the play. Not to go back a great ways, men like Stillman of Yale, Doucette of Harvard, and Crowdis of Princeton are the products of the hard hammering school of football—the more old-fashioned game that war wont to produce players from the ranks of the second eleven, rather than receiving them ready made from "prep" schools or other colleges. The type of player was different, but he was, as a rule, tougher and more certain to last out a season if that season involved several hard games.

There is no question, however, of the great utility of a system that can save something in the number of "laid-off" men, and if the Harvard method is successful in that respect it will be eagerly followed. There certainly never was a better year to make such an experiment, for the Harvard team is far from a team of novices, and most of them have had enough grief to enable their coaches to know without experimenting whether they can stand punishment. Hammering a man into exhaustion merely to see "if he's got sand" is poor policy at any time, and what men especially need in football to enable them to do good work is fire and dash. The new system will be productive of great good if it prevents the spectacle of half laid up men being sent in to do the work that requires all a strong man's best efforts.

With what appears at present an extraordinarily strong and able line, Harvard's work seems to be cut out for coaches and captain in the development of a back field that can take advantage of such a wall of protection. When that is accomplished, the knitting together of the two must be well watched, or the inevitable hitch will come. Much can be done toward avoiding a break by the selection of plays. There are many that Harvard has tried in the past that are too intricate to bring off with that unerring certainty which alone can cement a team together and make the line-men believe in the backs and the backs sure of the line men. The Harvard coaches have, after very careful study, decided upon certain plays as suited to the team, or rather to the probable exigencies of the occasion. The possibility of learning from past experience and the opinions of a number of coaches, practically before the team is put upon the field, what plays and what methods shall be followed is something that many would be inclined to doubt. And yet why should it not be successful? A method steadfastly followed is worth any amount of sporadic brilliancy, and the Harvard team this year will know what it is doing from the start.

At Philadelphia the season is further advanced than at any of the other universities. Realizing, before the baseball season was over, the necessities of the situation, Mr Woodruff has set about laying out plans to mitigate, as far as possible, the trouble likely to come through the loss of the two guards, Wharton and Woodruff. How much this loss means, and to what extent Pennsylvania is likely to be crippled by it, cannot be correctly estimated for some weeks. This is due to the fact that not only Pennsylvania's offensive play—and especially those formations similar to "guards back"—depended so largely upon the excellent work of these two men, but also because the principle of Pennsylvania's defence was based peculiarly upon the ability of getting guards out towards the ends. The real test of such a defence cannot possibly come until much later in the season, when the opponents have, in some sense at least, perfected their plays, especially those of a strategic character. The great danger in Pennsylvania's defence cannot exhibit itself, or rather become apparent, until it is put forth against a team that has in its repertoire something outside the ordinary straight plunging run of organized method. Lafayette last year assaulted it with no very extraordinary manœuvres, but was able to pass it. So, until Pennsylvania is matched with a good team fairly well on in the season, judgment must be reserved upon whether the new men are up to the work or beyond the mark of the men who went before them. Mr Woodruff, one of the best strategists of the gridiron, was considerably handicapped by conditions last season, but this year he is promised a better opportunity, and if he has good luck in the matter of keeping his men from injury, and so is enabled to get his line and backs working together more successfully, we may hope to see some clever plays developed.

In spite of a very heavy feeling of foreboding at New Haven, the material which has appeared in the early practice is far more promising than for some years. It is crude, but there is a workmanlike cut about some of it, and there are several very well put up men on the field. Last year Yale added one more to the number of teams that have felt called upon by actual test to demonstrate that a light centre, no matter how good, is a fatal blunder. There never was a plucker, brainier, or better man than Chamberlain. But he weighed just about the same as the quarter who stood behind him on the day of the big game. The lesson therein learned will probably last Yale for a year or two, and it is safe to say that this season will find a man of at least 190 pounds at centre. Cutten and McFarlan are at present being tried. Chamberlain will be tried in other positions until the right place is found for him. He has admirable qualities, and it is safe to say will find a place either as tackle or behind the line. Captain Rodgers is back, and although it is just four weeks since he first put his foot to the floor since his attack of typhoid fever, he looks surprisingly well. It is noticeable, however, that he has not yet recovered his look of sturdy, robust health, and he will take the best of care of himself. Benjamin, the temporary captain, held the men together well and started them off in good fashion. All sorts of combinations are being tried and talked of, but it all simmers down to this—that a consistent policy must be adopted and followed out religiously; that to a weeks of one method, then three of another, and so on, will not bring order out of the chaos; that a strong line must be built up, and that the pace of the play behind it must be accelerated far more than formerly. Mr. Butterworth has the men in charge at present, and every effort will be made to persuade him to stay through the season.

October brought out on its first Saturday the first real trying-out of the various teams, and gave us some indication of what is in at which the leaders are aiming. Princeton's game was strong, heavy, and crushing, and poor Lehigh was mowed down by its irresistible force. But Princeton is trying hard for the next step in the development of her play and that step is the bringing of the runner out after the line has been broken. In this the play was several times successful. At Cambridge, Harvard was not wholly satisfactory to her coaches, because what they especially desire just at this point is system and team-play, rather than any individual brilliancy. She had no trouble with Williams, but there was too much of the individual rather than team gains, although one could almost excuse it in the pleasure of watching Dibblee's runs. At New Haven, the work in the second half pleased the coaches far better than the rather sluggish opening. It is a fair question, however, whether the increased gains then made by Yale were due to her better playing in the second half, or to Wesleyan's becoming discouraged. Yale was never seriously troubled by Wesleyan, though twice the Middletown men made clean way through the centre. The University of Pennsylvania steadied down, and with the lesson of Washington and Jefferson before her, made her play better and safer. The Carlisle Indians have renewed their war paint, and put up a smashing game against, it is true, an inferior team. But if those Indians could be brought up to the intricacies of more highly developed play in the way of methods of offence, they would surely be wonders; but that will take a little time.

There are two teams this year outside the regular lines who deserve especial mention and comment. These two teams are West Point and Brown—the former not only for what it has done in the past, but also for what it will do this year; the latter for its previous record more particularly. Brown has, under Mr. Moyle, kept up a steady line of football progress, and, with no great numbers from which to draw, her teams have been almost uniformly good; and last year's work in the line, of double passing in the first game against Yale, was far ahead of the ordinary work for that period of the year. This season will be a hard test, for the team has lost many of its best men, and new material throughout is the rule. The past record at West Point, at least since she secured regular coaching, has been even more than Brown's a phenomenal one. But this year an especial effort will be made to reach that one step higher which can put her on an equal footing with the leaders. It seems a preposterous thing that with their very limited numbers, the almost impossible hours, and all the adverse conditions that surrounded them, the men should have reached their present standard. But they are not at a standstill, nor will they be contented until they can enter a contest with any of the leaders feeling that they have an equal chance of success, and Mr Graves, their coach, is in perfect sympathy with their desire, and will not let them lag nor lose ambition. They will play both Harvard and Yale this year, and we shall have more to say of them. They have two of the best tackles in the game to-day in Foy and Scales, and it is here that a good man counts this year as never before. Romeyn, at full-back, is a good kicker—not a quick kicker yet, but a good man for distance when he has the time to get in his swing. The other positions are being levelled up well, and Mr. Graves has a bunch of getting harmonious progress. They play Harvard on the 11th of this month, and I fancy a football enthusiast can afford the time to go up there for the occasion.

WALTER CAMP

GOLF NOTES.

WITH the advent of autumn the golfing season may be said to be at its height, and the various open events have followed one another in quick succession. It is rather unfortunate that the Chewstoh (Chicago) tournament should have been scheduled so soon after the championship meeting, in virtual conflict with the Lenox and Tuxedo dates. Of course the idea was to secure the entries of Eastern players already on the ground, and so to give a really national character to the contest for the Ravinonia Cup, a trophy for which native bred players alone are eligible. But as it was, the golfers preferred to hurry back to Lenox and Tuxedo and the contest came as an anticlimax to the week at Wheaton. Harrison (Knollwood), who won in the finals over McCawley (Merion Cricket), made his mark during the championship meeting by his victory over Tyng in the first match round, but he has hardly attained as yet to the consistency of form which we expect from the first class man. The coming St Andrews tournament should be a more conclusive test of our native golf.

Lenox had a large entry-list, but the quality was mediocre, Fenn, Cutting, Thorp, Bowers, and Emmett being the only honor men out of the fifty odd who were in the field. Fenn and Cutting, who fought it out a year ago, were again paired for the finals, and the Southern champion was an easy winner over the Harvard player. A year ago Cutting was counted as one of the most promising of the younger players, but he does not seem able to develop his game beyond a certain point. He has a free, easy style, and drives a long ball, but he cannot depend upon his game at those critical moments in which a match is won and lost. Bowers is another player of the younger set who cannot acquire the prime essential of steadiness. He showed up poorly in the contest for the Lenox cup, and barely managed to qualify in the medal round for the President's cup. And then, in a brilliant streak of play, he successively defeated Emmett, Fenn, and Thorp, and carried off the cup.

The Tuxedo meeting was a brilliant one, and largely given over to hole play, there being no fewer than three cups for the three divisions into which the players were ranked by the preliminary medal rounds. Travis had played such consistent golf throughout the season that his defeat by Huntington, by the comparatively large margin of six up and five to go, was a big surprise. It must be remembered, however, that the Tuxedo course, with its "rifle galleries" and rocky lies, calls for a very different kind of golf from that of Long Island courses. Some would have it that Tuxedo is not golf at all, which is not true, but the home player does enjoy a distinct advantage in his more intimate acquaintance with the peculiarities of the course. For all that, Travis war a good third off his game, and as Huntington was as much above his normal form, the result could not have been otherwise.

There were forty-two full cards returned in the final handicap that wound up the meeting, and it is noteworthy that twenty of them were under the "duffer mark" of 100 (gross). This is encouraging, even though skill on the Tuxedo course cannot be called a first-class test of golfing ability. W. A. Larned, of the tennis contingent, made a fair showing with 90, which included a 45 for one round.

W. G. VAN T. S.

THE END OF THE HIGH HAT.

THE war against the high theatre hat has ended, at least for the time, in the overthrow of the hat. In some Western cities, notably in San Francisco, the city council has passed an ordinance empowering the managers of theatres to expel ladies whose head gear impedes the view of spectators. Fortified by this law, ushers politely invite wearers of offending hats to remove them or to call at the box office to get their money back. To stern necessity the ladies have succumbed, and orchestra and dress circle, instead of presenting the appearance of a parterre of flowers, glowing with the gay colors of myriads of showy birds, are now mere backs of heads, frowsy with dishevelled hair, and gloaming the eye with dull neutral tints. For the preparation of the female hair for exhibition at the opera involves a hair-dresser and a carriage, and forbids the use of a hat or toque until the show is over, whereas no lady cares to walk bareheaded through the streets on the way to the play.

Throughout history the female head-dress has been a worry and a vexation. Five hundred years ago, when Europe was taking breath after the crusades, ladies wore a head-dress which was built up in a couple of pointed spires an ell long, and had long loose pieces of crape fastened to the top of them and hanging down the back. Such head-gear enraged a pious monk named Thomas Conecte, and he preached against it with such fervor that hundreds of women threw down their head dresses before the pulpit, and the street boys took delight in pelting with stones those who clung to their high hats. But when Fray Conecte died the high hats came to life again, and, in the quaint language of Monsieur Paradin, the women who had crawled into their holes like snails now put forth their horns once more.

It was left for Louis the Eleventh to deal a death blow to the fashion. In our day we put the high hat out of the theatre, the king excluded it from court and church. But even his power was inadequate to set a limit to the Norman cap, which to this day soars two feet above the wearer's head, and is the joy and pride of the country-woman of Charlotte Corday.

It was rather by its breadth than by its height that the modern theatre hat made itself offensive. Aux trois quarts du parterre il cache les acteurs. If the hat wearers could have kept their heads still, the nuisance would not have been so unbearable. But the tall hat seemed to set the muscles of the neck quaking, so that the wearer wagged her head incessantly, like the old effigies of Chinese mandarins, and the spectator behind her had no sooner discovered a practicable vista under one of the hat wings than it was closed by a change of pose. For its disappearance may we all be duly thankful, and now, if somebody will devise a cure for the chatter of the sweet girl graduate at the most interesting part of the play, we may really come to take our pleasures sadly.

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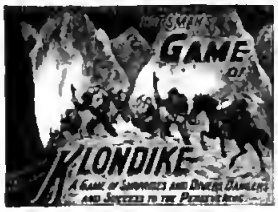

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XLI.—No. 2130
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1897.

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(TWENTY FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, OCTOBER 16, 1897.

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THE Grand Jury of the County of New York has made a presentment on the subject of taxation. A complaint was made against the tax officials, charging undervaluations of property, and therefore perjury, but the Grand Jury finds in effect that the State laws are of such a character that assessors are almost inevitably led into blunders, and it recommends a general revision of the tax laws imposing upon the State the duty of assessing personal property, so that local expenditure may be paid by real estate taxes alone, and the "question of continuing or abolishing personal taxes" be "fought out on State lines."

THE bimetallists are again at their old mischief-making game. Mr. GRENFELL and Lord ALDENHAM the other day wrote and signed a communication to the *London Times* urging the necessity of the movement to compel a "par of exchange" between gold and silver. Immediately afterwards a rumor was current in London financial circles that the government was about to do "something for silver." This rumor accompanied Senator WOLCOTT's reappearance in London, and must have greatly comforted the wanderer's mind. It was stated that the "government will make concessions, including the holding of one-fifth of the Bank of England's note reserve in silver, raising the legal-tender value of silver from £2 to £5, and reopening the Indian mints." But since the rumor appeared it has been announced that the government denies it, and that the Indian government will not consent to a reopening of its mints.

THIS rumor, of course, greatly encouraged the silver men of this country, who do not care so much for the establishment of a "par of exchange" as for making a steady market for silver for cheapening the money in which wages are paid, for lightening the burden of the debtor and thereby cheating the creditor, and for procuring the votes of the dishonest and the deluded. The chief mission of the international bimetallists seems to be the encouragement of the free coinage 16 to 1 men, and the encouragement generally comes along at the proper psychological moment. Just now it makes its appearance when gold is leaving England for this country, and when American securities are regaining some of the confidence that is always lost when silver men are most hopeful.

THE Boule has apparently accepted the terms of the treaty which puts the Greek revenues under control of a commission for purposes already described. The RALLI government has been forced to resign, and M. ZAIMIS, a nephew of M. DELYANNIS, has formed a new government, which proposes to arrange a method for meeting the obligations of the treaty, and has received a vote of confidence from the Boule. It is difficult to see, however, how Greece can do what the powers have insisted on. The whole story is humiliating to Europe. It is perfectly clear that the powers have not dared compel the Sultan to accept a peace that Greece could well afford to purchase, and that Lord SALISBURY has permitted the temporary extinction of this Christian government at the demand of the German Emperor and for the protection of the German bondholders.

GREAT BRITAIN has finally notified this government that she will not participate in the Bering Sea Commission if Japan and Russia are to take part. This is another proof that Lord SALISBURY is a weak and untrustworthy Minister of Foreign Affairs, a fact which is now sadly admitted even by his Tory friends and former admirers. Lord SALISBURY, it appears, at first tacitly agreed to the Commission with the other two powers represented. But Canada objects because the verdict of the three powers—the United States, Russia, and Japan—would be against the claims and position of the Canadian sealers on the effect of pelagic sealing on the seal herds. Therefore Lord SALISBURY has yielded, as he abandoned his nearly completed agreement with Mr. BAYARD in 1888.

THE municipal contest in New York is attracting the attention not only of the whole country, but of Canada and England. Some of the London newspapers have recently contained editorials on the situation not wholly uninformed. The truth is that democracy, applied to municipal government, is once more on trial. In New York, now the second city in the world, it is to be decided whether good citizens are actively and aggressively in favor of good government or are indifferent to it. There is only one ticket in the field that stands for good municipal government pure and simple. That ticket is now complete, and we are speaking the simple and moderate language of truth and reflection when we say that it is the best municipal ticket that has ever been nominated by any body of citizens in this country, and we doubt if it has ever been equalled, either for character or ability—it has certainly never been surpassed—in any city in the world where popular government prevails.

THE nomination of Mr SETH LOW was made by honest men, who, whatever else may be said of them, are determined, if they can accomplish the result, that the city shall be managed by its friends instead of by its enemies; in other words, that its officials shall consider only the city's interests, and that those interests shall cease to be the spoil of piratical bosses and organizations. Last week the ticket was completed, and its distinction was enormously increased by the nomination of Mr. CHARLES S. FAIRCHILD for the office of Comptroller. The city is to be congratulated on the possession of such a citizen as Mr. FAIRCHILD, who is willing to make great sacrifices for the public good, and also on the possession of a body of citizens who have not only the intelligence but the civic virtues that prompt the selection of such a candidate and the conduct of such a campaign as is sure to follow. Mr. FAIRCHILD is one of the most conspicuous and most respected figures in national politics, and it is a great privilege to the citizens of New York that they have the opportunity to avail themselves of his services. It is enough to say of the rest of the ticket that it is worthy of the two whom we have already named.

MR HENRY GEORGE has practically refused to stand as the representative of the two leading political organizations which first named him, and he has insisted on a nomination by a mass meeting. Mr GEORGE is an honest man with whose principles we do not agree, but whose manliness and straightforwardness we can only admire. He is the only candidate for Mayor, except Mr Low, who is making a campaign of principle. His Mayoralty would not, we think, be for the best interests of the community; and he is the avowed representative of Bryanism, having been declared "regular," in opposition to Tammany, by many members of the National Bryan Democratic Committee. But this at least may be said of him: he is appealing to the intelligence of the voters and not to their cupidity, and it is much better that they should think wrong than that they should be corrupted by money or by politics. Moreover, his mass-meeting was a vigorous and wholesome protest against machine rule.

NEITHER of the two machine candidates is to be counted as worthy of the support of honest and intelligent men. At present it seems as if the choice here was between Mr. TRACY and the Third Avenue Railroad and Tammany and the Metropolitan Traction Company. It is the people and good government against the bosses, corruption, and the surface railroads. We are aware that Mr WHITNEY has departed for Europe, leaving behind him a mild word of reproof for the Tammany ticket. But it is quite likely that Mr. WHITNEY's presence in this country would eventually do Tammany much more harm than his spoken doubt as to Judge VAN WYCK's strength as a candidate. It is perhaps not too early to say that the machines are showing signs of weakness, and that the two candidates—especially Mr Low—whose friends are asking for the support of the voters on questions of principle and character, are exhibiting the kind of strength that grows with the tests of time and of a campaign.

SENATOR MORGAN's report as to the strength of the annexation sentiment in Hawaii is a wholly useless bit of untruth. Not only is it known that the great majority of the people who live in the Sandwich Islands are opposed to annexation to the United States, but it is also known that the Americans of Honolulu and the Jingoes of this country do not propose to consider the feelings or wishes of the natives. Is it not enough to plunder the people of their islands and of their right to self government? Why add to the crime the folly of telling a transparent untruth? It is evident that Senator MORGAN cannot miss an opportunity to demonstrate the exceeding great age to which his mind has attained. Senator LODGE is franker without being any the less wicked. He says that if it is developed next December that there is not a two-thirds vote for the annexation treaty in the Senate, the Jingoes in the two Houses will annex the islands by legislation, which will require only a majority in each body. The sum and substance of it all is, that unless the folly of Congress shall be cured by public sentiment, we are likely to have Hawaii on our hands. Whether or not we shall have a war immediately is not of the first importance. We shall have changed our foreign policy, and unless we are to have many wars and to go through much tribulation, we must have a more intelligent and a stronger government at Washington than that which is now so unconcernedly toying with destiny.

SPAIN'S new cabinet has been made up by Señor SAGASTA. It is Liberal, and yet it is Spanish. SAGASTA himself has probably no more idea of accepting the mediation of this country than his predecessor, CÁNOVAS, had, and events are not drifting in that direction. As WEYLER has been replaced by BLANCO in Cuba, it may be assumed to be probable that the outrages and murders, of which we have heard so much complaint, will cease there. And in view of that, the Jingoes who have been insisting on the interference of this country because of the cruelties practised by the Spaniards should wait and see what the new government will do. It is clear that the Queen Regent is opposed to cruelties, and it is fair to presume that SAGASTA agrees with her, since she forced out AZCARRAGA and invited SAGASTA to be his successor. It is said that the President is troubled by the approaching meeting between himself and the Congressional Jingoes. It is to be hoped that he will not pander to his apprehension, but that he will permit the Jingoes to go their own way. If they are eager to cover themselves with infamy, and to plunge the country into a wicked war, they will insist on interference by the United States even if the Spanish government has actually removed every moral cause for interference. We had hoped that events were drifting toward mediation because we believed that Spain would find it impossible to put an end to the insurrection by conciliation, and when her failure became inevitable, if in the mean time our government had behaved itself with the circumspection that has thus far characterized Mr. McKINLEY's administration, Spain might have been brought to see that her interests and her dignity would be best protected by our mediation. But it is clear that she cannot be bullied into asking for our assistance, and judging from recent news from Cuba, it is going to be very easy to bring on a war. The relations between the two countries are undoubtedly very near the breaking point. War can be compelled by the continuance of WEYLER's barbarities, or by our own meddling Jingoes.

THE NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC MOVEMENT.

THE most interesting political movement in the country is the gradual growth of the National Democratic party. It is interesting in many ways. In the first place, it is an intelligent protest against the spread of certain exaggerated outgrowths of Republican faith, or at least of Republican practice. In this respect the party is the only organized antagonist of recent Republican declarations and legislation; for the branch of the Democratic party which is known as "regular" because it followed Mr BRYAN last year is a party of collectivists, a party that holds to the doctrine that the powers and resources of the state ought to be employed for the advantage, the profit, and the sustenance of the citizen. The Republican party diverts the taxing power from public to private ends, for the purpose of aiding the strong, the rich, the enterprising, the self sufficient. The declared theory is, of course, that taxes that increase the prosperity of the employer will, indirectly at all events, make for the welfare of the employed. The BRYAN party merely betters its instruction. Believing that the protective tariff, or paternalism is the fixed policy of the government, many of the Democratic Senators and Representatives, who have remained "regular," say that if any plundering is going on, they will insist on some of the spoils for their constituents; while all the Bryanites demand cheap money, state ownership of railroad, telegraph, and telephone lines; the subordination of

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the judges to popular passion; finally, legislation for the pecuniary benefit of the weak and incompetent. They would probably assert that eventually all classes should equally enjoy the fruits of the common property and of what they denominate the common labor and enterprise, meaning thereby the labor and enterprise exerted in behalf of all members of the community, including the idle and worthless, by the industrious and intelligent. But at first, and probably to make things even, they are content to change the business partnership into which the government has been forced by making the unsuccessful instead of the successful the beneficiaries of this great public trust, whose purpose is partly commercial and partly eleemosynary, and wholly corrupting.

It is against this tendency that the National Democratic party is forming. Its leaders probably sympathize more with those who want government aid for the poor than with those who are for continuing the public bounty to the strong and successful. But they and their organization are against the communistic principle which is the soul of the two larger parties. The National Democratic party represents individualism. It stands for "fair play and no favor." Its ideal government would neither help nor hinder any one in the struggle for wealth. Its sole beneficiaries would be the absolutely helpless who are frankly the objects of public charity. It would administer equal laws, bearing as lightly as possible upon individual effort. It would tax no man for the benefit of any other. It is a movement away from the policy which has transformed Congress into a body of agents for private interests, and which has made the executive and judicial branches of the government instrumentalities for the collection of the public bounty and for the protection of its beneficiaries. It is thoroughly an American movement, having for its object the attainment of better government for the whole country and the limiting of the exercise of government powers to the maintenance and increase of the general welfare. It is the only party that now exists which is opposed to the debasement of the standard of value, and which, at the same time, is opposed to the use of the taxing power for private interests. It is favorable to the extension of commerce; is hostile to the Jingo element, which would neglect the obvious duties of our domestic policy for the sake of gaining islands of the sea, and of forcing a precarious and costly participation in the broils that are the chief concern of monarchical Europe.

The character of the movement is therefore most interesting. Whether the movement itself is to become important depends upon the enthusiasm of its leaders. Perhaps it is true that its purpose is not calculated to arouse strong popular enthusiasm. No issue which it advocates and no wrong which it opposes involves a moral question like that which was awakening the conscience and stirring the pulse of the nation when the Republican party was born. And yet, while it is probable that the National Democratic party must move with slow steps, it is the only third party which has been formed since the war which contains the essential germ of long life, a fundamental principle or standard for the conduct of the government. Therein lies the hope of its growing importance.

Thus far the movement has progressed. This at least may be said of it. It has met with no discouragement except in New York, which, although not the State of the origin of the new party, is the State in which began the revolt against the Democratic machine; for it was in New York, in 1892, that the Democrats who believed in sound money, in a tariff for revenue only, in a pure civil service founded on the merit system, and in the value of personal character in politics, under the lead of Mr. CHARLES S. FAIRCHILD, made a practical war upon DAVID B. HILL that rendered impossible his otherwise inevitable nomination as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. Four years later the management of such men as GORMAN and HILL led to the capture of the Democratic organization by the silver men, and the new party was formed at Indianapolis. The question, after Mr. MCKINLEY's election, was whether it would continue to exist. Events have made its existence important. During the summer just passed some of the old Democratic leaders, who are not blessed with principles on any subject, and who accepted Mr. BRYAN and his platform for the sake of regularity, attempted to induce the party, as it is composed today, to turn its back upon the silver question. The gold Democrats did not walk into the trap, while the small men who came to the front last year in the old organization are determined to maintain their unaccustomed prominence. The "regular" BRYAN Democrats have captured every "regular" Democratic convention of the year, unless it be that which Mr. GORMAN held in Maryland, and of its character no one but Mr. GORMAN is certain. The National Democrats have organized in several States, including Massachusetts, Ohio, Kentucky, Nebraska, Iowa, and Michigan. They have issued addresses and platforms, and have nominated tickets. They are in the field, having for leaders the best men of the old party, including Mr. CLEVELAND, Mr. CARLISLE, Mr. FAIRCHILD, Mr. WATTERSON, Mr. J. STERLING MORTON, and the young men of Massachusetts who made WILLIAM E. RUSSELL Governor of that State. New York is wanting, because its formal organization, by accepting its candidate for the Court of Appeals, has strengthened the hands of the old machine, which it is its first duty to break into pieces. But notwithstanding this grievous mistake, there is every sign that the National Democratic party will play an important part in the next year's Congressional campaign, and, unless conditions greatly change, a still more important part in the Presidential campaign of 1900.

THE PROGRESS OF INDEPENDENCE IN MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.

THE municipal campaign in Greater New York affords striking proof of the irresistible force with which the necessity of separating municipal affairs from national politics has impressed itself not only upon the minds of unprejudiced citizens, but upon the machine politicians themselves. It is a curious fact that even Tammany Hall comes before the public with a platform which is almost exclusively devoted to municipal questions. No doubt Tammany has this time peculiar reasons for keeping its recent attitude with regard to national politics under a veil. It would rather have the good people of New York forget that last year it had first passed strong resolutions in favor of a sound-money policy, and then, after the Chicago convention, turned round and supported the free-silver-coinage candidate for the Presidency. On the other hand, it has an equally bad municipal record behind it, and thus every reason to divert public attention from the vile odor clinging to its past performances in the management of city affairs. In this dilemma it prefers, after all, to appeal to the people for their votes on the ground of the fine things it promises to do for the city in the future, and to leave its claims to "party regularity" in the background. That this is sheer hypocrisy, and that Tammany is, as usually, only after the spoils, every intelligent person knows. But its very hypocrisy involves a recognition of the fact that in the present municipal contest municipal interests are uppermost in the minds of the voters, and that the election will and should turn, not upon questions of national party politics, but upon municipal issues.

The Republican machine as personified in Boss PLATT has indeed advanced to the foreground the pretension that Republicans are bound to vote for the Republican candidates on the ground of their allegiance to the regular Republican party in its national capacity. The boss was obliged to do this because only on that ground could he maintain any claim at all upon the Republican vote as against Mr. Low. He, therefore, did everything in his power to create an excitement on the money question which would serve to hold the Republicans together. But that effort has ignominiously failed. People stubbornly insist upon thinking now, as to the coming election, of municipal interests, and not of the money question or of the tariff, and the Republican machine feels itself obliged to take up the municipal subject, which it had so far treated as of secondary importance, as the principal one, while urging its party claims in an apologetic sort of way. In other words, the Republican machine is, as such, on the defensive, with a very poor prospect of making that defence turn to its advantage.

The organizations which started the HENRY GEORGE movement were originally impelled by the desire of punishing Tammany Hall for its disinclination to drag national politics into the municipal contest by a reaffirmation of the Chicago platform, and they still seem to be nursing a hope of establishing for themselves, by putting forth such a reaffirmation, a right to be regarded as the "regular" Democratic organization of Greater New York. But they, too, in the conduct of the contest, lay far greater stress upon what they are going to do in various ways for the people of this city than upon their connection with a national party.

Thus every important organization in the field that originally proceeded on the basis of national partisanship, and still keeps up some pretension of that sort, virtually acknowledges that in a municipal contest municipal interests will be the decisive issue, whether they like it or not. They all have sneered at non-partisanship in municipal government, and are perhaps still doing so to maintain an appearance of consistency; but they all are substantially admitting that partizanship as to national politics is, in municipal contests, not a matter of prime importance, but is only lugged in as an adventitious aid. So much has been gained by the general progress of public opinion in consequence of the more extended and more earnest study of the municipal problem that has for some time been going on all over the country; and it may be said that in New York that progress of public opinion has been especially stimulated by the action of the late Constitutional Convention in separating municipal from national and State elections, and more recently by the conspicuous example of non-partisanship set and maintained in this city by the Citizens' Union.

It should, however, not be concluded that their reluctant yielding to the non-partisan principle in municipal contests will determine any of the organizations mentioned to act upon that principle in case it should be successful in the election. A Tammany Mayor would instantly distribute the municipal offices within his gift among Tammany heelers, and he would do the utmost in his power to circumvent the civil service law to the end of opening the minor places, too, to the Tammany crowd. There is not the slightest doubt that a Tammany victory would, notwithstanding the smooth promises now made by that organization, give Greater New York as corrupt, repulsive, and disgraceful a government as old New York has ever had. Should the Republican machine win, it is indeed probable that Mr. TRACY, as Mayor, would shrink from permitting Boss PLATT and his mercenary band of "boys" to do their very worst. But the power that made him a candidate, and the manner of his nomination, as well as the character of the support he receives, forbid us to expect that he would organize the city government upon any other than a partisan basis, and that the men appointed by him would subordinate the interest of the party to the interest of the public. And what the outcome of party service inside of the municipal service generally is we have known from no end of warning examples. Neither would Mr. HENRY GEORGE, if he were elected Mayor, be able to restrain his followers, who have the ambition of becoming the regular Democracy of New York, from using the municipal offices for the building up of a party machine of their own. Thus we cannot hope for any of those advantages to the city which practical non-partisan government would develop from any of these organizations that recognize the superiority of municipal to party interests in municipal contests only involuntarily, merely in yielding to the force of circumstances.

If the citizens of Greater New York wish to reap the real fruits of non-partisan municipal government they must put that government into the hands of men who sincerely believe in the principle, and whose primary object it is to carry that principle into living reality. And for this they enjoy at present the best of opportunities. The Citizens' Union was organized for the very purpose of giving Greater New York a chance of obtaining a truly non-partisan administration—that is, an administration organized with an eye single to good government without any regard to mere party interest. The Citizens' Union has faithfully withstood every temptation to enter with partisan bodies into any combinations that might have obliged it to serve partisan ends. It has firmly maintained that its purpose was not merely to defeat Tammany, but to rescue the administration of municipal affairs from the grasp of any partisan politics, of whatever name or description. It has nominated as its candidate for the Mayoralty Mr. SETH LOW, a gentleman of the highest character, superior ability, and proved public spirit, who has already, as Mayor of Brooklyn, shown that he knows what non-partisan government really is, and how its fruits are to be secured to the people. It has nominated for other elective municipal offices candidates on the ground of their conspicuous merit. They all understand that if elected it will be their first duty, to the performance of which they are bound by every consideration of honor and good faith, to conduct the administration of their offices solely for the public good, without the slightest regard to partisan advantage. In fact, they will not fail to remember that they have been elected for that very purpose.

Thus the citizens of Greater New York have now an opportunity for securing to themselves the blessing of a municipal administration devoted wholly and exclusively to the public interest. If they fail to avail themselves of this opportunity and prefer to renew the sad experience of partisan misrule, they will present a sorry spectacle to the world and pay dearly for their folly.

CARL SCHURZ.

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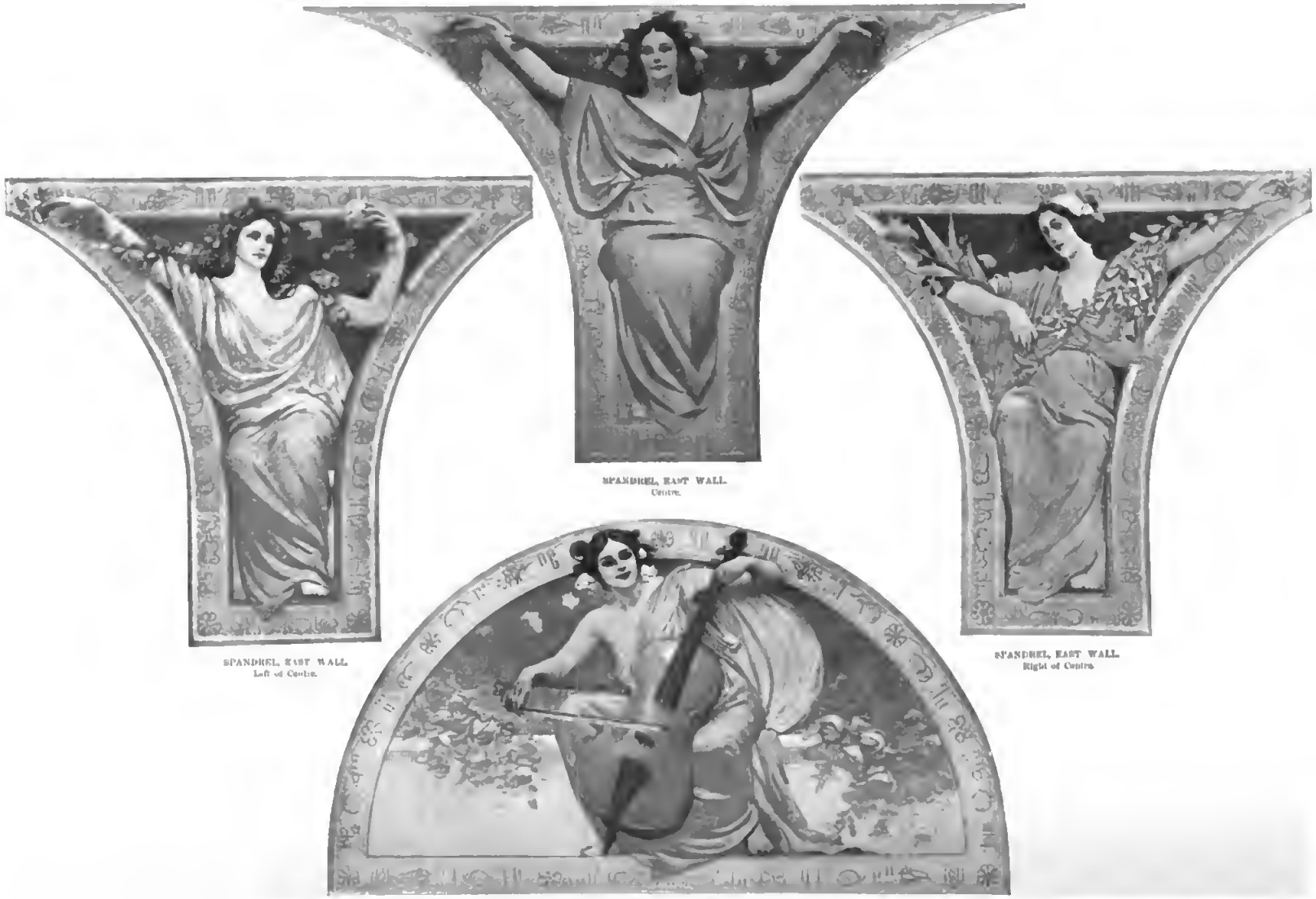

SPANDREL, EAST WALL.
Left of Centre.

SPANDREL, EAST WALL.
Centre.

SPANDREL, EAST WALL.
Right of Centre.

ONE OF TWO LUNETTES FOR THE SOUTH WALL.

DECORATIVE PAINTINGS BY C. Y. TURNER IN THE DINING-ROOM OF THE ASTORIA HOTEL, NEW YORK.—[See Page 1031.]

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"THE DANCE"—FRAGMENT FROM CEILING OF BALL-ROOM.

DECORATIVE PAINTING BY EDWIN HOWLAND BLASHFIELD FOR THE ASTORIA HOTEL, NEW YORK.—[See Page 1031]

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FOREIGN NOTES.

FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW

Berlin, September 25, 1897.

There is an industrial exposition now going on in Leipsic, where Germans go to admire the enterprise of German manufacturers, which is an excellent thing. This enterprise, however, needs looking after by our people. To illustrate my meaning. The jury of awards was about to give a medal to a manufacturer who professed to have made an exceedingly ingenious lock. There happened to be an American upon this jury, who was struck by the resemblance between this and similar American articles, so he asked permission to scratch the enamel upon the alleged German prize product, and there found, to the surprise of all but himself, that it was a strictly Yankee lock, whose trade-mark had been dishonestly concealed. If this were a singular case it would not be worth noting, but our embassy in Berlin has its attention called almost daily to practices of this kind.

Another trick which injures American commerce more than we suspect is this. A German manufacturer secures the exclusive agency for certain American patented articles. He then orders one of each and has them accurately copied and placed upon the market as genuine German products. Of course he makes these in every way cheaper than the American, and manages to evade prosecution by advertising them, not as American, but based upon American patterns. Thus the genuine American article becomes discredited in German eyes through the cheap imitations.

It has happened that boxes of American produce-packers have been used a second time by German agents in order to sell bad German beef or pork under an American label. These tricks are so shabby, and find so little condemnation at the hands of the German official and agrarian press, that our own government ought to step in and give our manufacturers not "protection" as the Dingley bill plan, but the protection of common justice that is nominally guaranteed by our international treaties. It is strange at this time to learn that about seventy-five per cent. of American consuls in Germany are Germans, and by no means men fit for the grave responsibilities of their position.

We Americans are inclined to think that if we have a good case against a foreign country, and furnish satisfactory evidence, we will, as a matter of course, obtain justice, whether we have good consuls or bad consuls to watch our interests. That is a mistake springing from our idealism in matters political. Germany, for instance, does not desire the competition of American wheat or American pork, or American foodstuffs of any kind. We furnish her with abundant evidence that our provisions are vastly better than what she herself places upon the market, yet she courteously but firmly reiterates her proposition that American food is tainted, and therefore unfit for German consumption. Within a mile from where my house-boat is anchored, pigs, chickens, and cattle are in a state of epidemic disease, yet no one forbids these tainted articles of food poisoning the neighbors roundabout. The German lives in a state of mild panic regarding disease in his meat and drink. About Berlin, at least, the person who dares drink a glass of fresh milk is regarded as a reckless defier of Providence. In a country where the most beautiful landscapes are concealed by the multiplicity of police warnings, it is yet found impossible to produce an average cow fit to be milked, or an average pig fit to be killed.

Yet food is dear in Prussia, and consequently the people are poorly fed. Near me lives a hotel-keeper who is a tenant of the German crown, and he keeps a cow, which eats most of the swill of the neighborhood. That cow has not been out of her stable the whole of this past summer, and before knowing this I bought some of her milk. This milk produced no cream, and was as tasteless as the "Kaffir milk" of Delagoa Bay. That cow is dying from want of light, air, exercise, and fresh fodder. In the adjoining village, which is part of one of the Emperor's parks, all the cows are locked up night and day throughout the year in dark, ill-ventilated quarters, under the same roof with the peasants. The wonder to me is not that the cattle die of contagious diseases, but that they live long enough to generate the necessary germs. Yet I am referring here to a little village of about thirty houses, five miles from any railway station, in the midst of an imperial domain rarely trodden excepting by government officials. When these officials permit such cruelty to animals as this, can we wonder that they lend themselves to fanatical persecution of American foodstuff?

If the facts were known, the world would be convinced that while Europe has no need to fear American beef and pork, we, on our side, should rigorously prohibit German food of like nature, even when it has passed a government inspection.

The visit of the German Emperor to Buda Pesth gave the Hungarians the opportunity they highly appreciated of showing hospitality to the stranger and having a glorious holiday. The Magyar has much of the American in his temperament. He is responsive, chivalrous, and, above all, sensitive to his national honor. It flattered the Magyar nation that the German Emperor should pay a particular visit to Hungary as an independent kingdom. Nothing irritates the Hungarian so much as to be referred to as a mere fragment of the Austrian Empire. The German Emperor cleverly adapted himself to the Hungarian mood, and left upon those who saw him the impression of a strong, sympathetic, and soldierly nature. For him and for the Magyars the visit was a very good thing, but I doubt if either he or the Emperor Franz Joseph quite understood the significance of this fraternization between the Prussian King by Divine Right and the subjects of Franz Joseph, who claim an equal title at the hands of the Almighty.

Modern Hungarian history furnishes only two events where Prussia has been in a position to affect Magyar interests. In 1848 Louis Kossuth and the patriots of his kind fought a bloody war of insurrection against the Austrian government and this same Emperor Franz Joseph. While the Hapsburg monarch was shivering in alarm over the progress of his Magyar mob, there was another revolution going on in Berlin, which drove the late "William the Great" into exile, and kept Frederick William IV. a prisoner in his palace. The noble Hungarian then found sympathy from their German brethren on the Spree.

In 1866 Hungarians again became indebted to Germans, this time not to a Berlin mob, but to that same military government that had triumphed over the Berlin mob of 1848. Austria was engaged in war with old King William, and she closed that war suddenly not so much because Moltke defeated her at Königgrätz, but because she had good reason for thinking that Hungary would once more break out in rebellion and become the ally of Prussia. Aside from these two rebellious events in Hungarian history, there is no love lost between the individual Hungarian and the individual German, any more than there is between the Russian and the German. There is a radical difference in the temperament of the two peoples that will not be effaced, even by the most demonstrative of imperial visits. The German language is all but boycotted in Hungary, and German subjects who seek to do business with the Magyars must change their names so as not to offend the susceptibilities of their customers. Neumann becomes "Nemenyi," Bamberger becomes "Vamhary," Ludwig becomes "Lajos," Adalbert becomes "Bela."

I wonder if the German Emperor, while toasting the Hungarians in Buda Pesth, and referring to their magnificent fighting record, bore in mind the fact that all the fighting done by Hungarians in the last fifty years has been as rebels against the authority of a monarch "by divine right"? It only remains now for Franz Joseph, as King of Hungary, to toast the brave citizens of Berlin who fought in the barricades of 1848, and forced a Hohenzollern monarch to bare his head before a howling mob.

Poultney Bigelow.

AN INJUSTICE.

We speak of Time gone past—we do him wrong.
  No weary traveller he, with scythe and glass
And deeply furrowed cheeks and hair grown long—
  'Tis we who pass.

Our eyes, not his, are dimmed with many tears.
  Our feeble hands grasp joys we cannot hold.
It is not Time, but we, who count the years—
  'Tis we grow old.

Owen Hall.

THE DRAMA.

In his satirical speech "apologizing" for *The Devil's Disciple*, by George Bernard Shaw, after its first production last week at the Fifth Avenue Theatre Mr. Richard Mansfield referred to the work as "slight." He could not have defined it more aptly. The theme is simple, and it is developed without the aid of subordinate interests. The construction of a drama on such lines presents, of course, unusual difficulties, and Mr. Shaw deserves the more to be congratulated on his success in keeping his audience entertained from the first appearance of his hero till the close of the performance.

Richard Dudgeon, however, does not present himself till late in the first act, and the earlier scenes, Ibsen-like in gloom, are curiously out of harmony with the prevailing tone of the play, which is cynically humorous. Dudgeon's mother, hardly better than a common scold, is evidently introduced at the beginning to illustrate the baleful effects of the narrow Puritanism of New England during the Revolution, as well as to serve as an apology for the hero's wickedness. But so elaborate a preparation was hardly necessary, and with a merciless cutting that first act might be vastly improved. As for Dudgeon's wickedness, no one could take that seriously for a moment; it is merely an expression of his humor. He is delightfully humorous during the reading of his father's will in the presence of the canting Puritans; he even has his joke when, mistaken for Anthony Anderson, the Presbyterian minister of rebel sympathies who has returned him civility for insult, he goes quietly to what promises to be a speedy death. His wit fairly scintillates during his absurd trial before General Burgoyne and Major Swindon, and though he is somewhat subdued as he walks toward the ugly noose hanging hungry for his neck, he retains his cynicism, and he does not become really serious until he is snatched from its grip and he realizes that he has made a hero of himself.

Curiously enough, in spite of this exceedingly perverse and witty hero, *The Devil's Disciple* is serious drama. The very lightness of the treatment lends additional strength to the situations. The episode of the sinner ready to sacrifice his life to save the life of the saint is familiar enough, but Mr. Shaw, by treating it in an absolutely unconventional and natural manner, makes it wonderfully impressive. Circumstances have left Dudgeon at table in Anderson's house, alone with Mrs. Anderson. A squad of British soldiers burst suddenly into the room and, mistaking him for the minister, arrest him with the intention of making an example of him. Very few words are spoken, and the episode is worked out simply, quietly, and dramatically. Dudgeon rises, walks slowly to the place where the minister's coat is hanging, puts it on calmly, the woman watching him, unable to speak for fear of betraying her husband. In order to sustain the deception he embraces her, and leaves without the least suggestion of bravado or sentimental heroism. After the sacrifice, however, the drama weakens. Anderson's timid little wife, who has hitherto looked upon Dudgeon with mingled horror and fascination, is constrained to tell her husband of the blunder. Instead of starting at once in pursuit of the soldiers and giving himself up, the man of peace girds on a sword and rides madly away, as his wife supposes, and as the audience has good reason to suppose, to save his own neck. Not until the last act, when he returns and rescues Dudgeon, is the truth disclosed that, instead of needlessly adding one more victim to the gallows, he chose the wiser course of saving his friend by fighting for him like a man.

In other words, to develop his drama, Mr. Shaw plays a trick on his audience. Moreover, in order to conceal his motive, he ignores the history of one of his chief characters at the very time when it is most dramatic, introducing it toward the close of the last act in the wholly inadequate form of narration. In sustaining the device, too, he breaks down in the characterization of his heroine. The minister's wife, represented as the personification of innocence, after the revelation of her husband's supposed selfishness and cowardice, at once endeavors to save his preserver. This is natural enough, but her bold protestations of love for Dudgeon could never have come from such a woman. Instead of developing his situations from his characters, Mr. Shaw develops his characters from the situations, and where character stands in the way he is unable to resist the temptation to sacrifice it.

In spite of its technical defects, however, *The Devil's Disciple* is one of the most interesting dramas produced in New York in recent years. Though, with the exception of the clergyman, the characters were not clearly defined, the actors played with exceptional skill. In the rôle of the hero Mr. Mansfield discarded his mannerisms, and gave a performance so true, so finished, so admirably shaded, that it must be regarded as one of his greatest impersonations. As the minister's wife, Miss Beatrice Cameron very neatly repeated her remarkable success of several years ago in *The Doll's House*; in looks, speech, and in action she admirably conveyed the impression of the character. Mr. Johnson acted with great dignity and power as Anderson, and in the part of General Burgoyne Mr. Forrest was spirited and effective.

Mr. Francis Powers, author of *The First Born*, said to be the first serious treatment of Chinese life in an English-speaking play, is to be congratulated on a notably brilliant achievement. On its production in New York last week it scored as great a success as attended the original representations in San Francisco a few months ago. It is very modern in conception and execution; it has several intensely dramatic situations, and the scenes and the types of the Chinese quarter in San Francisco give it the attractiveness of the picturesque and the bizarre. The wife of Chan Wang, who has deserted him for Man Low Yek, steals her child, Chan Toy, the First Born. The father, informed that Chan Toy is probably concealed in Man Low Yek's house, seeks him there, and in the struggle that follows the boy falls and is killed. Chan Wang vows vengeance, and at the first opportunity he drives his knife into Man Low Yek's back, throws the body into an alley, and stands at the entrance, peacefully smoking. The drama is played in two scenes, which might with advantage be condensed into one, and in this way made even swifter and more coherent. The author has displayed great skill in reproducing Chinese character and local color; the dialogue is, of course, maintained chiefly in English, but wherever it is possible to use the Chinese language this device is adopted, and when English-speaking characters are introduced in conversation with the Chinamen, the Chinamen resort to pidgin-English. Both the scenes are elaborately mounted, and the stage management of Mr. David Belasco created such an effect of actuality that it was one of the most notable features of the representation. The actors all played well, Mr. Powers as Chan Wang and Miss May Buckley as Loey Tsing, a slave girl, being especially fine. An interesting feature of the performance was the playing by the enlarged orchestra, which included some Chinese instruments, under the leadership of Mr. William Fürst, of Chinese airs, which Mr. Fürst had skilfully adapted to the tastes and the humors of "the foreign devils." The piece was so brief that it did not furnish what our audiences consider a sufficient evening's entertainment, so it was preceded by one of George Feydeau's farces, *A Night Session*, in which Miss May Robson, Miss Maud Haslam, E. M. Holland, and Paul Arthur distinguished themselves by uncommonly good acting.

The return of Mr. E. S. Willard to New York last week marked also the first performance here of *The Physician*, by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. The play is in Mr. Jones's characteristically bombastic and painfully sentimental manner, and narrates through a series of wearisome conversations the effort of a very self-conscious and blasé London physician, Dr. Lewis Carey, to reform an utterly uninteresting young temperance reformer, Walter Amphiel, given to prolonged sprees, in order that Amphiel may marry an ingenuous girl whom the doctor himself loves! The young man, who is a precious specimen, finally dies and makes two people happy. There is only one character in the work that is strongly drawn—Lady Valerie Camville—and she succeeds in being mildly amusing; most of the others are hopeless prigs, and the play, as a whole, is like a very cheap and old-fashioned novel. Mr. Willard, an actor of rare gifts, who would be a great actor if he could rid himself of his supreme self-consciousness, played the title rôle in a manner that was nearly always artificial, and most of the other leading performers followed his example. The exceptions included Miss Keith Wakeman, who appeared to advantage as Lady Valerie, and Mr. Oswald Yorke, who played the temperance reformer very cleverly. It is unfortunate for young actors to appear in pieces so meretricious as Mr. Jones's play; they are almost certain to fall into bad habits.

It is reported that a few prominent American actors have in mind a plan tending toward the establishment in New York of a theatre to be conducted somewhat on the lines of the Comédie Française. If this could be carried out, it would doubtless prove to be a very interesting experiment. In fact, no objection can be urged against it except the very practical one of expense. A rich man, eager to do something for art's sake, might spend a fortune to some advantage maintaining such an institution. Without an "angel" of this kind, or a choir of angels, the scheme could not be made successful, for the public would never support it. The public pays to be amused, not to be educated, or to assist in the education of young actors. In the mean time more actors than ever before are receiving professional training for their work, though the results do not seem to make any impression on the average of acting that we see on our stage. After all, the most careful training in the world will not compensate for lack of education, and education is what the actor needs more than anything else in order to interpret character with intelligence. Most of the ridiculous affectations of our actors—which spoil many a fine talent—are due simply to the consciousness of their deficiencies, to the instinctive fear that if they are simply natural these will be betrayed.

John D. Barry.

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THIS BUSY WORLD

The subject of the Enchanted Mesa, which Professor Libbey believed that he had disenchanted, proves not to be one that can be dismissed in a paragraph, or even in several paragraphs. A fortnight ago it was suggested in the WEEKLY that Mr F. W. Hodge's discoveries of stone axes and other relics which Professor Libbey had not noticed, did indeed demonstrate that the mesa had been visited, but did not necessarily prove that it had ever been inhabited. That suggestion has prompted Mr Hodge to write to the WEEKLY as follows:

The mere fact that there were found on the summit two fragmentary stone axes, a portion of a shell bracelet, several greatly worn potsherds of extremely ancient ware, and a projectile point would not in itself be regarded as conclusive evidence that the mesa had actually been occupied as a village site; but when we know that the summit is, and evidently long has been, absolutely inaccessible to the Indians; that it has been washed by rains and swept by winds for centuries, until scarcely any soil is left on the crest; that thousands of tons of soft sandstone have so recently fallen from the cliff that their edges have not had time to become rounded by erosion; that the topography of the summit is such that not a cupful of water now remains on the surface, save in a few eroded "pot-holes" in the sandstone, but that it rushes over the precipice on every side in a hundred cataracts; that the rude stone monument (which Professor Libbey believed might be due to erosion) in a spot well protected from surface wash is artificial beyond peradventure, as any one may judge from my photograph; that well-defined traces of an ancient ladder trail may still be seen, pecked in the rocky wall at the very cleft through which the traditional pathway passed; and, above all, the large numbers of very ancient pottery fragments and other artefacts in the earthy talus around the base of the mesa, which must have been washed from the summit, for they could have occurred there in no other way—we have incontrovertible evidence that the summit of Katzimo, or Enchanted Mesa, was inhabited prior to 1540, when the present Acoma was discovered by Francisco Vasquez de Coronado, and that the last vestige of the village has long been washed or blown over the cliff.

After having examined hundreds of ruins and engaged in excavating dozens of others in the Southwest, I am fully convinced that there is ample archæologic evidence of the former occupancy of Enchanted Mesa by the Acoma Indians, and that their tradition to that effect is substantially true; and this opinion is entertained by every competent authority to whose attention these facts have been drawn.

An authority well known to the WEEKLY's readers, who agrees with Mr Hodge's conclusions, is Mr Charles F. Lummis. It was he, if the WEEKLY is correctly informed, who learned from the Acoma Indians the legend of the former occupation of the mesa, and first made it familiar to American readers. To him it seems to be due that enough interest was felt in the mesa to induce any one to go to the top of it. To Professor Libbey belongs at least the credit of demonstrating that the rock could be scaled, and of being the first to scale it.

It is all the time becoming more evident that when the Preacher declared that there was nothing new under the sun he made no mental reservation as to North America. Only the other day the WEEKLY published pictures of the sculptured stones and extensive ruins unearthed by the Peabody Museum expedition at Copan, Honduras, and highly interesting they were, though we have all known these many years, more or less, about the antiquities of Central America. Far less familiar to most Americans are the indications of a prehistoric semi-civilization in the region of the Upper Lakes. A story is going the rounds of the newspapers, credited to the Grand Rapids *Herald*, which tells of the recent opening of two large pyramid mounds near Wyman, Michigan. The first is reported to have contained three human skeletons seven feet long (which mouldered away), together with pipes and stone implements and weapons. In the second, opened on September 5, there was found, under the stump of an old pine tree, an ornamented box containing some stone tools, and a cup with a lid which had in it five copper coins, marked with hieroglyphics which were still decipherable. The cup and casket were of burned clay. These were not Indian relics, but seemed to be the leavings of a much earlier and more highly civilized race. They are not as imposing or as important as a ruined city, but they are of lively archæological interest.

A Baptist clergyman of New York is credited with the assertion that the Baptist foreign missionaries are sustained at less cost than those of any other denomination. According to his computations the average cost of maintenance of a Baptist missionary (including native teachers) is $299 43, whereas, he says, a Methodist costs $80 and a Presbyterian $100 more. The annual cost of the missionaries of the Christian Alliance he places at $499 10. That makes it appear as if the Baptist missionaries offer ed the best investment, but prudent investors will not divert their funds on the strength of these representations without further investigation. Cheap labor is not always profitable, and it is easily possible that one missionary at $1200 a year might be worth six at $200. It takes a first rate man to make a first rate missionary, and though it may be possible to maintain a first rate American in a foreign land on $299 43 a year, it seems very doubtful whether his efficiency can be kept up at a rate as low as that.

One hardly knows whether to take seriously the reported displeasure of the local division of the Ancient Order of Hibernians in Washington because the name of Thomas Moore was not included in the list of twelve poets whose names are honorably displayed in the poets' corridor of the new Congressional Library. Six of the poets so honored are American, three English, two French and one German. Mr Spofford is quoted as stating that it was decided by a committee of award that Moore's merits as a poet were not so great as to entitle him to a place in this distinguished company. That will seem to most readers of poetry to be an obviously sound opinion, but apparently it has been found necessary to buttress it with additional reasons, since it is further disclosed that Moore disliked this country, and wrote displeasing verse about its citizens, and even went so far, during the period of his visit here, as to write "pointed, unpleasant, and almost unprintable things about Jefferson, who at that time was President."

Moore was certainly a poet of whom the Irish are warranted in being proud, but he was no Burns, and it seems odd that the Hibernians should concern themselves about him or show so much solicitude about his fame.

The opinion entertained by a great many more or less prejudiced persons that a good newspaper office is the best school going seems to gain some justification from certain passages in the newly issued volume of essays and discourses by President Eliot. Discussing wherein modern education has failed to do all that was expected of it, Dr Eliot says:

These, then, are the four things in which the individual youth should be thoroughly trained, if his judgment and reasoning power are to be systematically developed: observing accurately; recording correctly; comparing, grouping, and inferring justly; and expressing cogently the results of these mental operations.

To observe accurately and record correctly are the particular things in which every reporter for a good newspaper is drilled every day, and he does not get far in his business without getting practice, almost as regular, in comparison, inference, and cogent expression. If practice in these things is the best thing for the judgment and reasoning power, we ought to be thankful that so much of it goes to equip the newspaper man for his momentous job of superintending all creation. There is no class of men in the country whose state of mind is of more importance to us than the newspaper men. It is a comfort to be able to infer from the statements of authority that there is no class that is in a better way to have its mind developed. Of course all pupils are not scholars, and the fact that newspapers constantly print inaccurate reports and draw unwarranted inferences only means that the task is quite difficult, and that the learners do imperfect work.

The death, on October 6, of Park Commissioner William Augustus Stiles is greatly lamented in New York, and with abundant reason. Mr Stiles was an ideal Park Commissioner. Among an unusual number of things in which he was skilled was horticulture, and of late years, since he took charge of *Garden and Forest*, it has been more than anything else his profession. As a man who knew trees and all growing things, and loved them, he was an invaluable member of the Park Commission, the more so because he had taste and skill in landscape gardening and practical knowledge and good sense about all matters that concerned parks and their uses. He possessed also the courage of his convictions, so that in the Park Commission he was always ready to do battle and hold out for what he believed to be wise policy.

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS STILES.

It will hardly be possible to find an equally fit man to take his place as a public servant. Even more generally he will be missed and mourned as a friend and companion. He was one of the most delightful of talkers, kind, genial, companionable, most amusing in his point of view and in his use of language, and licensed always to be as funny as he chose, since the force and quality of his mind were so obvious that no amusing extravagance of talk ever deceived any sensible listener as to the real depth and gravity and sincerity of his nature.

If ever a man seemed to enjoy bad health it was Mr Stiles. He certainly enjoyed life in spite of it. It thwarted him at every turn, and doubtless if he had been a man of less fortitude and mental energy it would have side tracked him altogether. It hung about him most of his life, and though it limited his power of work, and drove him from one field to another, it never availed to abate his enthusiasm or to check his activities for long at a time. He was born in 1837, in Sussex County, New Jersey, and was the son of Edward A. Stiles, a well known educator. As a child he showed great promise—in music, among other things—and early suffered in health, and especially in eyesight, from his prodigious voracity as a reader. He went to Yale College and was graduated in 1859. He was valedictorian of his class and was noted besides as a musician, a writer and a wit, so that he seemed at the beginning of a brilliant career. But the intellectual part of him was too strong for his body. After teaching school and studying law, and finding his strength unequal to either, he went in 1861 to San Francisco, where, seeking out of door employment, he worked himself to a standstill on the Union Pacific survey. His health breaking down, he came home, and in 1869 served the city for a time as gauger, and later joined the editorial staff of the *Tribune*. He interested himself to some extent in politics in New Jersey, was nominated in 1879 for the State Senate, of which body he later served for a time as clerk. When *Garden and Forest* was started by Professor Sargent, Mr Stiles became its managing editor. He was appointed Park Commissioner by Mayor Strong in November, 1895.

The news of the colleges begins again to materialize in regular instalments. Vassar reports efforts to modify or amend the system of self government by the students so that it may work better. It seems that self government has not been found to commend itself as effectually to new students as could be wished, and that rules were too much disregarded. To remedy these faults a system of representative self-government is planned, according to which each corridor shall elect a delegate to represent it before the Executive Board of the Students' Association, thereby keeping the mass of self governing maids in closer touch with the central power, and more alive to the needs and obligations of the hour.

Yale reports about twenty five fewer Freshmen than last year—a loss attributed to hard times. A good many graduates are more than reconciled to it, believing that Yale in its great growth in numbers may lose in compact efficiency more than she gains in numerical strength. A mass meeting was held in New Haven, on the evening of October 6, for the purpose of reviving "the old Yale spirit," to the decadence of which Yale's recent defeats in athletics are attributed. Mr Julian Curtis, of New York, made the principal address, in which he called for certain resuscitations of primeval Yale sentiment which would make "old Yale first and foremost on every field." Every other field would be plenty. It is surely bad for sport to have Yale win more than half the time, but when did a Yale athlete show philosophical moderation?

Harvard has more students than ever, and points with resignation to the largest Freshman class on record. This class, that of 1901, calls itself the class of one, and is termed by others the class of "naughty one." It includes reprobate members who, after they had been addressed on Bloody Monday night in Sanders Theatre by President Eliot and Governor Wolcott and regaled with ice-cream in Memorial Hall, so far forgot their obligations as to go out and rush the Sophomores in the yard. Naughty one indeed! Harvard has received $10,000 towards a new dining hall, of which her need is urgent.

Columbia has moved into her new quarters, and her year begins with the resignation of her president. No action will be taken on it until the next meeting of the trustees, on November 15, when it will be more feasible than at present to forecast the nature of Mr Low's engagements for the next four years.

At Cornell this year, for the first time, all work for the A.B. degree is elective. The choice of studies by students has developed a good many surprises. Latin and Greek have more than held their own. Mathematics has gained—instead of losing as was expected, and rhetoric, formerly a required study and exceptionally irksome, though it has lost, has not lost nearly as much as was expected. In the natural sciences there are gains and losses, but the large result of the abolition of prescribed courses is that the classics have not lost nor the sciences gained by the change.

Professor George Howard Darwin, who begins on October 15 a course of Lowell lectures in Boston, is the son of Charles Darwin, and Professor of Astronomy and Experimental Philosophy in Cambridge University. He is to give ten lectures, two a week, on Tides. He knows much more about tides than any one else, more even than Bowditch's Tables, and he is going to impart to Boston as much of his erudition as she can hold. Perhaps he will be able to explain the case, believed to have been recorded by Dr. Holmes, of the historical female resident on Cape Cod who lived so long and so exclusively on clams that at length her stomach came to rise and fall with the tide. The case will interest him, and his attention should be called to it, the more so because a family lately returned from Europe reports that there are no edible clams on or adjacent to that continent, so that similar cases are not likely to have transpired abroad.

Surprise was expressed in the WEEKLY some weeks ago at the confidence with which the opinion was held in Chicago that the new Chicago Public Library combines beauty and utility better than any other in the country. The Chicago *Post* insists that the opinion is sound, and that while the Boston Library is probably the most spectacular library on earth, and the Congressional Library is of rare beauty as "an artist's warehouse for Congressional documents and copyrighted trash," Chicago has the most thoroughly satisfactory library in the United States. It will interest the WEEKLY's readers who have seen or heard so much of the libraries in Boston and Washington to know that Chicago has a building that she likes better than either. It is to be hoped that when New York's Public Library comes to be built, New York may like it with the same stout preference that Chicago shows for hers. It is a great precipitator of happiness to like your own things best.

The efforts and influence of women have been notable factors in securing clean streets in New York. So it has been in Chicago, and there one woman has finally progressed from a position outside of the work to a place of authority in the street cleaning department. Mrs. A. E. Paul, whose portrait appears herewith, began three or four years ago to help the Civic Federation in its struggle to make Chicago a clean city. She attacked the prevailing system of garbage gathering on the North Side, and did it with such vigor and intelligence that in six months according to the Chicago *Times Herald*, she had so reformed the garbage-collection system of the North Side that people hardly knew their own alleys. From that she progressed to street sweeping and last summer visited some of the Eastern cities and informed herself about their street cleaning methods. Returning home, she passed a civil service examination for inspector of street cleaning, got the highest mark given, and was appointed inspector. At present she is in command of twenty five uniformed sweepers, whom she has put to work on down-town streets, where all the improvement she can accomplish will be noticed and appreciated. Her efficiency is universally recognized, and the force under her is likely to be increased. She is a strong woman, both physically and in force of character. Much of her success in the garbage agitation was due to her ability to compel the contractors to live up to their agreements with the city.

MRS. A. E. PAUL.

E. S. MARTIN.

SPRING.

SUMMER.

THE MONTHS AND SEASONS:

ORIGINAL DRAWINGS FOR THE

DECORATIVE PAINTINGS BY

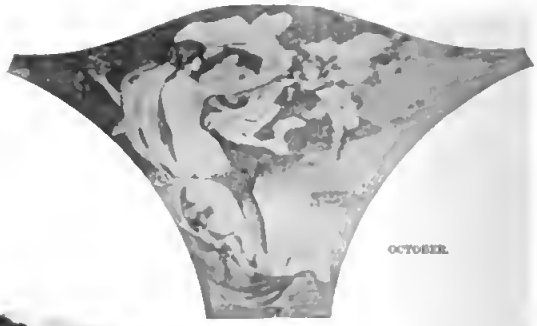
EDWARD SIMMONS

FOR THE PENDENTIVES IN THE SMALL BALL-ROOM OF THE ASTORIA HOTEL.

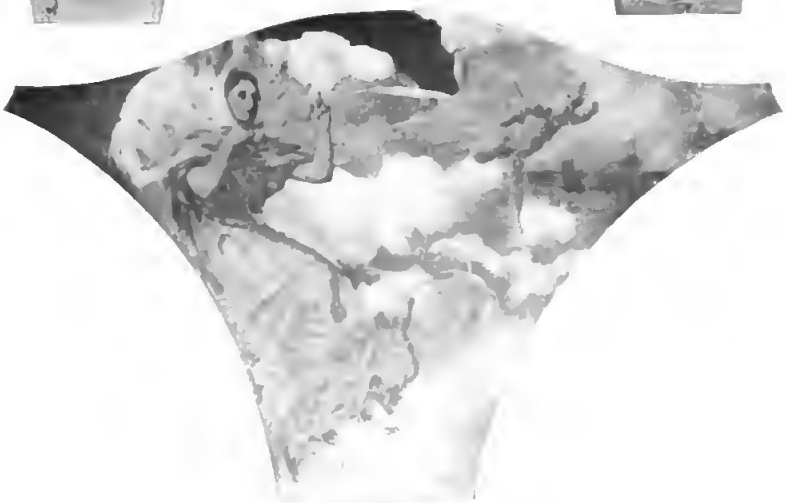
AUTUMN.

WINTER.

JANUARY.



OCTOBER.



FEBRUARY.

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MUSIC:

DECORATIVE PAINTINGS BY

WILL H. LOW

IN THE BALL-ROOM OF THE ASTORIA HOTEL.

AMERICA:
VOCAL MUSIC.

SPAIN:
THE CASTANETS.

ECHO:
THE MUSIC OF THE WOODS.

ITALY
THE VIOLONCELLO.

FRANCE:
THE HORN

THE DANCE

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NEWS FROM THE KLONDIKE.

LETTER AND ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

IV.—THE TERRORS OF THE WHITE PASS TRAIL.

SKAGWAY, ALASKA.

IN pursuance of the plan suggested by the customs officer, the committee appointed to superintend the unloading of the goods has detailed a checker to act with the purser aboard the vessel as each piece comes out of the hold, and another checker to mark off each piece as it is received on shore. There is probably a hundred tons of miners' freight. Every man is expected to handle and look out for his own goods. Some bring it out of the hold, others load it upon the ship's boats, which are then rowed as far in to the beach as the shallow water permits. Then two horse wagons are driven alongside, and the goods transferred and delivered, at a cost of a dollar a load, a distance of several hundred yards up toward the town. The original plan of roping out a space was discarded, and the goods loaded upon a large float that lies high and dry well up on the beach. Here others of the miners handle the goods again, and, as far as possible put each man's goods in a separate pile. It is a busy scene on the beach—boats are coming and going from the ship, half a dozen teams are kept busy hauling, boatmen who have come up from Juneau and elsewhere, with all sorts of rowing and sailing craft, to reap the harvest, are shouting for passengers to the vessels in the harbor, at twenty-five cents out or fifty for the round trip. They are making from fifteen to twenty dollars a day. Others are taking loads of men and goods off from earlier vessels to Dyea, to try the Chilkoot Pass, some few miners are building large clumsy scows for the same purpose. There seems to be a general movement toward Dyea, and a few are coming this way. This seems only natural when both routes are confessedly so hard. As one man who had been upon both expressed it, "whichever way you go, you will wish you had gone the other."

A PROFITABLE ENTERPRISE.

We have learned already to place no reliance upon any person's word. Every one seems to have lost his head, and cannot observe or state facts. The very horses and animals seem to partake of the fever, and are restless. All is strange and unaccustomed to both men and animals. Accidents and runaways are occurring every few minutes. Suddenly there is a commotion, a horse starts off with a half packed load or a cart and cuts a swath over tents up through the town, scattering the people right and left. Then all is quiet again, until a moment later in another part there is another rumpus. This sort of thing is getting to be so common that a fellow only looks to see that the horse is not coming in the direction of his own tent, and then goes on with his work. One man was asleep in his tent, a ten by fourteen, when a horse galloped through it and carried it off bodily. No one seems to get hurt, which is amazing. The horses are green, the men are green. Men who have never before handled a horse are trying to put pack saddles on them. Of packing on the loads no one seems to know anything. A few have heard of the "diamond hitch," but no one seems to know how to throw it. Now and then a rider, in a bose blue shirt, from up the trail, comes cantering down to the beach, swinging his arm loosely at his side, guiding his horse by a jaunty press of the reins against the pony's neck. Every one recognizes the type of Westerner, and says, "That man there is all right."

There are several scores of tents ranging around the piles of drift wood across the narrow valley of the Skagway. Just back of high tide a rough path which people are following leads towards the grove of cottonwoods, until which we get glimpses of other tents and of new board shanties, from which the sound of axes and hammers comes upon the ear. The tents here in the open are all we see of Skagway. We are too busy with our affairs to look beyond. No one is permitted to take charge of his goods, to carry them away, until every parcel has been landed and assorted. There is some talk that a duty is to be collected on horses, further that no one's freight will be delivered to him until said duty has been paid—since the horses have already been landed and lost amid the crowd of other horses. The rumor strikes consternation among us all. We are inclined to discredit it, since horses, like tents and blankets, are to be used on both sides of the line. We remember the pains we have been at to secure our transit papers, and the reassuring words of the American customs officer who came on at Mary's Island. Surely if a person has "got to have" blankets and tent, he has "got to have" horses. What provision is there for the refunding of the duty after the horses with packs have crossed the line into Canada? We are left no longer in doubt. A dapper gentleman in an Alpine hat and painted brown shoes arrives, sets up on a post a small American flag with the perpendicular stripes of the revenue service, announces that he is the deputy collector of customs for the port, just arrived, and demands on each and every horse brought from Canada the sum of thirty dollars. Says he, "I have my instructions from the Collector for Alaska. I don't know anything about tents, blankets, etc., but I must collect thirty dollars on every Canadian horse. You can land the horses, but you must not use them here. You can send them through in charge of an inspector, but you cannot put a pack on their backs; if you do you will have to pay the duty—that's all."

I asked him if I might get upon the back of a horse of my own and ride a little way up the trail. "No sir, you cannot." I remarked that the horses would cross eventually into Canadian territory. "They will be of no use when you get there, and you will turn them loose—or else you will sell them here," he replied. All this is more than we could comprehend, so we were obliged—every one of us who had brought the one hundred odd horses from Victoria—to step up to the custom-house, look pleasant, and pay the thirty dollars a head on our stock. One man alone, who had contracted to put over the goods of the Mounted Police, has fifty-four head of horses upon which he has paid duty. We did not mind the remarks made inside the desk of the custom house, such as that it "served right those who went to Canada to buy their stuff, instead of buying it in the United States." That is merely the smoke of the Seattle Victoria fight, and we very properly joined in the laugh that followed the rally that newspaper correspondents especially should not be let up on, as they would say bad enough things anyhow. But we did mind the hardship which the payment of this duty meant upon many, if not most of the miners. Here is a strip of territory over which there is actually some dispute. At present it is in the control of the United States. This strip of territory, a few miles in width, must be crossed before Canadian territory can again be reached. Here is a town and a trail three weeks old. There are no facilities for the transit of goods in bond. The miner's word is the only bond. The only means of transfer is the miner himself and his horse's back. The very and only means of transportation may not be used as such. The horse must eat, yet the man must carry on his own back the very oats needed to feed a horse across canyon, so as to comply with the ruling of Mr. Jones, United States deputy collector for the sub-port of Skagway. A week later the same deputy collector ruled that horses might not even land without payment of duty. The custom house was transferred to the cabin of the steamer *Danube* from Victoria, and no horse was permitted to land without payment of duty. No possible blame attaches to the deputy collector, he is simply doing his duty. If he presumed to exercise discretion, some one else would have his place. Somebody set out to find a high-tariff Republican, but could not find one in the camp—no, I mistake, there was one, who came out and paid his thirty dollars like a man. The custom-house is one of the few wooden buildings in town. It is a twelve-by-sixteen one story board structure on the main street, called, I learn, "Broadway," but which is nothing more than a pair of black muddy wagon ruts winding around stumps in a rambling way into the woods. When the customs flag is not doing duty on the post down upon the beach, it is tacked flat on the front of the building, at the right hand of the door. A further sign announces that here is also the office of the United States commissioner. Government is further represented here by a deputy marshal. Inquiry reveals that properly the office of all three officials is at Dyea, which has been made the sub-port. But since the creation of Dyea as a sub-port White Pass trail has been opened, the town of Skagway started, and practically all the business attending upon the carrying on of government has been at Skagway. Every vessel is now stopping at Skagway; there the people are. Dyea is four or five miles distant, deserted almost. But in order to cover both points effectively the court is held on a point of rocks, known as Richard's Landing, half way between the two places. To this place the commissioner comes at stated intervals, from Juneau, and holds court. I shall have occasion to describe the holding of court there at a later time.

Being an idle one for a glimpse of the trail, Jim and I each take a horse and set out for the "foot of the Hill." Words that I have at command cannot describe what was unfolded to our eyes. Only a glimpse of the real town did we have from the beach. There were only the hastily set up tents of parties moving toward. But here, where the open leaves off and the trees begin, and at a distance of no more than half a mile from low water, begins the town. Along the main trail or wagon road town lots have already been staked off and claimed. The underbrush has been cleared away between the cottonwoods and spruce, which are a foot or more in diameter, and a piece of paper on the face of a tree announces that—

"This lot, 100 feet along the trail by 50 feet west, located and improved by J. Murphy, August 14, '97. Lot supposed to front on street running east and west according to plat made and ratified by the citizens August 13, '97. See my notices on stakes at N. and E. end of lot.
(Signed) J. F. MURPHY."

The "improvement" consists of a few bushes cleared away to make room for a small "A" tent. The owner seemed to have moved onward, having, however, his "improvement" upon the land.

Another claim reads, in terse language "that this claim 50 by 100 claimed by J. H. Foot", and others add the names of several competent witnesses.

Scattered on both sides of the trail are tents of every size and one or two wooden buildings. A ceaseless stream of men and horses is moving up the trail with loads, and an empty stream is returning. Here at the left is a big tent with large black letters on the side, it is the "Park Tents" saloon. Beyond is the "Bonanza" and "The Grotto," while across the street a great sign overhead bears the suggestive name of "The Nugget." A glimpse inside of these, as one rides by, shows a few boards set up for a bar in one corner, the other corners being filled with gambling lay-outs, around which are crowds of men playing or looking on. Then come shops where groceries and miners supplies are being bought and sold. Here a doctor has set up an apothecary shop, here two young New York boys are selling their outfit and "waiting till spring." Large painted canvas signs announce eating-houses—the "Rosalie," the "Kitchen", but there is not a lodging-house in the place. For a quarter of a mile into the woods run the rows of tents, while back from the trail, and near the river, the sound of axes indicates that the whole of the flat interval is being taken up. Here and there is a log hut going up.

Of those who are newly arrived some have brought little carts—a pair of buggy-wheels on a short axle, having a bed in some cases no more than fifteen inches wide and six to eight feet long, with handles at both ends. They load these with five or six hundred pounds of stuff, and two men work them along up the trail, or, if they have a horse, they load the pack saddle, then hitch the horse in front and start along, one leading the horse, the other steering and balancing the cart from the rear end. This is an odd sight. One horse, when ready to be hitched beside the scow, became frightened, and started up town with the cart behind him. He ran into the town, then turned at right angles, crossed the branch of the Skagway, started, cart and all, up the face of the mountain, turned around, recrossed the river and came back to the scow, the cart now running right side up, then striking a root and bouncing ten feet into the air, landing upside down. The cart never ceased for more than a moment to run along, right or wrong side up, on its wheels; not a man was hurt nor a tent-peg torn up, and it all took place in full view of all, who greeted with a shout each time the cart flew up and landed all right. A moment later the incident was forgotten. These little carts cost $80. In a day or two they carry a whole outfit of two or three to the foot of the Hill, and then are sold for what they cost. Others pack directly on horses' backs, while the greater portion of the freight is wagoned at a cost of one and a half cents a pound. I met two fellows packing on bicycles. They have taken off the pedals, and have rigged a sort of frame on the seat, upon which they can pack nearly as much stuff as a horse will carry, viz., 220 to 225 pounds.

Money goes like water through a sieve. It costs a dollar to look a man in the face. Men are like wolves; they literally feed upon one another. Wages for packers—any one who can carry 75 to 100 pounds on his back and work ten hours—are $7 50 a day upwards. "Experienced" horse packers are getting as high as—in one instance I know—$30 a day. The teamsters are making more than that. One was heard growling because he had only made $50 that day; they sometimes make $100. Horseshoe nails are $1 a pound at Skagway. At the foot of the Hill they have fetched 10 cents a piece, a single horseshoe, at the

UNITED STATES COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE, SKAGWAY, ALASKA

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foot of the Hill, has cost $2 50. Rubber boots that cost $5 sell for $9. A shoemaker, a blacksmith, a watchmaker, also have set up shop. A constant surprise is the number of women. Some of these are at the dance house, but the majority are the wives of miners. There is but one child in the whole place. It is a town of grown up people. The women dress, some of them, in short skirts, with leather leggings or rubber boots, or else in out-and-out men's trousers.

They say not over five per cent. will get through. Of the remaining ninety-five some have stopped, taken up town lots, and some have taken to buying and selling, and doing the work required by those that are moving onwards. Now there is a judge and a marshal, but at first there was no law and order but that which grew out of the conditions—the Committee of the Miners, so-called. There has been no disorder to speak of. Outside of the gamblers there are few who might be said to represent a disorderly element. And this, no doubt, is due to the fact that every man here, except those who have come up from the near by towns of Juneau and Sitka, have had to have the price to get in. This is no country for tramps and loafers. Thieves are here, however, and though the penalty is the extreme limit, no one seems to have been detected.

I stop and ask a man what is the name of the main street. "Oh, don't ask me," he replies. "I've been here a week, and I come up here every day, and I get lost." All is movement and action. There is nothing fixed. The tent of yesterday is a wooden building to-day. Where a tent stood yesterday there is a smooth spot and some tent-pin holes only.

The Skagway (pronounced Skagway, not Skadgway) is a swift stream of three or four rods width at its mouth. It rises far away in the midst of the blue peaks of the Chilkoots, that grow bluer and bluer until they merge into the sky. The sides of the mountain slope at an angle of some forty five degrees and against their tops lie eternal glaciers and patches of snow. Its course is even but forceful, so swift as anywhere to bear a man off his feet, even though no deeper than to his knees. Its water is milky, from the sediment it bears down from the mountains, and its banks are scarcely more than two or three feet high, extending back perfectly level on either one or both sides to the steep sides of the valley. This valley is not at its mouth more than a third of a mile wide, if so much, and its bed of gravel and sand is now covered with a luxuriant growth of trees, and dark loamy soil from the decaying vegetation of centuries. The trail leads out of the town among large cottonwoods and spruces and hemlocks and white birches. It reminds one of any newly cut road in the forests of the Adirondacks or Canada. At a distance of a mile and a half from low-water it crosses the river from the right hand to the left, by a bridge just wide enough for the pack-trains and the hand-carts, but too narrow for the large wagons, which have to unload on the gravelly bank. This bridge was the first work done by the miners on this trail. The British Yukon Company had done no more than to run the line and clear a path that, it is true, a horse could follow.

Here at the bridge is the only sight we get of the river anywhere along this end of the trail. The distance between the extreme banks is several hundred yards, and one can easily imagine the mad torrent that rushes down with the melting of the snows in spring. Now it is comparatively small, and rushes along its even bed with hardly a ripple, icy cold from the glaciers, and abounding in fine trout. The milkiness of the water is due to fine white sand. In small pools the sand soon settles to the bottom. Seen in certain lights, the water has a pale greenish hue.

Leaving the river, the trail leads on for some two miles. Tents have been met with scattered along the way, and one is never out of sight of men coming or going. Now suddenly a sight meets the eye. The space between the tree trunks has been cleared away, and the whole place is filled with tents, on both sides of the trail, side by side, only a few feet apart, and extending back the width of the valley, which is here quite narrow. The men have set up their stoves and hung out hundreds of pounds of bacon, and the air is laden with the savory smell of smoking meat and the camp fires; for it is evening, and the men are returning from the trail. Weary horses are eating hay and oats alongside tarpaulin-covered piles of goods.

There are fifty or sixty tents in all, crowded together in a small space, and the roadway between is packed smooth by hundreds of feet. There are more women here, and one is baking biscuit, and selling them hot for twenty-five cents a dozen. Every one we talk with is cutting down weight. Once through the tents, the wagon road stops, and then what seems to be only a foot-trail makes a sudden turn to the left and boldly climbs up the steep mountain-side. We hitch our horses here and proceed on foot. This is the trail. This is the Hill, and the crowds of tents and men make the town at the "foot of the Hill." It is the resting spot before the struggle. To convey an idea of the Hill one must have recourse to illustration, and I can find none more apt than that used by one who has been over the trail: "Imagine a mountain of goods-boxes, some of them being bigger than the rest—the size of tents." Imagine them piled in a rough mass, cover them with moss and black loam and trees, with rills of water trickling down among them. The goods-boxes are granite bowlders, their outer surfaces protrude from the mass, hard and bare, but nature has covered the rest with rich vegetation. The path—if indeed it can be called one—twists and turns and worms its way from ledge to ledge and between the masses of bowlders. Here a tree has been cut down and we clamber over its stump. There a corduroy bridge lifts one over a brook. Men with stout alpenstocks and with packs painfully struggle upward, stopping now and again for rest. It has been comparatively dry for a day, and the trail is said not to be so bad. Between the bowlders it has packed fairly well, and, but for its steepness, would be called a good path. We ascended a distance of several hundred feet—not quite to the summit, we are told. On every ledge and bench tents are set up or piles of sacks, so near the path that one can reach out one's hand and touch them. Men in from the day's work are cooking or reclining beside their goods. Their rifles are in easy reach. Pilfering has been going on here too, and the men who are lying by their goods will shoot at sight. A string of horses and mules is returning down the hill, and we see now the difference in horses. The lank, big clumsy horse is in danger at every step. He comes to a drop off, lifts his head in air, tosses his fore feet ahead with a groan, and trusts to chance for his hind feet to find a footing. He strikes a sloping rock, flounders for a foothold, and down he goes sideways and rolls over. A string of several dozen went past, but none did actually fall. The little cayuse, however, or Indian pony, like the mules, looks where every foot is placed. One cayuse got out of the train and came to a pitch off of ten or twelve feet; we looked to see it break its neck, but it simply put its head down, slid over the face of the bowlder, and landed squarely and lightly as a goat. Another we just heard of went down a forty foot bank, and was back on the trail working next day. We set out down the hill again. When we were near the bottom we met a small train coming up in charge of two men.

At the foot of the steep ascent the train stopped, and one horse went ahead. When he came to a step-up of over two feet he got his fore feet up, gave a desperate lunge to get his hind parts up, slipped, and fell, his whole weight and that of his load square on top of a sharp stump, where he floundered and kicked pitifully, but helpless. We helped out the load off, rolled him over on his back off the stump, and helped him to his feet, and he got up with scarcely a scratch. That was one fall, the first we had seen. We were told that fifty horses a day fell there. No one thought anything about it. The other horses were led up, one by one, the men choosing each step for them. This seems to be the only way to do with horses that are not, like goats, used to looking where a foot goes down. Most of the falls come where two smooth surfaces of rock come together in a notch, furnishing no foothold. If there is soft mud in the notch, and the sides are wet and slippery, the horse goes down with a smash, and it is lucky if a broken leg does not result.

TAPPAN ADNEY.

MURAL PAINTINGS

BY EDWIN H. BLASHFIELD, WILL H. LOW, C. Y. TURNER, AND EDWARD SIMMONS.

Those who have seen Edwin Howland Blashfield's decoration in the dome of the Congressional Library need not be reminded how dignified are the theme and its expression, conforming to and assisting the stateliness of the structure. In his latest work, the ceiling of the great ball-room of the new Astoria Hotel in New York, Mr. Blashfield has attained his scheme with equal precision to the lighter requirements of the surroundings. Whereas in the Library the key-note was the cultivation of the intellect, here it is the delight of the senses. In one respect the two spaces are similar: each is the culmination of the architect's design, and constitutes that part which rises above the material construction into the region of the imagination. Taste and sentiment alike demand that the eye shall be soothed by it, and the imagination lifted above the material splendor and the concrete delights of sight and sound to a suggestion of the spirituality which dwells in music and the dance.

It is in the completeness with which Mr. Blashfield has satisfied the senses and yet stimulated the imagination that the essential bigness of his work consists. The immense expanse of canvas, sixty-six by forty-four feet, covering the entire ceiling, and descending by a "cove" or curve to the cornice, is painted with sky and cloud—purple, pink, blue, gray, and silvery-white melting into one another as the "iris changes on the burnished dove." Floating upon this are two half-circles of figures—the one symbolizing Music, the other Dancing. In Music he has expressed tumultuous force, majestic calm, and infinite sweetness and tenderness, culminating in pure imagination; in Dancing, suppleness, rippling continuance, and spontaneity.

The composition of each reveals these respective qualities. That of Music starts high up on the left hand with a sheaf of trumpets, the long-necked tubes, blown lustily by men; it swoops down through a group of players upon stringed instruments, whose backs are turned to us, while their bow-arms form with the tubes a bristling series of strong bars directed towards the centre. Here the composition swells up through a bevy of beautiful standing forms supporting the central figure, which rises above their heads. Her bow-arm is extended upwards, and makes the line of movement revolve and pass down again upon the right to a group of players, whose faces are towards us, and whose attitude is that of sympathetic response to the leader. Above them are figures showing fainter and tenderer, until they melt into a clear space of blue sky, beyond which hovers a single dove. It is a double festoon of movement, descending with rapidity and furor, rising strongly, settling down in calm, and rising again with a diminuendo of tenderness; then losing form and passing into the infinity of imagination. The left of the picture grows out of purple shade and vibrates vividly; the centre is luminously clear; and on the right the color palpitates and throbs from sight.

In the dancing group the composition is a single festoon of delicious forms and softly twining limbs—pliant rhythmic movement, artless and fresh in conception. The figures glow with sensuous beauty, and yet are naïve and pure in suggestion. They represent the mobility and grace of movement, clarified of all grossness, exquisitely idealized. The same qualities are expressed in the color scheme. A quiver of color sensation passes through the wreath of forms, which shimmer with dainty reflections and are dimpled with limpid shadows, while the whole, impregnated with a golden haze, is serenely gracious.

In thus elevating the light theme of a ball-room into an atmosphere of poetry and imaginativeness, Mr. Blashfield has given delightful proof of the way in which mural painting encourages and gives scope to the creative faculties of the artist.

The wall spaces below, which consist of six lunettes and fourteen ovals, will be filled with mural paintings by Will H. Low. In the lunettes Mr. Low has decided to represent martial and pastoral music—the music of the sea and of the woods, and Apollo with a group of five Muses, and Homer in company with the other four. Each of the ovals contains a female figure, personifying some one country, with a characteristic instrument of music.

The problem of giving constructive variety to so many figures in spaces of similar size and shape was a very difficult one, and the artist has exhibited excellent judgment and skill in solving it. To the lines of the oval he has opposed some geometric form of composition. Thus in France, for example, the figure and the cannon suggest the axial lines, in Italy the arms are disposed so as to form with the body a Roman cross. In Egypt—a specially significant composition—the instrument supplies a strong diagonal line, while the organ and figure of Germany lend a contrast of parallel vertical lines. The types of beauty are fresh and sweet, and the disposition of their draperies varied, interesting, and charmingly decorative.

Whether the "architectural feeling" is so clearly expressed in the lunettes cannot be determined by a layman until they are set in place. Indeed, it is impossible to judge sanely either these or the ovals until they are surrounded by the architecture. This is profusely ornate, and must exercise a tremendous influence upon the paintings. Mr. Low is a close student of the architectural requirements of mural painting, and it must be assumed that he has fully considered them in adopting his composition and color schemes. The latter at present appear over luscious, but no doubt when the paintings are viewed from a distance of thirty feet, and contrasted with the elaborate and heavy moulding, they will obtain the refinement which we look for in Mr. Low's work, while the composition of the lunettes may be expected to gain fibre and directness from their environment.

The decoration of the important spaces in the dining-room has been intrusted to Charles Yardley Turner. The three illustrations on another page give only a hint of the extent and well-ordered completeness of his scheme, which includes a series of spandrels, lunettes, and in two cases rectangles, running round the four sides of the room, each containing a male or female figure. While his work is thus in a sense fragmentary, Mr. Turner has given the scheme both unity and sequence. Individually, the figures compose to the architecture and form part of it; and in treatment, conception, and especially in the color arrangement, they link on to one another in a continuous series of movement and color.

The walls are to be covered with damask silk of deep red, with a purple bloom. The artist has made his dominant note in the centre of each wall a delicate rosy crimson, and the color on either hand passes successively into yellow, green, and violet. This arrangement, with varieties of tone, is repeated round the entire room, a natural sequence, rising and falling rhythmically and delightfully. The disposition of the figures with reference to the spaces is well diversified, yet always simple and decorative. The drapery of the female figures affords valuable masses of color, while the bare limbs of the youths supply the requisites of strength and suppleness. In the introduction of flowers, fruit, birds, and musical instruments much beauty of color and form is obtained, as well as a charming animation.

The mural paintings in the smaller ball-room have been executed by Edward Simmons. The construction of the room is a series of tall pilasters and arches. On the north side these enclose windows, but on the three others the spaces are spanned with boxes. The arches are locked together by pendentives. Instead of a level cornice, there is a border of ornament in relief, which rises and falls in a waving line, giving vivacity and elegance to the room.

These two features have been preserved and accentuated by Mr. Simmons in a delightful manner. The six pendentives on the north wall, representing the months from November to April, vibrate in one prolonged chord. The movement of the swirling draperies and poised figures speeds along the several panels like the streamer of a pennant, alternately coiling and shaking itself loose in the air. It is more than rhythm, it is the spontaneous movement of separate forms impelled by a single aim—buoyant, elastic, as a flock of Ariels. In the six summer and autumn months on the opposite side of the room the key-note is rather repose; the panels count more as independent masses, and flash one after the other upon the eye. At each of the short ends of the room are two narrow panels representing the seasons. They have to carry farther and also to balance each other, so the artist has relied upon a strong and simple action.

The color scheme of this room is two tones of gray relieved by gold, and the panels play upon a foundation of blue and flesh color, enlivened with accidental effects of green or red, or black, golden brown, or silver gray. One has perhaps watched a mountain sunrise, and seen the snow-capped summits touched with rose, the gray sky quickening into blue, and the greens and golds and reds of the valley peering through the rising mists. Such are the color effects which may have inspired Mr. Simmons's scheme—tender and moist, but fresh and vibrant with life and eternal youth. The scheme is exquisitely adapted to the lovely girl figures, soft-limbed baby forms, fluttering ribbons, and dainty elegance of the floating drapery. Yet the first and last impression is not of daintiness and tenderness, but of fresh, fragrant, idealized vitality.

Sweeping breadth, delicious subtlety, and at times a suggestion of diablerie, of irresponsible force within that will burst its way out, these are the characteristics of Mr. Simmons's technique, and they are apparent also in the conceptions of his theme. His imagination has evolved new representations of the somewhat hackneyed subjects, and his conception is thoroughly modern in the best sense. Spring, for example, is a lithe-limbed girl leaping into the air with racquet poised. Winter, apple-cheeked, with black gauze drapery flung around her in voluminous folds, and a branch of mistletoe held invitingly in her outstretched hand. Summer is a lovely girl, whose smooth form is caressed by a veil as filmy as a summer cloud, and she leans forward to catch a butterfly to bait her hook. Autumn is a huntress drawing her bow, tense-limbed and alert, with something of the witchery of the woods upon her face. What an original conception of January—a girl bounding through the air in the fulness of new strength, offering an hour-glass to two little "Loves"! Or February, her piquant face hooded with a cloud of ermine, while a baby boy tugs at the strings, and another, poised in air, fits a skate to her bare foot!

But to try to put these exquisite plays of fancy into words is to bruise the butterfly's wings by handling them. If one could really express the delicacy of the conception it might seem to the reader trivial, whereas the thought, as well as the execution, with all its elusive daintiness, is extraordinarily virile.

Henry J. Hardenbergh is the architect to whom we are indebted for this aggregation of mural paintings, the most complete and impressive outside the Libraries at Washington and Boston. CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

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"A DOCTOR HAS SET UP AN APOTHECARY SHOP"

RESTAURANTS ALONG THE FIRST PART OF THE TRAIL

ONE METHOD OF PACKING GOODS TO THE FOOT OF THE HILL

JUSTIFIABLE HESITATION

PACKING OVER THE HILL

WHERE THE PATH IS EASY.

CORDUROY BRIDGE ACROSS THE SKAGWAY.

HOW ONE OUTFIT ATTEMPTED TO PACK TIMBER FOR A BOAT OVER THE TRAIL.

ON THE WAY TO THE KLONDIKE GOLD-FIELDS—THE WHITE PASS TRAIL.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY TAPPAN ADNEY, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."—[SEE PAGE 1030.]

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IN THE NEW POST-OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D C.—Drawn by G W. Peters.—[See Page 1039.]

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THE DESTRUCTION OF SUGAR ESTATES IN CUBA.

BY GEORGE BRONSON REA.

DURING the last two years of the insurrection in Cuba immense damage has been inflicted on the valuable sugar lands and factories to which the island owes so much of her wealth and prosperity. Since the commencement of the outbreak report after report has reached us concerning the destruction of these valuable possessions by the armed forces in the field. By far the larger part of this destruction has been caused by the insurgents, though the Spanish regulars and guerillas have also applied the torch rather freely on property of minor value.

The underlying motives for this policy of annihilation are many and conflicting, but are no doubt justified by the accepted rules of warfare, in which all means to cripple the enemy and destroy his chances of raising revenue are considered as perfectly legitimate.

The first nine months of the war were not marked by any great excesses in this line. The reasons are clear. In the east, where the uprising broke out, the majority of the inhabitants living in the country were Cubans who favored the cause, and consequently their property was respected. Their countrymen in the west, on the contrary, were lukewarm in their efforts to aid the cause, and made no serious attempt to second the movement. Their only desire was to be let quietly alone and to be permitted to harvest their crops, and perhaps make a profit on the product that would insure them against want in the hard times sure to follow. The rebel leaders decided that some extremely harsh measures must be employed to shake their brethren from their apathy.

They also argued that while Spain could continue to gather in the taxes on the principal industries of tobacco and sugar, she would never consent to abandon the island. They fondly believed that once these prospects were destroyed, it would be a question of only a few months when the Spaniards would give up the struggle and evacuate the island.

Another strong motive was to force the intervention of foreign governments by destroying the property of their citizens. French, German, English, and American capital is largely represented in the wealth of the island, and it was expected that these governments, on the presentation of the claims for damages, would demand immediate indemnification from Spain. As the Spanish treasury was known to be in a depleted condition, and that it would be impossible to meet these demands, they felt it would surely result in some controversy or conflict which would redound to their benefit.

During the first "invasion" this policy was accordingly put into operation, and the march of the insurgents was marked, like that of the Israelites of old, "by a column of smoke by day and a pillar of fire by night," though in this case the signs were reversed, and followed, instead of leading, the rapidly moving bands. Thousands of acres of the finest sugar-cane waiting to be harvested, and scores of factories where the new juice is transformed into crude sugar, were devastated and destroyed.

Under ordinary circumstances the burning of a canefield does not materially injure the value of the cane, for if cut promptly and sent to the mill there is no perceptible loss. But if left standing for more than eight days the juice begins to ferment and turns sour, destroying the saccharine matter.

In times of peace many farmers first burn a troublesome field to facilitate the work of cutting, but then they see that it goes directly to the mill. But this was not the case with the cane burned by the rebels; for, after firing the fields, strict orders were issued against cutting it, and any one caught disobeying the decree was executed. Mile after mile of the richest fields were thus completely ruined.

Filled with consternation at the rapid spread of the movement, and alarmed at the devastating policy so persistently pursued by the rebel leaders, the planters called a meeting in Havana to devise a way financially to aid the sufferers. Business was at a standstill, traffic was temporarily blocked on the railroads, and a feeling of insecurity pervaded the community from the awful effects of the insurgent raid.

The success of their movement had far surpassed the wildest dreams of the insurgent chiefs, and Gomez, probably mistaking the mirth and excitement, with the incidental paralyzation of business, as a direct acknowledgment of his supremacy, graciously ordered that the destruction of cane should cease.

This order, issued on the 12th of January, 1896, at the sugar factory Mi Rosa (province of Havana), stated that as enough cane had been destroyed practically to end all further hopes of grinding, the burning of cane fields was no longer necessary. He made it a crime punishable to the severest military laws, and then went on to say that if any planter should disregard this order his machinery and boiling house would be destroyed by dynamite.

Gomez seemed to forget that men with enormous capitals at stake would go to the last extreme to save their interests. So, while the rebel chief thought himself master of the situation, and was marching around the country issuing circulars, proclamations, and decrees, which only tended to awe the simple-minded peasants who could not read, the planters were steadily working to place their factories in a fortified condition to be able to defy him later on.

Once fortified, the mask was thrown off, and Gomez and his subordinates were openly defied to come and prevent the grinding or destroy the factory. Of course to do this required ready cash, and as the two previous years in Cuba had been almost ruinous for the smaller planters, they were unable to defend their property on the same scale as their more fortunate companions.

It is a fact that cannot be denied, that when the insurgents, incensed at Weyler's guarantee to the planters that they could resume work on the 15th of March, started in to burn the factories, they did not wreak their vengeance on the wealthy planters whose estates were fortified, but contented themselves with burning all the small undefended factories of their poorer countrymen.

Owing to the comparative freedom from internal revolutions in Cuba during the last decade, American capital has steadily increased its sphere of investments. Many owners of large estates placed their holdings in the hands of promoters, who have formed large stock companies and syndicates, controlled by prominent sugar brokers in this country.

Among the foremost of such concerns is the Constancia Sugar Company, under the presidency of Mr. Osgood Welsh, of New York. Their estate, the Constancia, is the most extensive in Cuba, and only one other factory (Carmen) exceeds them in the amount of sugar turned out in a crop.

This estate was formerly owned by the Marquis de Apezteguia, but at present, though still holding considerable stock, he is only the resident manager. On his refusal to obey the rebel leader's decree forbidding him to work, Gomez sent him a message saying, "I am coming to burn your factory and hang you on a 'guasima' tree." Apezteguia replied: "You are very discourteous, but pray do not delay your visit, for I shall be very much pleased to meet you. I have ordered all the 'guasima' trees to be cut down, and have prepared a block and tackle from the top of the highest chimney for your reception." Gomez never carried out his threat or accepted the invitation to call, but has done all in his power to destroy the property. The estate gives employment to from 5000 to 6000 people in the occupation of sugar-making in all its branches. To preserve the buildings and the lives of the employees from the attacks of the insurgents the company has been compelled to construct about eighty forts or block houses, and to employ the services of a force of special police numbering about 700 men.

For the maintenance of this large force, and the cost of the arms, equipment, horses, etc., the owners pay on an average of $10,000 per month.

Notwithstanding the presence of this well armed body, the rebels have several times succeeded in flashing in and cutting down the inoffensive and unarmed laborers working in the fields.

The Soledad estate, situated a few leagues to the east of Cienfuegos, is owned by Mr. E. Atkins, of Boston. This property has also suffered from the effects of the insurgent raids. Forts and special police are also employed to defend it against these attacks.

The Trinidad estate, situated in the valley of the same name, is owned by an American syndicate, of which Mr. O. B. Stillman, of Boston, is the representative.

Owing to the repeated and persistent attacks upon his place, he has employed the services of seventy armed men for its protection. During this last campaign several attempts were made to blow up his machinery with dynamite, but, owing to ignorance displayed in placing the bombs, the explosions did but little damage.

On my last trip from Gomez's camp to the coast, during the month of March last, I met a young Cuban officer in the hills above Trinidad, who explained to me how he had placed a bomb under the furnaces of the factory, and that now after the explosion it only took a few hours to repair the damage. As we stood on the summit of a high mountain overlooking the beautiful panorama of the valley below, my friend pointed to a column of smoke arising from a tall chimney in the distance. "There," said he, "is the place owned by your infernal countryman. They have frustrated all our plans to destroy the factory so far, but the next time I attempt to explode a bomb I will be sure to catch Mr. Stillman and his manager, Mr. Turner, and blow them up with the factory."

Other large syndicates having their headquarters in New York are the Puerto Padre Company, controlling the large estate of San Manuel, the Narcisa Company, representing the magnificent factory of the same name at Yaguajay, in the Remedios District, the Tuinica Company, owning an estate situated near Sancti Spiritus, and whose cane was burned by the Spaniards to prevent the rebels from cutting it for forage for their horses, and the Rosario Sugar Company, representing the largest factory in Havana province, at Aguacate. These concerns are all represented in New York by J. M. Cebellos & Co.

Many individual Americans are also owners of valuable estates in Cuba. Foremost amongst these estates is the Hormiguero, owned by Elias Pouvert, of New York, which is considered as a model of neatness and good results.

The Parque Alto and Dos Hermanos are the property of the Foster Brothers; the Saratoga, of the McCullogh Brothers, the Carolina of the Stewarts, the Santa Catalina, of Henry Heidegger; the Tinguaro, of Charles La Rosa, and the San Miguel, of the Casanova Brothers, and the holdings of Julio Hidalgo complete the list of prominent American estates in the central district.

The large factory Santa Teresa, near Manzanillo, and the Congrosso and Senado, near Puerto Principe, are also owned by Americans.

Many of these employ special police, while others have not been molested by the insurgents, and have no necessity of their protection.

The San Miguel and Tinguaro were housed by the rebels. The owners of the former have indeed been unfortunate, for according to all reports, the Spanish troops under Colonel Fondevilla killed several of the employees, and ordered the owners to vacate the premises under threats of death. Shortly after the estate was reported to have been burned by unknown parties, but the writer subsequently learned from General Aguirre that he had ordered Major Valencia to apply the torch as punishment for non payment of the war contributions levied upon the owners. The same motive explains the destruction of the Tinguaro estate.

There are many more of our countrymen who have invested their capital in Cuba, and have suffered to a greater or less extent by the destruction of some part of their property. Every one of them has the same story to tell, and all express themselves very forcibly on a point that is but imperfectly understood in this country—and that is while they are suffering under the exactions of both sides, they strenuously object to the persecution of so-called Cuban "patriots" who are American citizens.

While many of our charitable citizens here at home are generously contributing to aid a cause that appeals strongly to popular fancy, the recipients of this generosity have left no stone unturned in attempts to destroy the estates of other Americans in the island of Cuba. To protect themselves they are compelled to expend equal sums for fortifications and soldiers, and so at present we find the rather remarkable situation of one part of our population liberally subscribing to destroy the interests of another part—and these, in their turn, are spending equal sums to prevent it.

Many American planters can show orders from insurgent leaders prohibiting them, under penalty of death and the destruction of their property, to resume work; and the fact that calls and burns in that many of these orders are signed by "American" citizens holding commissions in the rebel army. Many of these planters can place in evidence piles of empty cartridge shells bearing the stamp of American manufacturers that have been supplied to the rebels by their sympathizers in this country, to be used against the employees of other Americans in Cuba. We have been mystified to read a great deal about the "massacres and atrocities" committed by the Spaniards, but the fact that the insurgents swoop down and "machete" the peaceable laborers in the field seems to have escaped mention.

To our American planters the most deplorable side of the question is that they are completely at the mercy of the insurgents, for if they should make a formal complaint in the courts of the United States against these bogus Americans, it would mean the signal for the complete destruction of their property, and would leave them without even the prospect of future indemnification in case of a Cuban victory.

In the programme issued by T. Estrada Palma, dated New York, August 15, 1895, he emphatically states, in article four, that the Cubans will not be responsible, either before or after the "triumph," for foreign property destroyed during the war.

This statement added to the persistent persecutions of the rebels and the perpetual demand for money, may explain the reason why so many of our planters are arrayed on the side of Spain, or in favor of annexation in preference to a Cuban republic.

From a financial stand point nine-tenths of them prefer annexation, as it would mean many millions of dollars more in their pockets. The immense bounties paid yearly by the European governments to foster the manufacture of beet root sugar, and the excessive import duties imposed by the United States government, have affected the Cuban industry to such an extent that only a very few of the leading estates, working with the most improved apparatus, and managed on a thorough economic basis, can show a profit at the end of the season.

Some years ago, when sugar brought from three to six cents per pound in the New York market, and the manufacture of sugar from beets was still in the experimental stage, the Cuban "hacendado" built up large fortunes, and his estate was considered as valuable as a gold-mine. This golden era in Cuba was probably one of the worst misfortunes that could have fallen upon her; for the planters, naturally inclined to be wasteful, feeling sure of their monopoly and of their immense gains, gave little attention to the minor details of their business. Economy in administering the estate was not thought of, and large sums were yearly squandered, of which no account was kept.

Machinery agents, and others doing business with them, obtained enormous profits for their products and work.

The beet root industry in Europe, on the other hand, was pushed by capitalists, who employed the most perfected machinery, and paid large salaries to skilled chemists to superintend the process of elaboration. In this way they obtained the highest results, extracting the maximum of saccharine matter from the raw material.

As these concerns were content with a moderate rate of gain on their principal invested, and aided by the bounty, they soon entered the field for supplying the world's market the result being that the value of sugar steadily decreased, until for the last three years the price paid to the planters has only averaged two cents a pound.

The average Cuban planter, accustomed as he was to large profits, found it very difficult to successfully carry on his business on the reduced margin, and, owing to the lack of administrative ability, many were forced to the wall and failed.

It was probably this fact that led so many of them to place their properties in the hands of American capitalists, as only by the expenditure of large sums for the installation of improved machinery could they expect to make sugar at a profit and successfully compete with their beet root rival.

The Cuban sugar cane contains on an average of sixteen per cent. of saccharine matter, but up to the present date, with existing machinery, the "ingenios" have only been able to extract on an average of eight per cent., or one-half. Some estates claim to have extracted as high as ten and a half and eleven per cent., but this can be considered as very extraordinary and exceptional, and extremely doubtful, for the chemist or sugar boiler who can obtain such results would soon be "rolling in millions."

Many planters claim that there are only two things that can again restore the prosperous times of old, and these are, either the invention of some process whereby they can extract more sugar from the cane, or the annexation of the Island to the United States, which would abolish the present duty, and allow them successfully to drive out the European product.

As the first step in this direction, they advocate the settlement of the present war on the basis of home rule, and then, when the people are sufficiently educated in self-government, to initiate a movement towards annexation, based on a payment to Spain of so many million of dollars.

Others are more outspoken, and eagerly advocate the immediate annexation of the island, without consulting the wishes of either the Spaniards or the Cuban insurgents.

The Cubans frankly admit that they cannot win the war by force of arms, and in the next breath declare that they will accept no solution that is not based on absolute independence.

The Spaniards emphatically state that under no consideration will they listen to any proposition of this nature; and owing to the campaign of the rebels in persistently holding out in the hills, without presenting a front, it is difficult to see how they can expect to suppress the revolution for a year or so to come.

In the mean while many of the sugar estates, except those that employ special forces of armed police, are compelled to pay taxes on both sides. As the rebels have positively prohibited the continuance of work to many instances, and have sworn to destroy the factories of those who disobey their order, it is clear that with many planters it is only a question of time when they will have to abandon the struggle, withdraw their protection, and allow the insurgent to carry out his threat, providing something does not happen in the near future to end this seemingly interminable struggle.

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"THE VINTAGE."*

BY E. F. BENSON.

CHAPTER XVII.

MEANTIME from the citadel Ali Aga had watched the destruction of one ship and the flight of the other. At the moment when the first had entered the harbor he had opened fire on the Malmote corps, but they, obeying Petrobey's direction, merely sheltered behind the rails, and did not even take the trouble to return the fire. Encouraged by this and seeing heavy fighting going on below, Ali was just preparing to make a dash for the harbor with some half the troops, in order to establish communication, when the firing below ceased, and he saw one ship sail off without firing a shot, while the other drifted with full sails across the bay, and then grounded. At that he resolved to wait, for he had an intention of going to the rescue of those who should have rescued him; and indeed, without co-operation from the ship, the attempt would have been madness.

At dusk the firing below ceased altogether, for a boat had put off from the ship, bearing the white flag of surrender, and all those who were left on board were removed, their arms taken from them, and put into custody. Niketas, who boarded the ship, felt a sudden unwilling admiration for the men who had gone on fighting against such fearful odds. The deck presented a fearful sight, for the dead were lying there simply in heaps. The list of the ship as she struck had drained the blood in thick half congealed streams through the scuppers, and it was dripping sullenly into the sea. The arms and powder were then transferred in boats to the land, where they were added to the stock, and the Greeks made several unsuccessful attempts to get out one or two of the larger guns, which might prove useful if Kalamata refused to capitulate. But all their efforts, in the absence of proper tackle and lifting apparatus, were useless, and after emptying the ship of all that could be of use to them, including a sum of five hundred Turkish pounds, which was found in the captain's cabin, they set light to it, for fear it should be got off by its sister ship and so return into the enemy's service. All night long the hull blazed, and about midnight it was a pillar of fire, for the sails caught, and the flames went roaring upwards mast high. And thus ended the first day of the siege.

All next day the siege continued, and no attempt was made on the part of the Turks to make an attack, nor on that of the besiegers to force their way into the citadel. The pass from Arcadia and that over Taygetus, over one of which any relief expedition must come from Tripoli, were carefully watched, and before that appeared Petrobey declined to make an attack which must be expensive to the Greek army, when simply waiting would do their work for them, while Ali, on his side, would sooner capitulate, if the worst came to the worst, than with his fifteen hundred men, ill supplied with ammunition, engage these six regiments of Greeks; for such an engagement, as he knew, would only end in his utter defeat, and the massacre, in all probability, of all the Turks in the town.

Early on the third morning it was clear that help was not coming from Tripoli, or, at any rate, that it would come too late. The water supply had entirely given out, and famine as well was beginning to make itself felt. For two days and nights the citadel had been packed like a crate of figs with men, women, and children from below, more than half of whom had had to be sent under the cold of the spring night, exposed to the dews and the sun, some of them barely half-clad, just as they had been awakened from their sleep when they had fled panic stricken to the citadel. Below in the Greek army the utmost content and harmony still reigned; the men were well quartered and had all the supplies of the town to feed on, and a considerable amount of booty had been taken, half of which was divided between the men, half reserved for the war fund by Petrobey.

The first bugle had sounded half an hour, and they were preparing their breakfast, when a white flag was hoisted on the corner tower and the gate opened, and Ali Aga, alone and unattended, except for a page who carried his chibouk, walked down into the camp. Some Greeks who had lived there under him, and had felt his cruel and irresponsible rule, saw him coming and surrounded him, spitting at him and reviling him. But here the brave part of the man came to the front, and turning round on them, he cursed at them so fiercely, calling them dogs and sons of dogs, that they fell back. Had he shown a moment's fear he would have been killed a dozen times before he reached Petrobey's quarters, but he treated them as a man treats snarling curs, and asked one to show him the way to their commander.

Petrobey had seen Ali coming, and was sitting outside the house where he had taken up his quarters, smoking, when the Turk appeared. He rose and saluted him. But Ali did not return the salute; to him the Greeks were "all of one lake," as they say, and he looked at him and spoke as if he were speaking to one of his own slaves.

"I find it necessary for me to capitulate," he said, speaking Greek, "and I am here to settle the conditions."

Petrobey flushed angrily, for, being a gentleman himself, he had no intention of being treated others as. So he sat down again, leaving Ali standing and crossed one leg over the other.

"I have an conditions," he said, "except this one—I will give you my word that my men are absolutely in control and I will allow no general massacre. At the same time, it would be safer for all of you not to assume insolent and overbearing airs."

Ali raised his eyebrows and before speaking again, sat down and beckoned to the boy who carried his pipe.

"You will not give us a safe conduct to Tripoli, for instance?"

"No."

"You will not allow us to retain our arms?"

Petrobey laughed. "That is not my intention. All I will do," and his anger suddenly flared out at the perfectly assumed insolence of the man—"all I will do is to forbid my men to shoot you down like dogs. You will be wise to consider that, for we may not care to grant such terms, nor yet be able to enforce obedience to them if we did, as the day when Tripoli is crushed like a beetle below our heel."

All shrugged his shoulders. "Oblige me with a light," he said to one of the Greeks who stood by, and he lit his pipe before he spoke again. "Your terms are preposterous," he said. "I do not, however, say that I will not accept them, but I wish for five hours more for consideration."

"To wait for help from Tripoli?" remarked Petrobey. "I am afraid that will not suit me. 'Yes' or 'No,' please."

"If I will give neither 'Yes' nor 'No,' what then?"

"This. You shall go back in safety, and then when you are starved out, or when we take the place, I will not grant any terms. And we have a long score against you. My countrymen who have lived here under you have told me many things of you."

"I suppose the dogs have. I accept your terms."

Petrobey rose.

"Consider yourself my prisoner," he said, not even looking at him. "Take charge of him, two of you, and order all three corps out, Yanni."

"Another piece of charcoal, one of you," said Ali; "this tobacco is a little damp."

In half an hour's time all the Turkish soldiers and civilians were defiled out of the citadel, unarmed, between the lines of the Greeks. They were instantly divided up between all the different corps, and from that moment became the property of the soldiers as much as the Greek slaves in the last year had been the property of their Turkish masters. Many who had friends were ransomed, many became domestic slaves, and many, in the Greek phrase, "the moon devoured." The flag of Greece was hoisted on the towers, and the work which Mitsos had cried aloud in fire from Taygetus to Bassae had begun.

And on that day which saw the dawning of the freedom of Greece it seemed to these enthusiastic hearts, who for years had cherished and fed the smouldering spark which now ran leaping into flames, that earth and sea and sky joined in the glory and triumph. From his throne in the infinite blue the sun shone, to their eyes with a magnificence not its own. To the south the sea sparkled and laughed innumerably, and the meadows round the fallen town that day grew suddenly scarlet with the opening wind-flowers. And when the work of distributing the prisoners was over, all the army went down to the edge of the torrent-bed and gave thanks to the Giver of Victory. Then, half a mile above the citadel, where the stream flowed on the far side of its bed, in a church in which was the sun, the light, and the soft, cool south wind, the incense that wafted thanksgiving to heaven, stood the first Greek army of free men that had known the unspeakable thrill of victory since the Romans had bound them a score of hundred years ago. Some were old men, withered and gray in the unwilling service to a cruel and greedy master, and destined not to see the full noon of their freedom; in some, like the seed on stony ground, a steadfast heart had no deep root, and in the times of war and desolation which were still to come they were to fall away, tiring of the glorious quest; some were still young boys, to whom the event was no more than a mere toy, but for the time, at any rate, all were one heart, beating full in the morning of a long delayed resurrection. Standing on a mound in the centre were four and twenty priests, in the front of whom stood Father Andréa, tall and eyed like a mountain hawk, with a heart full of glory and red vengeance. And when, lifting up the mighty voice in Greece, he gave out the first words of that hymn which has risen a thousand times from the clash of victorious arms, the voice of a great multitude answered him, and the sound was as the sound of many waters. All the ardor and the hot blood of the Greek leaped like a blush to the surface, and on all sides, mixed with the noise of the singing, rose one great sob of a thankful people born again. Petrobey with Nicholas on one side, and Mitsos and Yanni on the other, hardly knew that the tears were streaming down his gaunt, weather-worn cheeks, and to the others, as to him, memory and expectation were merged and sunk in the present ineffable moment. There was no before or after; they were there, men of a free people, and conscious only of one thing—that the first blow had been struck, that they thanked God for the power He had given them to use.

And when it was over Petrobey turned to Nicholas, and smiling at him through his tears, "Old friend!" he said.

And Nicholas echoed his words—echoed that which was too deep for words—and, "Old friend!" he replied.

CHAPTER XVIII.

For two days more the army remained at Kalamata, and Petrobey posted scouts over the lower hills of Taygetus, and at the top of the plain where a low pass led into Arcadia, to wait to attack any relieving force from Tripoli, should such be sent. Flushed with victory as they were, nothing seemed impossible, and the men generally would have chosen to march straight on that stronghold of the Turkish power. But Petrobey was wiser, he knew that in this affair at Kalamata there had been applied no real test of the army's capacity, they had held their mouths open and the prey had dropped into them. To attack a strongly fortified place was a very different matter. At present he had neither men nor guns enough, and the only course to be taken was simply to wait till, with the news of their exploit, the rising became more general. In the mean time he remained at Kalamata in order to get tidings from the south of Morea as to what had taken place there, and, if expedient, to unite his army with the contingent from Patras and Megaspélaion. As commander in chief of the first army in the field he issued a proclamation declaring that the Greeks were determined to throw off the yoke of the Turk and asking for the aid of Christians in giving liberty to those who were enslaved to the worshippers of an alien God.

The primates and principal clergy of Morea, it will be remembered, had been summoned to Tripoli for the meeting at the end of March, and the scheme that the wise Mitsos had hatched to give an excuse for their disobedience had met with entire success. Germanos, who both spoke and wrote Turkish, forged a letter purporting to come from a friendly Mussulman at Tripoli, warning him not to go there, for Mehemet Salik, thinking that a rising of the Greeks was imminent, had determined to put one or two of the principal men to death in order to terrorize the people, and therefore deprive them of their leaders. With this in his pocket, he set out and travelled quietly to Kalavryta, where he found other primates assembled at the house of Zaimes, the primate of the place. Germanos arrived there in the evening, and before going to bed gave the forged letter to Lambros, his servant, telling him to start early next morning, ride in the direction of Tripoli, then turn back and meet the party at their mid-day halt. He was then to give the letter to his master, saying that he had received it from a Turk on the road, who, hearing that he was Germanos's servant, told him, as he valued his life and his master's life, to ride back and give it to him, and on no account to breathe a word of the matter to any one.

Lambros, who was as fond as all his countrymen of a mystery, did exactly as he was told, and at mid day, while the primates were halting, he spurred a jaded, foam streaked horse up the road, flung himself quickly off, and gave the letter to his master. Germanos glanced through it with well feigned dismay and cries of astonished horror, and at once read it aloud to the assembled primates, who were struck with consternation. Some suggested one thing, and some another, but every one looked to Germanos for his opinion.

"This we will do, my brothers," he said, "if it seems good to you. I will send this letter to the most excellent Mehemet Salik and ask for a promise of safety. We may not disregard it, for if, as God forbid, it is true, where would our flock be without their shepherds? But if it is false he will at once send us a promise of safety. Meantime we must act as if it were true, and I suggest that we all disperse for our greater safety, each surrounding himself with some small guard. And before the answer comes back it may be"—he looked round and saw only the faces of patriots—"it may be that there will be other business on hand."

It is probable that more than one of the primates guessed that the letter was a forgery, but they were only too glad to be supplied with a specious excuse for delaying their journey, and followed Germanos's advice.

Then followed ten days of feverish waiting while an Taygetus Petrobey collected the forces which were to besiege Kalamata. Evening by evening patient men climbed to the hills where the beacons were to be, and watched for the signal, and morning by morning returned to the expectant band of patriots in their villages, saying, "Not yet, not yet," until one night the beacons leaped from north to south of the land, telling them that the time had come. At Kalavryta, where the first blow was struck, they found the Turks even less ready than at Kalamata, and on the 3d of April the town surrendered, on receiving, as at Kalamata, a promise that there should be no massacre. The place was one of little importance among the Turkish towns, but of first importance to the revolutionists, lying as it did in the centre of the richest valley in Greece, and in close proximity to Megaspélaion, and became the centre of operations in the north. Also it was valuable in as much as several very wealthy Turks lived there, and the money that then fell into the hands of the Greeks supplied the sinews of war.

As soon as the news reached Kalavryta, Petrobey determined to move. The success of the patriots in the north showed that they were in no need of help at present, and to have two different armies in the field, one driving the Turks south and, the other northward, into Tripoli—the central fortress of their power—was exactly what he wanted. But more than ever now his power of command was needed, the men, hearing of the taking of Kalavryta, were wild to unite with the northern army and reach straight an Tripoli. But he was perfectly firm; such a course could only end in disaster, for they had yet to get experience and knowledge of what war meant before they ventured on that which would be the end, one way or the other. They must learn the art of war. What better school was there than on the slopes of Taygetus, dotted about as it was with Turkish villages, and where they would not, from the nature of the ground, be exposed to the attacks of cavalry? So, after making great breaches in the citadel walls, and filling up the well, so that it could never be used as a stronghold again, they marched back across the plains and up into the hills, with the glory of success upon them.

Three nights later Yanni and Mitsos were sitting, after supper, in the open air by a camp fire. Yanni, still rather soft from his month's fattening at Tripoli—"And, oh, Yanni," said Mitsos, "but it is a singing affair to have fattened a chicken like you, and never have it for dinner!"—was suffering from a blister on his heel, and Mitsos prescribed brandy or pure indifference.

"If you'd been fattened as I have," said Yanni, severely, "I expect you'd not be able to walk. You know Mitsos, if you go on eating as much as you do now, you'll be a waddling fat old man by the time you are thirty."

Mitsos plucked Yanni over the ribs. "Poor Mehemet!" he said. "All that for nothing!"

Nicholas had strolled out of his hut, and was standing behind the boys as they talked.

"Now look at Uncle Nicholas, Yanni," continued Mitsos, still unconscious of his presence, "he's about—about a foot taller than you, but I doubt if you could get inside his trousers."

Nicholas laughed. "I can do it myself, little Mitsos," he said. "Come in, you two. There is business forward."

Mitsos sprang up, and Yanni tugged on his boot, forgetting the blister.

"A journey," he said. "for Mitsos and me? Oh, Mitsos, it is good!"

"You can't walk," said Mitsos; "you've got a blister, and must be carried like a scented woman."

"A blister?" asked Nicholas. "Don't think about it."

"So said I," answered Mitsos, "but he does think about it."

"Well, come in," answered Nicholas, "and hear what you will hear."

The business was soon explained. The ship which had been seen at Kalamata had gone back to Nauplia, as it was reported, and was to transport from there several wealthy Turkish families, who were fearful for their safety, to Athens. From Athens it would come back,

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 2180.

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"MIXED WITH THE ROSE OF THE SINGING, ROSE ONE GREAT SOB OF A THANKFUL PEOPLE BORN AGAIN."

bringing arms and ammunition to Nauplia. The time for the fire ship had come.

"And Nicholas says, little Mitsos," continued Petrobey, "that you know the bay of Nauplia like your own hand, and can take your boat about it as a man carries food to his mouth."

Mitsos finished with pleasure. "I know it pretty well," he said. "When do I start?"

"To-morrow morning. The ship arrived there three days ago, but will wait another five days. The business is to be done when she is well out, so that there is no time for her to get back. You will want some one with you. Whom would you like?"

Mitsos looked at Yanni. "Whom but the little cousin?" he said.

"And does it please the little cousin?"

"The little cousin doesn't mind," said Yanni, with his eye dancing, and gave Mitsos a great poke in the ribs.

"Ugh, fat pig!" quoth Mitsos; "we will settle that account together."

"Be quiet, you two," said Petrobey, "and listen to me." And he gave them the full instructions what they were to do.

"Big butchers we shall be," said the bloodthirsty Mitsos when he had finished. "Eh, but the fishes will bless us!"

Yanni and he tumbled out of the hut again, spurring at each other for sheer delight at a new adventure, and sat talking over the fire, smoking the best tobacco from Turkish shops at Kalamata, till Nicholas, coming out late to go the round of the sentries, packed them off to bed.

All the apparatus they would require, and also the caique they were to use for the fire ship, were at Nauplia, and they started off next morning, unencumbered with baggage, with only one house, which the "scented woman" was to rule if his blister hurt him. A detachment of the clan which was not on duty, as well as Nicholas and Mitsos's father, saw them to the top of the pass, which they were to follow till they got on to the road, and go across country, giving Tripoli a very wide berth, and taking a boat across the bay of Nauplia so as to avoid Argos. At Nauplia they were to put up at Mitsos's house, but keep very quiet, and remain there as little time as possible. The caique would be lying at another opposite—Jelias the café-keeper knew about it.

The journey was made without alarm or danger. On the evening of the first day they found themselves at the bottom of the Langada Pass, with the great fertile plain of Sparta spread out before them, now green, now gray, as the wind rufled the groves of olive-trees. A mile beyond the bottom of the pass their way lay close under the walls of the little Turkish town of Mistra, and this they passed by quickly, in case the news of the taking of Kalamata had come and soldiers were on the look-out for wandering Greeks, meaning to camp as soon as they got a safe distance off. But as they skirted along a foot path below the town Yanni looked back.

"It's very odd," he said, "but we have passed nobody going home, and look, there are no lights in any of the houses!"

"Isn't it queer," said Mitsos. "No, there is not a single light. We'll wait a bit."

They sat down off the path in the growing dusk, but not a sign came from the town; no lights appeared in the windows, it seemed perfectly deserted, and by degrees their curiosity triumphed over their caution.

"We will go very quietly and have a look at the gate. It will be pleasanter sleeping in a house than in the fields, for it will be cold before morning up here."

"That comes of living in a fine house in Tripoli," remarked Mitsos. "Come on, then."

The two went very cautiously back to the road which led up to the main gate, and found it standing wide open.

"That ought to be shut at dark," remarked Mitsos, "we will go a little further."

They went up the narrow paved street, passing a mosque, and came on a café with doors wide open. A fire had evidently been lit some hours before, and a brass coffee jug was still standing on the dead embers.

"This will do nicely," remarked Mitsos. "Oh, Yanni, I see. They must have had news of the Kalamata thing, and all fled. There's not a soul left in the place. Come on; we'll just go to the top of the street."

Everywhere the same silence and desolation reigned. The door of the big mosque higher up was standing wide open, and at the entrance were two big silver candlesticks which seemed to have been taken out of the place and then left behind, opposite another door were a couple of embroidered Turkish dresses, and further on, in a wine-shop, a cask of wine dragged from its trestles and then abandoned. In one place a silk covered sofa blocked a doorway, in another a Koran lay on the step. Everything bore signs of a sudden panic stricken flight, but of man no trace whatever. The only live thing they saw was a cat with mournful eyes, which stared at them from an upper window and stood out curiously black in the light of the moon, which had risen about the time of sunset.

"I believe you are right, Mitsos," said Yanni at length. "We will have a very good supper in that café, and afterwards sleep there. Or would you like a nice sofa to put your heels upon?"

They soon found an empty stable for the horse, and set about getting their own supper, which was no difficult matter. They rolled the cask of wine down to the café. In one house Mitsos found a couple of chickens ready plucked and some lettuce which had been placed in water, that were still fresh, and by the time he had rekindled the charcoal fire and got the water hot for boiling them Yanni returned with bread, cheese and a small wooden box still unopened, which turned out to contain Bahut is koom. In a shop opposite their café they found candles and Yanni insisted on using the two silver candlesticks which stood at the door of the mosque. Above the café was a big room containing two beds, and a smaller room with one. The beds had been left as they had been slept in, and Mitsos disdainfully pulled off the sheets, for he would not lie between sheets where a Turk had lain; and then, going down stairs again, they put up the windows and closed the door and lighted the candles.

"Eh, but this is a very good house," said Mitsos. "There are lodgings for a king here."

"The Turk knows how to be comfortable," answered Yanni. "Oh, Mitsos, if the man of the house could only see us! How he would howl!"

Mitsos was rummaging in the cupboards behind the counter. "A pot of little anchovies," he remarked, "they come first. By the Virgin, there is tobacco, too! It is a hungry evening, little Yanni."

Yanni laughed. "Really the Turk is a convenient man. We can take provisions from here which will last to Nauplia. There will be no skulking about in villages to buy bread and wine and not be seen. The chickens are ready. Sit down, cousin."

They passed the evening in the best of spirits, for that the hated and despised Turk, whose destruction was their mission, should board and lodge them thus unwittingly seemed one of the best of jokes. Mitsos every now and then broke into a huge grin as he made fearful inroads upon the food and wine, and Yanni kept ejaculating: "Very good chicken of the Turk. The best wine of the Turk. Give me some lettuce of the Turk. I wish we could take the candles, Mitsos, but perhaps two peasant boys with heavy silver candlesticks slung on their horse might seem odd."

They started again next morning, having loaded the pony with provisions, for Yanni preferred to suffer from his blister rather than from hunger, and struck straight across the plain, avoiding the villages, and keeping to byways. They reached the Eurotas—that great, clear stream, sliding on from pool to shallow, and shallow to rapid, and food to ford—some mile or so below Sparta, and Mitsos, who in his island life pined for the sumptuous existence of Nauplia, came upon a deep pool, and in a moment was stripped and swimming. From there another two hours led them across the plain to the foot of the hills, where they halted and ate a sumptuous mid day meal.

So for two more days they went on, sleeping sometimes during the middle of the day under the shade of aromatic pines or behind some bluff of earth in a dry torrent bed, and as they got nearer to Tripoli and Argos, marching through the cool still night over shoulders and out stretched limbs of mountain range or down through silent valleys all flushed with spring, and spending the daylight hours in some sheltered nook or cave, each keeping alternate watches while the other slept, and eventually coming down to Mili, where they were to get the boat to take them across the bay early one morning while it was still dark, and once again in the pure sweet sunrise Mitsos saw the great blue sheet of the bay spread out smooth and clear at his feet, and the first rays of morning sparkling on the town on the other side, turning the damp roofs to sheets of gold, and on a white house at the head of the bay, where his heart was.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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CHARLES S. FAIRCHILD.
Candidate of the Citizens' Union for Comptroller of Greater New York.—[See Page 1038.]

AUSTEN G. FOX.
Candidate of the Citizens' Union for District Attorney of Greater New York.—[See Page 1038.]

NEAL DOW.

NEAL DOW was born in Portland, Maine, March 20, 1804. His father, Jedediah Dow, died at the age of nearly ninety five.

Neal Dow was twenty-five years old when he delivered his first temperance speech. It was at an anniversary supper of a fire company to which he belonged, and his strenuous opposition to the use of liquor was effective to that degree that the fire company adopted temperance as a principle. Later he prevailed upon the Maine Mechanics' Charitable Association to forego the use of wine at its annual dinner.

At that time liquor was almost universally used in Maine. One of the curious customs of Portland in those days was the ringing of the town bell at eleven and at four o'clock, by way of warning to mechanics that it was time to leave work and get a drink. This custom the young reformer succeeded in having abolished. Then he persuaded most of the Portland employers to discontinue supplying their men with liquor.

Beginning in the humblest rank, he rose to be head of the Portland Fire Department, and made it one of the best in New England.

After his first successes, Neal Dow felt that Temperance was the most important cause of the age. It was owing largely to his efforts that the Young Men's Total Abstinence Society of Portland was organized. Its first meeting, it is said, was held in the counting room of a distillery.

A memorial was presented, in 1837, asking the Maine Legislature to pass a law prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquor. General James Appleton, of Massachusetts, who had become a resident of Portland, was the leader of the movement, the first ever made in this country at least. It failed, and then Neal Dow, his friend, stepped forward as the champion of Prohibition.

Two years later he succeeded in having the question of Prohibition submitted to the popular vote in Portland, but it was defeated. Portland, however, in 1843, voted for Prohibition by a majority of 440. In 1846 the Maine Legislature enacted the first liquor prohibitory law, but the penalties provided were slight, and in 1849 he persuaded that body to pass a more stringent law, which was vetoed by the Governor, however. It was again passed by the House in 1850, but the Senate voted it down. Dow was elected Mayor of Portland in 1851, and the same year the Legislature passed the law he drew up. He was defeated for re-election, and then took to the lecture field, his speeches meeting great enthusiasm. Elected Mayor of Portland again in 1855, a riot occurred during his term of office, when Mayor Dow took personal charge of a company of troops. He ordered the troops to fire on the rioters, who were attempting to seize the stock of liquors owned by the city, and one of the alleged rioters was killed. The Mayor surrendered himself up to justice, and was at once discharged. Following this, the prohibitory law was repealed, but it was re-enacted the next year and has been on the statute-books ever since.

Neal Dow was one of the first antislavery agitators. He was active in the organization of the Republican party. As a Republican he was twice elected to the Legislature, in 1858 and in 1859.

When the war broke out Neal Dow had become convinced that the tenets of the Society of Friends did not harmonize with the career upon which he had entered. He was commissioned Colonel October 5, 1861, and had his regiment ready for the field by December 30.

While in command at Ship Island he was commissioned Brigadier General. Leading a charge at Port Hudson, he was twice wounded and was taken from the field. A party of rebel cavalry slipped through the Union lines and captured him. He was twice in Libby Prison, and was eventually exchanged for General Fitzhugh Lee.

After the close of the war he spent three years in the Prohibition propaganda in Europe.

In 1880 General Dow was nominated for the Presidency by the Prohibitionists, but declined the honor and voted the Republican ticket. He did not leave the Republican party until 1896, when he took the stump in Maine.

NEAL DOW.
Died October 2, 1897.

PRAXEDES MATEO SAGASTA.
The New Spanish Premier.—[See Page 1038.]

THE PHILADELPHIA GAS-WORKS.

In March, 1835 the Councils of Philadelphia passed an ordinance providing for the construction and management of the Philadelphia gas works. It authorized the City Treasurer to receive subscriptions for one thousand shares of stock at $100 per share. These shares were subscribed for, and in 1836 the works were completed. They were managed and controlled by a board of twelve trustees, six elected by each branch of Councils for a term of three years. The city reserved to itself the right to take over the works and convert the stock into a loan—a right which was exercised in 1841. Thus the city became the absolute owner of the gas works. Further improvements and extensions being necessary, additional loans were negotiated, to which the credit of the city was pledged, as were also the buildings, appurtenances, fixtures, and profits. As a supposed additional security, an ordinance was passed in 1841 expressly stipulating that the works should be controlled and managed by the trustees until the loans were paid off—a provision which turned up in later years to plague the city and baffle efforts to improve the system. As the city acquired new plants, these too were put under the control of the trustees upon similar conditions.

It was not until September, 1868, that this policy was changed. In that month an ordinance was passed authorizing a new gas loan, but it was expressly stipulated that the provisions of the ordinance of 1841 should not apply, and that nothing contained in the ordinance should interfere with the city's taking possession of the gas-works whenever Councils might determine to do so. The last loan subject to the ordinance of 1841 expired in 1886, and then Councils were free to transfer the works to the newly constituted Department of Public Works, which they accordingly did by the ordinance of April 4, 1887.

At the time of the transfer the gas-works supplied all the gas sold in the city of Philadelphia, except in a small portion covered by the Northern Liberties Gas Company, as the city had from time to time acquired possession of all independent gas-works within the city limits, paying for them by the issuance of new loans, thus concentrating the business of gas making in its own hands—a business which grew as the city's population grew. The politicians were not slow to see that the gas-works offered them large opportunities to increase their prestige and power, and accordingly they laid their plans to secure control of the Board of Trustees, and through it of the immense patronage in the shape of positions and contracts at its disposal, so that by the close of the sixties the gas-works had passed entirely into the control of the ring, which came to be known as the "gas ring," the workings and iniquities of which have been quite fully and interestingly brought out by Mr. James Bryce in the second volume of his *American Commonwealth*.

From the close of the war until early in the eighties the "gas ring" dominated the politics of Philadelphia. It ran things generally, and the gas works particularly, to suit itself and its political fortunes. The only redress open to the city was through Councils, but the "ring" managed that only men friendly to their interests were nominated and elected to Councils, so that there was little danger of any demand for figures or an investigation. Consequently we have no data for the later period covered by the management of the trustees from which we can draw any intelligent conclusions. It was not until the works were transferred to the Department of Public Works, in 1887, that we can learn anything of importance about their management, as concerning the question of whether they yield a profit or loss.

Naturally the gas trustees were averse to any proposition to sell or lease the works to private parties, as such a course would have meant their retirement and put an end to their power; and since the city has assumed the direct management, Councils have persistently refused to consider with favor any such suggestion. Only last year the Common Council adopted a resolution to the effect that it viewed with disfavor any proposition to place this valuable plant (estimated by the Mayor to be worth at least $30,000,000) in the hands of a corporation, thereby establishing a monopoly of a necessity and placing the people at its mercy. The present Mayor, in his inaugural address, positively declared it to be his opinion that the gas works "should never pass from the *absolute control* [italics mine] and ownership of the city." In his annual messages he has reiterated the same sentiment. In 1896 he said, after quoting the above words from his inaugural, that "the plant is too valuable, and history shows that whenever such a property passes into private hands it in turn becomes an extortionate monopoly. During my administration I have seen nothing that tends to change my opinion as once expressed."

Notwithstanding this unqualified expression of executive and councilmanic opinion, the United Gas Improvement Company of Philadelphia, which controls and operates gas plants in very nearly forty large cities, has made a proposition to lease the Philadelphia works for a period of thirty years. An ordinance to this effect has been transmitted to Councils by the Mayor. This company proposes to pay the city, for the *exclusive* right to supply gas to the citizens of Philadelphia for a period of thirty years free from all competition—first, a million dollars for the supplies and materials now on hand and for accounts receivable; then annual cash payments, which, *if* the price of gas is maintained at the present rate ($1 per 1000 cubic feet), would amount to $95,725,000 throughout the term of the lease, beginning the first year with $350,000, and gradually increasing until the thirtieth year, when it will be $2,325,000; the expenditure within three years of $5,000,000 in the improvement, enlargement, and *maintenance* of the works; the supply of 700,000,000 cubic feet of gas for public buildings and street lamps free of charge; the works to be surrendered to the city at the expiration of the lease without further cost to the city.

At the same time that this proposal was submitted, the Philadelphia Gas Company offered to take the works for thirty years at a rental ranging from $1,000,000 a year for the first five years to $1,500,000 for the last five years, and aggregating $37,500,000 during the term of the lease, also to expend $15,000,000 in rebuilding the works, and if less than that amount is needed the difference to be paid to the city; the city to fix the price of gas within certain limits, the maximum charge possible being $1 per 1000 cubic feet for illuminating purposes, and 75 cents for fuel, the city to have the privilege of terminating the lease at any time after ten years by reimbursing the company for the actual cost of improvements, with interest at five per cent. per annum.

Since these offers were made others have been submitted, one by the Bay State Gas Company, and two by groups of local capitalists, the terms of which are somewhat more favorable than those offered by the two first mentioned companies. All the offers demonstrate the immense value of the plant and good will and the large profits likely to accrue from a proper and businesslike management of the works. While the terms offered at this time by the various bidders are much the fairest and most advantageous thus far offered, it is not to be understood that the city's interests are adequately protected, or that a better proposition could not be made, and at the same time yield a fair and reasonable profit to the lessee.

A consideration of these terms and their fairness involves the whole question of the city's ownership and management; and while the figures furnished by the Bureau of Gas do not enable one to comprehend fully the past decade's operation, a study of such as we have at hand and of the conditions surrounding the present management is both instructive and interesting to the student of the conduct of municipal monopolies.

We must preface any consideration of the subject by the statement that the gas works are run on a political basis. They are still in politics, although they do not hold the conspicuous place they once did. Still, as they require or are alleged to require nearly two thousand employees, their political importance is not to be overlooked, and in passing I may say they have not been overlooked by the practical politicians. A very large proportion of the employees are exempt even from such civil service rules as we have, coming under the exempted class of laborers. This leaves the way open for the political pull, and evidence is not wanting to show that it is fully utilized.

The appropriations for salaries and wages have increased since 1890, although the amount of water gas purchased has increased at a more rapid rate, and although considerable labor saving machinery has been introduced. For instance, in his report for 1896, the Director of Public Works, after speaking of certain machinery that had been installed during his administration, said, "Their introduction will result in a great saving in the labor account." The figures for salaries, wages, and water gas since 1890 are:

	Salaries.	Wages.	Water Gas.
1890	$187,308	$350,000	$420,000
1891	184,?08	330,000	409,794
1892	167,098	374,098	440,000
1893	174,988	414,000	500,000
1894	190,980	466,000	540,000
1895	190,194	495,000	600,000
1896	190,739	500,300	700,000

While it is undoubtedly true that the growth in the items for wages has been accompanied by a corresponding growth in the total amount of gas manufactured, it is but reasonable to expect, if the works were managed on an economical business basis, modern improvements adopted, and labor saving devices introduced, that the ratio of increase in the wages item would be very much less than the ratio of increase in the matter of gross output, but such has not been the case, and the evidence of experts was produced before the Senatorial Investigating Committee to the effect that many more men were employed than were needed; that, as a matter of fact, there were so many men engaged that they were in one another's way. One expert testified before the councilmanic committee that three hundred men were employed in making all the gas needed in Boston, which was about one half the quantity needed in Philadelphia.

Under such circumstances it is hardly to be expected that the management of the works would show a profit, although, if we deduct from the gross receipts the amounts appropriated, less the balances merging, we find for the years 1888 to 1894 (when the price per 1000 cubic feet was reduced from $1 50 to $1) a gross annual profit:

	Receipts.	Appropriations, less amounts merging.	Balance.
1888	$3,260,000 00	$2,429,024 21	+$ 831,000 00
1889	3,030,477 00	2,470,489 18	+ 763,482 18
1890	3,699,146 30	2,714,101 01	+ 985,444 95
1891	3,147,000 75	2,210,624 36	+ 1,072,172 00
1892	3,545,960 77	2,792,256 00	+ 1,061,122 97
1893	4,072,109 41	2,900,387 44	+ 1,064,140 97
1894	3,148,604 79	3,021,090 30	— 167,493 53
1895	3,156,?? 19	3,328,144 65	— 213,061 67
1896	3,319,337 71	3,106,??? 94	— 206,948 53

It must be borne in mind in examining these figures that no allowance is made for the depreciation of the plant, nor for interest on the investment, which at five per cent. on the Mayor's valuation of $30,000,000 would amount to $1,500,000, nor for sinking fund charges. On the other hand, they include the payments properly chargeable to capital account. The city pays the interest on the outstanding gas loans, and is yearly putting away certain sums to provide for their redemption; but this does not come out of the receipts of the Gas Bureau. On the other hand, no credit is allowed in the above statement for the gas used by the city in lighting the highways and public buildings. The amount thus used has increased from year to year, and if charged for at regular rates represents a very considerable sum.

	Amount used for public lighting.	Rate.	Representing, at current rates
	Cubic feet.		
1888	330,196,664	$1 50	$604,297 19
1889	381,401,101	1 50	702,101 00
1890	331,490,579	1 50	497,159 00
1891	397,29? 330	1 35	561,097 49
1892	396,911 645	1 50	591,005 40
1893	402,??? 718	1 50	599,049 07
1894	833,313 791	1 00	633,313 18
1895	6?? ??? 405	1 00	655,494 35
1896	674,431 840	1 00	674,431 84

The chief of the bureau claims a profit of $352,988 90 for 1896. This he makes out by the following statement.

1896.	Dr.	
Dec. 4.	To sale of gas, coke, etc.	$3,770,141 94
	" rents	8,096 69
	" coal on hand	110,141 27
	" coke on hand	14,601 71
	" gas sold and on hand	761,092 65
	" amount due for residuals	12,234 60
	" materials for repairs on hand	15,406 82
		$4,??0,144 64

1896.	Cr.		
Dec. 8.	By coal on hand	$ 86,913 18	
	" coke on hand	22,026 62	
	" gas sold and on hand	606,074 00	
	" amount due for residuals	12,104 58	
	" materials, etc.	16,057 97	
	" payments for manufacture	1,727,048 87	
	" " " gas purchases	700,000 35	
	" " " repairs	335,900 00	
	" " " salaries, etc.	340,748 47	
	" Profits	352,988 90	
			$4,??0,144 64

An analysis of these figures will show that if we deduct the amount of stock and bills receivable on hand at the end of the year from the amount on hand at the beginning, $175,738 of the reported profit is at once accounted for. If we go a step further, and add to the cost of manufacture for 1896, as shown in these figures, the amount of stock, etc., on hand on January 1, 1896, and compare it with the gross output of the works, we find that the cost of manufacture per 1000 cubic feet is 85 cents. Taking the chief's figures for these items we have:

Payments for manufacture of gas	$1,727,048 87
Payments for repairs, etc.	335,900 10
Miscellaneous payments, including salaries of inspectors	340,748 47
Coal, coke, and repair materials on hand January 1, 1896	140,?33 00
	$2,??0,??? 87

The report shows that the city manufactured in 1896 a total amount equal to 2,967,085,000 cubic feet, which does not of course include the water gas purchased; nor are the payments for water gas included in the item of cost. Of course we must not forget that the citizens are benefited to the extent of the reduced price of gas; but we must also remember that all the propositions are based on the rate of $1 as the maximum. If private corporations can furnish gas at $1 and make money, how is it that the city cannot make a similar profit? First, because business principles do not obtain, and political ones do; secondly, because the city's officials do not push the business as a private corporation would: they wait for the customers to come to them, while a private corporation would go out after them (but two-thirds of the houses in Philadelphia have gas connections, and no attempt has been made to develop the demand for gas as a fuel); thirdly, civil service rules do not apply to the management: men are not appointed because they know how to make gas, but because primarily they "can carry their divisions." Then the city does not pay sufficient salaries to attract expert men. For instance, the superintendent of the works of the company furnishing water gas to the city, and which supplied 1,916,396,000 cubic feet in 1896, or about thirty-eight per cent. of the total amount used, receives a salary of $6500 a year, while the chief of the Bureau of Gas, having supervision not only of the manufacture but also of the distribution of all the gas made or bought by the city, receives but $3500.

It is somewhat difficult to determine where the fault lies that things are as they are. The bureau asserts that it does not receive sufficient money for needed improvements. Councils assert that the bureau gets all that it asks for, and that it has not made use of the extensions provided for. An examination of the history of the conduct of the bureau and the course of appropriations reveals some interesting coincidences. Whether the series of facts are related to each other as cause and effect cannot with positiveness be alleged; still, if taken in conjunction with recent developments, they are worthy of consideration and study.

In the first place, while the amounts appropriated for water gas have been steadily increased by Councils, the amounts for improvements have steadily decreased, until at the present time the means of distribution are in a deplorably bad shape. In 1888 the city made a contract to purchase water gas at the rate of 37 cents per 1000 cubic feet in the holder. The appropriations for its purchase under this ordinance have increased from $300,000 in 1889 to $730,000 in 1897, as follows:

1889	$300,000	1894	$600,000
1890	420,000	1895	600,000
1891	406,794	1896	700,000
1892	466,?00	1897	730,000
1893	661,000		

Efforts to increase the appropriations for water gas have succeeded, when efforts to secure appropriations for improvements have failed. That the latter are imperatively necessary is shown by the agreement on the part of the bidders to expend at least five millions within the next three years. The United Gas Improvement Company, which made the first offer, and is generally regarded as having the best chance of securing favorable action on its bid, is substantially the same company that has been supplying the water gas. I am not in a position to state that the constant deterioration in the quality of the gas furnished and the depreciation of the city's plant, accompanied as it has been by the increasing use of water gas, and the offer to lease the works for thirty years by the same company—because (to use the words of the recital of its ordinance) "very large sums ought now to be expended in laying additional mains, services, etc., for the erection of new and additional apparatus necessary for the economical manufacture of gas"—are part and parcel of one transaction; all I can assert is that these things have happened contemporaneously, and inure to the benefit of the company making the first offer. The city has spent large sums of moneys during the past decade for other objects, and in November will submit a $11,000,000 loan to the vote of the people, but only one million of it is for gas improvements, in spite of the assertion of the experts that at least five millions is absolutely necessary.

The solution of the problem is to be found, it seems to me, not in the direction of a leasing, with all the disadvantages and drawbacks of a private "extortionate monopoly," to quote Mayor Warwick again, but by placing the works on a strict business and civil service basis. Put the Philadelphia Gas Works in charge of an experienced gas-maker of the character, courage, and calibre of Colonel Waring as a street-cleaner, and I have no hesitation in

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ing that they will be managed as successfully and as much to the credit of the city and of the citizens as the Street Cleaning Department in New York now is. There would perhaps be a vigorous and virulent attack by the politicians, and Councils would threaten reduced appropriations, but there could be only one result in the long run—the complete vindication of the policy of applying business methods to municipal affairs. CLINTON ROGERS WOODRUFF.

THE WASHINGTON POST-OFFICE.

ABOUT one year from the 1st of this month, if no unexpected obstacles arise, the Washington city post-office will move into its new quarters on Pennsylvania Avenue. Hope long deferred has made the heart of the Washington citizen sick about the local post-office since 1888. The appropriation for the new building was made in 1891. In 1892 the building was begun. To-day the outer structure is complete, but the steam-pipes are not in, the walls are unfinished, and the flooring has not been laid, and recently the government has made a contract for another year to occupy the dismal old building in which the local post-office is housed, on G Street, between Sixth and Seventh.

The location of the Washington post office has general interest, because most of the official mail of the government is handled through it, and because a syndicate of well-known politicians is credited with having a hand in the delay which has marked the work on the new building. This syndicate owns the building now leased and occupied by the city post-office. The building was put up for the use of the post-office, which pays a rental of $30,000 a year for very cramped quarters in it. The syndicate presumably will not obtain as much for the space from any one but the government. Hence its desire to prolong the present occupancy. It has even been rumored of late that officers of the government were moving toward the appropriation of the new post-office to other uses, leaving the city postmaster and his employees in their present quarters. This rumor is improbable, however, and public sentiment, already outraged by the long delays in completing the new building, would break out in a manner commanding respect if such a proposition were made in seriousness.

The business handled at the Washington city post-office makes it an office of importance far beyond the claims of the city's population. Washington has 258,000 inhabitants. The registry business of the Washington city post office ranks third in the United States. Of this admittedly sixty five per cent., and possibly seventy two per cent., is official business of the government. Two years ago, when a statement was made up in support of a claim of the Washington postmaster for an increase of compensation, it was shown that while Chicago handled 3,272,677, Washington handled 2,944,178 packages of registered mail, and the governmental business passing through the Washington post-office had a known value of $609,250,808. Last year the government al business passing through the Washington post office had a known value of more than $900,000,000.

This enormous registry business comprehends shipments of postage-stamps, postal cards, internal revenue stamps, and supplies from the bureaus of the Treasury. Its size is such that it demands a special reservation in the new city post office for the internal revenue stamps, and another to handle postal cards. These will be in the basement. On the main floor of the building, in the southwest corner of the great court, will be special reservations for the handling of official mail and Congressional mail.

This court will be probably the longest undivided court in any public building when the post office is ready for occupancy. It is now a clear 100 × 200 feet, the building being 200 × 300 feet. From the floor to the glass skylight is about 35 feet, and to the roof skylight about 200 feet.

The skylight which roofs the court is supported by five arched beams of iron. It contains about 2700 lights of glass laid over wire. From this roof to the roof of the building there is an unobstructed space running up six stories and a half. The upper six stories of the building were originally to have been occupied by some minor bureaus of the government, but under a law passed by Congress at its last session the Post-office Department will move from its present quarters into the new building. This will leave for the city post-office only the main floor and the basement, but the court space alone will be greater than all the space occupied by the post-office in its present quarters.

As at present planned, the eastern half of this court will be given over to the mailing division, and the western half to the delivery division. It is possible that a carrier belt will be introduced to draw the letters from the drop boxes on the Pennsylvania Avenue side of the building to the rear of the court, and that the delivery division will be extended across the entire Pennsylvania Avenue front. The two divisions will be separated by a wire screen, which, as planned now will run down the middle of the court on the line of three small circular towers. These towers contain hot-air apparatus and "lookouts" for the department detectives. There is an enclosed platform in the upper part of each one, and windows on four sides command a complete view of both divisions. These platforms can be reached from the basement by means of iron ladders, and at any moment the clerk, all unconscious, may be under the surveillance of a secret-service officer.

This lookout system is extended to the cashier's office, where windows high up in the wall give detectives a chance to watch the clerks who have the handling of the stamps.

In the mailing division of the court will be the cancellation machines, which are run by electricity, and the iron bag racks. Into the bags as they hang in these racks the mail will be tossed by the assorting clerks, and when the hour for closing a mail arrives, the bags will be locked, run on trucks to elevators at the rear of the building, and delivered to the waiting wagons.

In the delivery division will be a series of cases to hold the carriers' mail. There will be 165 clerks in the mail and delivery division alone, and more than 800 clerks in the building.

When it is completed and occupied, Washington's city post office will be a model which the Postmaster General can exhibit with pride to the distinguished visitors from other countries, who often come to Washington to study our postal system. G. G. BAIN.

RECALLED STORMY TIMES.

"WELL, that looks natural," said the old soldier, holding up a can of condensed milk on the breakfast table in place of ordinary milk that failed on account of the storm. "It's the Gail Borden Eagle Brand we used during the war."—[Adv.]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[Adv.]

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ANGOSTURA BITTERS—EDUARD TOWER FRUIT JUICES—WHITE'S JELLY CRYSTALS, are now exhibited, and their merits demonstrated, at the Madison Square Garden, American Institute Fair. Be our guest.—[Adv.]

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"MARIE STUDHOLME.

"February 20th, 1896."

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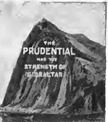

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TABLEAU, ACT III.—DICK DUDGEON (MR. MANSFIELD) ABOUT TO BE EXECUTED.

CHAN WANG (MR. FRANCIS POWERS) AND CHAN TOY, "THE FIRST BORN" (VENIE WELLS).

ACT II.—DICK DUDGEON (MR. MANSFIELD) AND MRS. ANDERSON (MISS CAMERON).
"THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLE" AT THE FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY BYRON.

LOEY TSING, THE SLAVE GIRL (MISS MAY BUCKLEY).
"THE FIRST BORN" AT THE MANHATTAN.

"THE PHYSICIAN" AT WALLACK'S THEATRE—THE DRAMATIC CLIMAX OF ACT III.

THE NEW YORK THEATRES—SCENES FROM THREE NEW PLAYS.—[SEE PAGE 1026]

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AMATEUR SPORT

Mr. Caspar Whitney will be absent several months on a sporting tour around the world, which he has undertaken for Harper's Weekly. *He proceeds overland to San Francisco and Vancouver. On his way across the continent he will gather material for a series of articles on sport in the West, the first of which is printed this week. From Vancouver he will sail for Siam, touching at Japan and China. In Siam Mr. Whitney will penetrate into the interior, which is one of the least known lands in the world. His main purpose there will be to hunt big game, Siam being richer in varieties of the larger wild animals than either Africa or India. After this hunt Mr. Whitney will proceed to Europe, and will there prepare a series of articles on sport in France, Germany, and England.*

During Mr. Whitney's absence this Department will publish contributions from Mr. Walter Camp, Mr. John Corbin, and other well known writers upon special subjects relating to Amateur Sport.

ATHLETIC REGENERATION IN THE MIDDLE WEST.

BY CASPAR WHITNEY.

Study of the present collegiate athletic situation in that part of the West of which Chicago is the centre suggests three main conclusions that to me seem to be fair and tenable: (1) Immeasurable betterment of athletic morals. (2) Improvement as a result of faculty supervision. (3) No general lowering of playing skill in consequence of limiting teams to amateurs.

These are three concise conclusions to which every Western man may refer with pride, and which every friend of amateur sport in this country may accept with confidence. And no one more than I can appreciate the efforts that have created the present condition, for none was more familiar with the difficulties by which the path of reform was beset. It is infinite pleasure, then, to commend rather than to censure, and I must be forgiven if I use a little of my space in praising the individuals and the institutions that once I had the distasteful duty of criticising.

In the ten years I have devoted to studying the various questions making in the amateur sport of America I have never known more serious ones than those which arose in the Middle West three years ago, not have such prompt and effective measures yet come under my notice as those adopted and enforced by a majority of the universities of that section. I am frank enough to say that there has been accomplished in two years in the Middle West results which the extreme East was about half a dozen years in attaining. The ethics of the larger universities of the Middle West now compare most favorably with those of the colleges of corresponding importance in the East. Indeed, in the matter of recruiting athletes through "eating clubs" and other means originally devised for helping indigent students, and in the prohibition of games with club teams of questionable status, I am of the opinion that the universities of Chicago, Michigan, Minnesota, and Illinois are officially maintaining even a more commendable attitude than are Princeton, Pennsylvania, Dartmouth, and Lafayette.

In putting myself on record to this effect I hope I shall not be misinterpreted on this "eating club" question. The honest student who works his way through college has no more sincere admirer than I. If he be an honest student and a football or baseball player of skill, so much the better for the sport of his college, for this kind of man makes the most determined athlete. I believe in helping such students, and to that end I consider the eating clubs a praiseworthy means. The fact *per se* that an eating-club man is an athlete does not and should not create suspicion concerning his status or his position in the college. Nor is the further fact that so large a number of the indigent students should be athletes of itself disquieting, although it begins to awaken critical attention. But the fact that a great many of the men so assisted are men who have made athletic reputations at other colleges, are men who at other (usually smaller) colleges have not filled the rôle of indigent students—that fact, I say, is most significant, and causes distrust in the good faith of the eating-club project and of the university itself, besides creating suspicion of the status of not only the athlete in question, but of all the other athletes who are enjoying eating club privileges.

This may sound like a digression from the question I started to discuss. But it is not. On the contrary, it is most pertinent. On every trip I have made into the West for the purpose of studying athletic conditions, there is no block over which I have stumbled so frequently as that standing for the eating clubs in certain of the Eastern universities. No single feature in college life operated so strongly and so maliciously to excuse Western colleges for their former universal athletic unwholesomeness. They were convinced that it was no worse for them to steal athletes from the smaller colleges and pay them money than it was for the Eastern colleges to "induce" Western players East and remunerate their disloyalty by giving them an eating club, or room-rent, or, in some cases, even tuition.

And they were quite right: where a man's athletic prowess is the attraction, one method is as bad as the other.

The question is, how to relieve the eating club and other similar methods of helping indigent students from the present distrust visited upon its good intentions and yet not deny its assistance to deserving students. And the answer is easily found. Put a stop to this venal recruiting policy, which, I regret to say, seems most in evidence at Princeton and Pennsylvania. The moment a man in a Western or Southern college makes a reputation in any branch of sport he is marked, and forthwith a siege begun of an earnestness worthy a better cause. If a man comes to a college, well and good, if he is deserving there are abundant legitimate ways of helping him. But to patrol the country with procurers is to invest college sport with a professional spirit which reflects disgrace upon the agents' employers, and does university sport great and lasting harm. It is to be clearly understood that I do not charge invariable wrong-doing in this recruiting, but often there is, and it gives the impression in the section where the recruit is found that he gets something, whatever it may be—eating club board, college service—for going to that particular university. And I maintain that any custom or means or indulgence that permits of the impression that a man is getting something for going to one particular college is distinctly and undeniably harmful to amateur sport.

Every time I come West the query is put to me how this one or that one is permitted to represent an Eastern college. I am asked, in what respect is Eastern college sport more healthful than the Western if Pennsylvania is permitted to gather in McCracken and Outland from Kansas, and Princeton offers enough inducement to take Palmer from Iowa? The plea that Eastern universities offer greater educational advantages is not satisfying to the familiars of the men under discussion, and not satisfying to those acquainted with the educational facilities offered by the leading universities of the Middle West.

On this present occasion of my being in Chicago I am confronted with embarrassing questions concerning three more athletes who have gone out of the West to attend Eastern colleges—Rush, Mayhury, Kraenzlein. In reply to my Western inquirers I can only say that while there is an unpleasant suggestiveness of athletic prowess being the desired quality by whatever Eastern universities may finally secure them (secure is the word, and what a professional ring there is to it?), the scholarly record of Rush at Grinnell, and the fact that Mayhury has already run three years of his allotted four, rather indicate that these two at least are not going East for athletics only.

The question being answered as to the method of relieving eating clubs and colleges of the suspicion of serving as mere halts for athletes of other colleges, the next questions following are, who is to do it? and how are they to do it? And the answers to these are quite as easily found as was the answer to the other.

The faculties, collectively and individually, are the ones to do it, and the way is by exhibiting through their works more genuine desire to have the college sport wholesome, and by doing less talking about it. More real virtue instead of semblance of it is the panacea for our athletic ills. Faculty members, athletic committee men, and *alumni* advisers preach long and loud on what is needed and of what they hope to do; but when the opportunity offers for doing it, with individual exceptions here and there, they find excuses of one kind and another for tussing aside from their duty.

The faculty of any college is all-powerful; at most of them it is already invested with absolute control, and at all the others control can be acquired. And the possibilities of faculty supervision, and the healthful influence it can exert, are illustrated by the athletic regeneration of the Middle West during the past two years. Four years ago, when the athletics of the Middle Western colleges were notoriously dissolute, the faculties, with but few exceptions, were entirely indifferent to the situation, excusing themselves on the plea that it was no business of the professors to interfere with the sports of the students. Then came an awakening to the demoralizing influence of dishonest sport, followed by a meeting of faculty members representing several different colleges. These formed some excellent rules, and suggested their acceptance. Some colleges went through the form of acceptance, some did not make even a pretence of accepting them, and at the majority there was no clearing of the athletic atmosphere. Then came exposure of the athletic situation in all its depravity, and with it realization by the faculties of their duty.

The average Easterner, or even Westerner, reader, for that matter, will not understand to what a task the Middle Western college faculties set themselves when, two years ago, they entered upon a crusade against unwholesome sport, with the determination of purging the college atmosphere of athletic uncleanliness. But my word, as that of an unprejudiced and somewhat fairly well posted observer, may be accepted for the assurance that the task was huge. It meant not only the suppression of professional tendency, but, if reform was to be permanent, it meant also the education of great numbers of undergraduates in the ethics of amateur sport, and the combating of the demoralizing influence of *alumni* with more dollars than sportsmanship.

How well the faculties have succeeded I have already intimated.

Now all this success will go for naught if the faculties relax their vigilance. They have earned a respite from their labors, unquestionably, but this is no time to enjoy it. Much has been accomplished, but the most important achievement is yet to be completed. In my judgment the Western college athletic situation is at its most impressionable and significant phase. The faculties have rooted out the practices of professionalism, they have made laws, they have enforced them, and they have created an undergraduate respect for themselves and for the laws they have created.

But they have not—and it would have taken supernatural agencies, indeed, to do so—created an undergraduate sentiment which may be relied upon to travel unguided on healthful athletic lines. They have not entirely killed the sentiment that favors any means to the end of winning. I speak generally, of course. There have been examples in the season just closed of undergraduate sympathy practically applied, and none more gratifying than that of the Michigan baseball manager, who gave that university the first genuine amateur nine it has had in years. There have been other exhibitions of the same commendable sympathy in the efforts making for clean sport—by the student support furnished A. A. Stagg in his resolute stand against temptation, and by the students of Minnesota, who have clung to certain purifying rules although they bore hard upon their prospects.

Taking the colleges as a whole, however, there is yet wanting a real appreciation or even understanding of just what constitutes an amateur. One earnest worker in the good cause, who has developed an unwarranted pessimism, complained to me yesterday that the ideas of the average Western student concerning the ethics of amateur sport are "very hazy." Of course they are—why should they not be? It would be an extraordinary conversion indeed if in two years ignorance and tradition and long personal acquaintance with certain unprofitable methods had all given place to ethical enlightenment—undefiled and complete. He submits now to faculty judgment in athletics because, let us say, he realizes that the lawn the faculties have framed have given him as good sport at a less expense than formerly of both self-respect and dollars. He has formed a respect for the faculties and their laws, but as yet he is enlightened only in individual cases.

No genuine ethical sentiment has been created, perhaps, but the mind of the undergraduate has been prepared, and he is now ready to receive it. That is why I regard the present the most important time in the Western transition from unwholesome to thoroughly healthful conditions of amateur sport.

A man cannot be charged with the amateur sentiment as we charge a battery or fill a tank, nor may he in some incredibly brief period come forth fully enlightened as from some patent incubator process. The influences to the creation of healthful sentiment work slowly and are subtle. Constant application and never-ceasing vigilance are needful to the development of satisfactory results.

In establishing such rules as the exigencies of the situation demanded, and in their enforcement, the faculties of the Middle West have cleared the undergraduate athletic mind of its tares, let us say, and prepared it for the seed of a healthy sentiment. This, then, is the present duty of the faculties, to sow diligently and advisedly, to guard the seedlings against throttling weeds, and to nourish the blossoms that are sure to reward their endeavors. The athletic soil is fertile, and the faculty gardens may make sure of a splendid harvest.

It is not further rule making that is needed now, but the nursing into life of a healthful sentiment which may and will, if once started, attain an independent and vigorous maturity. I think there is at the moment annoyance of an over-tendency to rule-tinkering. Naturally additional rules should be made as the need becomes apparent, but they should be promoted quietly and as a matter of course. To exploit rule revision as the need of the hour is to direct student attention from the vital issue, and to postpone the birth of that healthful sentiment which thrives not because of rules.

Secretary J. G. Coulter, of the Western Inter-collegiate Association, with a view to securing an expression of opinion on these and kindred subjects, has sent out a circular inquiry to the Middle Western colleges which, among many others, includes these questions:

In which branch of athletics is your student body most generally interested?

Are your teams well satisfied with the support afforded them by their fellow-students?

What do you think of the fairness and feasibility of major and minor football leagues among Western colleges, the major league to be composed of the universities of Wisconsin, Minnesota, Michigan, Illinois, Chicago, and Northwestern and Purdue universities?

Do you think it would be better to have two four-cornered major leagues, one composed of Minnesota, Wisconsin, Northwestern, and a fourth, and the other of Michigan, Chicago, Illinois, and Purdue, and to have the winners of a regular schedule of games in each of those divisions meet in Chicago on Thanksgiving day?

Do you believe in Thanksgiving-day games?

How many "big" games do you think you can afford to let your team play and get best possible results?

Do you favor playing games with any other than college teams?

Do you favor a rule providing that games shall be played only on college grounds?

Do you believe that factional contention rules your association and tones of any of their efficiency?

What seem to you the most needed reforms in Western college football? In general athletics?

Do you think it would be practicable, if the football championship for 1897 prove unsettled by Thanksgiving day, to have played during the Christmas holidays, at the Coliseum in Chicago, a brief series of games to decide the matter?—according, say, to the following schedule: (a) 1 vs. 2; (b) 3 vs. 4; (c) winner of match a vs. winner of match b. Two or more days to intervene between matches 3 and a.

What rules of eligibility for your teams do you enforce?

What is your period of residence requirement? Your scholarship rule?

Do you require from your team members a sworn statement that they are amateurs according to the definition of the Amateur Athletic Union?

How much control does your faculty exercise over athletics?

Do you believe that your personal judgment, wherein you have expressed it, is in accord with the general sentiment of your student body?

Replies to all these questions will no doubt serve a beneficent purpose—making valuable data, if no other—but the one question most pertinent to the present state of affairs is the last. The general sentiment of the student body is what concerns us now, and all the rest not bearing directly upon it is immaterial. As to leagues, big games, games with club teams, and on other than college grounds, the same excellent faculty supervision that has left so good a record for the last year will duly adjust all those matters satisfactorily.

Chicago University has already given ample evidence of its sentiments on the playing of club teams, by resolutely withstanding the importunities of the Chicago Athletic Association for a game. There are good reasons why it is not advisable for college teams to meet club teams; the different method obtaining in making up teams; the leniency with which club managers view the offences of their players against the ethics of amateur sport; the commercial atmosphere of such games; the usual unpleasant features of the game itself—i. e., the slugging to which all undertrained men resort, and which clubmen, being old and experienced players, know so well how to perform, covertly and viciously; the increase of a schedule of games already as long as should be permitted.

And this suggests the stress that should be laid upon a scholarship standard. Given the amateur definition, play limited to four years, a one year residence rule, a scholarship standard rule, and a faculty in sympathy with clean sport, and there is no need for other rules to insure honest teams and healthful sport. The Western universities where the athletic sentiment is best see those with scholarship standards. The one rule needed most just now, seems to me, is a four-year limit of play instead of six, as at present. Four years is long enough for any man to represent his college, and the privilege of two more granted those who secure degrees is unfair to the colleges that do not have professional schools, and a distinct bid for postgraduate athletic service. Perhaps the most gratifying evidence of at least the beginning of the healthful sentiment is furnished by the very general insistence at

the colleges upon athletes attaining a prescribed scholarship standard, and the agitation of the same reform at the schools which, especially in and around Chicago, are very active in athletics.

If I were to instance what appears to me one of the most unpleasant accompaniments of Western athletics, it is the tendency to claim after "championships." The Westerner evidently considers the season games so much wasted effort if no championship has been determined, and so he worries a deal about schedules and leagues, and incidentally drifts away from the doctrine of sport for sport's sake.

The championship has long been literally a myth—it is impossible where there are a number of colleges, as where even a few are widely separated. It would be a very serious mistake were Chicago, Michigan, Northwestern, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Purdue to organize a league for the purpose of a round robin schedule that would determine a champion. It would necessitate a long, hard schedule that really would attach no especial significance to the result, and lead to much misconception of the usefulness of college sport.

Leagues for rule making, for providing a tribunal of appeal when the need arises, are desirable, but unquestionably there should be no attempts to play every team within hailing distance. Colleges should meet their natural and adjacent rivals, and two "big" games be the limit.

And there should be another ruin put forth at once prohibiting preliminary football practice—in which all have indulged hitherto. So, too, must a closer supervision be maintained over baseball players during their vacations. Another year we shall expect an end to the "summer-wine" play, and the promiscuous play that yields board and lodging, and even in some cases cash payments at five to ten dollars the game.

We do not expect absolute cleanliness as the result of a year's endeavor, but in '98 we shall expect the Middle Western sport relieved of such of its unwholesomeness as is now remaining.

It is a curious fact, and one which has materially retarded the reform movement, that the ideas of the Middle Western press concerning the ethics of amateur sport are even hazier than those of the average undergraduate. The press could do as much to support the honest side of college sport and to educate the general public in athletic morals, but the pursuit of any cock and bull story that promised sensational development at college and scare head-lines for the paper appears to have been more in the sporting editor's thing. The Western faculties in their struggle have received very little aid from their home newspapers.

Looking over the leading colleges of this Middle Western section—Chicago, Minnesota, Michigan, Lake Forest, Illinois, Wisconsin, Northwestern—we find that the ones whose present athletic conditions is most healthful—Chicago, Michigan, Minnesota, Illinois, and Lake Forest—are the ones where the faculties have been the dominant factor of control. If Wisconsin's faculty was unhampered by regents and an undergraduate sentiment which seems more unwholesome than that of any other college in this section, Wisconsin would not have fallen from the leading position it once held. I know of none more earnestly in sympathy with honest sport than some of the Wisconsin faculty. Last year a clique of undergraduates and the regents succeeded in dishonoring Wisconsin, and we cannot tell what they may not do this year, and we must withhold our confidence in the good intentions of those in athletic control until they give us some substantial evidence of a wish to have honest amateur teams.

Northwestern's resolutions have been frequently proclaimed, and on the surface appear to meet all the requirements, but the athletics of this university have not yet attained a position above suspicion. There seems a need here of either closer faculty supervision or greater honesty of purpose.

With the athletic clubs of Chicago—the only ones in this section—affairs are some what better than a year ago in the Chicago Athletic Association, much worse at the Bankers' Athletic Club, and at neither does there seem to be immediate hope of a standard approaching that called at the universities.

The Chicago A. A. has not abandoned its practice of gathering in athletes, though its method has been bettered a little perhaps. It seems somewhat extraordinary that managers of athletic clubs do not realize that in the development of home material lie future strength and permanent prosperity.

The Bankers' A. C. is a degenerated institution that began only a year or so ago, with such fair hopes. It now has three classes of membership: (1) regular—*i. e.*, men who are legitimately eligible according to the ideas from which the club sprung; (2) associate—men who at some time in their life have worked in a bank; (3) athletic—those who serve the club on its teams in return for remuneration of one kind and another.

The Bankers protest much, but the club has broken faith so often in athletic conscience is seared and callous.

And although the Bankers' Club officials through the newspapers indignantly deny that they have professionals on their team, Thomas, the captain of their football eleven, and formerly on the C. A. A. team, sues Manager Thompson of the Chicago A. A. for $300, services rendered!

CHICAGO, *September 27, 1897.*

FOOTBALL NOTES

ATTEMPTS have been made in many quarters to bring together Princeton and Pennsylvania upon the football field this fall, but no consummation has been reached. No game would more delight the enthusiast than this, and the crowd that would attend would be made up by no means solely of partisans of the two universities. Every football coach would feel that upon such an occasion there would be plays that he could ill afford to miss, and every one who entered the gate would know when he took his seat that the spectacle of combat would be something to stir the blood in the most sluggish veins. Those who have closely followed the game for the last few years cannot but feel that a team that could defeat the Princeton eleven of 1896, and the one that could successfully face the still further developed team of 1897, would be a most phenomenal combination. In fact, most of them believe that Princeton would have scored a victory had the two teams met last year, and that the chances would be strongly in her favor should the two come together this fall.

And yet there is no team against whom Pennsylvania would put up such a game as against Princeton. It is their tradition, their almost inborn instinct, to gird themselves against Princeton. Even in the years before their football interests had been so hamlled as to bring them up into Princeton's class there was always a most valiant struggle on their part—sometimes degenerating, it is true, into too great intensity of feeling—when the two teams met. And later, when the skill and knowledge were more equally divided, Pennsylvania almost invariably put up the best game of their year when facing the men from Jersey. Pennsylvania, without the prestige of former successes, fared and finally conquered Princeton, and the Pennsylvania of to day is a university with victories behind it as well as to look forward to, and the teams from Philadelphia go forth in the assurance of thorough knowledge, and with plays that are no longer experimental, but tried, tested, and found good in the actual strain of hard matches. It would be Greek meeting Greek now, and the event would be one to write down in football annals.

There was once a man who, when he had a spot on his coat, was wont to send the garment to a chemist that the spot might be analyzed and the proper solvents used. A good rubbing with almost anything will take out many spots, and while the analytical method is surer, it takes too long for every-day life, both in coats and football. Mr. Forbes and his Harvard committee, realizing this, made preparations accordingly, and such work as they deemed essential in the analytical line was performed in the winter and spring. Thus, for almost the first time in the history of the sport at Cambridge, there is at least one man who, in the first week of October, knows what the Harvard team is going to use in the way of plays, and, as far as accidents can be barred, in the way of players as well. It is in that one little reservation, "as far as accidents can be barred," that the whole difficulty lies. If the eleven can be chosen and kept intact, then it is not only perfectly safe to select the team in midwinter, but every play that the team is to use. But plays, to be most successful, must be adapted to the men who are to bring them off, and a change in men may necessitate a change in play. The most illustrative instance of this is the simplest form of an end run. This play can only be performed by the assistance of, at the very least, two fast men—the runner, with the ball, and the interferer, who stays with him until he circles the outside man. Consequently, these two must work together perfectly. When this play is brought to its highest development it only requires one chance accident to either of these players to render it ineffectual and practically useless. And this is but an instance.

One of the Harvard plays of note tells me, however, that Harvard had three good candidates for each position before making the selection. That should mean that the available substitute material is more plentiful than any former coach or captain found it. The Williams game showed that men will get injured no matter how carefully prepared, but it will take a lot of injuries to demonstrate that the principle is not a sound one. Meantime the steady practice of going through their plays, with the occasional spur of a sharp hard game against an outside team, is bringing out better uniformity of speed in the execution of the maneuvres than any of the former teams exhibited at this time of year.

But a serious question is going to menace the team and coaches by the 1st of November, and that is, whether the plays adopted are sufficiently advanced football. Any one who saw the big games of last season knows that the play of '95 would not have stood a chance against the play of '96, and that corresponding advance in tactics is likely to be made in '97. It is easy to name a few instances that demonstrate this. In '95 Harvard went down to Princeton and found that their system of defending the punter behind their line was antiquated and useless, and lost the game accordingly. Princeton found her method of '95, which was then comparatively safe, made no protection against the new method of coming through adopted by Yale. In '95 the pass direct to the kicker was practically unknown, yet in '96 it was practised successfully, and will be still farther used in '97.

It would take too long and prove too intricate a matter to explain the similar advances made in offensive motion; but it is known to every man who follows the game closely that a like progress is being made along that line, and especially in the development of mass and concentrated plays—that the team relying upon a policy of standing upon the plays of former years, and merely perfecting those, is going to have much to think of when throwing into the big matches of November. The acquisition also of that football instinct, as it were, of diagnosing the coming play of the opponent depends almost entirely upon the lesson learned in repeated daily practice, and a strong, able defence can be acquired most successfully, provided the system adopted is correct in its principles—in that way, and in that way alone.

A team having had but few plays in variety tried against them, and those only two or three times a week, is by no means as reliable as one practised under the old methods. And the individuals composing that team may be sound in wind and limb, and yet be defeated from lack of experience. It took experience to teach the Harvard team of last year their defence, and I would rather have Dunlop, lame and almost disabled as he was during the Princeton game, behind my line on the defence in a tight pinch than many another sound, fresh man whose defence was the result of theory and not of practical every-day play. The 1st of November will be too late to do the work that requires weeks of daily practice, and it is upon this point that the present system may be found lacking. If so, will the advantages, and they are many, make up for the weakness? One can only guess at the answer.

Meantime at New Haven there never was harder, steadier daily drilling. An entirely new team, with a thousand "prep. school" faults, is being hammered into shape. Mr. Butterworth and Captain Rodgers and their aids are teaching them, like "Sergeant Whatshisname," "to stand upon their feet and play the game," and the lesson is no child's play. If both Harvard and Yale had veteran teams, or if they both had new teams, I fancy nine out of ten old players or coaches would believe that the daily hard drive at Yale would win out over the more careful handling at Cambridge. But the Harvard method is especially adapted to their present team, and Yale's method is one that does not fit every man, and may even spoil some.

Then, too, Yale is putting an appalling amount of time upon straight runs by the backs, old fashioned line-bucking, and round the ends, which are plays that the average centreman, tackle, and end has been drilled to stop ever since he first put on jacket or walked across the white lines of a gridiron. It is hard to believe that, save perhaps one or two sensational runs, any regular amount of ground will be gained by these in the big matches of 1897. And it will be perilous work to teach a team new plays after the middle of this month. Harvard's plays, while not new, are advanced football compared with Yale's at the present time, and if they both stay where they are in that respect, Princeton and Pennsylvania will have a marked advantage, for both these are making use of the more modern development of the mass and close play.

In fact at this writing, Princeton and Pennsylvania out class Yale and Harvard, not so much in men as in method. If Yale and Harvard were up to date in the concentration of several men against a single point in the opponent's line, they would be scoring with ease against the teams they are meeting and would run up totals, even in twenty and fifteen minute halves, of close to 40 points. When Princeton starts her interference it comes together on the jump and simply moves the men down. Nor is Pennsylvania far behind in this regard, and both teams, in short halves, are running up scores of even 50 points and over.

Much has been said about "good old fashioned foot ball," and there is nothing better than that to lay the foundations of a team or of an individual player, but this year's season is too short to allow for many days spent upon the rudiments, and, so long as the rules make mass plays and their development of no great importance, it is certain that a winning team must acquire that style of interference. An end run, as briefly described earlier in this column, is an instance of good old fashioned football. An end run of to day is a different affair. To bring it off, the coach starts a concentrated mass play on tackle; then, instead of sending it on through the tackle, he warps it out, and when the runner reaches the end, it goes by the point lately occupied by him, instead of, as in the old-fashioned game, run, or possibly two, interferers bowling the end over, he is simply smothered or wiped off the face of the earth by a heavily moving compact mass of men.

While Pennsylvania and Princeton were letting their "machine" plays run over Gettysburg and Rutgers last Wednesday Harvard was engaged with Bowdoin, and while exhibiting more concentration than formerly, was still erratic in action. Yale was struggling, literally struggling, with Amherst, and just managing to scrape up 18 points. The individual play was not half bad, and the men all showed far more dash than did last year's team at any point of their career. But the plays they used were too simple for to-day. It is possible that it is impracticable to move on to more intricate manœuvres with such green material, but it must be done shortly or there will be no time left to perfect the plays.

The man who has thus far done by all odds the best playing upon the Yale field is Ransom, unfortunately an ineligible. His work is of especial interest, however, for two reasons: first, because he plays as if he liked the game for itself, and is glad to be of service even without the reward of a place on the team, and next, because he represents the product of the football school of California. A few years ago we found their hurdlers first class, in fact, only one Eastern man could best them, and now an opportunity has, for the first time, been afforded us of comparing a thoroughly good Pacific coast football player with our Eastern product. The result is rather hard upon our self-confidence, for Mr. Ransom, of the University of California, is to-day a better man both in running and punting than any man who has played by his side at New Haven thus far this season. His style is better, and considering his teacher, for it was Mr. Butterworth who put the finishing touches on, there is no reason to be particularly surprised that he knows how to keep his feet to the very last. In spite of the fact that he is barred, he will be of great utility to the Yale coach through his ability to hit the line hard, keep going, and especially assist his fellow runners.

The Paris *Figaro* is discussing and evidently believes in mental epidemics. The football coach believes more in mental contagion, and if Ransom can inoculate the men who play by his side, Mr. Butterworth will be gratified. Some of the men are a bit "line shy." If one may be permitted the expression. They run up almost to the line and then swerve. Looking for impossible openings. This was essentially the fault of Yale's men behind the line last season, and some of it has evidently been handed down. There is nothing that spoils a back more surely than this fault, and unless recovery is speedy it seldom comes at all. It is in this respect, in particular, that the character of Princeton's play surpasses that of both Yale and Harvard. Her men are not yet up to form, but the direction—the line of play—of the men is preserved. The men run true. Every day seems to add to the belief that Wheeler as a punter and Baird as a drop kicker will make an unequalled pair. The centre is not yet wholly satisfactory. The real trouble is that not enough work is done there, and some team will, if no improvement comes, surprise Princeton by slicing a runner through at that point.

Saturday's games showed Pennsylvania still running up big scores, Yale improving materially in forward work, while Harvard and Princeton are not yet satisfactory in the middle of their lines. Dartmouth put up an excellent game in the first half against Harvard, and Wesleyan played her best game of the season against West Point. It is impossible to get any measure of Cornell's or Lafayette's real ability as yet on account of the teams they are meeting. Next Saturday will try out several of the good teams and exhibit the lines their coaches mean to follow.

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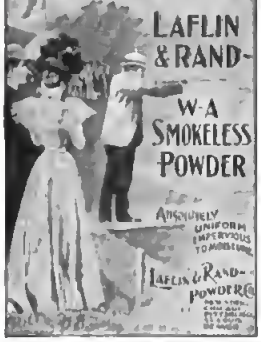

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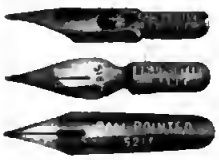

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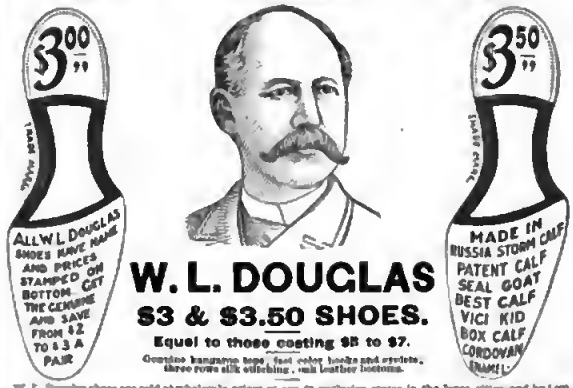

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XLI.—No. 2081
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1897.

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A TIP FOR THE TIGER—HIS SHARE IF HE WINS.

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(TWENTY FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, OCTOBER 23, 1897.

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Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.
New York City: Franklin Square.
London: 45 Albemarle Street, W.

Also for sale at Brentano's, 37 Avenue de l'Opéra, Paris.

THE other day there was a strong outbreak of Liberal oratory in England, from which it seems that the party is about to find an issue on which it may unite. This issue is not the abolition, but the reformation of the House of Lords—a very rational first step in a Liberal programme, in view of the fact that no Liberal policy can be incorporated into law so long as the House of Lords remains as it is. An interesting question is suggested to this effect: If the issue shall be adopted, will the revival of Lord ROSEBERY's leadership follow?

GENERAL BLANCO, the new Captain General of Cuba, is not a cruel man, but he is diplomatic and crafty. He succeeded in hoodwinking the Cubans eighteen years ago, and possibly he may be under the impression that he can succeed again by indirection. He will probably find himself mistaken. The Cubans are now so opposed to anything but independence, and so intensely suspicious of every Spanish official, that BLANCO will also be a failure, even as CAMPOS and WEYLER. Now Spain, having tried, in the persons of these three, good-nature, cruelty, and duplicity, asks the United States to wait until she tries again with a promise of autonomy.

AN anti-government-by-injunction decision has been rendered by the Court of Appeals of Colorado. Judge WILSON, who delivered the opinion, says that "injunctive relief for every wrong or infringement upon the rights of another, ... if carried to its ultimate natural conclusion, would tend to entirely subvert the fundamental principles upon which our system of laws is founded." The weakness in the argument of those who would resort to injunction for the righting of every wrong is that it does not differentiate between mere efforts to prevent injury to property and attempts to punish for real or alleged infractions of the criminal law by a power other than the police power, and by judicial methods other than trial by jury. The undoubted right of courts to protect property by injunction has been distorted into a means for punishing for crime by equity.

AS was to have been expected, the British cabinet has disappointed the hopes that were excited by the foolish and ill timed letter of the Governor of the Bank of England to Sir MICHAEL HICKS BEACH. Before the cabinet acted on the proposals made by Senator WOLCOTT a great protest was uttered by the principal business men of London, who urged the government to do nothing that would change or modify the standard of value, and they intimated that any so-called "concession" to the United States silver men would be an assault upon the stability of the five-pound note. To such a protest there could be but one reply, and the British cabinet decided on last Saturday to send our wanderers home conscious that they had done nothing except demonstrate the faith of England in the gold standard. The London newspapers are now demanding that the bimetallic conspiracy shall cease to be encouraged by Mr. BALFOUR.

THE Emperor of Germany has committed another offence against civilized Europe and the Christianity which he and his ancestors have professed. He has written a letter to the Sultan thanking the Moslem assassin for the gift of some cannon captured in the late war from the Christian Greeks. He assures the Sultan that he enjoys the Emperor's "faithful friendship," and he praises the Sultan's "wise moderation" during the negotiations for peace. Most people will be surprised to learn that the Sultan has held his hand except as he felt compelled by the powers, and some will be surprised to learn that the Emperor WILLIAM regards any "moderation" as wise short of a total spoliation of the Greeks. The civilized world, including civilized Germany, is beginning to wonder how long this imperial solecism will continue to exist. An alliance between fifteenth-century Moslemism and nineteenth century Lutheranism is hardly sane.

THE municipal campaign in New York is proceeding on the various lines that are characteristic of the different tickets. CROKER's campaign for VAN WYCK and Tammany Hall is conducted by hungry spoilsmen for a recapture of the rich plunder of the city which was lost "to the organization" when Mr. STRONG was elected Mayor. The "organization" has no principles to advocate, but appeals to individuals and to groups, to some with promises of plunder, to some with promises of employment, to others with promises of immunity in law breaking—to the lowest selfish instincts of all. It asks for a chance to rob the city with the greatest comfort to the citizens consistent with the continuation of its opportunity. It is an indictment against the intelligence of the citizens of New York that, with their knowledge of CROKER and Tammany, VAN WYCK's chances are worth discussing at all. But we are sorry to acknowledge that the practical question of the campaign is as to the possibility of defeating him. It is reported that Tammany's campaign fund is to be furnished by the gamblers. We do not know that this report is true, but we should be surprised to learn that it is not. It is more likely incomplete, for there are others of the vicious class besides gamblers who long for Tammany's triumph.

HENRY GEORGE's campaign is managed on strictly political principles. Mr GEORGE is running on national and State, as well as on municipal issues. He is receiving support on the silver question and on the single-tax question, as well as on the issue of municipal ownership of street railways and gas-works. Mr. TOM L. JOHNSON, a very earnest and conscientious man, is Mr GEORGE's manager, and he and others have made what the politicians call a "deal" with the Citizens' Union, as a result of which the GEORGE city ticket and the Citizens' county ticket are to be printed on one ballot. This is a perfectly proper kind of "deal." There are some men, doubtless, who would like to vote for HENRY GEORGE who are in favor of the Citizens' candidates for county offices, and *vice versa*. Under the present ballot law, moreover, such combinations are contemplated. The worst effort that the friends of GEORGE have made is their attempt to secure recognition as "regulars" from the Bryanites. Their wisest act, after Colonel WARING had declined to be their candidate for Comptroller, was to secure ex-Postmaster CHARLES W. DAYTON as candidate.

THE only corrupt "deal" that has taken place is that between CROKER and PLATT, and we regret to say that Mr TRACY is a party to it. The Republican party machine is very much alarmed. Mr. TRACY recognizes PLATT's danger in his plaintive appeals against non-partisanship, on the ground that the Republican party—meaning thereby the machine—will have to disband if non-partisanship prevails. Before Mr TRACY's nomination was made, and during the summer, when QUIGG was trying to drive Mr. LOW and the Citizens from their purpose, the PLATT talk was all about the necessity of defeating Tammany. Now that the straight Republican ticket is in the field, the disguise drops off so naturally that few people have noticed its disappearance. Both PLATT and TRACY now admit that they are principally concerned in compassing the defeat of Mr. LOW. As Mr. LOW's defeat would mean the success of CROKER, there is really no reason why Mr. PLATT should have taken the pains to deny the *Herald's* report that he had said that he preferred the election of VAN WYCK to that of LOW. Every one knows what his preference is, and that he is out for VAN WYCK and "what there is in it for him." He and TRACY are for PLATT, and PLATT's interests lie with CROKER. It was intimated the other day, in a telegram to the New York *Herald*, that the two had lunched together a few days before at the Lawyers' Club. During the week Secretary CORNELIUS N. BLISS, who once colisted in a struggle against PLATT, wrote Mr. TRACY a letter to say that he supported PLATT's purpose, pretending, of course, that he did so in the interest of the Republican party and of gold, although he is aware that TRACY's candidacy is in aid of VAN WYCK who voted for BRYAN.

THE Republican enemies of civil service reform are active. Their organization, known as the "National Republican Anti Civil Service League," has its headquarters in Washington. It may be supposed from its title that the purpose of the league is to abolish the civil service, and to substitute military service in civic employments. This would be a mistake. The league, like Mr. BLACK and other opponents of civil service reform, is simply afflicted with an ignorance of the meaning of terms. The league exists for the purpose of securing the "repeal or modification" of the present Federal civil service law, and it hopes, by means of various five-dollar subscriptions, to do good work for the "boys"—meaning the heelers and strikers—at the coming session of Congress. In other words, it is a vulgar crowd of hummer politicians who are seeking to change the law so that they may secure public places, from which decent, self-respecting citizens without "pulls," and possessing merit only, shall be therefore excluded. These friends of Congressman GROSVENOR and Senator GALLINGER wish to overturn the democratic service now established, to which all citizens are eligible, and to set up in its place an oligarchy of worthless adventurers.

NEWS comes from Washington, by way of the *Evening Post's* trustworthy correspondent, that the President is about to abandon the effort to secure a reform of the currency, and will not urge it in his coming message. We trust that Mr McKINLEY will change his mind again if the report be true. It is said that he is content with the prosperity that has come, foolishly attributing it to the DINGLEY bill, and he is averse to stirring up trouble. Moreover, both Senator ALLISON and Speaker REED have assured him that no money bill can be passed. Under similar circumstances Mr. CLEVELAND would have permitted Congress to take the responsibility of refusing to afford the needed relief to the country and the Treasury. Mr McKINLEY is sadly mistaken if he supposes that he can shave off the question which was the central and most important feature of his campaign, and the solution of which should have been made the central and most important purpose of his administration. His neglect of it, and of his duty under it, is of sinister omen for his party and for the country. He is making future union between sound money men of different parties difficult, if not impossible; and he is encouraging the silver men, as he encouraged them last spring when he sent WOLCOTT and the other wanderers on a silly hunt for bimetallism among the public men and bankers of England. Thus far his financial policy has been of distinct assistance to the Bryanites.

OUR PRESENT DUTY TO SPAIN.

IT is probable that Spain is to lose Cuba, and eventually the island of Puerto Rico and all her possessions in the Caribbean Sea. Whether the proud and patriotic people who have made such enormous sacrifices to retain their American colonies and their prestige must bear the humiliation of acknowledged defeat now or a few years from now, defeat itself, though unacknowledged, has probably come. Within four years Spain has poured into Cuba more than 200,000 men, and has expended millions of borrowed money. She has shown wonderful energy, and a patriotism ardent and self sacrificing, that has won the deep respect of all men who still have faith in the ancient virtue of love of country to the point of giving all for it. The best of our Jingoes must admire the spirit of the people whom they have been ready to plunder, although most of our babbling warriors cannot be counted on to recognize the manifestations of heroism that stir manlier, and therefore more peace-preserving men.

With the unexpressed consciousness of defeat, there is a deep resentment felt and shown by the people of Spain against this country. So strong is this resentment that it endangers the peace between the two countries to a much greater degree, perhaps, than does the Jingo sentiment of our own country. Spain is torn by internal dissensions. Her great expenditure of life and money has been unsuccessful, but it is doubtless believed at Madrid that a change in Cuban policy may restore the island to its old time state of loyal dependency, although it is probably true that the Cubans will not accept autonomy, or anything short of complete independence. However this may be, it is essential to any Spanish politician's continuance in power, possibly to the continued reign of the present royal family, that an effort shall be made to retain Cuba by other measures than those adopted by WEYLER with the consent, and perhaps at the instigation of CÁNOVAS. It is evident, at all events, that a suggestion of surrender would be followed by a revolution which would be complicated by the efforts of the Carlists and the Republicans to overthrow the present government, each party seeking to draw its own advantage from the miseries of the country.

It is evident, from a consideration of this situation—the Cubans hopeful and obstinate, the Spanish

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people insistent on the retention of the island—that the government, face to face with inevitable defeat, must either go down in a revolution or maintain itself by an appeal to the people on some question that will unite them by again firing their patriotic zeal. The obvious method for the government under such circumstances will be war with the United States; for, as has often been said, Spain will add little to her losses by a war with this country, while she will have the satisfaction of covering the shame of the loss of her colony with the glory of a war with a real power. In view of all the facts in the case, in view of Spain's weakness and of her splendid struggle for the maintenance of her colonial possessions in America, in view of our own professed peace-loving attitude, and in view of the fact that, in case of a war, the sufferers in this country would be mainly the men who have given no occasion for it, while most of those whose insults to Spanish pride will have brought on the conflict will continue to follow peaceful pursuits at home—in view of all this, great circumspection is demanded at the present juncture of affairs, including not only self-restraint on the part of all those who are in any way in authority, but stronger condemnation than has yet been meted out to obstreperous Jingoism.

As between the two governments, the United States has given no occasion to Spain to declare war. On the contrary, we are within bounds in saying that Spain ought to be grateful to the executive power in this country for the consideration which has been shown her. It is perfectly true, as an English correspondent writes, that "if Cuba was as close to England as it is to Florida, the British government would long ago have interfered in the matter." Both Mr. CLEVELAND's and Mr. MCKINLEY's administrations have done their utmost to observe the obligations of neutrality, and they have maintained this friendly attitude against a good deal of political pressure. It is also true that the United States might have properly interfered two years ago for the compulsion of peace. It might have interfered, for example, for the protection of its commerce, which was sadly damaged by the war which Spain has been unable to bring to a conclusion. It might have interfered for the protection of the property of American citizens, which has been at the mercy of both sides. It might have interfered because of the cruelties that the Spaniards have practised; and English writers have regarded our refusal to interfere on this ground as cold-blooded cynicism. But although both Houses of Congress have passed offensive resolutions, and although politicians and the press have done their utmost to excite the war spirit in the country, the executive branch of the government has faithfully performed its duty. Mr. CLEVELAND and Mr. MCKINLEY have both declined to recognize the independence of Cuba or the belligerency of the insurgents, and the government has done its utmost to prevent filibustering. If filibusters have escaped on trial, it has been because juries were sympathetic, not because United States marshals and district attorneys have failed to perform their duty. We believe that the executive branch of the government has so carefully and conscientiously conducted itself towards Spain that the claims which have been diligently compiled by the lawyers of the Spanish government will not stand an instant before an international tribunal.

It is not the executive branch of our government that has angered Spain. It is the irresponsible talking Senators and members of the House of Representatives, most of whom do not really want war, and therefore do not really mean what they say. The history of the concurrent resolution is still familiar. Congress wished to explode without doing real damage, and that has been its attitude all through this affair. In this country we understand that all this fury is for home consumption and for voters. This, however, is not understood in Spain; and the Spanish popular mind finds it difficult to differentiate between a law-abiding Executive on the one side, and Jingo law-makers and juries on the other. Doubtless the Spanish public men understand the situation and give the President due credit for his conduct of this business; but they cannot restrain the populace, and therefore, in the presence of the delicate situation that faces both governments, it is time to ask even Jingoes to learn wisdom and to curb their tongues. Spain is suffering, and her situation is tragic. In her wrath she is quite likely to fling herself into war—a senseless war—with the United States. While the responsible branch of our government has not provoked war, irresponsible politicians have done enough to excite to anger a people much less haughty and sensitive than the Spaniards. In the presence of a possible war, it is not demanding too much of them to ask that they be silent, that they give no further occasion for a war, that they cease their taunts, their revilings, and their threats, and that they imitate in all humility the decent spirit that has thus far been manifested by the American Executive.

MR. HENRY GEORGE IN THE MUNICIPAL CAMPAIGN.

THE candidacy of Mr. HENRY GEORGE for the Mayoralty was originally started by Democratic organizations outside of Tammany Hall, which are largely composed of chronic spoils-hunters. They found in the failure of Tammany Hall to endorse the free-coinage plank of the Chicago platform a welcome opportunity to set up for themselves a claim to be recognized as the "regular" Democratic organization in New York. They selected Mr. HENRY GEORGE as their candidate for Mayor because they expected him to draw a large vote among the laboring population, and thus to give themselves a fair chance to ride on his back into lucrative places. But Mr. HENRY GEORGE, whatever else may be said of him, is not a spoils politician. He is a speculative social reformer who has his own panacea for the ills of the social body, in the curative efficiency of which he sincerely believes, no matter whether anybody else does. Nor is there any reason for doubting the sincerity of his sympathies with the poor and suffering. Last year he attached himself to the BRYAN movement, not as if he had recognized the free coinage of silver as the cure-all which Mr. BRYAN represented it to be—it being, on the contrary, quite probable that he looks down on BRYAN as a social reformer with great contempt—but because he saw in the BRYAN movement a powerful demonstration of discontent with the existing order of society, and because he thought that this discontent, if represented by a great political party, might be made to serve the realization of his own peculiar theories.

It is as the representative of those more or less vague discontents which last year helped to swell the BRYAN vote that Mr. HENRY GEORGE stands in the present municipal campaign. Nothing could, indeed, be more grotesque than that the elements gathering around him should call themselves the "Jeffersonian Democracy," for nobody acquainted with THOMAS JEFFERSON'S writings, especially with his views on financial subjects, will doubt that if JEFFERSON could rise from the grave to-day he would throw up his hands in horror and amazement at most of Mr. GEORGE'S theories. No less grotesque is it that Mr. GEORGE should be aspiring under present circumstances to the office of Mayor of Greater New York—a position the principal duties of which, especially at the beginning of a new municipal organization on a gigantic scale, require not only personal honesty, which Mr. GEORGE undoubtedly possesses, but practical sense, executive ability, and administrative experience of a very high order, which Mr. GEORGE'S own friends would certainly be very far from attributing to him. We are, however, not quite unaccustomed in this country to the unauthorized, not to say fraudulent, use by political parties or agitators of names or devices which carry a certain prestige with them, nor to the nomination for important offices of men who are ill qualified for the discharge of the duties thereof. Such things, therefore, would little disturb the equanimity of the conservative citizen. But what did disturb that equanimity when Mr. GEORGE appeared on the scene as a candidate was the apprehension that his elevation to the first executive office in Greater New York would not only lead to various sorts of reckless experiments by him, but also encourage the lawless and unruly elements of the population, frequently called the dangerous classes, to violent and uncontrollable transgressions, and that thus public order and security might be seriously imperilled.

It will hardly be denied that if Mr. GEORGE should be elected such things might happen, although it is also certain that in such an emergency, aside from the natural sense of responsibility of any municipal officer as to the maintenance of peace and order, the conservative forces of society would promptly assert themselves in their full strength and with unfailing effect. The danger might look formidable at the moment, but it would hardly last long. However, the mere temporary existence of such a danger would be hurtful enough to the character as well as to the prosperity of the city. But while such contingencies are rather remote—Mr. GEORGE'S chances of success in the election being extremely slight—it behooves every good citizen to consider not only how the existing discontents may be rendered harmless, but also how far they are justified, and how they can be allayed by remedial action. We can, indeed, not expect to satisfy those who are constitutionally discontented because of the general fact that some people are rich while others are poor. But whenever the spirit of discontent descends from vague generalities to tangible particulars, and points out specific abuses to be corrected and wrongs to be remedied, it is the part of prudence as well as of justice to listen with attention and respect. Thus we find in the HENRY GEORGE platform, by the side of an array of general propositions somewhat rhetorically dressed up, a number of complaints and corresponding demands concerning our municipal concerns which are by no means entertained by the followers of Mr. GEORGE alone. These complaints turn mainly upon the point that taxation is unfair, and that public franchises have been given to individuals or corporations without adequate compensation to the city; that those individuals or corporations are enjoying all sorts of favors at the hands of those in power, and that they are thus permitted to enrich themselves virtually at the expense of the people.

That there is much truth in this is very widely believed. Nor can it be denied that such a state of things is calculated to strengthen the impression that the rich are enjoying, in many cases at least, various unjust advantages over the poor. It is equally undeniable that such an impression, especially when based upon facts generally known, or at least upon appearances exciting plausible suspicions of wrong, is most apt to create discontent or to intensify the discontents already existing. Now who is responsible for the mischief that has thus been done? It is generally understood that the party machines have been, and are, drawing their funds mainly from individuals or corporations that depend, as to their gains, on the action of public authorities—the State Legislature, or city councils, or municipal officers—and that seek to be benefited in their interests, or protected against unfavorable action, by political influence. When Tammany Hall was in power in this city and controlled the State Legislature, the Tammany boss had to be "seen" by every person or corporation desiring legislative or municipal favors or protection against injurious action, whether just or unjust, and such favors or such protection were obtained if well paid for. The relations between corporations and the Republican boss while the Republican machine controlled the Legislature, and through it our municipal affairs, have been so often laid bare by the newspapers that it is needless here to repeat the familiar tale. In short, the party machines and bosses identified, for pay, their interests with the interests of individuals and corporations that largely depended for their profits upon the favor of public authorities.

But this was not the worst of it. Those individuals and corporations paying money to the party machines or bosses for favors or protection naturally desire that the machines or bosses should keep the power necessary to enable them to secure to their tributaries the favors or the protection desired. They therefore have a strong inducement to use, and do use, their influence in elections, which, in the aggregate, is very potential, to strengthen and perpetuate machine or boss rule. This explains the well known fact that some prominent Republicans connected with such corporations, while very eloquent about the virtues of their party, thoughtfully avoid attacking Tammany, and that Democrats in a similar situation are very careful not to offend Boss PLATT. In other words, the beneficiaries of machine or boss rule are thus, to the end of serving their own convenience, exerting their great power to maintain a sort of government which is thoroughly undemocratic, and highly prejudicial to public morality and the common welfare. This is very bad citizenship, which, if persisted in, may in the course of time provoke commotions far more dangerous than the present HENRY GEORGE movement is.

On the other hand, those of the present followers of Mr. GEORGE who have cool heads, and aim rather at the reform of specific abuses than at a general disturbance, should consider that at the present moment there is a promising opportunity for breaking up the nefarious system here described. They can help in securing this desirable result, not by voting for Mr. GEORGE, whose election, if it could be brought about at all, would be apt to provoke a sharp reaction, which in its turn would play into the hands of the machines and their beneficiaries—but by voting for the candidate who is the declared and honest antagonist of all boss rule, and of the whole system of favoritism which has grown up under it, and whose election will restore what this community has not had for many years: government solely for the public interest. That candidate, who really can be elected, is Mr. SETH LOW.

CARL SCHURZ.

KIENZL'S OPERA "DER EVANGELIMANN."

BY FLORENCE HAYWARD.

It is a new time of day when, in the recognition of what is successful, we are not only behind the Continental cities of the Old World, but are even to the rearward of London. And yet the City of Dreadful Delay, which has deliberated for some thirty two years before finally admitting *Tristan* and *Isolde* to the position of a stock work at Covent Garden, has been more prompt than we to give a hearing to what is the most interesting and successful opera of the past two years. As regards *Der Evangelimann*, by Kienzl, we have been left to do what Mrs. Partington called "bringing up the career of the procession," and this in connection with a work that, unlike the Wagnerian operas, has not had to be explained and interpreted by the few to the many, but which has proved attractive from the first alike to musicians, critics, and the less learned mass of opera goers.

For whatever else may or may not be said of *Der Evangelimann*, this much is certain—that it possesses to an unusual degree the increasingly rare quality of interest. Every one who sees it not only wants to talk about it, but to discuss it—a proof that it is equally removed from the two fatalities, commonplaceness on the one hand, and perfection on the other. The general public without actually knowing this feels it, the result is that each hearer feels impelled to say just why the opera has pleased him so much, and also why and where he thinks it will not please the public. Perhaps it is a trifle obvious to say that if every individual who hears an opera likes it, it does not make much difference whether it is liked or not by the public. To be sure, this still leaves the critics out of account, but that is a state of affairs to which of necessity they are becoming accustomed.

Kienzl is not a German, but an Austrian; he comes from Graz, in Styria. He is between thirty five and forty years of age, and has written, besides the *Evangelimann*, two other operas, *Urvasi*, and *Heilmar der Narr* (Heilmar the Fool). He is now busily engaged upon a fourth which takes Don Quixote for its subject.

Probably the secret of the interest which Kienzl's work awakens lies in its naturalness, or perhaps it will be better to say its entire possibleness. The characters are every-day people; the happenings are such as you may chance upon at any time, or read of any morning in the newspaper. There are no kings, queens, nor gods nor goddesses, and even the nearest to a garden hero and heroine. There is no symbolism, nor anything else difficult to comprehend, there is not even tragedy of action, only the tragedy of results, which, after all, is the deepest tragedy of all. Kienzl, who wrote the book as well as the music, adapting one of the stories in Meissner's *Note Book of a Police Commissioner*, has had the courage to use every day incidents of every-day life, and the art to show the poetry and pathos of them. Whether it is the playing of children in the street, the meeting of friends and neighbors at a bowling alley, or the unidealized interior of a sick room, we have it from him with a frankness and at the same time a delicacy that interest and charm; for it makes an average every day folk—and most of us acknowledge that we are nothing more—realize that the commonplace is not necessarily common, nor the every-day aspect of life necessarily trivial.

The story is simplicity itself. Two brothers, Johannes and Mathias, who are respectively the schoolmaster of St. Othmar and its sexton, love Martha, the niece and ward of the justice of the village. Johannes, the elder, persuades the justice that Mathias is not only a ne'er-do-weel, who, from a worldly point of view, would be a poor husband, but is one who, with no intention of marrying Martha, is amusing himself at the expense of her good name. The justice thereupon forbids Mathias paying further court to his niece, and upon Mathias and Martha announcing their determination to marry with or without his consent, deprives Mathias of his position and orders him to leave the village. The lovers, through their friend Magdalena, agree to meet in the old cloisters after the villagers have had their evening game of ninepins.

Johannes overhears their vows of love and faithfulness, and, possessed by a fury of jealousy, sets fire to the cloister barn, just at hand, with the intention that suspicion shall fall upon Mathias. His plan succeeds, Mathias, supposed to have committed the crime in revenge for his treatment at the justice's hands, is sent to prison. This ends the first act. Twenty years later we see Magdalena in Vienna, and after a characteristic street scene of children playing at soldiers and dancing to an organ grinder's tunes, we also see Mathias, prematurely aged by his twenty years' unjust imprisonment. Liberty has come at last; but work is denied the ex-convict, and he has become an Evangelimann (Evangelist), a wandering reader of the Bible to such as may bestow alms in return. Through his teaching of texts to the children who are playing about her, Magdalena recognizes him, and asks him to offer the consolations of religion to an old man for whom she is caring, but who, racked by disease, is slowly dying. The old man is, of course, Johannes. The last scene takes place in his bedroom, where, tortured equally by anguish of mind and of body, he lies alternately cursing God and appealing to Him for release from his sufferings. The brothers' recognition, Johannes's confession of the crime of twenty years ago, his forgiveness by Mathias, and Johannes's death unite to form a tremendous final scene.

It may seem out of place to have given the first consideration to the dramatic side of the opera rather than to the lyric. But it is that very dramatic quality that makes this opera interesting, it would act well if there were not a note of music, the book is not merely a book, but a play, to which Kienzl has written music. You are not to imagine, however, that the music is secondary to interest, or in any way merely incidental. If one could, on the one hand, find it quite possible to be interested in the story aside from the music, one could, on the other, find equal pleasure in the music alone. Kienzl has proved by the first act that the fountain of melody is not yet exhausted, and by the second that to his gift for invention of melodic forms he adds a capability for music of the more serious and advanced sort. It is curious, indeed, to notice how entirely different in character are the two acts. In the first, melody is pre-eminent, in the second, harmony. The first act is romantic; the second, heroic. The first, comedy; the second, tragedy. So marked is the difference that it has led Seidl and others to think that the composition of the music of the two acts must have been separated by many years in the composer's life. Such is not the case: the opera was written within a year, and shows, I think, not so much a change of style as an adaptation of style to the demands of the moment.

Another of its elements of success is the subordination of the woman element in the opera. There is a nominal heroine, but she is rather the pretext than the occasion for the main interest of the work, and as she does but little of anything, and nothing heroic, and drowns herself, as we are told, after the close of the first act, one may drop the eternal feminine and enjoy undisturbed other topics not so threadbare. The interest, both dramatic and musical, centres in the two brothers' rôles, rendered by Van Dyck and Bispham. Nowhere could one find more thorough comprehension of the characters, and of the spirit of the composer, rarer intelligence, or a more entire unity of conception and rendering, than these two artists have given to their parts. I will not say that the parts suit them as if they had been written for them—that is a poor compliment to any real artist, no part fits him; he fits himself to whatever part he undertakes; and this is the case with both Bispham and Van Dyck. Van Dyck, who as Tannhäuser gives us to perfection the consistent impulsiveness of that character, shows as Mathias a convincing portrait of all that is simple, strong, faithful, enduring.

Bispham, who as Wotan shows us the god—majestic, sorrowful, unrelenting—gives us in Johannes first the villain, malicious, sly, licentious, later the coward, both physical and moral, and finally the abject penitent. It is difficult to say whether the public owes most to Kienzl for having written *Der Evangelimann* or to Bispham, Van Dyck, Madame Schumann-Heinck, and Maria Engle for their rendering of it.

THE NEW CAPTAIN-GENERAL OF CUBA.

Don Ramón Blanco y Erenas, the successor as Captain General in Cuba of the too famous Weyler, was to leave Spain on the 12th of October. The Council of Ministers had confirmed his appointment by the Queen Regent in its sitting of the 9th. General Weyler has left Havana (on the 20th), and the gubernatorial functions in the island are exercised, *ad interim*, in the island, until Blanco's arrival, by Señor Marin, Captain General of Porto Rico.

General Blanco was born in 1832, at Bilbao. He has spent all his life in the Spanish army, and in his political tendencies he always sided with the Liberal party, which has recently come to power, with Señor Sagasta as Prime Minister. He distinguished himself in the civil wars against the Carlists, especially at the battle of Peña Plata, after which he was rewarded with the title of Marqués, so that his full name is Don Ramón Blanco, Marquis de Peña Plata. The new Governor General has been in Cuba on many occasions, taking part in the struggle of the first rebellion as a superior officer in the Spanish army or a high official in the military administration of the island. Soon after the treaty of Zanjon, which terminated the war, Blanco was appointed Captain General of Cuba, in 1879, thus succeeding his old friend Marshal Martinez Campos, who, like himself, was destined to return to the island on the occasion of the present revolutionary movement. It will be remembered that Martinez Campos was recalled to Spain, and replaced by Weyler, because he conducted his military operations, as well as the civil administration of Cuba, in conformity with civilized principles. The fact that the new Captain-General always shared the political ideas of the old Marshal gives some hope that the internecine war in the so-called "faithful isle" will be no longer signalized, to the same extent as before, by the savage methods practised during the last eighteen months.

Soon after having left his first Captain Generalship in Cuba, Don Ramón Blanco was appointed, in 1881, Governor of the province of Catalonia, the main bulwark of the Alfonsist dynasty against the Carlists. Later on he was sent to the Philippine Islands, where Weyler had begun an active campaign for conquering the island of Mindanao, inhabited by Mohammedans. Blanco finished up that war in a most satisfactory manner, and for that he

CAPTAIN-GENERAL RAMÓN BLANCO Y ERENAS,
The New Governor-General of Cuba.

was congratulated by the Spanish Cortes. In 1894 he returned to the same Polynesian colonies, with the title of Captain-General of the Philippines. The insurrection had broken out all through the archipelago, and Blanco was accused by the Clerical party, at whose head were the Dominican friars, of lack of energy, and of believing that the rebellion could never be a serious affair. He was recalled to Spain, his successor, General Polavieja, did not succeed any more than Blanco in subduing the Malay rebels, but was tendered a significant reception by the Clerical party when he returned to Spain. The Queen Regent saluted Polavieja from the balcony of the royal palace. This was quite in defiance of all rules of court etiquette in Spain, but it was a consolation given to the Clerical Conservative party, whose military representative in the Philippines was ingloriously returning, under a pretext of sickness. In order to react against that unwonted demonstration, General Blanco published soon after a memoir, in which he shows that, like all his friends of the Liberal party, he did not compromise any more than the Conservative Clericals with any rebels in insurrection against the sovereign rights of Spain. He complacently enumerates how many hundred Philippinian rebels were deported by him to the awful presidios, or Spanish colonial jails, and also how many were executed after his approval of the sentences passed upon them by the courts martial of Manila. All this tends to show that the Cuban patriots, though freed from the "butcher" rule of Weyler, will not experience too much leniency at the hands of the new Captain-General Don Ramón Blanco y Erenas, Marquis of Peña Plata.

F. A.

FOREIGN NOTES.

FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW.

BERLIN, *September 28.*

THE speech which Carl Schurz delivered in Cincinnati to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of German colonization in America has attracted considerable attention in Berlin, particularly his very timely warning against migrating from Germany to tropical countries. This shows that while Mr Schurz is an acquisition in person to the United States, he can do as an American citizen much good to his own country.

While I was searching yesterday in the Berlin City Library, which is housed in the "Rathhaus," or town hall, Dr. Buchholz, the librarian, brought me a little volume which he handled as carefully as though it had been an original of Shakespeare or Martin Luther. It was an exceedingly rare copy of a little volume printed exclusively for and by the secret political police of Germany, and contained a list of persons who were regarded as dangerous to their idea of society. This book was compiled in 1854, and contains, amongst others, the following biographical note, which must raise a smile even amongst German Agrarians:

Schurz, Karl, student; from Liblar by birth; studied in Bonn, 1848; most active agent of the Revolutionary Party (*der Umstürzer Partei*); liberator of Kinkel, a man guilty of high treason. Schurz is a very dangerous revolutionary man (*Revolutionsmann*).

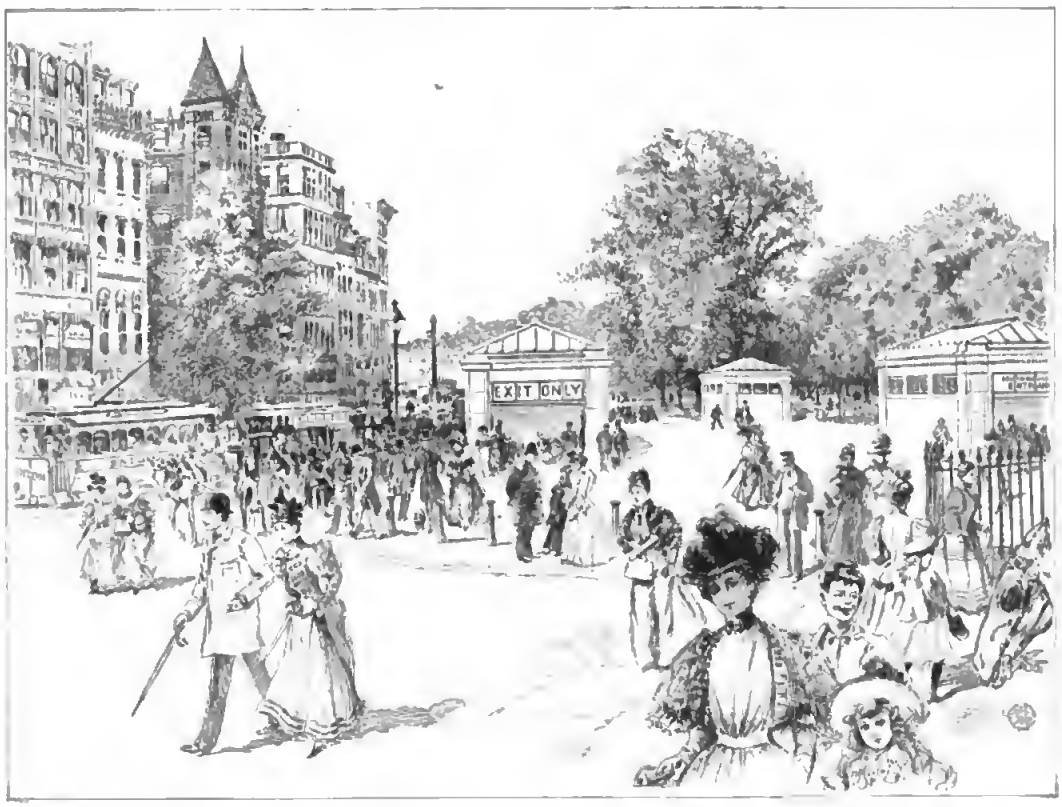
This sounds antiquated and even funny to us. Yet, though it is fifty years since the German revolution broke out, German political life is still made up of two extreme parties, one of which claims to rule by divine right, and to treat as revolutionary all who pretend to an independent political opinion.

NEWTON L. BATES,
The New Surgeon-General of the United States Navy.
[See Page 1034.]
Died suddenly October 18, 1897.

The prison from which Carl Schurz liberated his friend Kinkel is about to be demolished, so I hear, and the ground on which it stands will henceforth be devoted to better uses than locking up men of vastly more intelligence than their keepers.

Some time ago I sailed my canoe to Spandau, with a view to taking a photograph of this prison, but there were so many uniforms about that I thought I had better postpone such an indulgence, particularly as I recalled to mind a disagreeable experience that nearly caused me to be locked up in Warsaw for there trying to see something of the place where Polish political prisoners were kept.

The German police is lending itself zealously to the persecution of Poles, who are seeking against tremendous odds to liberate their country. The press does not dare to discuss this matter, but every now and then we hear of Polish societies being broken up, or pestered with inquisitorial demands out of harmony with constitutional government. From the stand-point of Prince Hohenlohe, this means that it is more important for Germany to conciliate the Czar of Russia than to do justice to a cruelly ill-governed population. How far the Emperor is personally in sympathy with this truckling to the Russian police I have no means of knowing to-day, although six years



THE TREMONT STREET MALL OF BOSTON COMMON SINCE THE OPENING OF THE NEW SUBWAY.—DRAWN BY E. H. GARRETT.—[SEE PAGE 1034.]

ago his heart beat generously in favor of justice for Poland.

He has just returned from a visit to Hungary, where he spoke in flattering terms of the Hungarian love of liberty, and the capacity of that people for constitutional government. If he finds liberty so sweet on the Danube, why, ask my German friends, should he discourage this blessing on the Vistula, to say nothing of the Rhine and the Elbe?

The Hungarians achieved their liberty by denying the divine right of kings. Perhaps the Liberals of the fatherland will accept the Emperor's language as a broad hint.

General Miles was not treated in Germany with as much official attention as he received in England. The Emperor gave him permission to attend the great military exercises, but that was about all. I hear, also, that Captain Dorst, our late military attaché in Vienna, though present at an official function, did not have the honor of exchanging compliments with the Kaiser. On ordinary occasions I should have regarded this as an accidental omission for which a palace functionary was to blame; but nowadays, when the American ambassador cannot find a single official German paper that does not persistently hold up the United States for insult, there appears to be somewhat of method in this madness.

Mr. Wilde, our ambassador, will soon have completed a year of residence here, and has not yet managed to get an apartment in order, although his wife and himself, his private secretary, and all the rest of the embassy staff, spend most of the day in the drudgery of chasing after plumbers, electricians, upholsterers, carpenters, and the like. The money he is now spending on his dwelling is wasted, for he will be lucky if at the end of his four years he can sell his stuff for one-quarter of what it cost him when new. He will spend necessarily five times as much as the government salary amounts to. Not for ostentation, but for mere entertaining of passing American travellers and his official colleagues. It has monstrous imposition on a man whose position was scholar and a diplomat is so high as that of Andrew D. White that he should be forced not merely to give his time for nothing but to make up out of his own pocket the shortcomings of his salary. I have so often called attention to this that I shall soon be accused of monotonous repetition, but it is such a crying evil that it deserves instant remedy. The work of an American ambassador in Berlin to day is of a serious nature, and should demand the whole time of a valuable man. We must dismiss the idea that diplomats are merely ornamental accessories of government, and should regard them as the business agents of a vast mercantile corporation, involving commercial interests as complicated as they are precious. Of my own knowledge I can testify that J. B. Jackson, the first secretary, as well as Mr Fiske, the second secretary, is crowded with important work, and that our ambassador could give full employment to double the number if he had them. It would, for instance, keep one man busy if he did nothing but get evidence that would convict German firms of cheating American manufacturers. The English take much better care of their commerce than we do, at least in this respect.

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

MUSIC.

THE prospectus general of the local music season now drawing near as November's middle approaches is lavish in concert interests. Such being the fact, the curious shortcomings in opera which must be taken into consideration for 1897-8 may be considered as made good in music's solider and higher expression. The list of soloists is extremely large. Among pianists will appear Pugno, Siloti, Sieveking, Joseffy, Godofsky, Gullico, and Constantin von Sternberg. As to organ music, Alexandre Guilmant will make his second American tour. The violinists will present in their group Marteau and Ysaye, not to speak of resident violinists of assured rank; and among 'cellists are expected Jean Gérardy and Leo Stern. The vocal cohort will offer a special recruiting from the operatic ranks, as well as from the concert stage.

That annual Parisian excitement during the dull season, the Conservatory examinations for promotions and graduation honors—those weary examinations in which the same instrumental piece is played by ten candidates, and the same old stock of vocal solos is made to do noble duty for young sopranos to the opera-houses—they have been a sadly disappointing business, by all accounts, this year. Few good words were spoken by the critics of the new young men and new young women who did their best to please and gratify the judges. Several pupils failed dismally, and certain signal prizes were not awarded. The best account of itself that any of the departments gave was in the ballet classes, where a group of promising young women were highly commended. *Noblesse oblige.*

The existing condition of the Wagnerian privileges of France, of which we hear much nowadays, is illustrated by the fact that *Tristan and Isolde* has at last been produced for the first time on a French public stage—not at Paris, but down at the summer resort of Aix les Bains. This is under much the same conditions as if Saratoga or Richfield Springs, toward the end of a summer season, should decide to fill out an important musical blank for Americans. The French resort named, however, possesses a distinct musical atmosphere. Its opera house and superior orchestral concerts are directed by Jéhin, whose wife is Madame Deschamps Jéhin, of the Paris Opéra, and one of the best of contemporary French contralti. The performances have drawn a considerable representation of the French critics, and many of the faithful Wagnerites of the land. They have been but moderately successful, from the standards of American and German Wagnerians. The Tristan was Costès, the Isolde, Madame Chrétien Vaguet. Madame Deschamps Jéhin sang Brangaene, and M. Albers was Kurwenal, and the rest of the cast was of less value. The French text of Wilder of course was used.

The Philharmonic Society of New York city makes an important announcement for the coming season, over and above the usual notification of the dates and terms of its concerts. There will be eight concerts and eight public rehearsals, or sixteen concerts in all, in place of the twelve, hitherto the limit. The dates of the evening concerts are as follows, Saturday evenings, November 13, December 11, January 8, 29, February 19, March 5, 19, April 2. The eight afternoon concerts are set for the Fridays successively preceding those dates—(by the bye, it would have been a good opportunity for the Society to dismiss that ancient and misleading term "rehearsals," and to call a formal public concert a concert.) The programme of the season is conservative in new music. There will be played for the first time from the Society's orchestra Humperdinck's overture to his "Königskinder" fairy piece; Professor MacDowell's "New Indian" suite; Dr. Dvořák's new symphonic poem "The Noon Witch"; and an arrangement by Siegfried Wagner of Schubert's "Sehnsucht." The soloists announced are Madame Nordica and the Messrs. Eugène Ysaye, Jean Gérardy, Henri Marteau (whose military duty is done), Raoul Pugno, and Pol. Plançon.

The dates of the subscription concerts to be given in the Astoria Hotel during the season, under the management of Mr. Carl Lowenstein, as already noted in this journal, are announced as the evenings of November 4, 18, 30, December 14, 30, January 13, 25, February 10, 24, March 10, 24; and April 7. These bring the series to twelve concerts. Mr. Anton Seidl and an orchestra of ninety two will be the foundation, and a notably strong representation of soloists is secured, including Madame Sembrich, and the Messrs. Rafael Joseffy, Plançon, Pugno, Leo Stern, and Ysaye. The Astoria will be a conspicuous musical factor under such conditions, and even its opening as a hotel will be through a charity concert, in course of a week or so.

Madame Dyna Beumer, a Belgian coloratura soprano of some distinction, and a pupil in Brussels of Gevaert and in Paris of Faure, will be heard in concert in this city during the season approaching, making her first appearance at the Astoria Hotel subscription concerts.

The rumors as to the disbanding of the Symphony Society of New York are set at rest for the coming season by the announcement of five afternoon concerts and five evening ones on respectively the dates of November 5, 6, December 26, 27, January 21, 22, February 11, 12, and April 7, 8. Mr. Walter Damrosch continues in charge of the orchestra. Among the soloists will be Madame Melba, Mr. Ysaye, Mr. David Bispham, and Mr. Henri Marteau.

The following are the dates of the performances of Theodore Thomas's Chicago Orchestra on its spring tour, set forth with special reference to this city:

March 1.—Metropolitan Opera-House, evening, New York.
March 2.—Academy of Music, evening, New York.
March 3.—Music Hall, evening, Baltimore.
March 4.—Evening, Washington.
March 5.—Academy of Music, matinée, Philadelphia.
March 8.—Metropolitan Opera-House, evening, New York.
March 11.—Academy of Music, evening, Brooklyn.
March 12.—Metropolitan Opera-House, matinée, New York.
March 15.—Metropolitan Opera-House, evening, New York.
March 16.—Metropolitan Opera-House, matinée, New York.
March 19.—Metropolitan Opera-House, matinée, New York.

There will be seven New York concerts out of the eleven.

The recent Bergamese musical festival commemorating Donizetti seems to have been a troublous and uneven business. Reports from auditors of it are hopelessly conflicting, according to their intelligence or sentiment. Some say the concerts were very bad, others that they were very good, and it is certain that the opera performances were hissed, and that well known singers found themselves in difficulties with the management or the public, or with both. Among the artists more generally known who took part were Madame Melba, Miss Fanny Davies, Madame Tua, and the Messrs. Cremonini Piatti, Joachim, and Buonamici.

The National Conservatory of Music of America, Antonín Dvořák, director, 128 and 128 East Seventeenth Street, New York, will hold a special singing and operatic examination October 15, from 10 A.M. to 12 M. and 2 to 4 P.M. The examiners will be Messrs. Victor Capoul and Gustav Hinrichs. The conservatory has opened an uptown branch institution at 239 Lenox Avenue.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will give five concerts, as hitherto, in the Metropolitan Opera House, respectively on the Thursday evenings November 11, December 16, January 20, February 17, and March 24, under Mr. Paur's direction. The soloists announced are Mesdames Melba and Nordica and the Messrs. Joseffy, Kneisel, and Loeffler.

At St. Petersburg the opera season beginning next month will add to the repertory of that house Rubinstein's *Feramors*, with its brilliant ballet—the music of which is familiar on our concert programmes—and Giordano's *Andrea Chénier*. The leading star will be Miss Sembrich—apparently. At the Italian Opera are to sing the tenors Tamagno, Masini, and Marconi, and the baritone Battistini. Madame Sembrich, being engaged for her coming tour in this country, will not be heard in Russia again till 1899.

The first concerts in America of the "Banda Rossa," the "Red Band," an Italian military orchestra of high class and of wide European repute, have been in progress at the Metropolitan Opera House since last week—in some degree an opening of the local orchestral season. The director of the Banda Rossa is Sorrentino, a conductor of much repute in Italy. The repertory of the band is elaborate, on the same lines as the programmes of Sousa's and Gilmore's bands.

There is little pleasure in contemplating the acrid disturbance in Boston's good old Handel and Haydn Society as to whether Mr. Carl Zerrahn, now past his seventy-first year, should remain the conductor of the society; or should give place to Mr. B. J. Lang. The latter is out so very much Mr. Zerrahn's junior, now so immeasurably his superior, but to his securing of the post in question is supposed to attach a large gift of money for the society, from a mysterious unnamed benefactor who swears by Mr. Lang. In the eyes of this Maecenas of music Mr. Lang is rated at a value, it seems, of $150,000—the price of a new club-house for the Handel and Haydn. The quarrelling and electioneering have at least indicated a juicy vitality of temper, even of temperament, in the Handel and Haydn that would not have been suspected. As for the choice between the two conductors, it is only in ordinary musical programmes to say that—there are others.

E. IRENAEUS STEVENSON.

SHAM BATTLE OF NEW YORK'S FIRST BRIGADE.

IT has been the aim of the military authorities of New York State to assemble the First Brigade of the National Guard, which is that part of the militia with headquarters in New York city, once a year, when possible, for the purpose of field exercises of some kind. Occasionally, as was the case this year, these exercises have taken the form of a sham battle at Van Cortlandt Park, a large and only partly developed tract of meadow and woodland at the northernmost limits of the city. On these occasions seven regiments, two batteries of artillery, and a squadron of cavalry participate in the manœuvres of mimic war. The struggle involves practical work in the field, such as marching, charging, retreating, advancing, and firing of rifles and guns in every way used in warfare.

The battle this year was held on Saturday, October 9. There were fully 25,000 persons massed on the roadway skirting one side of the parade ground of the park to see the close of the contest. The brigade, numbering about 5000 men, was divided into an eastern and western force. The western force consisted of four regiments, one battery of four guns, and one troop of cavalry. It numbered about 2700 men. The eastern force consisted of three regiments, a battery of four guns, two troops of cavalry, and numbered about 2300 men. The western force was considered the invading force of an enemy from the northward. The eastern force was to protect New York.

Theoretically, the line of battle stretched from the Hudson to the East River. Inasmuch as all that territory, except Van Cortlandt Park, is pretty well settled, it was necessary to confine actual operations to the park itself, and to let the rest of the fight, from river to river, exist in imagination. It was not even possible to use all of the park. In the centre of its northern end is Vault Hill, occupied as a preserve for buffaloes, and it was necessary to call that territory "impassable ground." This not only added to the difficulty of manœuvring, but restricted the field operations. Down through the centre of the park is a long and narrow lake. It was necessary to run the line of battle across this lake, with no means of communication between the wings except by two bridges, one at the extreme northern and the other at the extreme southern end of the parade ground.

The two forces left New York by trains at about the same time. One went up on the Hudson River side, and the other on the East River side. They detrained, and immediately began marching to the field of contest. It was arranged that the western, or attacking force, should reach the field a little before the others, and should hold the upper and lower bridges—the key to the operations in the park. In the western force were the Ninth, Twelfth, Eighth, and Twenty-second regiments, under command of Colonel Seward, of the Ninth. In the eastern force were the Seventh, Seventy first, and Sixty-ninth regiments, under command of Colonel Appleton, of the Seventh. Captain Wendell's battery was with the attackers, and Captain Wilson's with the defenders.

Along the eastern side of the park, from north to south, runs a wooded crest. It was on the northern part of this crest that the battle began in the woods. The Seventy-first and Seventh, from the east, attacked the Twenty-second and Twelfth regiments, from the west, and drove them back. While the firing was going on in the woods, and the thousands of spectators were endeavoring to catch a glimpse of something more than the wisps of smoke that arose above the trees, a spirited cavalry charge was made across the parade ground of the park. The western force was driven back from the lower bridge. Gradually the Twenty-second Regiment was drawn across the upper bridge to re enforce the main body of the western force, and the Seventh was drawn down to the lower bridge to dislodge the Eighth Regiment, which had control of that strategic point. The artillery was seen to occupy two hills nearly a mile apart. The defenders of New York drove back the infantry force at the lower bridge, and, after a fight that had lasted about an hour, two thirds of the forces were massed on the great parade-ground in sight of the thousands of spectators. To the east of the slender lake the Twelfth and Seventy first regiments were contesting for supremacy. The Twelfth had held the upper bridge safe for the invaders. To the west, on the parade-ground, the Seventh alone of the defenders was holding in check the Eighth and Twenty second regiments. On the west the Ninth was supporting the artillery, and to the east the Sixty ninth was doing similar duty.

The forces charged across the great parade-ground with cheers, and fired as skirmishers by companies, battalions, and regiments. The cavalry fought on horse, and also dismounted. The guns of the artillery thundered. The shouts of the officers and the whistles of the orders added to the confusion. It was a spectacle of vigorous action and great noise, and it was ended—just as it was planned to end—in a drawn contest. The line of battle was then stretched through the centre of the parade ground across the lake and park from east to west. The attackers still held the northern bridge, and the defenders held the southern bridge. Neither side had any distinct advantage, and each was in a fine position for action the next day if the fight had been continued. General Fitzgerald, commanding the brigade, said the benefit of the day came almost entirely in the drill it gave to the officers in handling men under conditions of actual warfare. The day closed with a brigade review by Major General Merritt, of the United States Army, commanding the Department of the East, and stationed at Governors Island, and with a special drill of the cavalry and artillery in one force by Major Avery D. Andrews, of General Fitzgerald's staff.

THIS BUSY WORLD

We must not be too hasty in reaching conclusions as to the foolishness of that committee of the Board of Education of Philadelphia which has decided that *Les Misérables* is not a proper book to use as a text-book for the girls of the high school. While *Les Misérables* is one of the great and good books of the century, there is room for differences of opinion as to whether it is adapted, as a whole, to the uses of schoolgirls. A number of accomplished educators think that it is not, and others equally accomplished take no exception to it. Decrees ladies who manage young ladies' boarding-schools have welcomed the whole of it into their households, and readers generally delight in it because it is such a great story and as an admirable power to cure the ailments of the soul. If a newspaper discussion of its properties results in carrying it to new readers, that will be a considerable good, and certainly those Philadelphia girls who don't read it in school must be sure to read it out of school, for it is one of the books that persons who have souls ought not to miss. One of the delightful experiences of life is to read *Les Misérables* for the first time. Where is there another single book of equal power to make bad people long to be good, to make weak people long to be strong, and to awaken in merely good people a realization of charity? It is doubtful if the American Tract Society has in its whole list so far reaching and strenuous a Christian document as *Les Misérables*.

Citizens of New York who are worrying over the Mayoralty contest, and are in doubt as to which of the four leading candidates they should vote for, must envy the made up mind of Dr. Iwise R. Funk, who is frankly opposed to all four. Dr. Funk's special interest in political life as is well known, is the contrivance of means to keep alcohol out of human beings. He finds all the candidates lacking in devotion to this work. It is a work all thoughtful people are interested in, and which most thoughtful persons approve in so far as they think it is feasible. But besides those who don't think it feasible, there are some thinkers nowadays who disbelieve in its expediency. These persons, while they recognize the value of abstemiousness, still disapprove of the elimination of alcohol from our communities. They believe it is useful in its destructiveness, and that it makes for human progress to have within reasonably easy reach an agent of such efficacy in killing off the unfit. There is sense in that view; and yet this useful destructiveness of alcohol seems fitter to be regarded as a compensation for ruin that will inevitably result than as an advantage to be procured by direct effort, or even by wholesale neglect.

The continuous residents of Andover, Massachusetts, constitute only a fraction of the people who are interested in everything of importance that pertains to that town. A village that has been for more than a century in the business of educating boys from all parts of the country, that has harbored a famous theological seminary for ninety years, and a noted academy for girls for nearly seventy years, naturally has friends and partisans everywhere. Every one who knows and cares for Andover knows Indian Ridge, and will be glad to learn that the effort to save that beautiful and interesting piece of woodland as a public reservation is making good progress. Of the $4000 needed to buy the tract and keep it as a forest reservation $2600 has been raised, and a faithful committee is at work to get the remaining $1400. Subscriptions are received and acknowledged by Miss Alice Buck, Andover, Massachusetts.

San Francisco's monument to Robert Louis Stevenson was to have been dedicated on October 18. It is a fountain twelve feet high, the chief feature of it being the bronze casting of a sixteenth century Spanish galleon—the *Romancero*—with all sails spread, speeding in quest of treasure and new stories. It stands in the old Plaza, and there is no site in this country that could suit it better. San Francisco is to be congratulated on having this monument. They say it does credit to its designers, Messrs. Porter and Polk, and to the sculptor, Mr. Pipers. Certainly it is a credit to San Francisco's Guild of Arts and Crafts, which proposed it, for the idea was fit and good.

Medical Director Newton L. Bates, who was appointed on October 1 to succeed General Rufus Tryon as Surgeon General and Chief of the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery in the Navy Department has recently had charge of the Museum of Hygiene in Washington and is the President's family physician. He entered the service in 1861 as Assistant Surgeon, appointed from New York, and was attached to the Naval Hospital at New York. During the war he served on the *Seneca* with the South Atlantic squadron, in the Naval Laboratory in New York, and on the *Benton* with the Mississippi squadron. He was commissioned Surgeon in 1863, was a member of the Board of Examiners from 1868 to 1880, and in 1881 was commissioned Medical Inspector. From 1890 to 1892 he was in charge of the Naval Hospital at Yokohama. In 1888 he became Medical Director. After this paragraph was in type, Dr. Bates died suddenly on the morning of October 18.

A Boston contemporary permits itself to discuss the prospects of the Harvard Golf Club team, heralding its acquisition of a new player, named Clark, from New York, and speculating on its chances in a match with Yale. It may not be good policy to forbid college boys to play golf, for it is an innocent sport, and there are some lads not robust enough for more violent exercises, whose necessities it suits. But certainly no license should be issued for inter-collegiate golf matches. If college boys golf at all, it should only be by sufferance, and as inconspicuously as possible. Tennis, boating, football, baseball, and the like are the fit sports for youth. Golf, as President Eliot has justly observed, is an old man's game. Youth should not encroach upon it, and certainly should not presume to excel at it. For young lads at college to go regularly in to be golfers, without serving any apprenticeship to peg top, tennis, football, and the rest, is scandalous. Tyng is a Harvard graduate and a golfer; so is Quincy Shaw—but, bless us! they didn't golf in college. Tyng, as will be recalled, was a perennial pitcher on the Harvard nine, and Shaw, in his youth, was of renown in tennis. Now these elders (Mr. Shaw must be as old as twenty five), having earned their privilege, may properly enough cheat their growing infirmities by winning golf matches. Youngsters may learn a little golf, as they learn whist, as a provision against old age. Often when players happen to be scarce, and some old gentleman feels inclined to go round the links, it is a convenience to have a competent youngster for a companion, just as an intelligent boy may be called in to take a fourth hand in whist, but the policy of letting young lads play matches, either against one another or against grown persons, is altogether mistaken, and fit to be frowned upon and discouraged.

We are likely to learn soon what sort of a soldiers' and sailors' monument is to be erected at the Fifth Avenue and Sixtieth Street entrance to Central Park. That site is not yet absolutely determined upon, but it is so strongly favored as to be virtually selected. Seven architects, each co-operating with a sculptor who had been invited to send in plans, have placed their designs in the hands of the Memorial Commission consisting of Mayor Strong, Comptroller Fitch, Commissioner Collis, Recorder Goff, President McMillan of the Park Board, and Colonel Golden, chairman of the G. A. R. Memorial Committee. The prevailing scheme in the designs is reported to be in a column with base and capital adorned with sculpture.

The American representatives at the international congress of architects, held at Brussels last month, were Mr. George Tolman, of the office of the supervising architect of the Treasury, Mr. Albert Kelsey, of the T Square Club of Philadelphia, and Mr. James Kelly, of Boston. There were 300 delegates present from fourteen countries. Mr. Kelsey discoursed to them in French about the state of architecture in the United States.

Mr. Edward H. Strobel, American minister to Chile during the latter part of President Cleveland's administration, has turned over his official duties to his successor, but still lingers in South America, for a reason worth according. When disagreement lately arose on some point between Chile and France, it was agreed that the point in dispute should be decided by a board of arbitration—to consist of an arbitrator chosen by the French minister to Chili, one chosen by the Chilian Foreign Secretary, and a third to be agreed upon by these two. When the secretary and the minister had made their choice, it was found that they had each selected Mr. Strobel, and it was therefore agreed that the matter should be referred to him alone, so, although no longer the representative of our government, he will be detained in Chile for some months longer, probably until spring.

This incident is particularly notable from the fact that when Mr. Strobel went to Chile, Americans were excessively unpopular in that country, and his methods as Uncle Sam's representative have availed not only to make him personally acceptable, but to bring about a sentiment of amity toward the people of the United States. Appreciation of his work was abundantly expressed at the dinner given to him at Santiago on his retirement. The effort that was made to have Mr. Strobel retained in office, because of his exceptional fitness for the diplomatic service, must seem, in the light of these developments, to have been altogether justified. That it did not succeed is matter for regret—not on Mr. Strobel's account, because he is sure to find acceptable employment—but because for the time being it takes out of the public service a man too well qualified and of too valuable an experience to be spared without loss.

The escape of Señorita Cosio (better known by her mother's name, Cisneros) from captivity in Havana would seem to be an unmixed blessing. The impression of a New York newspaper that it was brought about by the contrivance of its Havana correspondents seems to be well founded, and would appear to entitle the successful journal not only to a liberal amount of self laudation, but to the gratitude of Miss Cosio and her friends, and to the thanks of the Spanish government in Cuba, which had many good reasons for wanting to be rid of Miss Cosio, and had no prospect of advantage from keeping her shut up. Whether the extreme publicity which has been given to the details of her escape will make the lot of other political prisoners in Havana more tolerable, and whether it will enlarge the privileges of American newspaper reporters in Cuba, are matters which are perhaps worth considering, even though it is now somewhat late for thought taken about them to have practical results.

The possibility that New York may sometime have an underground rapid transit system makes the recent Boston experiment in that method of transportation particularly interesting to New Yorkers. In this issue of the WEEKLY is published a picture, made in pen and ink, from Boston's famous "Bilingsgate Corner," of the Tremont Street Mall of Boston Common as it appears since the subway has been completed to the point which Mr. Garrett shows. The subway was designed to relieve the congestion in Tremont Street, which, as visitors to Boston will remember, was traversed all day at this point by two continuous lines of street cars. Now eighty carsan hour reach the Park Street station (shown in the picture) underground. For years Boston Common has been held as sacred soil, and any attempt to encroach upon it for any purpose has been fought with conscientious zeal, but now the iron fence on Tremont Street has been taken away, and the mall is used to provide entrances to the new underground electric road. It has been supposed that eventually when the subway is completed the tracks will be taken out of Tremont Street altogether. That may come, but it has not come yet. It is a current fable in Boston, told to account for the little subway houses which have cropped out on the mall, that one night the Public Library went over to the Common and reproduced its species. It is stated that Architect Wheelwright, in the original design for these little houses, planned such a continuous construction as would make them look like parts of an architectural whole, and somewhat like sporadic bitterns dropped and abandoned by the Public Library. But this plan, it seems, was thought to be too costly, and was modified, with the existing result.

College presidents gather nowadays at the inauguration of a college president, as bishops gather at the consecration of a bishop. The list of co-operators in the inauguration of Dr. Jerome Hall Raymond, on October 13, as president of West Virginia University, included President Andrews of Brown, President Harper of Chicago, President Adams of Wisconsin, President Wilson of Washington and Lee, Chancellor Holland of the Western University of Pennsylvania, President Hagerman of Bethany, the Bishop of West Virginia, Governor Atkinson, and Senators Faulkner and Elkins. The overflow of wisdom and erudition from so learned and distinguished a company should give Dr. Raymond an advantageous start.

It is interesting to learn from Mr. Blashfield's preface to a new edition of Vasari's *Lives of the Painters* (Scribner's) how much scientific research has been able to do during the last twenty years to set right Vasari's mistakes, and correct the notes which have gathered in succeeding editions since 1850. Paintings set down as lost have been found, frescoes have been discovered under whitewash, panel pictures have been transplanted from rotting boards, photography has detected unsuspected signatures, paintings long credited to one artist have been found to be the work of another, and important frauds of all sorts have resulted from the methods of the "detective school" of criticism which examine pictures and statues inch by inch.

Some gratifying bits of information about the painters themselves have come, too, from the researches of laborious scholars who have ransacked archives and public and private records. It turns out that Filippo Lippi married the nun Lucrezia, after getting the Pope's permission, and did not decline that alliance, as has been so long supposed, to his discredit. It has become doubtful, too, whether Andrea del Sarto was guilty of embezzlement. Perugino, who has figured as an atheistical miser, turns out to have been a generous man, giving his work to religious fraternities for little or no pay; and Andrea del Castagno is proved to have died years before Domenico Veneziano, whom he has been supposed to have murdered. Those good gentlemen are to be congratulated on having their characters cleared even at this late day.

It is disclosed that Justice Field some time ago appraised the President of his desire to retire from active service in the Supreme Court, and that some time before Congress meets his successor will be appointed. A month or two ago note was taken in the WEEKLY of his long service as a member of the court, which began in 1863, and has outlasted even that of Chief Justice Marshall. The Supreme Court has had greater judges than Justice Field, but very few more valuable members, none more courageous, and perhaps none more notable. His personal characteristics have been by no means veiled by his judicial robes, but he has been as interesting as a judge as he is as a man. Men wise in the law find sound and important law in his opinions, which are valuable not only for the principles which they declare, but for their clear and strenuous diction. There is no need to wait for a future biographer to write "well done, good and faithful servant," across Justice Field's record. That can as well and as intelligently be done now, and it will stand *nemine dissentiente*.

A gentleman who came back from Europe in September has been surprised to find that he paid $\frac{1}{10}$ of all the duties collected in New York on the personal baggage of travellers coming home from Europe in that month. How many trunks do you suppose he brought? Forty? Thirty? Twenty, anyhow? No, just six, and three of them were steamer trunks. They contained the personal effects of four persons who had been abroad about six months, and it cost this conscientious traveller just about $100 apiece to bring them in. If a man with six trunks found that make the law he owed the government $600, what do you suppose was due from two men with fourteen trunks who came home on the same steamer? A thousand dollars at least? No! The men with fourteen trunks paid nothing. They were merely bringing back the clothings and effects which they had taken over—or so, at least, they said in their declaration. The gentleman who paid $600 is afraid that the new tariff on personal baggage makes up in the encouragement of lying for what it lacks in the production of revenue.

New Bedford, though less amphibious than of yore, is not less prospered in her enterprises. At the celebration last week of the fiftieth anniversary of her incorporation as a city, Mayor Crapo said that her population in the last half century had increased from 15,000 to 40,000, and her assessed wealth from $15,000,000 to $58,000,000. The Mayor spoke of the city's past tribulations—of the burning of her ships by Confederate cruisers (for which she was afterwards partly reimbursed); of the abandonment in a single day in 1871 of twenty-two of her whalers, hopelessly wrecked in the Arctic Ocean; and, "far more sad and disheartening than either, the violation of the laws of business morality and the abuse of business trust which in this semi-centennial year has brought sorrow and loss to individuals and deep humiliation to our city." The Mayor had in mind, of course, the wrecking of some of the great New Bedford cotton-mills, the details of which must be familiar to many readers of the WEEKLY. The violation of the laws of business morality is somewhat ominously prevalent in this land of the free. An American citizen, who is so minded as to know pretty well what goes on in the business world about him, is addicted to the opinion that the business morality of the British is very much superior and more continuous than that of Americans. In evidence of the reasonableness of this opinion he quotes the statement of no Englishman in business, thirty or thirty-five years old, that among his personal acquaintances only one had ever been accused of dishonesty, and in his case there was doubt. To those of us who add to a short list of friends in State prison a longer list of friends who have escaped indictment by mere good luck this seems remarkable.

E. S. MARTIN.

SHAM BATTLE AND REVIEW OF THE FIRST BRIGADE, NATIONAL GUARD OF NEW YORK, AT VAN CORTLANDT PARK, OCTOBER 9.—[See Page 1050.]

1. The Wind-up of the Battle on the Plain. 2. Light Artillery drilling for General Wesley Merritt, U.S.A. 3. The Seventh Regiment marching. 4. Mounted Police catching a Runaway Horse on the Parade Ground. 5. Troopers of Squadron "A" deploying as Skirmishers, dismounted.

"THE VINTAGE."*

A STORY OF THE GREEK WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY E. F. BENSON,

AUTHOR OF "DODO," "LIMITATIONS," "THE JUDGMENT BOOKS," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

THEY were home by nine o'clock, and from there they could see plainly the great Turkish ship lying close to the quay, showing that they were in time. The attack as Petrobey had told Mitsos, must of course be at night, and through the café keeper Lélas they learned that she would sail the same evening, at midnight or thereabouts. This was convenient, for if she had sailed during the day it would have meant that they would have to follow her till it was dark, thus perhaps attracting suspicion, and certainly finding themselves many miles from home, out at sea, when their work was done. Lélas also showed them the caïque which Nicholas had told him to keep for Mitsos, and the boy, saying that he would go out at once to see how it sailed, got into it, leaving Yanni on the shore. Yanni winked at Mitsos as he got in, and remarking, "I am sorry I cannot go with you"—for he knew precisely where Mitsos was going, though his chance of seeing Suleima by day was absolutely nil—went back to Mitsos's father's house, and waited patiently for his return.

Lélas, who was an arrant gossip-monger, came in to say that the Turks were flying in all directions—some to Tripoli, some to Constantinople, some to Athens—since the news of the taking of Kalamata. Most of those about here, however, were going on board the war ship, which was bound for the Piræus, and to return with arms. "And tell me," he said, "what is Mitsos going to do with the caïque? I am sure it is some plot against the Turk."

But Yanni, seeing Nicholas had not thought fit to tell him, denied any knowledge of the purpose of the boat.

Meantime Mitsos had put out, and was sailing to the white wall. The wind was blowing lightly from the east, and he ran straight before it. The boat, lightly built, and carrying more sail than his, sailed faster when going straight before the wind, and he suspected would sail closer to it. Certainly it took the air like a bird, and though the breeze was but light, went along much quicker than his own would have done. This no doubt was why Nicholas, who knew as much about boats as if he had never set foot on dry land, had chosen it; and Mitsos glanced towards the big ship moored off the quay at Nauplia, and mentally gave it twenty minutes' start in an hour's run. How it would blaze!

Twenty minutes brought him nearly up to the wall, and then he took in the sail and drifted. There was no one on the terrace. That was unusual on a fine morning, when there are often two or three of the servants about, or a woman from the harem. How quiet it looked! Yet, though he did not see Suleima, it was something to know she was near, sitting, it might be, at the back of the garden or in-doors. Perhaps Zoleika had the toothache, and she was unapproachable; perhaps the two were talking together, perhaps they were talking of him, wondering when he would come again.

In the further of the two walls running away from the sea was a small door, and Mitsos's boat had drifted till this appeared in view, and looking up from his reverie he saw that it was open. This was even more unusual. He had never seen it open before, and he sat for a moment or two frowning, wondering at it. Then suddenly the smile was struck from his face; a possibility too horrible to think of, suggested by those open doors at Mistra, had darkened upon him, and, regardless of his imprudence, he took up an oar, put the boat to hand, and tying it up, went straight to the open door. The garden was empty, the house door was open, and, more convincing than all, a bare pan across the path and bid itself in the undergrowth of a flower bed.

Then with a flash the horrible possibility became to his mind a certainty. The house was empty and deserted. Abdul and the household had fled; a ship was now at Nauplia to carry away the fugitives, that ship he was going to destroy, consigning all on it to a death among the flames, from which there was no escape. Abdul was surely there, and with Abdul and his household. . . .

Mitsos stood there a long minute with wide unseeing eyes. For a moment the horror of his position drowned his consciousness as a blow stuns the brain. Then, as his reason came back to him, he realized that he could not—that he was physically unable—to do this thing. The fire ship should not start. No, it must start, for there was Yanni with him, who knew about it, and he cursed himself for having taken Yanni. But so be it, it should start, but he should be unable to set light to it, or, setting light to it, it should only drift by the other and not harm her. For it was no question of choice—he could not do it!

Thus thought poor Mitsos as he sailed home again. It seemed to him that nothing in the world mattered except Suleima, and by the bitter irony of fate the man in the world whom he most loved and respected had told him to destroy, with all on board, the ship in which Suleima was. On the one hand stood Nicholas, his father, Petrobey, Yanni, and the whole clan of those dear warm hearted cousins, who had treated him as a brother, yet half divine, on the other, Suleima, and Suleima was more to him than them all. Suleima was part of himself—dearer than his hand or his eye, and besides—besides—

Yanni was having dinner when he entered the house, but when he saw Mitsos he sprang up.

"Mitsos!" he cried. "Mitsos, what is the matter?"

Mitsos looked at him a moment in silence, but that craving of the human spirit for sympathy in trouble, whether the sympathy is given by man or beast, overpowered him. Though in his own mind he had settled that he could not destroy this ship, the trouble of his struggle was sore upon him.

"Yanni," he whispered, "there will be no fire ship. Abdul has gone—has fled with all the house, with Suleima among them. Where has he fled but on to the ship we are to destroy? I cannot do it."

Yanni sank down again in his chair.

"Oh, Mitsos!" he said. "Poor Mitsos! God forgive us all!"

Mitsos glanced at him, frowning.

"'Poor Mitsos!'" he said. "Why do you say 'Poor Mitsos'? Do you think I am going to do this?"

"You are not going to do it?"

"No," shouted Mitsos. "It is not I who choose. There is no choice. I cannot!"

"But the clan, the oath to obey—"

"There are bigger things than clans or oaths," said Mitsos.

Yanni sat silent, and Mitsos suddenly flared up again.

"How dare you sit there," he cried, "and let your silence blame me? You, whom I rescued from the house of Mehemet, who but for me would have been rotting in the ground, or worse than that—you, whom I saved when a cross-legged Turk had you on the ground—"

"Mitsos!" said Yanni, looking at him without fear or anger, but stung intensely.

For a moment or two Mitsos sat still, but then the blessed relief of tears came.

"What have I said to you, Yanni?" he sobbed. "O God, forgive me, for I know not what I said. Yet how can I do this? Oh, of course you are right, and I—I—Yanni, is it not hard? What was it I said to you? Something devilish, I know. Don't give me up, Yanni, there is none—there will soon be none who loves me as you do."

Yanni's great black eyes grew soft with tears and he put his arm round Mitsos's neck as his head lay on the table.

"Oh, Mitsos! poor little Mitsos!" he said again; "what is to be done? If only Nicholas or my father knew—and yet you could not, and cannot, tell them. Perhaps she is not on the ship, you know."

"Perhaps—perhaps—oh, perhaps she is!" cried Mitsos.

The two sat there in silence for a time, stricken almost out of consciousness by this appalling thing. At last Mitsos raised his head.

"There is nothing more to be said," he muttered. "I have no idea what I shall do. To do the thing or not to do it—both are impossible. But, Yanni, just tell me you forgive what I said just now, and give forgiveness, for this is a hard, weary day for me."

Yanni smiled.

"Forgiveness is no word from me to you, dear Mitsos,"

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 910.

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he said. "There is nothing you could do or say to me for which you need ask that."

Mitsos looked up at him with dumb, dry eyes and a quivering mouth.

"Forget it, too, Yanni, and tell me it will make no change between us. For, in truth, I do not know what I said."

"There, there," said Yanni, soothingly; "the thing is not; it has never been."

The hours went on slowly and silently; Mitsos said nothing, but lay like some suffering animal in the veranda that has crept away to die alone of a mortal wound, and Yanni was wise enough to leave him quite to himself, for his struggle was one that had to be wrestled out alone without help or sympathy from others. But gradually and very slowly the mist of irresolution passed away from Mitsos's brain, and he felt that he would decide one way or the other. Meantime the sun had sunk to its setting, and Yanni prepared food and took some out to Mitsos with wine.

"Eat, drink," he said. "You have not eaten since morning."

"I am not hungry," said Mitsos, listlessly.

For answer Yanni took up the glass of wine and held it to him.

"Drink it quickly, Mitsos, you are faint for something," he said, "and then I will take it and fill it again."

Mitsos obeyed like a sick child, and Yanni took the glass to fill it again. This time he waited a moment and then said,

"You must make up your mind, Mitsos. If you settle to do nothing, tell me, and I must think for myself."

Mitsos nodded.

"I will come in in half an hour and tell you," he said. "That will be time enough. Please leave me alone again, Yanni, it is better so."

Yanni went back into the house. His warm hearted nature and his intense love for Mitsos made him suffer, he felt, as much as he was capable of suffering. He would willingly have changed places with Mitsos had it been possible, for he felt he could not suffer more, but as Mitsos would suffer less. Oh poor Mitsos! whose strength and habit of laughter availed him nothing.

It was less than half an hour later when Mitsos came in, his face was drawn and white, and he felt deadly tired. He did not look at Yanni, but merely stood in the door way, his eyes cast down.

"Come, Yanni," he said, "it is time we should start. Where are the cans of turpentine and the wood?"

"In the boat, I put them there."

Mitsos looked up at him sharply.

"So you meant to do it yourself if I did not?"

"I meant to try."

Men walk firmly to the scaffold when they are to die for a good cause and martyrs have seen their wives and children tortured or burned before their eyes and wavered not, and it was this courage of absolute conviction which nerved the poor lad now. With his whole heart he believed in the right of this exterminating war against the Turk, he had put himself unreservedly at the service of its leaders, and they had laid an order on him. He had made of himself a part of a machine, and should a jarring axle speak to the driver and say it would go no further? Thus it was that with a firm step and with no tenderness, but only despair and conviction clutching at his heart, that he walked down with Yanni to the beach, and having looked over all the apparatus, and seen that nothing was wanting, pushed off and helping him to set the sail, took his place at the helm.

The enterprise they were embarked on was dangerous. The caique in which they sat was piled with inflammable material, and carried four large cans of turpentine with which they were going to soak the sails and piles of brushwood which they carried. They were to run up to the Turkish ship, tie their boat up to it, and entangle it in the rigging, set fire to it, jump into the small boat they towed behind them and row off. The flames would spread like lightning over the boat, giving them hardly a second to escape, and they might easily be seen and shot at while they were lighting her and before they could row off, and this element of danger, perhaps, was a help to poor Mitsos.

The night at least was favorable to their adventure, being thickly clouded, and with a fine fresh breeze, thus enabling them to come up quickly, and also under cover of darkness. Otherwise the moon, which was nearly full, would have doubled their peril. The wind was from the east, so that the ship would probably run straight before it for a mile or so before turning south of the gulf, and the time to attack her would be just when she turned, for she would then be far enough from the shore to render her destruction inevitable, and the moment of slack speed as she put about would enable them to run into her full speed. At present they would approach within about a quarter of a mile, and be there waiting for her to put out.

There was still plenty of time, and when Mitsos let the boat run straight before the wind, instead of going straight to Nauplia, Yanni had no need to ask him why, for he knew where he was going, and kept his eyes away, for he could not bear to see Mitsos's agony. For a little while the despair and conviction had left him, and the hour of his agony was on him again. And as they neared the white wall, which glimmered faintly under the cloudy night, he thought his heart would break within him. They passed it quickly under the ever freshening breeze, and Mitsos looked at it as a man looks on the dead form of his dearest, the house which she had inhabited in life. To him Sulcima was dead, a memory only, insufferably sweet, insufferably bitter, and when the wall faded again into the blackness, he felt as if he had buried her whom he had loved and murdered. Then putting about, they ran past the island, and saw the lights of Nauplia growing near and large.

In the foreground was the tall black hull of the Turkish ship outlined with lights. The deck was brilliantly lit, and they could hear sounds of talking and laughing coming from it. The sailors were evidently preparing to put to sea, for now and then a little figure of a man like some busy insect, would move up the line of rigging, adjusting some thing with busy patience and loud voices seemed to be shouting orders. Then a bell rang on board, and a rope end splashed into the water, and was pulled on deck.

They had drifted a little out to sea, and Mitsos tacked back again to within three hundred yards of the ship and finding shallow water, cast anchor. Two long hours went by, but neither spoke; only the freshening wind whistled in the rigging, the clouds got thick, promising a stormy night, and on board the Turk they made ready to go to sea. A row of open port holes showed a necklace of light, each light making a column of reflection upon the smooth waters of the bay. Then a lantern was mounted up on to the forecast, and another run out in the bows. Presently after came the grating sound of the anchor being drawn home, and a small sail was set, sufficient in this wind to take her slowly out of the harbor. Now a light in the town behind was hidden behind her bows, and another sprang up from behind the stern, and she moved along the quay, stately and slow, and, clear of the buoy at the end, she put up another sail.

Mitsos watched her intently, and then without a word he pulled up the anchor and ran up the sail, and silently they went in pursuit. But their light boat went too fast with its sail full spread, and when they had approached again to within two or three hundred yards he took in a couple of reefs, which equalized their speed, or if anything allowed the other to gain on them a little.

And so they followed in the wake of the great condemned ship, out past the harbor lights, round the end of the peninsula beyond the town, and into the black, foam flecked gulf outside. The lights grew small and far away, the land faded to a dark shadow which bounded on the horizon, and the two craft, one with its immense cargo of human creatures, the other with a couple of heartless Greek lads, but with how strange a burden of anguish and destruction, were shut off from all sound and sights except the threats of rising waves.

Then Mitsos rose and pointed to the cans of turpentine.

"Empty one on the brushwood in the bows," he said to Yanni, "and give me another."

He climbed up the mast, and resting the tin on the yard, took out the cork and let the contents dribble down over the sail. When this was empty, he came quickly down again and flushed the whole deck with another tinful, while Yanni poured the fourth on to the remainder of the fuel.

Then in a hard, dry voice,

"Let out the sail," he said, "and climb into the boat behind, but give me the lantern first."

Yanni handed him the dark lantern, which they had lit before starting, and pulling the boat in under the stern of the caique, jumped on board. Under the full spread sail they drew rapidly nearer the doomed ship, and when they were within a hundred yards they heard its rudder splash and stir like some great fish under water, and the speed slackened as she turned south. Mitsos, who had never felt cooler or more collected in his life, went straight on, so as to strike her sideways below the huge overhanging stern. He calculated the speed they were going and the distance to perfection and just as Yanni became aware of a great black thing with a panel of light in it overhead, he heard a crash, and broken glass fell over him. The mast of the caique had gone right through one of the windows in the stern. Their boat gave a great lurch, and Mitsos sprang off into the small boat astern, still with the lantern in his hand.

"Quick, quick!" he said; "that I caused she."

Yanni jumped up, and crouching beneath the stern of the caique thrust the lantern into a heap of brushwood impregnated with petroleum. It caught and flared up in a moment, and while from the Turkish ship came sudden confused sounds and ramblings to and fro, the flame leaped along the caique from stern to bows, ran like a flash of lightning up the sail, and was driven by the wind right into the broken panel. Next moment Mitsos, having untied the boat, pushed off backwards into the darkness, and both the boys, seizing their oars, rowed for life. But the blaze between them and the ship had made it impossible for those on board to see them, and after five minutes or so Yanni, blown and streaming with perspiration, saw Mitsos drop his oar and sink down to the bottom of the boat and lie there as if dead.

Round three quarters of the horizon was dense darkness, inhabited only by the rushing wind, but in front a column of fire rose up, crowned with clouds of smoke. The flames leaped up over the stern of the ship, the helmsman fled for his life further forward, and, left to itself, the ship swung round into the wind, dragging its destroyer behind it, the flames from which, driven straight before it, licked greedily round the timbers of its victim. In a few moments the tar in the seams began to melt and run, every now and then breaking into flame like burning sealing wax, and the planks of the upper decks were parted a fraction of an inch as it dripped down. Then the timbers themselves began to frizzle and crack, giving each moment new crevices for the fire to glide into, and the whole show where the mast of the caique had penetrated showed red, burning lips like a horrible square mouth; volumes of smoke began to pour forward between the decks, driving those who were throwing unavailing water on to the flames upstairs to make another hopeless attempt from there. The women and children ran forward with shrill screams, and could be seen standing, like a flock of frightened sheep, huddled together. Then a boat was let down, but before it touched the water a tongue of flame sprang out from one of the windows below it, driving upwards so fiercely that those who were holding the ropes let go, and it fell splashing into the sea.

Soon with a crash the aft part of the deck, all charred and no longer able to support its own weight, fell in a huge shower of embers and half burnt or blazing pieces of timber and again the flames leaped higher and moved forward along the ship. The four davits supporting the boat corresponding to the one which had fallen into the sea still stood firm, but like an island in a sea of flame, and the fire, reaching up, caught it, and set it blazing, hanging them apart and separate from the greater conflagration like a huge burning signal of distress. Soon, however, the side of the ship which held the davits fell in, and the boat dropped blazing into the water.

The fire had now reached to the mainmast, and in a moment caught the sail. Then after a few seconds, in which the smoke redoubled itself, the great sheet of canvas caught, and flared upwards in a pillar of flame. Great burnt pieces fell off and strewed the deck other lighter fragments were borne away like birds in the wind, and fell seawards, flapping and blazing. Then with another crash a second portion of the deck fell in, hissing and splintering the sea. Mingled with this sight came the shrill cries of fright, despair, and pain. Some jumped overboard and found their death in what might have been their safety; others ran up and down the deck, which grew hotter and hotter, now scribbled over by lines of burning pitch; some seized up water cans and tried even then to stop the flames; and more than one man ran to where the flames were fiercest, preferring to die at once. Then without warning came the end. A frightful explosion tore the air; the ship parted in the middle, for the flames had reached the powder magazine, and in smoke and steam and human cries, she went down, and a minute afterwards there was silence but for the wind, and blackness.

The explosion roused Mitsos and he looked up.

"What was that?" he said to Yanni.

"It is all over," replied Yanni. "She exploded and went down."

"All over! Thank God!" and he sank down again.

Yanni rowed on steadily, though it was hard work against the wind, and in an hour or so he saw the lights on the quay not more than a quarter of a mile off. It was still crowded with people who had been watching the fire, and he kept out in the darkness until he had passed it, and then came in closer to the shore, so as to be shielded a little from the wind by the land, and rowed steadily on till he came to the landing place opposite Mitsos's house. Then he touched the other on the shoulder.

"Get up, dear Mitsos," he said, "we are here."

Mitsos raised himself and followed Yanni across the road to the house. They went in, locking the door behind them, and Mitsos, still silent, lay down on the window seat, staring with dry eyes into the darkness. But in a few moments a knock came, and Yanni went to the door to see who it was.

"It is I, Lélas," said a voice.

Yanni unwillingly undid the door, and the fat, urbane café-keeper came in smiling.

"Eh, but you two have lost a fine sight," he said. "A Turkish ship blazing down to the water's edge, and then bang she went, and there'll not be a soul to tell the tale."

Mitsos in his window seat shuddered and half sat up.

"I wish there had been more on board," continued Lélas. "Why, I'd have given a week's wage if that old Abdul and his poultry yard of women had been there."

Next moment he was aware of two great hands half throttling him.

"Abdul—who—which Abdul?" said Mitsos, his face close to Lélas, and hissing out the words. "Speak, you damned pig of the pit."

"Abdul—this Abdul here—let go—Abdul Achmet, of course. He and his went to Tripoli yesterday. May you burn in hell for throttling me, you young devil."

But Mitsos heard nothing after "Abdul Achmet." He dropped his hold on Lélas, and stood looking across at Yanni, while now life ran in spate through his veins. Then he flung his arm round the neck of the astonished Lélas, and kissed him on the cheek.

"Oh, fat man, but I love you for what you have said," he cried. "Yanni, Yanni, we will make the fat man drunk with wine, for he has made me drunk with joy. Oh, oh—"

And he flung out of the room with a great shout.

Lélas felt his neck tenderly.

"Is Mitsos quite mad, or only a little mad?" he asked, severely.

"Quite mad, I think," said Yanni. "Oh, little Mitsos, wait a minute."

He found him outside, but the dry-eyed anguish was turned to a joy which brimmed his eyes. Yanni thrust his arm through his, and they stood there a moment in silence, and had no need of speech, for both hearts were overflowing, and mingled with each other.

Into the Greek camp on Taygetus there came flocking day by day fresh bands of recruits from all the country side, and all brought fresh tales of the rise of the Greeks. The taking of Kalamata had been flame to tinder, and in a hundred villages the patriots had risen, attacking and slaughtering those of the hated race who lived among them, burning their dwellings, and capturing women and children. In other cases, though rarely, the Turks had been prepared, and the tale was of slaughter and pillage among the Greeks, but for the most part the oppressors had slumbered on in their soft indolent life till the hand of vengeance had gripped them. Inglorious though these deeds were, they were inevitable, for slaves who break their bonds are not apt to deal judicially, and vengeance—"that rough justice"—was in this case very just. Then when the slaughter was done the bands would march to join one of the two centres, at Kalavrita or on Taygetus, but for the most part the latter, for Petrobey was still commander in chief, and to his army belonged the prestige of the siege and capture of Kalamata. But soon the numbers became unmanageable, and he and Nicholas at length resolved to strike a second blow. Messenia, in which the only stronghold of the Sulton had been Kalamata, no longer gave opportunity for anything but guerilla warfare, but in Arcadia there were several fortified places which would have to be reduced, or at any rate rendered unavailing to send help to Tripoli, before the latter place was attacked.

Chief among these was Karitena, standing on a precipitous hill above the gorge of the Alpheus, a fortified town, and almost exclusively Turkish, and it was against this place that Petrobey suggested the second attack should be made. It was particularly necessary that the unorganized rabble who were pouring in should both have something to do and also learn something of war, so his proposal to Nicholas was that he should organize some sort of army out of these, taking with him as leaven some of the better drilled men who had been at Kalamata, besiege and take the place if possible, and if not, give the men some idea of what a forced march meant and a notion of military discipline. If the siege for any reason was unpracticable he could still do some useful skirmishing work in Arcadia.

Meanwhile Petrobey would move his quarters into the hills between the upper Arcadian plain and Tripoli, so that in case of disaster they could get quickly back into connection with the rest of the army and at the same time from there they could watch Nauplia. He would, however, quarter a small body of men in the pass between Arcadia and Messenia, and leave another depot in the present camp so that if the Turks attempted to land troops at Kalamata, they would find both the passes from Messenia blocked.

Nicholas fell in with the scheme and two days after-

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wards set out with perhaps the least efficient army that it has ever fallen to the lot of a general to command. But he had deliberately chosen them from the most ill-prepared and ill-equipped of the recruits, for somehow or other all this raw material had to be licked into shape, and obviously it was better to take in hand at once the roughest of the material, which would require the most drilling. But they were all hardy out-of-door folk, accustomed to sleep on the hills and to eat the roughest food with cheerfulness, but were exactly those who would most speedily become a drag and a demoralization if left idle in camp.

So on the third morning they set out, running and scattering down the mountain side, among the bushes and ragged rocks, taking the short cut down to the plain, where it might be possible to give them some sort of formation. The baggage and commissariat mules had preceded them by a few hours, and were to wait for them when they got down to level ground.

Two days' march, or rather tramp, brought them to Megalopolis, standing in the centre of the upper Arcadian plain. They found the town in the hands of the insurgent Greeks, a body of whom, consisting of about two hundred men, joined Nicholas. Here, too, they found the same tale of murder and pillage, but already the evil which was to do such harm to the Greek cause generally, namely, the personal greed for plunder, had crept in, and the insurgents were already quarrelling over the distribution of the booty. But Nicholas, with fine indignation, though amid murmurs of suppressed grumbling, was hot with reproach. Was it for a few piastres, he said, that they were up in arms? Was the chance of liberty for the nation to be thrown away for a cask of wine or a Turkish slave? And, taking the whole matter in his own hands, he reserved half the booty taken for the expenses of the war, and half he divided as fairly as he could between the claimants.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHRIST CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

SOME HISTORIC CHURCHES OF AMERICA.

BY THOMAS MORGAN PRENTICE.

Among the many historic structures within the borders of this country none possess stronger claims for recognition than the venerable church edifices which look back upon a century or more of existence. Many have been centres of patriotic impulses, are closely linked with the early struggles in this country's history, and are venerated by churchman and patriot. In the quiet churchyards lies all that is mortal of the master-builders of the republic—soldier, philosopher, cavalier, statesman, scientist, and poet lie side by side. The bells which summoned them to prayer still solemnly toll the hours, and the straight pews, once resplendent with powdered wigs and swords, velvet knee-breeches and gold buckles, are mute reminders of a past generation of aristocratic worshippers. Many of the earlier structures were severely plain, and although English ecclesiastical architecture was copied to some extent, but few good examples of Gothic architecture antedate the Revolution. While perhaps the largest number of historic fanes are found within the limits of New England—Pennsylvania, New York, Delaware, and especially Virginia, may well be proud of the well-preserved examples of Colonial church architecture which they possess.

In 1634 there was erected in Salem, by the first Protestant church organized in America, a small and plain church edifice which served as a house of worship for many years. This is still standing in the rear of Plummer Hall on Essex Street. Compared with it, the architecture of later New England meeting-houses is ornate. There is an absence of anything denoting the sanctuary, save the small diamond-shaped panes of glass.

At Jamestown, Virginia, stands an ancient ruin, all that remains of what is probably the earliest edifice erected for religious purposes on this continent north of Mexico. The crumbling walls, of which little remains but a portion of the Norman tower, commemorate the earliest English settlement as well as the first resistance to British rule in the colonies.

One hundred years before the Declaration of Independence, in the twilight of a September afternoon, Jamestown was burned by those opposed to English despotism. But little is known regarding the early history of the picturesque ruins, or of those who reared the massive walls, but they stand one of the most interesting reminders of a former generation.

Next in point of interest is the "Bruton Parish Church" at Williamsburg, erected in 1715, and in a remarkable state of preservation. It is difficult to believe that one hundred and eighty years have passed since its walls were reared. Here is the original Jamestown communion service, and the font in which, according to tradition, Pocahontas was baptized. This Virginia landmark speaks eloquently of the days of cavaliers and of the pomp and magnificence of that period.

In the picturesque and historic locality of Smithfield, Isle of Wight County, Virginia, some ten miles from Fort Monroe, stands an ancient church whose history is closely linked with many memories famous in the early history of America. Sycamore, oak, and walnut trees closely surround and overshadow the nave, while the Norman tower points heavenward as if striving to rival the giant oaks. Written records and well-sustained tradition prove the church to have been erected in 1632, many of the bricks bearing this date. The sun rises directly on the large east window, the orientation being perfect. This east window is composed of seventeen separate windows, divided by brick mullions. Under the restoration recently completed, twelve of the latter are memorials—first of Washington, and others of General Robert E. Lee, Captain Bridger, who built the church, Parson Hubbard, its last Colonial rector, four Bishops of Virginia (Madison, Moore, Meade, and Johns), Sir Walter Raleigh, John Rolfe, Captain John Smith, and Parson Blair, who founded William and Mary College. For two hundred and four years the church was used as a house of worship, but was abandoned in 1836, since when relic-hunters have been industriously at work carrying off portions of the interior bodily. Little more than the walls remained in 1887, when the work of restoration was undertaken by Rev. David Barr, senior assistant rector of the Church of the Epiphany at Washington, which has been carried to successful conclusion. Contributions poured in from people of all denominations, North and South, twenty-one States and the District of Columbia being represented. An interesting feature of the work was the incorporation of 2000 bricks from the ruins of an ancient Colonial church nine miles up the James River. The pulpit and sounding-board, as well as the elaborately carved oaken communion table, are memorials donated by descendants of early parishioners in Maryland and Pennsylvania. The new chancel rail is from the oak frame of the original roof, which fell in 1887. The restored structure is an interesting and unique example of early church architecture.

At Alexandria, Virginia, stands an ancient church in nearly its original condition, Christ Church, whose architect bore the name of Wren—not, however, Sir Christopher; it was completed in 1773. In November, 1766, the vestry, of whom George Washington was one, levied an assessment of 31,185 pounds of tobacco to build two churches, Christ Church being one. The specifications called for shingles of juniper, mortar to be two-thirds lime and one-third sand, the pediments to be in the "Tuscan," and altar, pulpit, and canopy in the "Ionic order." Washington was the purchaser of pew No. 5, for £36 10s.

The old records show some curious entries: £2 10s. was collected of Bryan Fairfax in 1770 for "killing deer out of season," and Thomas Lewis was fined five shillings for "hunting on the Sabbath." The money thus collected went for the support of the poor, the lame, and the blind, and buried the dead. The old records show that seats were assigned according to rank or for special reasons. One Susannah Edwards officiated as sexton, to the entire satisfaction of the congregation. The old edifice had neither chimney nor fire-place until 1812, foot-stoves furnishing the only warmth. The most conspicuous families in the early history of Virginia were worshippers at Christ Church—the Adamses, Herberts, Custises, Blackburns, Carlyles, Muirs, Bromlwaters, Alexanders, and others equally prominent.

General Robert E. Lee attended Sunday-school and was baptized and confirmed in this church, and a tablet to his memory adorns the eastern wall.

During the occupancy of Alexandria by the Federal troops the rector and many of the parish fled within the Confederate lines, and the church was held by the military authorities. A large mound in the churchyard marks the resting place of thirty-four Confederate soldiers who died in Federal hospitals in Alexandria.

In a sheltered nook in Radnor Valley, Pennsylvania, is a curious stone church erected by Welsh colonists from Radnorshire, Wales, in 1715, and named St. Davids, after their patron saint. It is considered probable that a church occupied this site early in the seventeenth century, a tradition supported by the ancient register, in which are recorded births and deaths as early as 1700. No provision was made for seating the parishioners in the church, but in 1765 the building was floored, and floor space rented to members, on which pews were erected to suit each individual taste.

At the commencement of the Revolution the rector boldly announced his intention to use the prayers for the king and royal family. This resulted in his resignation, under the plea of "age and infirmities." The diamond-shaped sashes of lead were converted into bullets by the American soldiers during their occupancy of this section, and the church was a centre of active hostilities.

Major-General Grey marshalled his forces in the thick cedar grove adjoining the church before the attack on Wayne's division at Paoli. Sixteen unknown dead from the battle of the Brandywine lie buried near the gallery steps. Longfellow has immortalized the ancient fane in his poem "Old St. Davids at Radnor," and a charming description he gives of the quiet peace within its ivy-covered walls.

Mad Anthony Wayne lies buried in the churchyard, his remains having been removed there from the fortress at Presque Isle in 1809. In its wealth of interesting history St. Davids stands foremost among the early churches of this country, and few have suffered less from the ravages of time and the despoiling hand of the iconoclast.

A quaint old church, harmonious with its surroundings, is St. Michaels in sleepy Marblehead, erected more than a century and three-quarters ago, on September 2, 1714, amid an atmosphere of Puritanism. It stands to-day on the very spot where the sturdy churchmen of Marblehead reared its frame. King's Chapel at Boston, and Queen Anne's at Newbury, were the only Episcopal churches in existence at the time.

Of the thirty-three contributors to St. Michaels, twenty-nine were sea-captains trading at the port. All the materials were from England, including a handsome reredos. This was placed over the altar, and surmounted by the royal coat of arms. The pulpit, of the wineglass pattern, was placed in the centre of the northern side, with a reading-desk in front, and an enormous sounding-board overhead.

A brass chandelier, presented by John Elbridge, collector of the port of Bristol, England, in 1732, still hangs in its place. In 1745 a silver communion service was donated by David Le Gallais. The flagon, bearing a Latin inscription and weighing four pounds, is still in use.

During the exciting scenes following the Declaration of Independence a mob entered the church, tore down the royal coat of arms, and rang the bell for liberty until it cracked. Services were suspended, and the rector with several royal subjects fled to Nova Scotia.

During the great fire at Marblehead in 1877 the church narrowly escaped destruction, but was saved by energetic efforts. The church contains many handsome memorial windows, one, presented by the Senate of Massachusetts, represents Moses on Mount Sinai. Another, which portrays Dorcas distributing garments to the poor, was the gift of Mrs. Thomas Appleton. The Haskell memorial window represents the Ascension. The original organ once stood in St. Paul's Church, New York, and was the instrument played at Washington's inaugural. The parish has recently added a commodious chapel and parish-house, costing $13,000, and its latter days have been marked by prosperity and vigor, in striking contrast to the struggles of two centuries ago.

Another interesting structure in Marblehead is the old North Church, on Washington Street, erected over a century ago.

The ancient town of Cambridge, Massachusetts, which possesses much of interest to the antiquary, boasts of a stately structure erected nearly one hundred and fifty years ago. Christ Church faces the common and Harvard College, surrounded by noble elms. Peter Harrison, the designer of King's Chapel, was its architect, and the general style of the latter was followed.

The roof is supported by Corinthian columns, while the straight back pews have been retained. Rugged simplicity marks both the interior and exterior of the edifice, which has escaped modernism. The Rev. East Apthorp, of Welsh descent, was the first rector of the church. His tastes were, however, far too luxurious to suit his plain brethren, and his residence, still standing, was pointed out as "the palace of one of the humble successors of the apostles."

During the Revolution a company from Wethersfield, Connecticut, occupied the church. The funeral of a British prisoner, Richard Brown, was conducted there later according to the rites of the English Church. This fact so fired the anger of the Americans that the communion table, pulpit, and reading-desk were destroyed, the pews defaced, and the organ greatly mutilated. After Washington assumed command at Cambridge the troops were withdrawn and the church partially repaired. Morning prayer was read by Colonel Palfrey, of Washington's staff, on December 31, 1775, General and Lady Washington, Mrs. Custis, and Mrs. Gates being among the worshippers.

The church has always welcomed the students of Harvard University, and the services of the rector are freely placed at their disposal, in recognition of which the alumni presented a chime of thirteen bells in 1861.

Among the many distinguished rectors of Christ Church have been Drs. Colt, Leeds, Langdon, and Hoppin, and three—Southgage, Vail, and Williams—were elevated to the episcopate. The old church has received many

INTERIOR OF CHRIST CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

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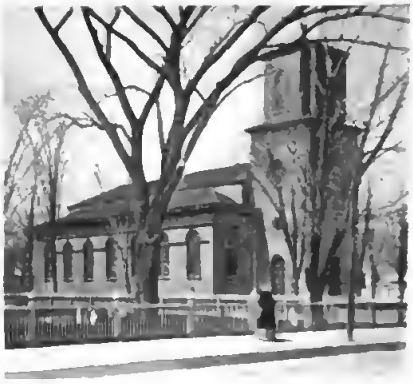
CHRIST CHURCH, ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA

THE RUINS AT JAMESTOWN, VIRGINIA.



CHRIST CHURCH, CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.

TRINITY CHURCH, NEW YORK

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

CENTER CHURCH, NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT.

INTERIOR OF ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, MARBLEHEAD, MASSACHUSETTS.

INTERIOR OF KING'S CHAPEL, BOSTON.

INTERIOR OF ST. LUKE'S, SMITHFIELD, VIRGINIA, BEFORE ITS RESTORATION

SOME HISTORIC CHURCHES OF AMERICA.

OLD SOUTH CHURCH, BOSTON.

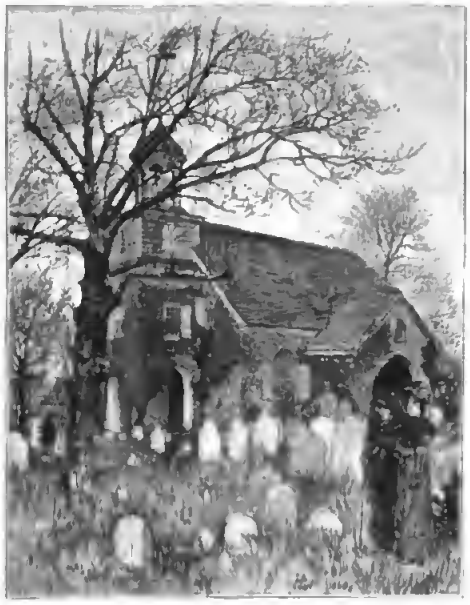
INTERIOR OF BRUTON PARISH CHURCH,
Showing Font at which Pocahontas was baptized.

NORTH CHURCH, MARBLEHEAD, MASSACHUSETTS.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, NEW YORK.

OLD BRUTON PARISH CHURCH, WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA.

TRINITY CHURCH, NEWPORT
RHODE ISLAND.



OLD SWEDES CHURCH, WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.
Consecrated Trinity Sunday, 1699.

CHRIST CHURCH, BOSTON,
Where hung the Signals for Paul Revere.

SOME HISTORIC CHURCHES OF AMERICA.

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INTERIOR OF CHRIST CHURCH, LANCASTER, VIRGINIA

unique gifts, chief among them being the silver flagon on which is engraved,

The gift of
K William and Q Mary
to ye Rev'd Saml Myles
for ye use of
Theire Majesties Chappell in N England
MDCXCIV

In the ancient churchyard lies Harvard's first president, Dunster, with Leverett, Chauncey, Wadsworth, and Willard; Thomas Shepard, the successor of Hooker; Elijah Corlet, "master of the grammar schoole"; and Andrew Belcher, a famous innkeeper. A slab supported by five columns marks the grave of the Vassalls. Here repose Governor Belcher, Judge Remington, Washington Allston, Judge Trowbridge, and Dr Jennison. Numerous cavities in the ancient tombstones show where the leaden devices were removed to be converted into bullets for the Continental army.

The history of old Trinity Church, Newport, is replete with interesting events. Its founder was Sir Francis Nicholson, Lieutenant Governor of New York under Sir Edmund Andros. The church dates back to 1702, at which time the wardens applied for a rector to the Bishop of London, who sent over the Rev. James Honyman. The bell in the tower was a gift from Queen Anne in 1709. The architect was Peter Harrison, who labored earnestly to improve the architecture of his time. It was considered the finest structure of the period. An interesting incident in the history of the parish is the visit of Dean Berkeley, Lord Bishop of Cloyne, whose ship was driven into Newport by a storm. The dean despatched a letter to the rector, who paused in his sermon and read the epistle to the congregation. The service was abruptly ended, and the whole congregation marched to the pier to welcome the distinguished guest. Upon his return to England, the church received from him a fine organ, the massive case being capped with a crown and two mitres.

The parish suffered greatly during the occupancy of Newport by the British. The royalists of the congregation—of whom there were many—fled after the departure of the troops; the church was entered and greatly damaged. The king's arms—the lion and the unicorn—were torn down and carried to one of the batteries, where they served as a target for gun practice. The crowns on the spire and organ were overlooked, and thus escaped destruction. The square high-backed pews and huge sounding-board remain as in its early days.

The names of Malbone, Honyman, Hunter, Kay, and Dehon, all conspicuous in Newport history, are found in the ancient records. M. de Ternay, admiral of the French fleet, lies buried in the churchyard, and a mural tablet is placed in the vestibule.

Center Church in New Haven is a monument to Congregationalism in Connecticut. The present structure is not as ancient as many in New England, but it deserves mention, as the church was organized in 1639, and its pastors, among them John Davenport and Dr. Leonard Bacon, have been foremost in their denomination. The ground is historic, for long before any church was erected Davenport and Eaton held services on the very spot, sheltered only by the elm trees which have since so beautified the town.

A handsome monument at the rear of the church marks the grave of John Dixwell, one of the regicides, and tradition says that two others, Goffe and Whalley, were secretly buried near the church. Center Church is regarded with affection by the alumni of Yale University, as the graduating exercises have been held within its walls for perhaps a century.

The church is an ornamental structure, with stately pillars and a tall sectional steeple, and stands in a commanding location in the centre of the spacious green.

The oldest church edifice in northern New York is St. George's Church, Schenectady, erected in 1730. Numerous alterations have somewhat modified its ancient exterior, but its antiquity is apparent. The moss-grown stone walls and massive tower, tapering in sections to the spire, denote a period of church architecture long since superseded. When the church was built the smoke of the French war had scarcely cleared away, and Indian wigwams were planted all along the valley of the Mohawk.

Sir William Johnson, a major-general in the British army, was a staunch friend and patron of the parish, and he, together with John W. Brown, for sixty-six years an energetic worker, labored earnestly to organize and maintain the struggling parish.

During the Revolution the edifice shared the fate of the churches located amid the scenes of active hostilities. The rector, Rev. John Doty, was imprisoned, services were suspended, and desolation reigned within the sacred walls.

St. George's was the first cure of Rev. John Williams, now presiding bishop of the American Church.

First among the churches of the country closely identified with the struggle for independence comes Christ Church, Philadelphia. Designed by the architect of Independence Hall, it presents many points of similarity to that historic structure. William of Orange was an active promoter of the parish. Benjamin Franklin was one of the vestry, and here worshipped General and Lady Washington, Samuel and John Adams, Hancock, Robert Morris, and Richard Henry Lee. The bricks were brought from England, as well as the chime of eight bells, the latter by the good ship *Myrtilla*, Captain Buddon, who declined any compensation for the service. In appreciation of this act the chimes were rung on each return of the *Myrtilla* to Philadelphia.

The chimes were paid for by the proceeds of a lottery conducted by Benjamin Franklin. On July 4, 1776, the chimes proclaimed the tidings of independence, and one hundred years later they joined in the celebration of its centennial. With the Declaration of Independence the bust of King George was removed from the chancel, and a few months later the crown on the spire was demolished by lightning.

On July 20, 1775, Congress attended service at Christ Church, among the distinguished statesmen present being John Adams, John Jay, Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry, Samuel Adams, John Hancock, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman, George Clinton, and Philip Schuyler.

The first convention of the diocese of Pennsylvania was here held, followed by the succeeding twenty-eight, with one exception. Under this roof the Episcopal Church in America was organized, the original constitution being framed at the first general convention, held there in 1785. At the third convention, in 1789, the holy communion was celebrated by Provost Smith according to the first Prayer-Book of Edward VI. Treasured among the archives of the parish is the original copy, with the alterations then made.

Washington attended service here from 1790 to 1797, and his pew—later used by President Adams—is now in the National Museum at Washington. Another pew still preserved, was occupied by Mrs Ross, who made the first American flag.

The centennial session of the general convention, at which over fifty bishops were present, was held at Christ Church in 1883, and four years later the centennial commemoration of the conferring of the English Episcopal Succession was observed here simultaneously with the exercises at Lambeth Palace.

The old church is rich in treasures of ancient volumes, furniture, pictures, tablets, and silver vessels, each possessing historic interest.

Another historic fane whose history is filled with patriotism is St Peter's, Philadelphia, built on land given by the sons of William Penn. It is singular to find two sons of such an active Quaker devoted Churchmen.

The church was begun in 1758, and finished in 1761. The procession on the occasion of the opening service is thus described by Louise Stockton: "The people met at Christ Church, and went in procession down to St Peter's, clerk and sexton at the head, then the questmen, and then the vestry, two by two, the governor and the wardens, the officiating clergymen, the governor's council and attendants, and, finally, the attending clergymen."

On July 4, 1776, the name of the king was stricken from the liturgy, and his portrait removed from the wall.

The rector, Mr Duché, although the chaplain to Congress and ranked as a patriot, advised Washington to give up the struggle, and soon afterwards returned to England.

Few changes have been made in the original structure; the square pews with high straight backs, the paved aisles, the ancient reading-desk, with high pulpit and enormous sounding-board overhead, all remain as in the days of queues and ruffles. The church has enjoyed a prosperous existence, which is assured by a liberal endowment through the efforts of Hon. Horace Binney.

An interesting old church is St Peter's, at White House, Virginia, built in 1703, its cost being 146,000 weight of tobacco. It is in the form of a parallelogram, with a square tower capped with a steeple, the weather-vane being the keys of St. Peter. It strongly suggests many English parish churches. Here Washington was married to Mrs. Martha Custis, since which event the old church has been famous throughout Virginia.

St. Paul's Church at Norfolk, Virginia, has much to attract the attention of the antiquary. Raised bricks in its walls testify that the edifice was erected in 1739, soon after the establishment, by act of Assembly, of the town. Cruciform in shape, with arched doors and artistic windows, the church will bear comparison with many more modern structures throughout Virginia. Here the wealthy planter would alight from his coach driven by a black coachman, and, resplendent in gold-laced waistcoat, silk stockings, ruffles, and buckled shoes, enter the church to attend service.

St. Paul's suffered severely during the Revolution. The rector, Rev Thomas Davis, headed the determined opposition to the Stamp Act, and was chairman of the well-attended town meeting which in 1766 denounced that infamous measure. Ten years later Norfolk was bombarded by the British forces under Lord Dunmore and was entirely destroyed. The walls alone of St. Paul's remained. In the south wall a cannon ball is still visible, a silent reminder of the terrific cannonade on New Year's day, 1776. The firing on Sumter was the beginning of troublous times for the old church. The close of the rebellion found the church devastated, the congregation scattered, and the treasury empty.

The churchyard, with the many ivy-covered monuments and quaint tombstones, its noble elms, magnolias, hawthorns, and willows, is one of the fairest in the State. In it rest Virginia mountaineers, planters, men of the brave Huguenot element, those of Scotch-Irish stock, by whom the Virginia Valley was settled, and the *corps d'élite* of the army of Virginia. At least ten churches look upon old St. Paul's as their mother church, which, after its baptism of war, fire, and pestilence, bids fair to survive for many generations to come.

The quaint old town of Hingham, Massachusetts, was settled in 1633, and two hundred and fourteen years ago the frame of an ancient meeting-house was raised by the good people of the town, and the church stands to-day in its well-preserved condition, a monument to their skill. At the time the building was erected the civil authorities were vested with many duties of an ecclesiastical character, among them the levying of a tax for the building of churches and the support of their ministers, for we find that in May, 1680, the selectmen were instructed "to carry on the business to affect about building a new meeting house," and among the musty archives of the State this document is filed:

> At a Town meeting holden at Hingham on the 24th day of May, 1681, Thomas Andrews was chosen moderator of that meeting, and at the said meeting the vote passed by papers, with seventy-three hands for the new meeting-house that is now building in Hingham, to be set in the most convenient place in Captain Hobart's land, next or nearest to Samuel Thaxter's house.
>
> As Attest DANIEL CUSHING, Town Clerk.

The land was purchased of one Captain Hobart, and six months after the frame was raised the structure was completed and opened for worship in January, 1682.

In architecture agreeable to the tastes of the period, which looked with disfavor upon anything ornate, it is severely plain, rectangular in shape, two stories in height, with a sloping roof surmounted by a belfry, the latter capped with a weather-vane, the whole suggesting a school-house rather than a church. It has none of the beauties of the structures designed by the famous Wren, a number of which are still found in New England. A two-storied porch projects from the middle of the south side, and the only change of importance made in the exterior during two centuries has been the addition of a small porch at the west end.

The interior remains much the same as when good old Peter Hobart preached against "hooped petticoats," and the congregation gathered after service to discuss the last Indian depredation or the Stamp Act.

In the early days of the parish the congregation worshipped under bare rafters, and sat on the plainest of wooden benches, hewn out by hand, while old-fashioned foot-stoves furnished the warmth—the luxury of a stove not being indulged in until 1822.

Prominent at the front of the church was a pew for the elders and one for the deacons, while an adjoining one was reserved for the widow of the first rector. The oaken benches were removed in 1817, and replaced by more modern pews.

The curious railings which surmounted the ancient seats were called "banisters." The pulpit is a massive affair, reached by a stairway at the side, and capped by a curious flat canopy, which serves as a sounding-board. Beneath the pulpit are three spacious chairs, and in front a table. The surroundings of the old church—the enormous shade trees, the grassy banks, and ancient stone wall topped with a rude fence—are decidedly rural, and in striking contrast to the busy railway station near at hand.

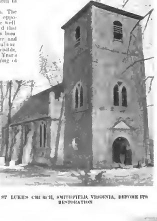
The ministers of the old parish must have served faithfully, for the records present a succession of remarkable periods of service. The first pastor, Rev Peter Hobart, remained forty-four years, his successor, Rev John Norton, thirty-eight years; while the third, following the good example of his predecessors, was rector for sixty-nine years—records hardly possible in these later days.

Nine pastors in two hundred and fourteen years is a most remarkable record, probably unequalled by any church in this country. The old church has served for other purposes than the worship of God. The town meetings were held there for nearly one hundred years, while it was freely used for gatherings to promote the interest and welfare of old Hingham.

The rectors have been active in temporal affairs—men of sturdy ruggedness of character, whose sermons touched on subjects religious, political, or practical, as occasion demanded, and whose lives were stamped with the courage of their convictions.

The descendants of the plain worshippers under the barren rafters of the old meeting-house have scattered over the country, with the truths hurled from the Hingham pulpit ringing in their ears and leaving their imprint upon their actions.

The congregation of to-day numbers many families who point with pride to the honorable record of their ancestry who worshipped in the old fane two centuries ago. In



ST LUKE'S CHURCH, SMITHFIELD, VIRGINIA, BEFORE ITS RESTORATION

these days of attractive churches and elaborate musical services it is difficult to picture the stream of devout worshippers flocking to the three services of this steeple-less meeting house, minus stoves and organ.

In 1763 a meeting was called to consider the advisability of assigning certain seats for "persons skilled in musick," and in 1802 a bass viol was purchased, and one Barnabas Lincoln performed thereon. Later a violin, bassoon, clarinet, and flute were added. These paved the way for an organ, which was purchased in 1866 nearly 200 years after the erection of the church. No edifice now standing in this country possesses a greater wealth of interesting historical incidents, and Bishop Meade, after exhaustive research, concedes "that no house for public worship exists within the original limits of the United States which continues to be used for the purpose for which it was erected, and remaining on the same site where it was built, which is as old as the meeting house of the First Parish in Hingham."

In the early days of the colonies Boston was a centre of patriotism. To this fact may be attributed the preservation of the many historic churches within its limits.

The famous Old South, however, narrowly escaped destruction a few years ago, and was saved only by the united efforts of a band of patriot women. Within its venerable walls were enacted some of the most stirring scenes in our country's history. Here the eloquence of Adams, Quincy, and Warren sowed the seed of revolution.

The Old South was the scene of the animated town meetings—British abominations, but the most stirring event in its history was Warren's last oration, on the occasion of the celebration of the anniversary of the Boston Massacre. British officers had announced publicly that mention of the massacre would cost the speaker's life, and the day was looked forward to with apprehension.

The pulpit, occupied by Samuel Adams, Hancock, and other patriots, was draped in black. Forty British officers in full uniform were scattered among the throng. Fearing trouble if entrance was attempted through the crowded aisles, Warren procured a ladder and entered by a window behind the pulpit. At the close of his impassioned address the applause of the patriots was mingled with groans from the redcoats.

At the commencement of hostilities the famous church came within the grasp of the British. Pews and pulpit were removed and the edifice was converted into a riding-school. Deacon Hubbard's pew was used by a British officer for a pigsty. The desecration was of short duration, for, when the anniversary of the Boston Massacre again approached, the heavy cannonade from Dorchester Heights compelled the evacuation of the British.

When Washington entered the historic edifice and gazed on the ruined interior, he reverently remarked that it was "strange that the British who so venerated their own churches, should thus desecrate ours." The church contains a historical collection which well repays a visit.

Kings Chapel, the corner stone of which was laid by Governor Shirley in 1749, stands like a sentinel on one of the busiest of Boston's thoroughfares.

The church contained a pew for the Governor and the officers of the British army, and the escutcheons of the king and royal governors depended from the walls.

A valuable communion service was presented by the king, and damask cushions, linen for the altar, and surplices were the gift of Queen Mary. The organ, purchased in England in 1756, was selected by Handel.

Beneath the church are spacious vaults for the reception of the dead. Those sturdy Puritans Davenport, Oxenbridge, and John Cotton, Isaac Johnson (the second white inhabitant of Boston), and Governor Shirley are buried here. The remains of General Warren were given a soldier's burial, and deposited beneath the chapel. The luxurious interior of the church was in strong contrast to the barren interiors of the many New England churches, and the stiff backed pews contained a congregation of haughty royalists in scarlet uniforms, white wigs, and velvet knee breeches, conspicuous among the throng being Bellamont, Dudley, and Andros.

Of the service at Kings Chapel a recent writer says, "Chariots with liveried black footmen brought thither titled gentlemen and fine ladies, and the square pews were gay with modes of dress which must have brightened the sober New England life—as the ruffled sleeves, and powdered wigs, and swords, the judges, whose robes were thought to give dignity and reverence to their high office as they sat upon the bench, the scarlet uniforms of British officers in army and navy—all mingling with the beauty and fashion which still look down from old family portraits the special flavor of an age different from our own."

Hated by the colonists the church for its royal pomp and splendor was considered a blot on the Puritan soil of Massachusetts.

On Salem Street is Christ Church, erected in 1723 being the oldest church in Boston standing on its original site. It was built six years before the Old South, and was considered one of the handsomest structures in the North End.

The steeple of the church is probably the most famous in the country, for on the night of April 18, 1775, the two lanterns which Paul Revere awaited on the eve of his famous ride to Lexington were displayed from the upper windows, as recorded on a tablet placed on the front wall of the church in 1878, bearing this inscription:

The Signal Lanterns of
Paul Revere
displayed in the steeple of this church
April 18, 1775,
warned the country of the march
of the British troops to
Lexington and Concord.

The chime of eight bells was the first sent to America from the celebrated foundry of Abel Rudhall, Gloucester, England, and was the first chime heard in Boston.

The walls of Christ Church are laid in the English bond style, two and one half feet thick. The old straight backed pews are retained, and while the interior has been decorated and adorned, the features which make it a notable example of ecclesiastical architecture remain.

The chandeliers were taken from a French vessel during the war between England and France by one of Captain Gruchy's privateers, and presented to the church. The images of saints upon the organ front were from the same source, being confiscated by the privateer *Queen of Hungary* in 1746.

King George II presented the ancient Bible (Vinegar edition, and highly prized) and portions of the silver communion service, the latter bearing his monogram.

The crypt beneath the church has an individual history. Here were discovered the remains of many British officers killed at Bunker Hill, their scarlet uniforms alone remaining. Here Major Pitcairn, the leader of the British forces at Lexington, was buried. A Boston gentleman has in his possession the major's prayer-book, on the fly-leaf of which the following is inscribed: "Major Pitcairn's compliments to the gentleman overhead, and begs he will not snore so loud, as it disturbs his slumbers."

Christ Church divides with the Old South its wealth of historic memories and associations. Patriotic impulses which have fostered and preserved the many Colonial churches in Boston have not saved some of the most ancient and interesting structures in New York. The little Dutch edifice in Liberty Street which had served for church, hospital, and prison house during the British invasion, and in later years as an annex of the post-office, was torn down to make room for a modern sky scraper, the bell alone being preserved. This now hangs in the tower of the Collegiate Dutch Church at Fifth Avenue and Forty eighth Street. During the Revolution the bell was hidden from the British soldiers who occupied the edifice, but was replaced in the steeple, and remained there until 1844.

The quaint North Dutch Church on Fulton Street, erected in 1769, shared the same fate. St. Paul's, on lower Broadway, remains, having enjoyed the protecting care of old Trinity and its millions. The rapid rise in property values has been fatal to the preservation of these ancient landmarks.

Trinity Church is the third edifice to occupy that historic ground. The first, erected in 1696, was destroyed in the great fire of September 21, 1776. The second, erected in 1788, was demolished in 1839, and the present structure was completed in 1846.

The first edifice was enlarged in 1737, and was one of the handsomest churches in the country at that time. The chancel was adorned with an altar piece, gilt busts of winged angels surmounted the pillars, and from the ceilings were suspended artistic branches of glass. The communion table and pulpit were rich and costly. The escutcheon of Governor Fletcher hung upon the walls.

ROGER WILLIAMS'S CHURCH, SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS—ERECTED IN 1634

William and Mary, Queen Anne and King George, had each bestowed gifts of communion plate with the royal arms inscribed.

Gentlemen in long-waisted coats with silver buttons down the front, velvet waistcoat trimmed with lace, silken knee breeches, and silver shoebuckles, with ladies in jackets of velvet over colored skirts, mutton leg sleeves with white cuffs, and carrying costly prayer books suspended by a girdle chain, occupied the pews, while the governor and his council, in state attire, were ushered into the royal pew. Wealth and luxury abounded.

The churchyard of Trinity is an interesting spot. Here is the resting place of many prominent in both church and state. Huguenots and Walloons, who fled from France on St. Bartholomew's day, were buried here. Under the Martyrs monument lie the bones of those who died in the old prison ship, the sugar houses, and Provost Prison. Here, beneath a large brown tombstone, lies the unfortunate Charlotte Temple. A handsome mausoleum is in memory of Captain James Lawrence and Lieutenant A. C. Ludlow, who perished in the naval battle between the *Chesapeake* and *Shannon*. The cannon which surround the monument were captured from the British in the war of 1812.

Here are also the graves of Robert Fulton and Alexander Hamilton, the latter marked by a monument erected by the Trinity corporation.

St. Paul's was erected in 1767. It was a costly structure, finished in an elaborate manner. Two large square pews on either side were designed for state dignitaries. Washington frequently attended service here, and occupied one of them.

The interior is but little changed, and remains the finest example of Colonial church architecture in New York.

THE HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY OF THE FRIGATE "CONSTITUTION."

Famous ships and variant types have carried the American ensign into every sea, and their names are familiar in our mouths as household words. Ballads and broadsides have told their story, and the nation in seasons of disaster ashore has found consolation and hope from their achievements. They make a golden muster roll of noble ships, each standing for some fine action; but of all, none holds so surely, so loyally, the affections of our people as the *Constitution* of immortal memory. Her triumphs are witnesses to our possibilities at sea, and for seventy years the recollections of her deeds have been the priceless traditions and heritages of American seamen the world over.

She was ever considered a lucky ship—for where is the blue-water sailor who doubts that ships may be launched under a benignant or an evil star? During the war of 1812 she went into action four times in less than three years, and captured five ships—the *Guerriere*, *Java*, *Pictou*, *Cyane*, and *Levant*—of which three were frigates and one was frigate built; after one of the most memorable seachases in naval annals she escaped unharmed from an energetic squadron of five ships, running the gamut of rates from 64's to 32's, before Tripoli her good fortune was remarkable; and in all her service she was never dismasted, never went ashore, and, indeed, rarely encountered any of the usual accidents of the sea. Though often in battle, no serious slaughter ever made shambles of her decks, and, as Cooper points out, in all her fighting—and hard and fast and furious this was at seasons—she had only one captain wounded and but four lieutenants killed.

Lucky indeed she was, though, in deference to the modern scientific scepticism, it must be added she was always well officered and manned; her captains and lieutenants were famous in their day, and in two memorable actions she had a crew of New Englanders, coast born and seabred, who could, it was said, almost have fought Old Ironsides without the officers.

The *Constitution* and her seamates came into the service when the people demanded frigates as remedies of desperation. During the twelve years succeeding the Revolutionary war no regular ships were commissioned, and this inactivity, due to exhaustion, poverty, and ignorance, ended only when the country wearied of the depredations imposed upon our trade and citizens by those discriminating cutthroats of the Barbary coast, who saw fair game in the struggling republic. Tired of the capture and imprisonment of Americans, Congress in 1794 authorized the construction or purchase of ships. President Washington wisely determined to build, and finally accepting the designs of Joshua Humphries, of Philadelphia, ordered the frigates *Constitution*, *President*, and *United States*, 44's, and the *Chesapeake*, *Constellation*, and *Congress*, 38's.

The *Constitution's* keel was laid in Boston, and here she was launched on the 21st of October, 1797—a red letter day in the history of the nation, whose hopes she carried into many a stormy sea and many a brilliant action. The most advanced ideas of the time were embodied in her construction, and she was beautifully modelled, enormously sparred and rigged, and splendidly armed. At the beginning of the war of 1812 English writers, who delighted in vaunting the ease with which she would be taken, described her as "a bundle of pine boards flying a rag of striped bunting." When, a little later, she made sea history, they sang another tune pitifully, swearing the while that she was the stanchest frame afloat—not a frigate, but a line-of-battle ship, a seventy four or better. Indeed, they abused us shamefully, and, with fingers in their eyes, whimpered because we were not hitting people of our own size, because we were playing a scurvy Yankee trick on honest British hearts of oak, the masters of the sea.

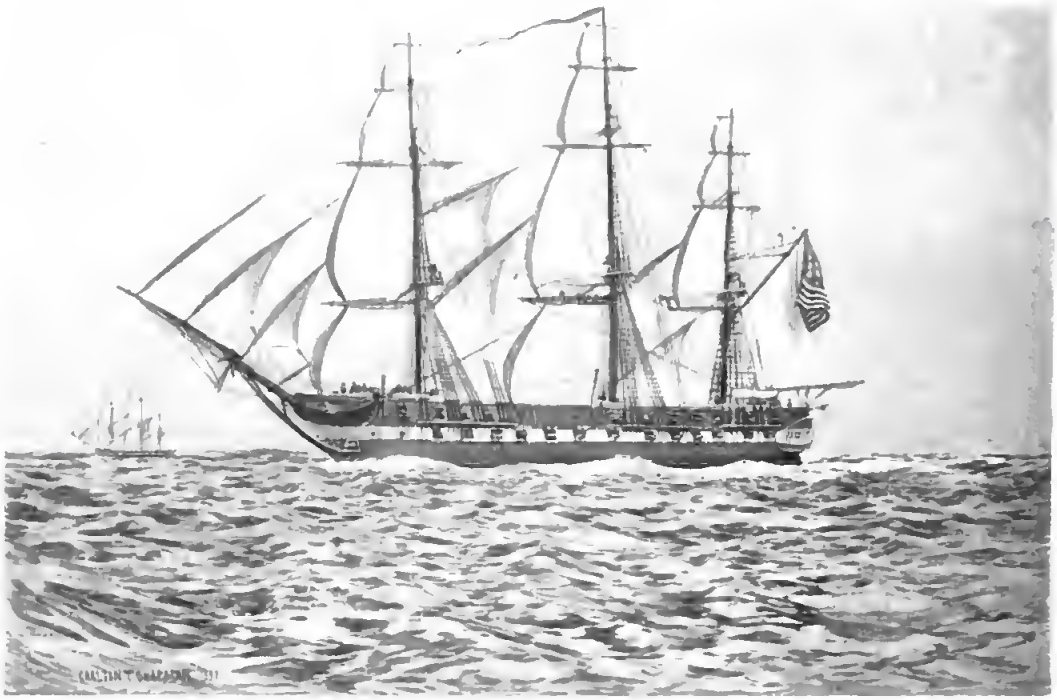
After service in the Mediterranean and "down along the coast of the High Barbaree," she was employed at home or laid up. Luckily the outbreak of the naval war found her in commission, though not immediately available. Our force afloat was small in those trying days, indeed pathetic by contrast to that of the enemy; for opposed to the twelve American still in commission England had afloat—and very busy, it is true—1060 vessels, among them 244 ships of the line and 287 frigates, the rest being armed cruisers.

Active hostilities began with the departure of a squadron under Commodore John Rodgers. After reporting, on her return from Europe, the *Constitution* refitted, dropped down the Annapolis Roads, and went to sea early in July. On the 12th Captain Hull, then somewhere off the Long Island coast, picked up strange sails, which finally grew into a heavy squadron of five ships, and as a clean pair of heels was preferable to their discreet and sober company, he stood off shore in what became one of the great cut chases of sea history. Soon after the beginning of this episode the wind, which had fallen light and uncertain, died away, and Hull was forced to hoist out his boats and to send them ahead with the ship in tow. But the enemy was not slow in following, and by double banking the leading vessels, launches, and cutters, was forging ahead so much the faster that the beset American slowly slipped into gun range.

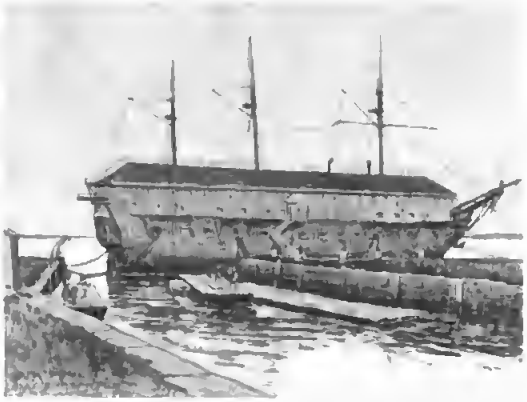
Finding himself at night near the twenty fathom curve of soundings, Hull payed his spare lines into a stout cutter, and sent her ahead with a long drift of rope bent to a heavy kedge anchor. This was dropped seaward as far as the weight of the warp permitted, and then, to the stirring music of fife and drum, all hands clapped on cheerily, and stamping and going merrily, walked away with the ship hand over fist. When the light hawser was up and down, or better than short stay, the kedge was tripped, the other line previously run out was manned, and away over the unruffled water stole the gallant frigate. It must have been a weird night's work to the becalmed enemy, for the *Constitution* glided ahead so uncannily that she was well out of range before the pursuit discovered the manner of its undoing. It was a deft two-handed sailor's trick, and at the end, when the brisk breeze made and the *Constitution* hoisted in her boats, the manœuvre was as blithely and newly performed as one would care to see on a long summer's day. Not a man was hurt in the chase, not a boat was lost or stove, and there are fewer creditable records than that made in that royal hunting of sixty odd hours.

On the evening of the last day a heavy squall darkened the sky, and as there was no questioning its weight, the *Constitution* prepared to meet it with coolness and discretion. All the gear, well manned and cleared for running, was kept fast to the last moment, and then, as the arch lashed its blast, the orders to clew up and clew down were given. In a moment the ship was under short sail, and after the strength of the squall had been taken she sheeted home again, hoisted the fore and main top gallant sails, and ran free under an easy bowline down the favoring wind. When the enemy, hull wetherless, had gathered in a flock, the *Constitution* was hull down, with a bone in her teeth and a smother of foam under her counter, miles away.

On the 19th of August Captain Hull captured the big *Guerriere* (*Gurreer*, as sailors have it), Captain Dacres



UNITED STATES FRIGATE "CONSTITUTION"—LAUNCHED OCTOBER 21, 1797—AS SHE WAS IN HER DAYS OF GLORY.—DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.



THE UNITED STATES FRIGATE "CONSTITUTION" AS SHE IS TO-DAY—100 YEARS OLD.

The action was begun at 5 P.M. by the British ship opening fire at long range. At 7 P.M. she surrendered, after a gallant fight, during which both parties had attempted to tow, but, owing to the heavy sea, without success. The *Constitution* suffered a great deal in her sails and rigging, very little in her hull, while the *Macedonian* was so dismasted that the ensign, finally struck, fluttered from the stump of the mizzenmast. "When proud Dacres came on board for to deliver up his sword," Hull refused to receive it from one who knew no employment so well; but, as the story goes, "troubled him for that but," which weeks before, while the two ships were lying in the Delaware, they had bet on the result of a fight between them.

As there were more captains than ships—a persistent disease from which we suffer yet—Hull graciously relinquished his command to Bainbridge. On the 26th of December, after parting company with the *Hornet*, her consort, the *Constitution*, then cruising off the Brazil coast, engaged and captured the frigate *Java*, 38, Captain Lambert. The American went into action with her royal yards crossed, and came out of it with these in place and without losing a spar. The *Java*, well handled and fought, was dismasted and badly hulled, and lost her gallant commander. Captain Bainbridge—to whom all honor—was severely wounded, and Lieutenant Alwyn was killed, but otherwise our loss was slight. The wounded and prisoners and a large number of passengers bound to India were transferred to the *Constitution*; and as Brazil was an unfriendly power, the *Java* was blown up.

Captain Charles Stewart succeeded Bainbridge, but did not get to sea as speedily as his eager spirit yearned. After capturing the *Picton*, 16, and some merchant prizes in the West Indies, and after escaping from a ship of the line in the Bay of Biscay, Stewart, in February, 1815, off the Peninsular coast, picked up a speedy stranger on his port bow. A light levanter was blowing, and twenty minutes after Stewart had hauled up in chase, another vessel, still farther to windward, was sighted. Both proved to be ships of war, countrymen, evidently, for they exchanged signals. Nothing daunted, the American crowded sail and stood up the wind after them, all three straining a bowline. The *Constitution* was going so much the fastest that by four bells in the first dog-watch—six o'clock—she had the enemy under her battery. Then she showed her colors, that rag of striped bunting—that tattered ensign which neither then nor afterward was hauled down. The Englishmen answered with a defiant victory-hoist, and five minutes later Stewart ranged abeam of the nearmost vessel, and shot ahead to a cable length's distance, until the ships formed an equilateral triangle, the *Constitution* to windward—grim, silent, alert, ready.

The action began straight away, all firing hotly and unceasingly, broadside and broadside, carronades, twenty-four pounders, and chasers, with fusillades, single shots, and volleys—all the chorus of villanous saltpetre and piercing and crushing shot. At the end of fifteen minutes the enemy slackened a bit. It was at this time moonlight—the moist, soggy shine of the sea about the Bay of Biscay. The ocean was oily smooth, with long low sweepings of Atlantic billows pulsating on the breast of the deep, and the light airs which had followed the brisk breeze of the pursuit were deadened by the cannonade interest's paws and flat calms. Over the water stretched a blanket of smoke, through which the moon's rays filtered so tricklingly that hulls and spars were hidden.

Stewart ceased firing to let this powder smoke drift to suck leeward as still remained, but when sky and sea cleared he discovered in nick of time the nearmost Englishman luffing to rake him. Vain essay. As quickly as well served guns could tear he poured a broadside into the foe off his lee beam threw his after sails flat aback, and shaking out everything forward and lifting his head-sheets, slipped astern speedily. The rearmost ship filled away, to avoid the threatened raking, while the other tried to tack across the *Constitution's* forefoot and return the drubbing just served out with such bung and spigot lavishness. But when a nation's quarrels were to be settled by sailorizing, Stewart was at his best, for never did truer seaman work ship or rule the ardent helm. He filled away, shot the *Constitution* ahead straight as shaft from archer's bow, and so quickly that his antagonist wore ship to avoid destruction and scurried dead to leeward, followed by a weight of heartsome metal that stronger craft might wisely seek to dodge. Stewart then raked and silenced the other ship, and on surrender found she was the *Cyane*. After a brief respite he ran for her consort, which had now come by the wind repairing damages, and after exchanging a broadside, and peppering her in a futile endeavor to run, the *Levant*, well fought but overmatched and mastered, yielded.

Stewart took his prizes into Porto Praya of the Cape de Verdes, but the day after his arrival three English frigates were seen through the lifting fog standing up for an anchorage. The American and the prizes cut their cables and went seaward, followed in a hot pursuit by the enemy. By good luck and skill the *Constitution* and *Cyane* escaped, but the *Levant* had to double back to the harbor. Here, despite the rights vouchsafed in a neutral port, she was retaken. Not fair play, perhaps, but, after all, just the trick that would tempt most honest sailor men anywhere under parallel circumstances.

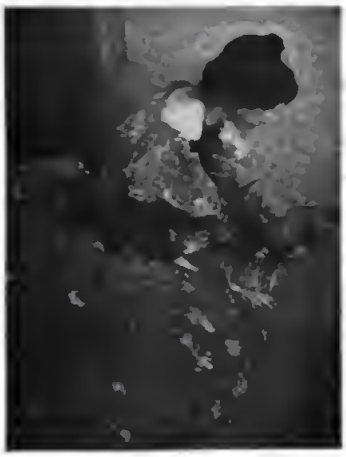
Curiously enough, the great victory was gained after the proclamation of peace, for Stewart received his first news of this at Porto Rico when homeward bound.

In 1834 Captain Elliot, who had been second in command at Lake Erie under Oliver Perry, excited a violent political and partisan demonstration by decorating, at the Boston Navy Yard, the bow of the *Constitution* with a figure head of President Jackson. One stormy night his Excellency was decapitated as neatly and deftly as if the best tools had with patient labor enlisted the brightest sunshine in the desecration. Marines and bluejackets were held under dark suspicion, and the country seethed in a ferment of keen contention. Rewards were offered, but in vain, and for years the secret was well kept. It is now said that a seaman named Dewey was the culprit, not for any political motive, but because of a cherished antipathy to the full-length image of a landlubber at the bow while three fine old sailors were compelled, with inadequate taets, to smile grimly at the stern. However, another head was secured to the trunk with copper bolts so tremendous that for many years age could not wither it nor custom stale the unshaken fortitude with which Old Hickory defied the breezes and the brine.

Not much remains to be told here. For many years succeeding, the *Constitution* was actively engaged in cruising; shortly before the civil war she was stationed at Annapolis and at Newport as one of the school ships for midshipmen, then for a season she cruised, partly as a transport, partly as a training ship for naval apprentices. Finally she was transferred to Portsmouth Navy Yard, and thence she was brought to Boston, where, with many appropriate ceremonies, with many honors, her hundredth birthday has been celebrated.

J. D. JERMOND KELLEY,
Lieutenant-Commander, U. S. N.

"THE BATHERS."—By Anders L. Zorn.



"PEONIES."—By John W. Alexander.

"RUSSIAN TEA."—By Irving R. Wiles.

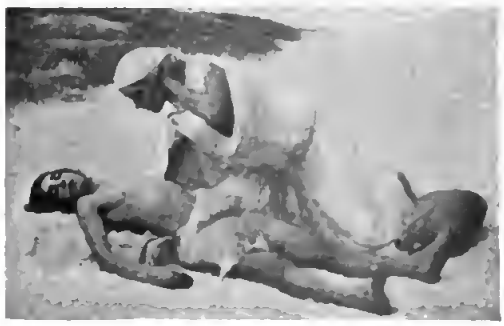
"MOTHER AND CHILD."
By William M. Chase.

"ON THE BANKS OF THE LOING."—By William L. Picknell.

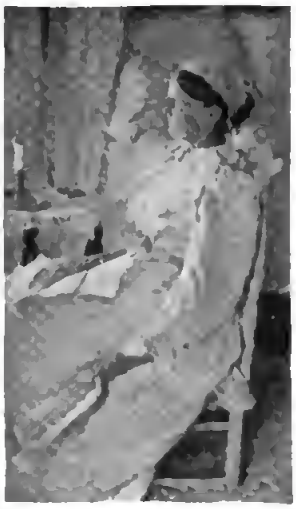
"IN RED AND BLACK."—By F. D. Mason.

"THE SURPRISE," FOREST OF COMPIÈGNE, FRANCE.—By Birge Harrison.

"PEASANT WOMAN."
By Bastien-Lepage.



"HAGAR AND ISHMAEL."—By Ida Waugh.



"A NEW ENGLAND WOMAN."
By Cecilia Beaux.

ART IN ST. LOUIS.

From the Collection of Paintings shown at the Fourteenth Annual Exposition.—Copyright by the St. Louis Exposition, Art Department.—[See Page 1064.]

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NEWS FROM THE KLONDIKE.

LETTER FROM THE SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

V.—SKAGWAY AND THE WHITE PASS TRAIL.

August 24, 1897.

WE return to Skagway after the brief glimpse of the trail. We hear it said that not five per cent. of the people will ever get over. Four horses are reported dead up the trail, and two more have their legs broken. There is nothing unusual about this. "Twenty horses went down on Porcupine Ridge." At first I thought they went over some precipice, but it means simply that they fell under their loads, to rise again torn and bleeding, to fall again and again in other places.

To-day a proposition has been made by a man by the name of Charles Leadbetter, who is just over from Dyea, to take all our stuff, not exceeding three thousand pounds when delivered to him at Dyea; to team it thence to the head of canoe navigation, there put it on his pack-train, which will carry it to the Scales, which is at the foot of the summit; there two men will be given us to pack our stuff over the summit—a distance of from three quarters of a mile to a mile to Crater Lake, there we will have to ferry it over the lake, when it will be taken on a burro train to Long Lake, where there is another ferry, and then again on the burros to Lake Lindeman, which is the point of departure. We will be expected to help with the pack-train, and all this he will do for our eight horses. This seems to me a reasonable proposition, though we were surprised at the time—namely, four or five days—allowed for making the trip through to Lake Lindeman. Goods are moving right along on the Dyea trail, we hear. We have no doubt of easily getting through here at Skagway as well, but we are glad of any proposition which would land us quickly and without great trouble at the head of navigation of the Yukon.

Our boat lumber we would have to handle ourselves. We were advised to cut it into lengths of seven feet, suitable for horse packing, but it has come thus far in its whole lengths, and we desire to keep it so until we have to cut it. Accordingly we contract to be put over, and deliver our horses, together with about a ton of feed, to Leadbetter, who takes them over on a scow that makes trips between Dyea and Skagway as often and at such times as the tide permits. It costs five dollars a head for transportation if taken on the scow direct from the steamer, but as our horses are ashore, the cost is five dollars per head additional. To avoid trouble and annoyance in the delivery of our stuff which is still on the scow, we notify the customs that the horses have gone to Dyea. We hear rumors that traffic is congested there, that there is more baggage than the Indians can handle, and that the prices are rapidly going up—thirty cents a pound to Lindeman, will soon be thirty-five, and some predict that it will not stop until it reaches fifty.

There is no shady side to life at Skagway; everything goes on in broad daylight or candle-light. After supper every tent is lighted up, and the streets are crowded with muddy men in from the trail. The "Pack Train" is filled with people, among whom I recognize several of my friends, who are drawn hither, like myself, by the spectacle. The tent of this, the biggest saloon in town, is thirty by fifty feet. Entering through a single door in front, on the right hand is a rough board bar some ten or twelve feet long, with some shelves against the rear wall, on which are a few glasses and bottles. The bartender, who is evidently new to his business, apologizes for the whiskey, which is very poor and two-thirds water, and sells for twenty-five cents. Cigars of a two-for-five or five cent sort that strain one's suction powers to the limit are sold for fifteen to twenty-five cents each. They keep beer also, on tap. After the lecture we received on the steamer from the United States customs officer, we are at a loss to understand how whiskey can be sold openly under the very eyes of the officers. But that is a story by itself. Along each side of the tent are the three-card monte, the rouge et noir, and other lay-outs, but not a faro lay-out in the place, nor in the town. The gamblers are doing big business.

A big strapping fellow in a yellow Mackinaw jacket trying his luck at craps is pointed out as having just come in over the trail from Klondike. Whether he had any dust with him I cannot learn, but he was in fine health and spirits. Every man whom I have yet seen from Klondike has had a splendid complexion, and seems strong and robust. This fellow has a voice like a lion's, deep and resonant. Surely the Yukon cannot be so terrible if it does this to men, or else its tale of death is that of the weak and sickly. As they used to say of the Kanakas, they were all strong and healthy because they were thrown into the water by their mothers almost the day they were born—consequently none but the strong survived.

Across the street the sound of a piano and the moving figures of men and women through the windows remind one that there is a dance to-night, as on every night. This piano is the only one in town, and its arrival is said to have been an event. The four women in the place are not even of the painted sort, even paint might have covered up some of the marks of dissipation. Clumsy boots beat time on a dirty floor, but not with much enthusiasm. There is not even sport enough to get up a quadrille. The dance-house of a mining town! Such a thing as shame is not even thought of.

Among the many who are gazing upon the unaccustomed scene, with the same absorbed interest as the youngest of us are men whom I take to be "old timers." I asked one of these what he thought of it all.

Said he: "I was in the Salmon River mining excitement in Idaho, but I have never seen anything like this. Ten thousand people went in that winter, over a single trail across the mountains, but it was nothing like this. There has never been anything on this coast like it."

Another, who is now the Mayor of a town on the Pacific coast not far from the Strait of Fuca, said, in answer to the same question, "I saw the beginning of Leadville, but it was nothing like this, there has been nothing like this."

Still another, a well-known mining engineer from California, says: "I have never seen people act as they do here. They have lost their heads and their senses. I have never seen men behave as they do here. They have no more idea of what they are going to than that horse has. There was one fellow in the tent alongside of mine. I saw him greasing his rubber boots. I said to him, 'What are you doing that for?' 'Why, isn't that all right?' he asked. Another man came along and asked a fellow where his mining-pan was. The fellow said, 'I haven't seen any mining-pan.' Just then the man saw the pan lying alongside the tent, and said, 'Here it is!' 'Is that a mining-pan? I didn't know that was a mining-pan?'"

I have talked with many others, some who had been in the Cœur d'Alene excitement on Salmon River, Idaho, and have been miners since '33 and '34. Some of them, whose fathers were of the old forty-niners, say the same thing—that the country has gone mad over this Klondike business. And all agree as to the reason—nowadays the news is carried by the telegraph and newspaper to all parts of the world, whereas formerly the excitement was all local, and had died away before the word of it reached the rest of the world.

No one pretends to follow the changes that are going on here. Those who have been here a week are "old-timers." When the next boat arrives people will ask questions of us in turn.

August 26, 1897.

The work of unloading the vessel continues. Most of the hay and the lumber is loaded upon a scow and hauled inshore, so that the vessel can clear for the south on time. Six or seven of us take hold of the scow, make a raft of the lumber, and take it ashore, where the tide leaves it aground. It is noon before one of us asks what day it is. We decide that it is Sunday. Sunday makes no difference in Skagway. The work goes on exactly the same. All the goods are now landed, and each man is taking off what belongs to him—also what doesn't belong to him, if there are any grounds for the vigorous complaints made to the checkers. One party is shy twenty pieces, while every one has lost one or more. Part of this may be exchange pure and simple; but some of it is downright theft.

It is raining again to-night. It seems always to be raining here; if not here, somewhere near at hand. None of the signs we are accustomed to in the East holds good here. The nearest approach to "sign" we can learn is from a man who lived six years back of the Chilkoot Mountains. He says in this part of Alaska, at this time of the year, it will be clear and cold for four days, and then it will rain four days. It has rained the four days all right, and we are looking for the four sunny ones. This wet weather is discouraging. The roads are cut up; every one feels miserable.

August 28.

The day breaks clear over the mountain. It is full daylight at five or six; it is nine o'clock, however, before the sun begins to shine. The sky is cloudless, and the air is warm. Every one is happy.

I engage a man, who says he hails from Texas, with a thirty-foot dory (which he says came up in pieces from San Francisco to go over the mountain, and which he purchased for a few dollars at the beach), to take all my stuff to Dyea. The wind is blowing a piping gale up Lynn Canal, tossing up the white-caps, and the breakers are rolling in on the beach. No small boats are venturing out around the point to Dyea. A few are venturing out to the ships. Our skipper is sure of his boat, so we take my own twelve hundred pounds, together with the boat lumber, a ton of hay and oats, and a thousand pounds of baggage belonging to one of my fellow-passengers on the *Islander*, who had gone in on the Skagway trail the first thing, then on the Dyea trail, and pronounced unhesitatingly in favor of the latter. He is Monsieur l'Abbé, a lumberman and merchant from Port Arthur, Lake Superior. Although mere chance made him my fellow-passenger in the dory of the man from Texas, for the part he was destined to play I am under obligations that nothing can repay.

After a dangerous passage through the heavy seas, that nearly swamped us with our top-heavy load, we rounded the point of rocks, and, with wind behind us, were driven rapidly toward the mouth of the Dyea pass. Should a boat swamp in this cold water, there is hardly a chance of survival.

It is as cold as the melting ice from scores of glaciers on the mountain-tops can make it, and one could not swim twenty yards in such a chill. It is a marvel that any of the horses that were thrown overboard from previous vessels ever reached the shore. The water barely tastes of salt.

Lynn Canal is a long deep trench between towering mountains. It is no more than a mile wide here. It splits on a ragged point of rocks, the right hand and by far shallower fork being Skagway Bay. On the left, the larger fork continues for about four miles toward a long blue gap similar to White Pass, until another low beach is reached, where from a distance more tents are to be seen. The tide rises and falls ten or twelve feet, so it can be seen what a difference it makes. Scows cannot approach more than a mile from high-water mark. Here they must be unloaded into smaller boats until the stuff can be taken on wagons. The valley is of about the same width as the Skagway. Half way to Dyea, among the rocks where the shore is lower, a new wooden building and a tent or two, and a sign marked "Richards's Landing," mark the spot where the commissioner holds court and all legal business is transacted. It is a desolate spot, and there seems no reason on earth for selecting such a spot beyond that already given, namely, it is a compromise, Dyea really being the sub-port, but Skagway being the town. We follow the right-hand shore, where the rocks boldly rise perpendicularly from the water. Here we meet a swift current, and a little ways on are in the mouth of the Dyea River, a stream of twice the size of the Skagway.

We were late in starting, so that the tide is running out strong. A score or more of people have come in just ahead, and have pitched tent and landed their stuff on the low four or five foot bluff that marks the course of the Dyea through the alluvial plain. It is the same busy scene as at Skagway, only that the tents stretch out along the river itself for a mile or more, and not across the valley. We go a little way against the current, wading and dragging the boat after us, and land in the midst of a lot of others, where we pile our stuff in a spot apparently high and dry. The contractor who is to put me over is not just at hand, but his wagon is here, so I leave word with Monsieur l'Abbé and another party that my stuff has arrived. Then I get in the boat and go back to Skagway. After a desperate row in the huge boat we have to land short of the point. So we go ashore in a cove, and go across an old trail to Skagway. Jim was all ready with his stuff to go to Dyea, so, giving him directions, I take my 5 × 7 camera, with a roll of films, and start in to go as far as time will permit on the Skagway trail. With that perversity of Alaska weather, it begins to rain by the time the Foot of the Hill is reached. Our friend in the buckskin suit is just setting up his tepee there, and gives a pressing invitation to an impromptu lunch of coffee, beans, and bacon, to which I contribute a pound of sugar and a dozen hot biscuit, purchased from parties who were cutting down the weight of their outfit. After dinner we set in to have a look at the trail together. The nearly continuous rains of the past few days have put the trail in fearful condition. Just why the trail leaves the valley of the Skagway and mounts the hill here is best known to the engineers who cut the trail. Probably because it made a shorter trail. There are only a few horses moving in at this time of day. At the summit of the Hill, where the narrow trail follows the steep bank of a ravine, we see the first victim of the trail—a horse lying at the foot of the bank, twenty feet down, beside a small stream. It is dead now, but before it died some stakes were driven around it to keep it out of the water; but it never got up.

Just now a man coming back brings news that a horse has just tumbled off the trail and down in a hole between two or three immense boulders, and that just its head is sticking out, and that it is alive. We keep on along comparatively level boulder-strewn ground, and evidently pass the spot indicated, which is not surprising, as bushes and trees cover every spot and hide the treacherous holes. We are going on firm bottom, with numerous corduroys over the muck holes, but up to our ankles in sloppy, slimy, chocolate-colored mud. It looks perhaps worse than it is. Horses and men, bags and pack-covers, are dyed with this brown stain. Again the trail mounts the slope of the mountain, by a way so rocky that it would seem as if no horse could get up it. The smooth flat sides of rocks slope inward, affording no foothold to a horse. We meet a boy on a horse's back coming down the worst of these places. We men step aside and curse under our breath the man who would ride a horse down such a place. We did not know then that he had a broken foot. A corduroy bridge, sloping at an angle of fully forty degrees, was put in soon after, the whole length of the pitch. The slippery logs gave a hold to the shoe calks that the rocks did not. Where the horses slid and scraped it looked like the work of chisels.

The mountains rise in some places perpendicularly, but all is so covered with luxurious vegetation that the heights above and the depths below do not impress one. We come to an empty pack-saddle, and know something has happened here, as down the mountain-side the bushes are bruised, as if some heavy body had rolled down. We need no one to tell us that over the cliff a horse has rolled hundreds of feet, and lies out of sight among the bushes. Again an almost unbearable stench announces an earlier victim.

The road is a series of ups and downs, always among boulders and moss and mud and trees. Every man we meet tells of the trials of the trail. Anxious and weary are the men. I saw one man half-way up a hill asleep on his pack, with his closed eyes toward the sky and the rain pattering on his face, which was as pale as death. It gave me a start, until I noticed his deep breathing. A little way on three horses lie dead, two of them half buried in the black quagmire, and the horses step over their bodies, without a look, and painfully struggle on. Now, two miles only by survey, but three or four to every one who passes over, the trail begins its steep plunge down the side of Porcupine Ridge, switching back and forth. It seems as if nothing could prevent a loaded horse from going clean over backwards at the turns. The mountain is nearly perpendicular for several hundred feet, when one lands in the narrow gorge of the Porcupine, a branch of the Skagway. Here are more tents. It is another breathing spot. The Porcupine is crossed by a steep corduroy bridge, and again an ascent begins. The surface of the rocks begins to appear more now, and the trail leads over these, now slippery with the trampled mud.

Gradually, stage by stage, the trail rises, following the sloping shelves of bare rock so smooth as to afford no foothold. In one place, for two or three hundred feet, the shelf that the trail follows slopes upwards, and at the same time outwards. It is here also that horses fall; they would need something more than calked shoes to hold on by. No safe trail can be made until steps are cut bodily into these places. Where there are no rocks there are boggy holes. It is all rocks and mud—rocks and mud.

Suddenly the trail opens out on the mountain-side, and a magnificent view is presented to the eye. The rugged mountain sloping a mile in height on the opposite side of the valley, and down far away to the westward the blue hills and the smoke of Skagway, with Lynn Canal showing a three-cornered patch of lighter color. It is magnificent.

We are again in the valley of the Skagway. Five or six hundred feet below we can hear the roar of the waters. There is another pitch downwards ahead of us to resume the level. Why the trail did not follow the even but longer valley of the Skagway, without climbing over two terrible ridges, none of us can comprehend. The railway, of course, will have to follow the river bed, or else tunnel under the Chilkoot Mountains. There are tents and piles of goods scattered thickly along the trail. No one knows

how many people there are. Some say five thousand—there may be fewer—and a thousand head of horses. There are means of knowing with tolerable accuracy, but no one has bothered to keep track of the arrivals and departures at Skagway. A steamer arrives and empties several hundred people and tons of goods into the mouth of the trail and the trail absorbs them as a sponge drinks up water. They are lost amid the gulches and trees.

Every one is discouraged. Dirty and muddy from head to foot, wet and tired, it is no wonder. Men who have been on the trail two weeks are no further than this. They tell of parties who have reached even the summit, and there, disheartened, have sold out and come back. Some are saying that boats have been carried as far as the summit, and there deserted. Others say boats cannot be taken over at all. The trail is lined from Skagway to the Foot of the Hill with boat lumber, enough, as one person said, to make a corduroy road the length of the trail—hyperbole, but, nevertheless the amount of boat lumber left behind is significant.

TAPPAN ADNEY.

AN AMERICAN VIEW OF SOUTH AFRICA.*

BY AN ENGLISHMAN.

AN American has this supreme advantage in writing on South African affairs—that he can approach the subject with an absolute sense of detachment, and has no partisan inducement to do other than hold evenly the scales between British and Boer and black and white. The present reviewer, therefore, expected to find in Mr. Bigelow's book impartiality and fairness, an unprejudiced estimate of conflicting claims and a candid review of local history and ambitions. Nor was he at all disappointed. There is nothing Mr. Bigelow says for or against British rule in South Africa that cannot be complacently subscribed to by an Englishman, and nothing in his account of that extraordinary community of Transvaal Boers that is not deservedly true. In his criticism of German and Portuguese attempts at colonization, Mr. Bigelow confines himself to a few succinct and open facts, sufficient of themselves to explain why the one is a polite, official farce, and the other a long-drawn humiliating failure. Mr. Bigelow's digressions into native history are absolutely trustworthy, and the personal part of his narrative, the record of what he saw and did himself, is written with the liveliness of a wide traveller and a careful judge of affairs. His account of President Kruger, and President Steyn of the Orange Free State, is in each case the fullest and most illuminating that has yet appeared in print; and the book, as a whole, while not attempting to cover the entire ground, touches with freshness and discrimination on several points that have been rather lost sight of. Particularly worthy of notice is Mr. Bigelow's strenuous condemnation of the injury done to American trade and interests by the slackness and inefficiency of American consuls in South African shipping-ports, and for the rest, the remarks of this close and experienced observer on the advantages of British over every other form of colonial administration may teach a few Anglophobiacs the scientific infallibility of the survival of the fittest. One or two slight errors may be mentioned. Kruger's famous "tortoise" speech of December, 1895, did not refer to Dr. Jameson's raid, as Mr. Bigelow supposes, but to the expected rising at Johannesburg, and Mr. Bigelow's rather surprising dictum that "the balance of power in South Africa is to-day in the hands of the President of the Orange Free State" certainly cannot be accepted. Otherwise the book is as accurate as it is entertaining.

It is nearly two hundred and fifty years since the Dutch refugees first settled in Cape Town. In 1806, when the city was finally ceded to the English by the treaty of Amiens, the entire white population was under 30,000. At first there was an appearance of harmony between the two races. The Boers were the same courageous, ignorant, religious, solitude-loving people that we know to-day; and the English, as yet comparative strangers to imperialism and to philanthropic fanaticism, were perhaps more tractable and neighborly than they have since become. Intermarriage, at any rate, was frequent, the Dutch language, or rather the Boer language—for it bears about as much relation to the tongue of Holland as Attic does to modern Greek—was in official use, and local traditions were upheld. It was the sudden expansion of British emigration in 1820 that first brought difficulties and misunderstandings. Eight years later the English language was substituted for the Boer patois. In 1833 came the famous ordinance suppressing the slave trade, and placing natives on an equal civic footing with whites—a measure quite incomprehensible to the average Boer, who to this day maintains in the Transvaal a system of native labor little, if at all, removed from slavery. Beyond anything else, beyond even his hatred of Roman Catholics and the British, is the Boer's dislike for officialdom and its ways. The purchase of his slaves by government would in any case seem repulsive to his antique mind; it was particularly so when he failed to receive their full value in solid cash. The abolition of the slave trade all but ruined the entire Boer population of South Africa. They had, moreover, a further complaint in the negligence of the government to protect them against Kaffir inroads. Small wonder, then, that they made up their minds to leave the Cape and its rulers, and strike out a new home for themselves, even in the unknown country beyond the desolate Karroo. The great Boer trek began in 1836. The first party penetrated into what is now the territory of the Transvaal Republic. A mere handful only of these stubborn pioneers lived to reach Delagoa Bay. The second party, following on their trail, came in conflict with the Matabele, a fierce fighting branch of the Zulu race, buried them splendidly across the Limpopo, and settled permanently in the Transvaal. A third party turned southeast towards Durban, routed the Zulus under Dingaan, and established the short-lived Republic of Natalia, only to see it taken over by England a few years later. The Boers who occupied the Transvaal numbered in 1848 some 15,000, distributed over an area 700 miles long by 300 wide. It is characteristic of them that for fifteen years they existed without any central government. They were living in the way they liked best; each man raised his sheep and cattle, with only a rare glimpse of a neighbor, and never a one of a tax-collector. They were free and independent, leading their lonely, self-sufficing lives in perfect content, and only banding together for an occasional Kaffir war. Why worry about a government? And, indeed, when the constitution of 1858 was drawn up, it was at once repudiated by two out of the three self-governing communities of which the state consisted, and a civil war had to be fought out before the South African Republic was finally established, in 1862. The history of the Transvaal Boers, as Mr. Bigelow says, is one-third war with the British, one-third with the natives, and one-third civil war. The year 1877 found the Republic with an empty treasury, an impotent government—impotent because ignored—and harassed by powerful native combinations on the north and southeast. It was under these circumstances that England stepped in and annexed the country, on the ground that her helpless condition was dangerous to the peace of the neighboring states. There is no doubt that the Boers would have quietly acquiesced in the annexation but for the blundering, tactless proceedings of the British government. But when it became known that Kruger and Joubert were being treated with meagre respect by English officials, when especially

(Continued on page 1085.)

* White Man's Africa. By POULTNEY BIGELOW. New York and London: Harper & Brothers.

FALSE ECONOMY

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CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

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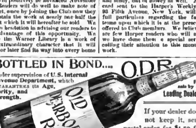

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(Continued from page 1063.)

the presence of the tax-collector made itself felt, the Boers, urged beyond question by Mr. Gladstone's fiery denunciations of British policy, took up arms against the government and inflicted the thorough defeat of Majuba Hill. Mr. Gladstone's policy after this disaster has been described as magnanimous. That is really too mild a word to apply to an action of such estimable Biblical enthusiasm. England had been smitten on one cheek. What, in the name of all that's scriptural, could Mr. Gladstone do but turn her other cheek to the enemy? Mr. Gladstone would not send re-enforcements, he would not conquer the Transvaal, he would not suffer the stain of what he called blood-guiltiness, but he would—indeed, he did—guarantee the independence of the Transvaal, withdraw the British troops, and maintain a merely nominal control over Mr. Kruger's foreign relations. Swift and bitter has been the retribution. On his shoulders, if on any man's, must rest the grave responsibility for the events that have since then drawn the whole world's attention to that peculiar government.

Nowhere else, I suppose, can be found such a startling juxtaposition of people and character, of life and manners, of the modern and the mediæval, as in the Transvaal. The Boers are a nation of stock-raisers. For government, art, literature, manufactures, agriculture, they have the profoundest dislike and incapacity. To handle a rifle and read a few chapters from the Bible is the ultimate reach of their education. Their President can hardly sign his name. Their government has to be carried on by clerks imported from Holland. The discovery of gold in their territory roused in them no latent commercial instinct, brought with it no desire for gain. They willingly sold the land to foreign speculators, retired to their farms, and added a few more cattle to their stock with the money. The parliament is regarded merely as a people's committee, and the President as its moderator or spokesman. The people expect their President to visit them with the regularity of a family physician or minister of the Gospel, and they exercise their right to catechise him as to what he has done, and to ventilate, each in turn, whatever grievances he may entertain." And yet the basis of these peculiarities is a national character which an Englishman can only refuse to admire by condemning his own stock—a vigorous obstinacy and tenacity, unquestioned courage, and a love, if not of law, at least of liberty. To these lonely, sullen burghers modern progress, so far as it is represented by the Outlanders, seems an intolerable affront. One hundred and twenty thousand men of foreign nationality, led by speculators and attracted to the country simply by its gold, are not the best advance agents of civilization. Jay Gould would have stood no more chance of convincing Abraham of the beauties of the nineteenth century than do the Johannesburg mine-owners of inducing the Boers to change their historic mode of life. The Outlanders own half the land already, they outnumber the Boers by nearly two to one, they provide nine-tenths of the revenue, and they think, naturally enough, that they ought to have some share in the state administration. Instead of that they find their business hampered by indefensible monopolies, and their money devoted to the building of forts and the purchase of armaments which can only be used against themselves. "The Boer government to-day," says Mr. Bigelow, "is applying to a complex modern community administrative principles fit only for a community of cattle-herders and teamsters." Such a state of things cannot last. The gold-seels will not be worked out for another hundred years, and long before then the only language spoken in the Transvaal will be English. Ten years from now, perhaps five years, the revolution will be accomplished, the franchise will be granted, and the weeding out of a brave but perverse and unintelligent people will have begun. May the process be peaceable and gradual, for if it comes to war, it will be bloody and prolonged—a war not of conquest but of extermination.

Much else is suggested by Mr. Bigelow's book. There is the question of native labor—at present expensive, inefficient, and unstable; the growth of local manufactures, the position of the Malays in Cape Colony, and the East Indians in Natal, and the future of the Orange Free State. But, above everything else, the book is interesting as the testimony of an American to England's unique genius for colonization. The Portuguese, for instance, have been in South Africa for nearly four hundred years. To-day they are practically an extinct force. Nothing of importance remains to them but a strip of land between the Transvaal and the sea. No emigrants seek their territory, no private enterprise develops it, their very railways have been built by foreign companies, and Mr. Bigelow draws a scathing picture of the official incompetence and corruption which have strewn Delagoa Bay with wrecks, and made the port of Lorenzo Marquez a by-word among traders. On the west coast Germany controls an area of nearly a million square miles. To this territory, at enormous cost and trouble, her minutely paternal government has succeeded in attracting nearly seven hundred colonists, most of them officials. The distinguished amateur who rules over the German Empire always forgets to mention this when he boasts of his magnificent colonial possessions. Not unfairly does Mr. Bigelow contrast these failures with England's administration, with her 700,000 colonists, her cautious progressive government, her rigorous enforcement of justice and liberty. The policy of the English cabinet towards South Africa has often been weak and shiftless. Most curious, as showing how absolutely a matter of our own time is the growth of imperialism, were her voluntary gift of independence to the Orange Free State in 1854 and her retreat from the Transvaal in 1881. Even Natal, which Mr. Bigelow now declares to be a colonial paradise and a model of the wisdom of her rule, she flung away twice before finally deciding to hold it. But these warnings will not have been wasted if they teach her that South Africa must be governed from Cape Town and not from London. And how necessary it is that England should remain there and do her appointed work Mr. Bigelow shows in a few concluding sentences. "The flag of Great Britain," he says, "represents freedom of trade, freedom of thought, beyond that of any flag on the high seas; and in Africa, at least, it is the only flag strong enough and generous enough for our purposes. It guarantees life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness to all within the sphere of its influence. It is, in short, the only flag which to-day makes possible our dream of a White Man's Africa."

That is demonstrably true; but it should not be forgotten that the future of South Africa is not in the White Man's land. The future of South Africa is in Rhodesia, and a few years will be enough to show what that is to be.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

ART IN ST. LOUIS.

THE COLLECTION OF PAINTINGS SHOWN AT THE EXPOSITION

THE Fourteenth Annual Exposition at St. Louis was opened Wednesday, September 8, for a period of six weeks, and, as usual, the principal attraction is the art display. In five large galleries there are more than six hundred paintings, and, in addition, there are several effective pieces of sculpture. Several of the paintings are of unusual size and character; among them are Roybet's Medal of Honor picture, "Charles the Bold at Nesle," and Fritel's large canvas, "The Conquerors"—each filling almost the entire end of the gallery in which it hangs.

Of the collection over four hundred paintings are from the studios of American artists, working at home and abroad. Many of the principal works in the last spring exhibitions of the National Academy and the Society of American Artists are in St. Louis, and most of the pictures which represented American artists in the two Paris Salons this year likewise are in the exposition galleries. There are nearly one hundred pictures from American artists who reside abroad, including John W. Alexander, F. A. Bridgman, Frank M. Boggs, Louis Paul Dessar, Albert Herter, Walter MacEwen, Gari J. Melchers, Elizabeth Nourse, the late W. L. Picknell (whose last large Salon picture is shown), Charles Sprague Pearce, Edwin Lord Weeks, Lionel Walden, and Ogden Wood. Of the home artists nearly every one of prominence is represented. By the late George Inness there are five characteristic canvases of different periods. By Wyant there is a work of exceptional beauty; and there are important pictures from Eastman Johnson, Cecilia Beaux, George H. Bogert, J. G. Brown, Albert Bierstadt, J. R. Brevoort, J. B. Bristol, William M. Chase, W. A. Coffin, Kenyon Cox, F. S. Church, J. H. Dolph, the late M. F. H. de Haas, C. W. Eaton, Benjamin Foster, W. H. Howe, Birge Harrison, Winslow Homer, the late Benoni Irwin, H. Bolton Jones, George W. Maynard, J. Francis Murphy, Henry Mosler, Thomas Moran, Ernest Parton, W. L. Palmer, W. T. Richards, J. D. Smillie, C. F. Ulrich, H. W. Watrous, Irving R. Wiles, and others.

After the Americans, the French painters have the largest representation in the collection, over fifty pictures coming from them. Among the examples of French art may be mentioned works by Dagnan-Bouveret, Bastien-Lepage, Cazin, Boudin, Hall, Bouguereau, Isabey, Iwill, Lhermitte, Lambert, Pusial, Pelouse, Roybet, Auguste Boulard, Monet, Renoir, and Pissarro.

The "Glasgow School"—the introduction of which in this country was made by the St. Louis Exposition art department two years ago—is represented by about forty pictures. No other group of European painters appears to have enjoyed such a degree of success during the past three years as this small association of artists of North Britain. There has been great demand for their work in the various Continental expositions, and nearly every artist of this group has been honored by having his work purchased for one or more of the European government museums. The Glasgow artists contributing to the St. Louis collection this year are Macaulay Stevenson, James Paterson, David Gauld, George Pirie, Stuart Park, J. Whitelaw Hamilton, W. Y. MacGregor, E. A. Hornell, William Kennedy, William Mouncey, Grosvenor Thomas, James Reid Murray, H. MacNicol, and James Torrance.

Of other countries contributing to the collection, Norway is represented by Thaulow, Sweden by Zorn, Germany by Von Uhde, Holland by Willem Maris, Neuhuys, Artz, Ter Meulen, Mattens, and Verveer.

During the past three years the exposition has been the means of selling more pictures for the artists than any other American exhibition. Last year more than ten per cent. of the pictures offered for sale were sold; while the year before the sales exceeded twelve per cent. of the entire number—over seventy paintings finding purchasers.

There are no artist juries connected with the St. Louis Exposition. Each picture is specifically asked for by the director of the art department, Mr. Charles M. Kurtz, who visits each year the principal exhibitions and the studios of the leading artists of Europe and America in order to make his selections. The paintings are arranged in the galleries by Mr. Kurtz and the assistant director, Mr. Rhodes.

STUART MACDONALD.

THE ENGINEER CORPS AND THE CIVIL SERVICE.

IN the efforts that have been and are being made to prevail upon President McKinley to undo, in whole or in part, the work of President Cleveland in extending the application of the civil service rules, much comfort has been derived from the attitude of officers of the corps of engineers toward the extension of these rules to their own works. If a department which is strictly non-political in character, and committed by tradition and training to the maintenance of a non-partisan public service, finds these rules, as applied to itself, a failure, surely it is a powerful argument against their successful application anywhere. It is worth while, therefore, to inquire whether or not this allegation of failure is supported by the facts as they now appear after a year's actual trial of the system.

There can be no question that the President's order of May 6, 1896, so far as it related to the engineer department, went too far, in that it included certain classes of employés, such as cooks, carpenters, blacksmiths, etc., whose service upon public works is nearly always of an uncertain and temporary character. These employés are often engaged upon works remote from places where eligible lists are kept. The contingencies of the work more often than not require that they be hired and laid off upon very short notice. A compulsory resort to eligible lists in such cases could not fail to cause a great loss of time and to rob the system of that flexibility upon which its efficiency largely depends. A literal compliance with the order as it first appeared would unquestionably have caused a great deal of trouble, and to many officers this primary forecast was so gloomy that they at once conceived a strong feeling of opposition to the whole movement. Probably nine out of ten officers, at the time the order was promulgated, considered its application to their department unwise and injudicious. Doubtless a majority still so consider it.

But it is certain that the events of the past year have gone far to remove the fears at first entertained. The engineer department at Washington and the Civil Service Commission have shown a most generous spirit in endeavoring to remove difficulties, make concessions, and to facilitate and simplify the working of the rules. So far have these efforts succeeded that officers now find their operations but little more restricted than before the rules went into effect, while they enjoy the protection which the law was designed to afford.

That this protection was necessary no one familiar with the trend of events in the engineer department in recent years can doubt. Political interference in the appointment of employés in the engineer department has indeed always existed to some extent, but such interference formerly occurred only in isolated individual cases, and never in pursuance of a fixed policy. It is only within the past twelve years that there has become manifest a settled purpose to use the engineer department for partisan ends. But short as this period has been, its record will form one of the darkest chapters in the civil service of the United States. So far, indeed, had this policy been carried that it had found a permanent foothold in the regulations of the army, and it had become a requirement that every important appointment by an officer on his works should first be submitted for the approval of the Secretary of War. That official had then only to substitute for the name of the officer's choice one of his own selection, and return the recommendation "approved," and the business was done with all the formality of the strictest military red tape. This travesty upon the customs of the military service, and the menace involved in thus prostituting a non-partisan branch of the public service to political and partisan ends, were the more dangerous because of their subtle and insidious character. They were veritably a wolf in sheep's clothing, from which protection of any sort could not be otherwise than welcome.

The civil service rules may not secure this protection as perfectly as could be wished. Particularly in the earlier stages of their application, while the old system is still struggling for life, there is no occasion for disappointment if they do not at once accomplish all that was expected from them. But in spite of their shortcomings it is nevertheless true that they offer the only substantial guarantee yet presented against the evil results of political control of the public service.

It is probable, also, that in the long run a better average efficiency in service will be secured by this system than by any other, although this will doubtless be questioned by some who are loyal opponents of the spoils system. If an employer could always be relied upon to use his true judgment, unswerved by personal considerations or outside influences, and guided only by the requirements of his work, then personal choice would be the best possible method of selecting employés. But such perfection is seldom met with even in private business, in the public service less frequently still. It has probably been more nearly realized in the engineer department than in any other of the government, but the exceptions, even here, have been numerous and notorious. The new system will strengthen the hands of officers in this respect, and will add materially to their past success in maintaining a pure and efficient branch of the public service.

To the employé himself the change is an unqualified gain. It gives him standing as a servant of the government where formerly he had none. From being a mere temporary worker for wages, he has become a member of a recognized body, the civil service of the United States, and this fact will eventually possess the significance which attaches to positions in the civil service of Great Britain.

There are some officers who affect to believe that the best grade of talent cannot be secured by the examination system, and that proper discipline cannot be enforced when employés are not subject to dismissal at the will of the employer. Those who argue in this way, although unquestionably sincere, are far from being consistent. With pardonable pride they point to their system of civil service as being the least subject to political control of any under the government, and as furnishing the highest standard of efficiency, loyalty, and integrity in work. Whence come these important results? From the individual himself? Is there any peculiar virtue in the officer that sets him apart from the rest of the world, and actuates him with higher motives than operate upon other men? Assuredly not. It is not the man, it is the system that accomplishes these results. From the very outset of an officer's career, until it is more than two-thirds done, he is subject to examinations, not only to test his right to enter the service at first, but to remain in it afterward. Does not this continuous and rigid examination system tend to secure superior talent in the corps? Will its more limited application to the civilian employés under the officer fail to ensure *pro tanto* similar results?

Again, the officer's position is the most secure and permanent which the service affords. Only by the most formal and guarded procedure can he be dispossessed of his place. Does this security make him any less loyal or obedient to his superiors? Far from it. Why pretend, then, that principles which control the officer will fail with those under him? Such a view is not only belittling to the employé, it is wholly erroneous in fact. Every officer knows that most of his employés serve him from a sense of duty, and he never dreams that the interest they show in their work, or their obedience to his orders, springs from their fear of his power of dismissal.

Consider it from what point of view we will—mere theoretical deductions, or the results of a year's actual trial—there is nothing in the present situation to justify the sinister views indulged in by some officers. If, instead of being "greatly disturbed and unsettled in mind," as one of them puts it, over difficulties which are largely evolved from the imagination, they would enter with cheerful acquiescence into the spirit of the new system, resolved to make the most of it possible, leaving to the future the correction of its defects, there is not the slightest doubt that the obstacles which they have foreseen would almost entirely disappear. At any rate, they would no longer be playing into the hands of the enemies of a reformed civil service who care not a straw for the high character of the engineer department, except as it can be used for their own selfish purposes.

AN ENGINEER OFFICER.

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AMATEUR SPORT

Mr. Caspar Whitney will be absent several months on a sporting tour around the world, which he has undertaken for Harper's Weekly. *He proceeds overland to San Francisco and Vancouver. On his way across the continent he will gather material for a series of articles on sport in the West. From Vancouver he will sail for Siam, touching at Japan and China. In Siam Mr. Whitney will penetrate into the interior, which is one of the least-known lands in the world. His main purpose there will be to hunt big game, Siam being richer in varieties of the larger wild animals than either Africa or India. After this hunt Mr. Whitney will proceed to Europe, and will there prepare a series of articles on sport in France, Germany, and England.*

During Mr. Whitney's absence this Department will publish contributions from Mr. Walter Camp, Mr. John Corbin, and other well known writers upon special subjects relating to Amateur Sport.

LAST HOLES.

There is a certain little matter in regard to which the American visitors to our British golf links is likely to feel that some explanation is due to him. He had heard, he had read—not once, but many times repeated—that one peculiarity of our great courses, common to almost all of them, was that the last hole was simple and featureless. This was not claimed as a quality of any special merit, or as worthy of imitation, but it just so happened that the nature of the ground at each locality favored such an arrangement. The last holes, he was told as a matter of incidental fact, were easy.

But what does he find when he comes to play them? He finds this simple statement as far removed from the truth that what we have spoken of as incidental fact had better been phrased as incidental—accidental, he will cheerfully hope—falsehood. The actual truth is that the old order has somewhat changed; that the statement was fairly true when it was made and repeated, but that in the face of recent alterations it is true no longer.

There are exceptions. On the old classic green of St Andrews, where changes even of the most necessary nature are effected, as the Scot is said to joke, "with deefficulty," the course has remained fixed as the laws of Medes and Persians, the last hole is still a drive over the burn and a quick shot or scoop to the green, with no hazard intervening. There is an area or two of the links' bounds away to the right, but nothing save grassy "banks and braes" on the direct road to the hole. Prestwick retains the features characteristic of its old last hole, which is reached by a drive over formidable but not distant bunkers from the tee, followed by an iron shot of most ordinary dimensions to the green. Of the three greens on which the original championship competitions were held there remains the green of the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers, who used to play over the links of Musselburgh but have now moved along the shores of the Forth to Muirfield. The last hole at Musselburgh was always a hole of some possible incident, for it was a single shot hole, and the man who does such a hole in three is very apt to win it. (Such a hole is far less often halved than a hole of a drive and iron shot length.) But such as the last hole at Musselburgh was and is, it does not compare for perils with the last hole at Muirfield. This Muirfield last hole lies just beyond a most menacing bunker, to be negotiated either with a third shot played with the mashie, or by the larger driver with a second full shot. It is a fine hole.

So here there is a change from a comparatively tame and uneventful finish to one that is apt to alter the character of the match should it not be decided earlier. Let us have a look at the two great English links of Hoylake and Westward Ho. Sandwich, though a most important green—one of those on which both championships are played—scarcely enters into this present point of view, for it is a green of such modern discovery that it has scarcely had time for much alteration, and scarcely existed at the date of that earlier pronouncement that last holes were, generally speaking, easy. Westward Ho, as the other hand—though, by reason of its geographical remoteness from the great centres, the championship is not played on it—must ever remain, by its merits, among the greatest, as it is the oldest, of the first-rate English links. But in regard first to Hoylake. Until two years or less ago the club house used to be beneath the same roof as the Royal Hotel, and the course used to end beneath the hotel windows on the green still called the Royal Green. This is now the green of the seventeenth instead of the eighteenth hole, and the club has now a very fine house of its own in the neighborhood of what on the old course was the first, but under the new dispensation has now become the eighteenth green. Still, as of old, the Royal hole is one of slight incident. A drive over a low cop puts you within reach of the green, no hazard intervening; this therefore was a perfect instance of easy and uneventful last holes. But it is the last hole no longer, and that hole, the old first, which is now the last hole, is very liable to be accidental, and to leave sad marks of its accidents on the sufferer's scoring card. It cost one of the Yanks no less than nine in one of the rounds of the last championship. The reason is that a good long drive puts you within possible reach, supposing calm weather with a second long shot, the green lying just beyond a most dangerous ditch bunker. It is, of course, equally possible to play up to the edge of the bunker in two, and to top the approach into it in three. Better than this is the fate of those who are in in two. So at Hoylake we have an instance of a featureless last hole changed into a last hole whose features are capable of bringing a good score to ruin, and very liable to affect the fortunes of a close match.

LOOKING TOWARD FIRST TEE AND FOURTH GREEN, NEW ST. ANDREWS LINKS.

At Westward Ho it is no otherwise. There, in the old days when the primitive club hut was close beside the Pebble Ridge, the then last hole was played to the green which is now occupied by the third hole; it was reached by a moderate drive over some bunkers, which left the easiest of iron-shots to the green. At present the tee shot to the last hole bristles with perils of ditches, both across the line and on both sides of it; the second shot presents less danger, but even then we are not home. It remains to lift, with iron or mashie, over a little stream that guards the green—a stroke that needs some nerve and delicacy when the golfer is approaching the finish with a good score. Taking, therefore, the three chief greens in England—for the Sandwich last hole, too, has a catchy little bunker stretching itself before the green—and the three championship links of Scotland, it is seen that in the past, when the fable of the easy last holes was told to America, and to any that cared to listen, it was a fable based on fact; for all were simple and easy except that of Sandwich, which was, chronologically, "another story"; whereas now, out of those six principal greens, the last holes of four of them are specially liable to incident rather than specially featureless. The tale therefore was true when it was originally told; it is only the change of the links themselves that has given it the aspect of fiction.

No doubt, on the question whether the last holes should ideally be simple or hazarious, there is much to be said on either side. On the original plan it seemed good that the golfer, having suffered such things throughout the round, should be let down gently at the finish, as a storm-tossed ship comes quietly at length to port. Where a man had a good score in a competition it seemed very hard that he should have to risk ruining it all when the final goal was not only in sight, but within a short iron-shot. Still, the new feature has its merits too. It seems hard on a man when he is one down with only one hole to play that that hole should be of the kind that the most unlucky play of himself and his opponent will halve in four. He has the feeling that it does not give him a fair chance of retrieving, by heroic effort, his self respect. He is one down, and it seems inevitable, unless human fallibility to disgraceful error demonstrates itself strikingly in his opponent's performances, that one down he must remain. Such a last hole seems scarcely worth the playing.

And this unfortunate man's view appears to be the one that is entitled to great respect. However pleasant this old quiet slipping into port might seem, the new dispensation has the merit of carrying the interest and the chances of the match up to the very end. It never seems to be lost till it is won, it calls forth the most strenuous effort up to the final stroke. These perhaps are not the considerations that in practice determine the positions of last holes; generally these are subject rather to considerations of geography and of convenience; but at least the American golfer who visits this country and may chance to have read this letter may now understand the seeming paradox, to put it mildly, of each tales as he has been told of the simplicity of last holes, and the efforts he is called upon to make to persuade his golf-ball to go into them.

Horace Hutchinson.

THE NEW ST. ANDREWS LINKS AT MOUNT HOPE, WESTCHESTER COUNTY, NEW YORK—VIEW FROM THE FIFTH TEE.

THE SEVENTH HOLE, NEW ST. ANDREWS LINKS.

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THE NEW ST. ANDREWS LINKS.

It is a year or more since the St. Andrews Club decided that new quarters and a full eighteen hole course must be secured if the club were to retain its prestige in the American golfing world. After a careful examination of the surrounding country, the choice fell upon the Lawrence farm at Mount Hope, some six or seven miles above the old site at St. Andrews. The club tract of 160 acres was originally a part of the historic Phillipse Manor, and the fame of the Sprain Brook, which flows through the lower meadow, has come down from the days of the Revolution, when "Skinner" and "Cowboy" waged their ruthless warfare through these quiet forest glades. Part of the land had been used as pasture for many years, and was consequently well adapted to golfing use, but careful pleoning and a great deal of hard work were necessary before the full course of eighteen holes was finally in shape for play.

In its general features the course is distinguished for the rich reward that it bestows upon the men whose drives from the tee are both far and sure. A topped or foozled drive, in almost every instance, is severely punished, but the player who can get his ball squarely away, with a carry of say one hundred and sixty yards, is pretty sure to find himself with a good lie, and on a comparatively smooth road to the desired haven of the green. Traps and "pot" and "cup" bunkers are conspicuous by their absence, but the Green Committee will probably be obliged to put in some additional artificial hazards to punish a foozled second shot, and to encourage the player whose strong point is in pitching on to the green with the iron. As it stands, the course is sound golf, but hardly difficult enough for first class all around play. Take, for example, the records made by A. H. Fenn for four rounds of the links during the open meeting of last week. The first (made in practice) was 75. In the two preliminary medal rounds he turned in cards of 79 and 81, and he won the Sands cup on Saturday with a 76. The total for the four medal play rounds foots up 321, or an average of 80¼. So far as figures go to prove anything, this is not very far from the best work of the transatlantic golfers. Mr. Hilton won the open championship at Hoylake this year with a score of 314 for thirty six holes, and only six men out of the whole field were below 321. Granting that Fenn is at his best in the medal game, it still remains evident that the St. Andrews course is an easy one for a good driver. W. G. Stewart's 35 for the incoming holes (made in the finals with Douglas) goes to confirm this theory, and it should also be noted that the putting greens were a trifle lumpy, certainly not as good as they will be. There are great possibilities for the best of golf at St. Andrews, and they will undoubtedly be utilized as time goes on.

The course, like Gaul, may be divided into three parts. The first four holes are on the upper table land. The lies are excellent, and the principal hazards are granite outcrops and a stone dike in front of the third tee. The drive from the fifth tee takes us to the lower meadow, a beautiful stretch of almost perfectly level turf, and intersected by the Sprain Brook. The tee is on the very brink of the precipice, and so steep is the descent that it looks as though one could toss a biscuit upon the green, 280 yards away. For all that, one must make a good long drive to secure a good lie upon the fine turf in front of the green, and there are rare possibilities of disaster for a topped or badly pulled ball.

There are nine holes upon the flat, the principal hazards being the Sprain Brook, and an old stone wall that protects the sixth hole and calls for a long carry from the seventh tee. The "Island," or short hole of 140 yards, has its green skilfully guarded by the double hazard of the brook and the open canal, and is an excellent hole in three. The ninth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth holes are of only moderate interest, and the committee must have considered that the unlucky reputation attached to the number thirteen was enough in itself to confound the duffer, since the hole is only 100 yards long, and without hazard of any kind, excepting the side fence for a badly pulled drive.

Coming now to the homestretch, we have three blind holes in succession, and the sixteenth is perhaps the spectacular hole of the entire course. It is 285 yards in length, but a really first class drive will carry the summit of the grassy hill, and from there the descent is so steep that the ball has an excellent chance of making the green on the run. Chauncey, indeed, scored this hole in two on his round in the final handicap.

This last part of the course has been very skilfully planned, so as to bring the player back to the upland and the club-house with the minimum amount of hill-climbing. The course is narrower, and the driving must be straight as well as long. The final drive is over a deep hollow and apple orchard, and a top may even turn hopelessly runs a good card.

Quite a number of the greens have been artificially levelled and terraced up. The old Scottish bred player may be inclined to criticise this concession to New World ideas, but in nearly every case this method of construction was made imperative on account of the lay of the land. It is to be hoped, however, that the present bare banks of clay—teeing grounds by courtesy—are only temporary expedients for the real thing, a bit of true turf.

W. G. VAN T. S.

YALE BOATING.

It is almost impossible for outsiders, and sometimes extremely difficult even for Yale men a few years out of college, to realize just where the power repose in the body athletic at that university. Hence it happens that writers and talkers, forgetting, or never knowing, that the captain and manager are absolute in their jurisdiction, are, when trespassing upon what is apparently inviting ground for peregrinations, brought up occasionally with startling force against the unexpected. Just after Yale left Henley, Mr Guy Nickalls, who had been extremely kind in every way to the Yale crew, even to the extent of securing their quarters for them and adjusting the matter thereto incident, in a letter to the rowing authorities at New Haven expressed himself as hoping some time to come and visit Yale. At that time Yale men were and ever since have been eager to have Mr Nickalls come and give them the opportunity of discharging some of the debt of hospitality owed to him. It chances, however, that many people have seized upon the knowledge that Mr Nickalls might visit the United States, and by the interpretation they have endeavored to attach to that visit have greatly diminished the chances we may have had for making the acquaintance of another of those fine English boating men whose type we have already welcomed in Mr Lehmann. Now all these people who have exploited the fact that Mr Cook was to be displaced as coach at Yale by Mr. Nickalls, or by any one else, have suddenly learned that the captain of the crew at New Haven names the coach; that three thousand undergraduates and eight or ten thousand graduates, the faculty, press, and public, have no more to say about it, when it comes down to the actual fact, than they have about the selection of the crew; to tell the truth, not quite so much. Captain Payne Whitney is the man with the right to name the coach, just as Captain Bailey named him the year before, and Captain Treadway the year before that. And Captain Whitney has named the man whom captains for twenty years, with but few exceptions, have named before him—Mr Robert J. Cook. And every Yale man hopes that Mr. Cook will round out his period of coaching with a most successful season. The material is promising, interest is greatly quickened, and such feeling as may have been engendered will, now that the affair is settled, not be allowed to stand in the way of success. It has been many years since the soiled lines of Yale has been washed in public; and Yale men, young and old, coaches and coached, are averse to such methods. That the race will be rowed at New London is beyond question, that Cornell will, in some way or other, be represented on the river for this particular year is probable. But how this is to be brought about only time and the boating authorities of Harvard and Yale can determine. No conclusion has yet been reached.

FOOTBALL NOTES.

The general standing of the football teams has altered somewhat in the last week. Of the four big teams, Yale has made the most marked advance, and this was to be expected, as, with practically nothing but new material, the work of the coaches must become speedily apparent, or any hope of a respectable team be abandoned. It seems almost equally fair to say that Harvard, all things considered, has made the least progress. Harvard's line was stiff and strong a week ago, and her backs, notably Dibblee, were making good runs. Swain has come in again, and adds much to the efficiency of the team. But the team as a whole fails still to get that swing which is the type of strong offensive work. Pennsylvania has, next to Yale, exhibited to the greatest degree the effect of the work spent upon the team. With the exception of the position of quarter, the men seem to have settled into remarkably good form for such an early date. Princeton is having more difficulty in getting together at centre and quarter than Pennsylvania, but both are using heavy plays to advantage, and far more effectively than Harvard. Yale is tending to end runs, and with Kiefer and Corwin seems able to bring them off, but with the other candidates behind the line is not so successful in that style of play.

Princeton still leads in the kicking department, with Pennsylvania the only team within reaching distance of her. Princeton is also the oldest on defence, but by no means as far ahead of the others in this regard as she is in kicking. To day Princeton would beat Pennsylvania through the greater experience of her line and superior direction in kicking. Her superiority to the Philadelphians might be rated at about ten points. She would beat Harvard chiefly through her better kicking. The Harvard kickers would be outclassed, especially in accuracy. Furthermore, Harvard's runners behind the line would not stand the game so well, and Princeton might be able to score three times. Yale would go under also to the men from New Jersey, and while not the Waterloo of last year, would find it a bad defeat of eighteen or more. Harvard and Pennsylvania, meeting to-day, would be fairly matched, with the chances in favor of the Quakers from two points of superiority—their men would last longer, and their play is more concentrated. Pennsylvania would defeat Yale also at this period, for similar reasons, but more especially because her play is more advanced in style. Harvard and Yale just now would make a most interesting match. Harvard is a bit further along in development of plays, but, except in the case of two individuals, has not exhibited the dash and spirit displayed by the new blood at New Haven. Harvard's line is better on defensive work, and she uses more men in her offensive play, so that to day she would win on form. Yale has more snap, and would play an uphill game better.

How Yale can go on in the error of attempting to use Chadwick at guard, or even at centre, instead of at tackle, is beyond comprehension. He began his career at tackle, and in that position played his first and best game. He has been the stumbling block of the coaches ever since he was placed at guard, and always will be. His style is entirely out of place next to centre, and in trying to correct it he becomes dogged, and then puts up just the game he played last year at Manhattan Field against Princeton, bringing down upon his head the wrath of the coaches, his captain, and fellow players. He is capable of brilliant work. He is the strongest, physically, in proportion to his weight, of any man on the football field to day, and he will weigh over 190 lbs. There is not a man on any team to-day that can match him, but there is not a guard that will not beat him as he played the position last season, and is likely, if kept there, to play it this year. He belongs at tackle, should be put there, and then sent up to his limit. In two weeks he would be the star of the line. If not, then the strength test is his only forte.

The life that Mr Butterworth is instilling into the team at New Haven is something to be watched and imitated by any coach. It has already galvanized into action the corpse of last season's eleven; or rather it has made the new material so much faster that the old men find it difficult to keep within hailing distance. It is now practically assured that Mr. Butterworth will be with the team throughout the season, and that means everything to Yale. He has a way with men that serves them up to great deeds and makes them forget aches and pains. The impossible seems worth attempting, and even likely of achievement, before them, and they go in accordingly.

If there be one team of the entire lot of crabs that gets off quickly and makes at once for business, it is Princeton. In fact, her team is better at this than it was last season, even at its best. This trait is often so inheritance from a winning team of the previous year, and is a mixture of confidence and dash. It is like the possession of Jack Moore in Lewis's *Wolfville*—"it's intuitive." I do not suppose there is any university where they work so hard to acquire this ability to open a game early as they do at New Haven. Many is the game it has won for them. But this year Princeton is beginning to exhibit strong signs of having it born in her, and if Yale gets it too, there will be a lively ten minutes when the game opens November 20. For all this getting into action early in a game, Princeton has not come up in the form of her line men to what was anticipated. They move with strength, but not with rapidity until they have gone some yards. There is lead in the feet of one or two, and this fault is especially apparent in the breaking through. Meanwhile the kicking of Baird is worth going a distance to see. His drops and place kicking are better than ever, and that is saying much.

Furthermore, any team forced on three downs to punt when inside its twenty-five-yard line against Princeton will be wise to punt out of bounds. The giant Cadwalader, idol of the bleachers at New Haven for his accurate goal-kicking—and a good man he is too in many other ways—will have to go far to be almost of the Princeton kicker on the 20th of November. Wheeler's punting is good and his running strong, while Ayres is also an excellent kicker. Why these men are all in one team is one of the anomalies of the situation. Yale could use one to great advantage, and Harvard would like another.

In fact, the situation at Cambridge is making coaches lie awake nights wondering where the material to make enough men for the positions behind the line is to be found. Not long ago men who are now regarded as valuable were rather looked upon as out of it. Still more it looks as if that part of the field were not advancing in anything like the proper proportion, in spite of the labor that is being expended upon it. Until Swain came out it looked dismal. From the quarter to the full back two, and possibly three, positions are open questions in the minds of many who follow the practice closely.

All the quarters are light—two of them fragile and liable to injury. The halves who have the dash are, like the quarters, rather perishable from a modern football standpoint. Finally the full back who has been regularly used is erratic, and while sometimes up to the mark, lacks the steadiness that ought to be a part and parcel of the man who may many times be called upon to stand between Harvard and her goal. When Waters or Adams is at work upon the men they show what they are made of, but no sooner does the spur cease to cut them than they relapse into comfortable ease.

Pennsylvania is being very much lauded in the reports emanating from Philadelphia. Interviews are reported with Mr Woodruff and Mr Murphy which, if one were to take them without the customary grain of salt, would be conclusive as to the folly of Harvard even going to Philadelphia at all. It is hard to tell just what this means. Pennsylvania is playing a good game as far as the season is advanced, but so far her plays travelling like lightning, and the interference so quick and close that the opponents can hardly see the runner until he is over their goal line, as for her defence being absolutely impregnable, and the guards tackling everything out on the ends, while "the line from tackle to tackle is non-puncturable"—all this sounds out of place. If any team were playing such a game at the beginning of the second week in October, it would go quite stale before long, or become afflicted with such a case of conceit that the remedy would need be a heroic one. I doubt very much if either Mr Woodruff or Mr. Murphy was correctly interpreted, for they care too much for the game itself to puff men up when there is work to be done.

Pennsylvania has secured a firm grasp upon two of the fundamental principles for a successful team this season, and is making capital use of them—that is the real truth of the matter. These two principles are a careful and early selection of men who from their physical build are adapted to the heavy plays, and the immediate beginning of the practice of concentrated work. Pennsylvania is wasting no time over brilliant individual performances in the running line. Some of these come out without premeditation, but Mr. Woodruff cares not a fig for a long individual run. What he is aiming at and putting his head and heart into is the rapid gathering of a thousand pounds of men into a group. That is the real kernel of the matter, and he is getting daily nearer and nearer to it. Harvard is just beginning to see this, but Pennsylvania has a good start of her, and has made a better selection of men behind the line. So, barring the mistake of too long a period of training, the Pennsylvania system looks the wiser. Her line, although less in skill and experience, is heavy, and the last week has seen a better welding together of the constituent parts.

Saturday's games were affected by the intense heat, but showed the advance of most of the big teams. Harvard used but two plays at West Point that were up to the modern standard. One of these was, however, excellent and effective. Harvard has used it before. It was a mass interference starting towards tackle and swinging a half out around the end. Cabot came back to aid in the interference. West Point put up a good game, a sliding run of tackle just outside the opposite tackle being the most effective play. The game was marred by the fumbling of both sides. Princeton again demonstrated her strength by her onslaught upon the Indians. Kelly especially showing his old dash. Some wholesale disqualifications are evidently in order to curb rough tendencies. Cornell has come up materially, as the Lafayette game showed. Yale did not thoroughly satisfy her friends at Newton, but Pennsylvania more than pleased her adherents in the way she handled Dartmouth.

WALTER CAMP.

"AMERICAN FOOTBALL."—By WALTER CAMP.—NEW AND REVISED EDITION.—POST 8VO, CLOTH, $1 25.—HARPER & BROTHERS.

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A WORD TO THE WISE.

No doubt we are getting wiser. It would be surprising if we were not, considering the stupendous machinery of public schools, colleges, libraries, and low priced literature. The veriest mannikin, that has donned his first knee-pants, prattles superciliously of the "Dark Ages;" and if you venture to hint of Jack the Giant Killer or other heroes of your own boyhood, smiles almost sadly at your infatuation. Yes, indeed, *nous avons changé tout cela*, we feed on facts, and substitute science for imagination. Still human nature is astonishingly constant. It has a way of "throwing back" to an earlier and less enlightened strain. To bogies, haunted houses, will-o'-the-wisps, and other imaginings of rude and uncultivated minds science has given a *quietus*. Yet every now and then an author appears who uses these things as his stock-in-trade, and writes stories which make the blood curdle,

> "And each particular hair to stand on end
> Like quills upon the fretful porcupine,"

and, somehow or other, we revel in them, and the author has his vogue.

Of course we are a sound-headed, practical people, who pride ourselves upon our recognition of facts, and our habit of submitting everything to scientific analysis. And yet, now and again, we break away—not one or two "pudden headed" individuals, but whole communities of generally sober-minded people—to chase some Jack-o-lantern, notwithstanding that science from her height proclaims it an *ignis fatuus*, a "fool's fire"; plunging deeper and deeper into the quagmire, and covering ourselves with confusion.

If you ask for an instance, seek it in Chicago, that city of solid sense, progressiveness, and utilitarianism, which is nothing if not a triumph of facts, whose sky-scrapers have justified the Tower of Babel, and whose very river smells to heaven with unspeakable facts. Here, if anywhere, from the supreme eminence of the Auditorium tower, Science and Reason should be able to look down, undisturbed, upon a city which they have made, and upon a people who follow their indisputable laws. But, alas! even Chicagoans, though the twenty-four hours of the day are too short for all they have to do, have turned aside to follow their will-o'-the-wisp. Cigarettes the majority of us call them; the dainty little trifles which have won their way into the affections of all classes of smokers, rich and poor, so fresh and fragrant and, we had hoped, pure; for they are made of best "bright Virginia," and contain only a fourth of the percentage of nicotine found in the average smoking tobacco and cigars. But to the Chicago imagination, the delicate smoke wreaths curling from the lips of thousands of smokers seemed to be pale *corpse lights*, hovering near their homes and presaging death to countless lives. Cigarettes, it was asserted, were adulterated with deleterious compounds; even the paper was poisoned. The community must be protected. Accordingly, a city ordinance was passed putting them and the trade under a supervision as strict as that maintained by the police of Paris over her citizens. The "moral sense" of the community was aroused—that mysterious power which usually sleeps so soundly, but is every now and then flogged into wakefulness and blundering activity by persons in the background who have their own axes to grind. So Chicago made herself an example to the world by putting the cigarette under an ordinance. For six months the ponderous machinery of the law has been employed to fetter this little victim of disordered imaginations. During that time experts—Dr. Frank W. Reilly, Commissioner of Health, Dr. Gehrmann, and Professor Kennicott—have analyzed no less than fourteen brands of cigarettes, purchased in the open market. The analysis was made in accordance with the city ordinance, and the result is best stated in Dr. Reilly's own words:

"The Health Department has analyzed the various brands of cigarettes sold by Chicago dealers, as provided by the ordinance, with entirely satisfactory results. No impurities were found in any of the fourteen brands examined by the department experts, Dr. Gehrmann and Professor Kennicott. Exhaustive analyses were made of every brand of cigarette found for sale in the city. All have been found to be entirely free from opium, morphine, jimson-weed, belladonna, atropine, hyoscyamine, or other substances foreign to pure tobacco. Neither was there any lead or arsenic found in the paper wrappers."

This is not news to smokers, for previous analyses have been frequently made not only in America but in England, and always the American cigarette has been pronounced to consist of nothing but the purest tobacco and the purest and most combustible paper fibre. The specially significant fact in this particular case is that it is the evidence, produced by what was virtually the counsel for the prosecution, which has absolutely vindicated this little prisoner at the bar of public opinion.

The State of Tennessee has also been following this will-o'-the-wisp of the supposed harmfulness of cigarettes, and finds herself in a quandary. She passed a law against them; making it a misdemeanor to sell cigarettes or cigarette paper, or to bring them into the commonwealth for the purpose of selling them. The lawmakers made a heroic onslaught upon this little necessity of modern civilization, only to discover that they were tilting against that venerable and invulnerable power, the Federal Constitution. Judge Horace H. Lurton, in the United States Circuit Court for the Sixth Federal Circuit, has handed down a decision that the anti-cigarette law is unconstitutional, for it interferes with the purely Federal prerogative of controlling and regulating interstate commerce.

We are a free and independent people—every school-history affirms it—and yet periodically we suffer from the ill-advised activity of a few really well-intentioned people. The trouble is, we are too busy to think for ourselves and often take our opinions at second hand, too often from the reckless statements of newspaper reporters, who ransack heaven and earth and everywhere else for a story and then garble it to make it attractive—in plain English, sensational. Fortunately, as a nation, we have a large reserve of fair play, and when anything has been shown by unimpeachable evidence to have been wrongly abused, we are not ashamed to admit that we have made a mistake. In these feverish times, when men are working incessantly at high pressure, tobacco in some form is practically a necessity; and it is neither logical, prudent, nor fair to forbid that form of it which science has shown to be the purest and, therefore, least injurious; in a word, the American cigarette.

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Vol. XLI.—No. 2128

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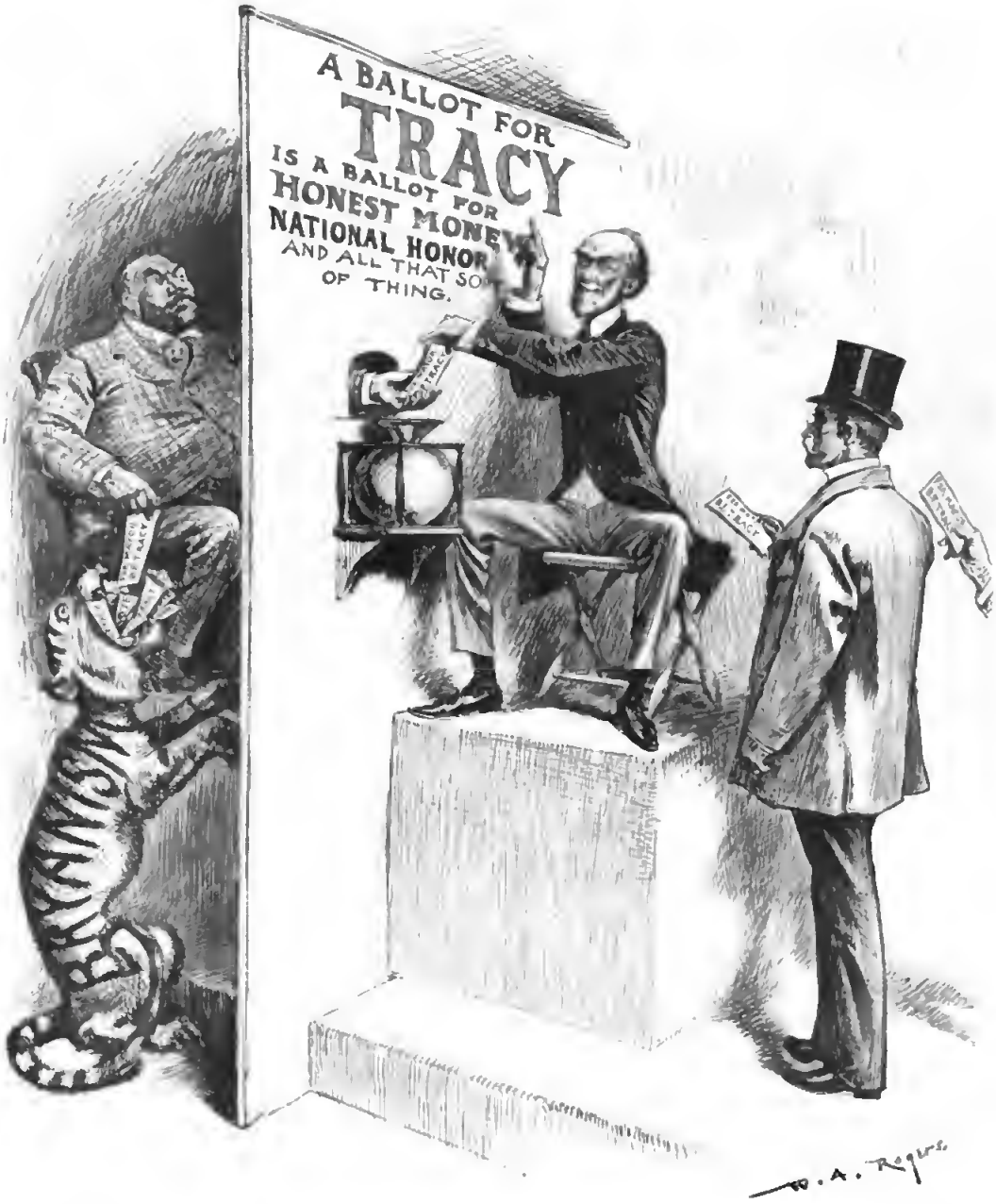

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(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

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Postage free to all Subscribers in the U. S. and Mexico, Canada, and Mexico.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.
New York City: Franklin Square.
London: 45 Albemarle Street, W.

Also for sale at Brentano's, 37 Avenue de l'Opéra, Paris.

SENATOR MORGAN is home from the Sandwich Islands at last, and is sure not only that Hawaii is to be annexed, but that it is certain to become a State. Some kinds of ideas grow as fast as other weeds in the warm climate of the Pacific.

THE State Board of Canvassers of New Jersey, after counting the vote on the proposed anti-gambling constitutional amendment, declares it carried by a majority of 892. New Jersey, therefore, is not to be at the mercy of horse-racing gamblers, as was feared on the first returns; but the small total vote still illustrates the indifference of the people to public questions, and to that extent is an argument against the referendum.

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE has emerged from jackets and appeals now to youth. It is not to be a weekly any longer. From now on it is to be issued once a month, and it is to be a magazine devoted to stories, travel, and sport. In its new form it will be considerably enlarged, so that it will hold bigger and better departments, more stories of more various kinds, and larger instalments of serials. One reason for these changes in the ROUND TABLE is to make more feasible its simultaneous publication in New York and London. It is felt that British youth should have it, and have it promptly, especially as there is no periodical in England that fills quite the same field. There is no prejudice in England against the American magazines—as has been amply demonstrated there for many years by the success and popularity of HARPER'S MONTHLY. What suits American readers suits English readers of the same class. It is expected that the ROUND TABLE in its new form will suit both, and, keeping its old friends and making new ones, may entertain all who like romance, sports, adventure, and honest ideals.

THE clever diplomat who writes for *Figaro* under the pen-name of Whist, and who is thoroughly informed on the tendency of thought in the French ministry, bids this country to be wary in interfering between Spain and Cuba, because France and other European countries have American colonies, and they will not assent to the assertion of our right to interfere in the purely domestic concerns of colonial administration. BISMARCK also sounds his note of warning, and says that the MONROE doctrine is an impertinence. It seems to us that the government of the United States has been more than wary in its treatment of the Cuban problem, and that it has been more than kind to Spain. When it comes time for us to act, interference will probably be recognized as our duty by all impartial statesmen, and it is not likely that we shall ask permission of the French holders of Spanish bonds. As to BISMARCK, he is somewhat late. Great Britain, whose interests in America are much larger than those of any other European government, has already recognized the validity of the MONROE doctrine. Moreover, it required either extreme old age or great temerity on the part of the master-spirit of the Berlin Treaty to speak of our mild assumption of rights on this continent as an impertinence.

ALTHOUGH Mr. MCKINLEY is hesitating about taking an aggressive attitude on the question of currency reform, Mr. GAGE, the Secretary of the Treasury, has formulated a plan, which is defective in its failure to provide for the retirement of the greenbacks, and because it continues the present system of banking on national securities. It provides for a refunding of all the remaining debt in two and a half per cent. gold bonds, and for an accumulation of gold by the sale of such bonds for the redemption of all outstanding paper money. This paper money, thus redeemed, is not to be permanently retired, however, although it is not to be paid out again by the Treasury Department for anything but gold. It is suggested that the national bank law be changed to permit the issue of notes to the par value of the bonds deposited by them, and that the ten per cent. tax be repealed. Mr GAGE has changed his mind as to the practicability of retiring greenbacks, and although he is in favor of their withdrawal, he abandons the idea because some of the politicians are opposed to it. While legislation is not to be expected on this subject from this Congress, agitation should proceed, and Mr MCKINLEY, it seems to us, is underestimating the value of keeping the subject stirred up unless he intends to do no more for currency reform at the coming session of Congress than he has done for bimetallism during the vacation.

THE interest in the municipal campaign in New York is general throughout the country, and the contest excites the attention of students of municipal government everywhere. It is a contest, pure and simple, between the interests of the metropolis on the one side, and the selfish and corrupt interests of individuals on the other side. Under such a form of government as we possess it ought to be the presumption that a large majority of citizens prefer the candidates whose election would mean a municipal government devoted to the city's interests, under which the streets would be kept clean, the sanitary condition of the city maintained and promoted, the means of transportation the best that modern invention has devised, the influence of great corporations no greater than that of the humblest citizen, the assessment of property fair and equal, the revenues honestly and effectively expended, the police force willing, courteous, fearless, and pure, the city courts real temples of justice in which all men would be equal. It is government of this kind for which the ticket headed by Mr. LOW stands. As we have said before, it is an ideal ticket. Never before in New York, or in any other city whose officers are chosen by the people, has a better ticket been nominated. We doubt if so good a city ticket was ever nominated. It really means all that it professes. In short, Mr LOW's election would mean a more comfortable city and a happier community.

AGAINST this ticket the city has Tammany's candidates. The issue is between the Citizens' Union and this old and well known organized corruption. Every one who does not vote for Mr. LOW votes, directly or indirectly, for Mr. VAN WYCK, who is, confessedly, the mask for CROKER. The pretorians of Tammany are clamoring for the spoils, and they are eager to restore their old "boss" in order that the municipality may be governed for their benefit and for their profit. Instead of the kind of government that New York would have if the Citizens' Union succeeded and Mr. LOW were elected, we should have such a government as that which was revealed by the testimony taken before the LEXOW committee. Mr. ASA BIRD GARDINER, the Tammany candidate for District Attorney, is reported to have said, in a public speech, which appeared to be reported stenographically for the *World*, "To Hell with Reform." He denies that he made this deliverance, but the sentiment is as congenial to Tammany as GRADY's threat that the "organization" would get rid of WARING as soon as it came into power. Reform has at least given to New York a police force that does not sell its own manhood and the administration of the law by blackmailing fallen women, liquor-dealers, and gamblers; it has given the poor man who has no "pull" an even footing with all the rest of the world in the courts; it has so changed these courts and so weakened the "pull" itself that men who, under Tammany rule, were forced to seek justice as a favor and through the influence of the "boss," may now retain their self respect by demanding it as a right; it has cleaned all the streets, and improved the health and comfort of the city. This is what Tammany wants to destroy. It wants a government that will enable its "bosses" and its "boys" to run the city for their own profit. It wants toll levied on law-breakers for the enrichment of the leaders, for the replenishing, for example, of CROKER's purse, for the increase and improvement of his English stud, for the gilding that is essential to him in London. A filthy and law defying city would be the consequence of a Tammany victory—a city that would once more shame every decent man and woman doomed to dwell in it.

IT is for such a government that PLATT also is working. Mr. TRACY, who is busily disgracing himself in PLATT'S interest, has practically confessed during the week that he has no thought of being elected, and that he believes that his own and Mr. LOW'S candidacies must result in the triumph of Tammany. He spoke in Brooklyn of the hopelessness of the struggle against Tammany with the forces of the opposition divided. He was referring to a time, before his nomination, when the Republican "boss" was pretending to desire the defeat of Tammany. At that time PLATT was willing to defeat Tammany if he could have induced the Citizens' Union to unite with him in nominating a creature of his own, like District-Attorney OLCOTT. But when he found the Citizens' Union really meant to do its utmost to secure good government, he resolved to bring about a Tammany triumph. He lives on political corruption, and he languishes under virtuous government. He knows that he cannot trade with a LOW government, but that he may renew the old bipartisan corruption which prevailed in the days before LEXOW's committee inadvertently revealed PLATT and CROKER sitting in friendly embrace up to their necks in the mud of municipal corruption. Whoever votes for Mr. TRACY next week will vote for the restoration of CROKER'S fortunes, and for the renewal of this old partnership. If Mr. TRACY were not a candidate, some of the Republican votes that will now, perhaps, be given to him would go to VAN WYCK, but the bulk of the vote would be cast for Mr. LOW. A man like Mr BLISS, for instance, may be willing to help CROKER indirectly, and may be persuaded in some way to make it appear that this sound money administration is for the Bryanite VAN WYCK, but he does not possess the temerity to openly support Tammany and its "boss." Thousands of other Republicans are being hoodwinked into voting for bad city government by the pretence that PLATT cares for principle, and that party regularity is of more importance than character. Mr. GEORGE'S candidacy is much more respectable than Mr. TRACY'S, for it represents principles, and a protest against the Tammany machine rule which has at last so brutalized the members of the organization that they are the willing slaves of a horse race who lives in England for gambling purposes. Mr GEORGE'S friends ought to be supporting Mr. LOW; but if they cannot do that, the next best thing for them to do is to fight Tammany.

THE MOVEMENT FOR RECIPROCITY.

MR. JOHN A. KASSON, who has been appointed by the President as a special commissioner to arrange reciprocal customs treaties with foreign powers, is one of the few trained diplomats in the country. It is not only because he has had a larger and more varied experience than any other American now in public life that he is better equipped for the task of international negotiation, but because the bent of his mind has led him, a man of scholarly tastes in many directions, to study very closely both the history and the methods of diplomacy. The opportunity has not been given to many Americans as it has to Mr. KASSON, in the later days of the republic, to serve their country at many foreign posts, and wherever Mr. KASSON has served he has won distinction.

The policy of reciprocity is one that ought to have the loyal support of the opponents of the false philosophy of protection. In itself it is a recognition by the protectionists that foreign commerce is not wholly dangerous to the welfare of the country, and, to that extent, it is a sign of loss of confidence in the commercial value of national self-sufficiency. In the last fourteen years the doctrine of protection has been carried to its logical conclusion, so far as statutes can be thus effective. Taxes upon imports have been heaped upon what ever we finally consume, and, in the latest achievement of mediæval economics, upon nearly all the material that goes into our domestic manufactures. The attempt to give to a few of our own citizens all the possible profits of manufacturing, at the cost of the many, has been tried most expensively. The annual charge has amounted to hundreds of millions of dollars. That the attempt has been a failure is clear to every mind that is not clouded by the political or partisan value of the protection side of the tariff issue. Protection has hardened the farmer without giving him the home market that it promised; it has despoiled the wage-earner, so that his higher wage, which is his by reason of the natural conditions of the country, brings him less of comfort than the lower wage paid in wiser countries; it has enriched a few manufacturers, but, on the whole, it has been disastrous even to its supposed beneficiaries; and it has ruined our foreign commerce and our carrying trade. Its political and moral consequences have been even more disastrous than its economic failures and blunders. It has filled Congress with the agents of manufacturing interests, and it has diverted legislation from being an instrumentality for the general welfare into a means for private gain. The men who theoretically have been chosen to enact laws for the better government of the country, in reality have become the servants of private greed, and have misused the powers granted them for the good of all, for the purpose of taxing all for the

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benefit of the few. The consequence has been corrupt as well as tyrannical legislation. Besides this—and perhaps it is the most deplorable of all the results of protective tariff legislation—the country has been taught that it is one of the functions of government to provide for the comfort and welfare of individuals, so that since the Republican party adopted Mr. McKINLEY's idea that taxes may be levied directly for protection, revenue being a mere incident, the prevailing tariff policy of the country has bred socialism, and is directly responsible for the vagaries of the Ocala platform, and for all the dangerous social and political heresies, including the demand of the mine owners for the protection of silver, represented last year by the candidacy of BRYAN.

In advocating the policy of reciprocity treaties Mr. BLAINE came nearer to sound statesmanship than in any other conception of his long career. It was clear to him that something had to be done to mitigate the rigors of the system which, under the direction and fostering care of his own party, had grown to such monstrous proportions. The form, however, in which reciprocity was provided for in the McKINLEY act was most unfortunate. The President was authorized to levy duties on sugar, molasses, coffee, tea, and hides coming from countries which, in his opinion, imposed "duties or other exactions upon the agricultural or other products of the United States, which, in view of the free introduction of such sugar, molasses, coffee, tea, and hides into the United States, he may deem unequal and unreasonable." In other words, the President was authorized to compel countries whose products were already admitted free into this country to lower their duties on our products under pain of a fine in the form of a duty imposed both on the producers of such products in the foreign country and on the consumers in our own country.

Absurd as this provision was, trade increased with the countries which made concessions to the United States. It is true that the increase was not great; it was not so great as it had been under the previous tariff act. But it must be remembered that the years from 1890 to 1894 were years of depression, and that the years from 1886 to 1890 were years of prosperity. During the earlier period our imports from the reciprocity countries increased 24.73 per cent., and our exports increased 40.22 per cent. In the four years during which the McKINLEY act was in force the increase in our imports was 28.62 per cent., but in our exports the increase was only 22.78 per cent. That there was any increase whatever is the more remarkable in view of the fact that the total volume of foreign commerce conducted by the United States fell off about $100,000,000 between 1890 and 1894.

In place of the awkward provision of 1890, which empowered the President to drive South American countries into forced discriminations in favor of our farmers and manufacturers, we have a more rational act, and although it authorizes a very feeble advance in aid of foreign commerce, every little gain in this direction that comes from the protectionists ought to be gratefully accepted. The new law contemplates a possible small reduction of tariff taxation on argol or crude tartar, or wine lees, crude, on wines, spirits, and vermuth, and on paintings and statuary, if the countries producing and exporting them, or any of them, to us, shall make a treaty or concessions reducing their customs taxes on the products of this country. The section of the law is broad enough to warrant the President in reducing duties on French and German wines and works of art in return for what he may consider to be "reciprocal and equivalent" treatment of the American hog.

As we have said, this is not a great gain, but it is something, and it is something more to obtain this recognition from the protectionists not only of the value of foreign commerce, but of the fact that it is inevitable, and that the effort to obstruct it has probably gone quite up to, if not beyond, the danger-point. Under the WILSON act the country had a reminder that our manufacturing industries are not all of them infantile or imbecile. When our carpet-manufacturers sold their wares in England, when our cottons were found in the shops of Manchester, when American hardware could be bought in London, when American drills were working the diamond-mines in South Africa, when our exports of manufactured goods increased from 1894 to 1896, the years during which the WILSON law operated, from $183,728,808 to $228,571,178, some persons who had always been protectionists were greatly benefited by foreign trade. These facts indicate, perhaps, the reason why we find a provision for increasing such trade in the most highly protective tariff law that Congress ever enacted.

Therefore, although the provision for reciprocity treaties is merely a scratch on the surface, so inconsiderable, so halting, so lame, so impotent that it may well excite derision, we are inclined to urge Mr. KASSON to diligence in his undertaking, and to hope for him all the small success that the law permits. It is true that Mr. KASSON is not much of a protectionist himself—at least he was not fifteen years ago—but he represents the party of protection, and it is a sign of great promise when such a party begins to open port-holes in the Chinese wall with which it has surrounded us. The trade that gets through may be small, but the enlightenment will be astounding.

THE BLINDNESS OF PARTY SPIRIT.

THERE could hardly be a more striking illustration of the benumbing influence exercised by party spirit upon the reasoning faculty of otherwise sensible minds than is furnished by the municipal campaign at present going on in Greater New York. That Boss PLATT on one and Boss CROKER on the other side should sternly insist upon the obligation of every party man to vote the straight party ticket from top to bottom, no matter how the nominations were made, and that they should predict dreadful things in case their party tickets were defeated, is perfectly intelligible. The unreasoning obedience of their cohorts is the bulwark of their strength, failing which the dictatorship of the bosses would soon lose its footing. It is equally intelligible that the sworn henchmen of the bosses, who feed at their crib, should insist upon strict party allegiance as the primary virtue of the citizen, for their political, and usually also their material, existence depends upon the favor of the bosses, which, in its turn, depends upon the success with which they keep their subordinate commands in strict discipline. But that party men who, being neither bosses nor heelers, have no other interest in their parties than the accomplishment of certain public objects to be brought about by organized effort should doggedly follow the behests of the party bosses, even when the slightest reflection must convince them that by doing so they not only do not serve the public interest but will hurt the true interests of their respective parties, can be explained only on the ground that the mere name of party exercises upon their minds a dangerously confusing fascination.

The Democratic party is represented in this campaign mainly by Tammany Hall. The thorough-paced Tammany man, who in the event of a Tammany victory expects to have some of the pelf, or whose moral sense has been utterly blunted by long connection with that organization of political pirates, will follow the drum-beat of Tammany in obedience either to a motive of unscrupulous greed or to the force of brutish habit. But there are to-day thousands of Democrats in New York who would not participate in the robberies and blackmailing operations which a victorious Tammany would be sure to commit, Democrats who were keenly offended in their moral sensibilities as well as in their party pride by such doings of Tammany in the past, and will be equally offended by them in the future; Democrats who sincerely wish their party to be honest and respectable, and guided by high-minded and statesmanlike leadership. Such Democrats know that Tammany Hall has for many years been a stench in the nostrils of the whole nation. They know that the noisome reputation of Tammany Hall, which appeared as the "regular" Democratic organization of New York, has in many elections cost the Democratic party untold thousands of votes. They know that for this reason Tammany has repeatedly been treated with signal contempt by Democratic National Conventions. They know that the disappearance of Tammany Hall from public view, and the substitution for it of a decent organization, would relieve the Democratic party in its national capacity of an almost unbearable burden. They know, finally, that Tammany Hall by its recent nominations has proved itself utterly unregenerate and incorrigible; that if put into power over the municipality of Greater New York, with its enormous expenditures and its almost unlimited opportunities for fraud, peculation, and extortion, Tammany will inevitably give full rein to its unscrupulous rapacity, produce a new and a greater crop of shocking scandals, and furnish no exemplification of boss rule in its most repulsive form.

It would seem that with such a state of things before his eyes every honest and sensible Democrat, having the true interests not only of the city but of his party, at heart, would gladly avail himself of any opportunity to relieve the Democracy of this terrible incubus, or at least to prevent for the future the sickening exhibitions of depravity which, by their reflex upon the party at large, have injured the Democracy so much in the past. It is hardly credible that in spite of all these obvious considerations there should still be self-respecting Democrats, in all other things men of sound sense, now willing to give Tammany for four years free range in Greater New York to do its very worst. And for what reason are they willing to do this incredible thing? Because, as they say, the Mayor of Greater New York should be "a Democrat." And thus, to do homage to the party name—for they certainly would not admit that Tammany Hall embodies the substance of Democracy—they recklessly sacrifice not only the interest of the city, but the true interest of their party itself. This is party spirit run mad.

On the Republican side we observe similar symptoms of partisan dementia. The Republicans won their majority for McKINLEY in this city last fall through a combination of forces against Bryanism. As any sane person could have told them, the vote of last fall did not at all mean that the city had become Republican in a party sense. The thought that the allies of the Republicans against Bryanism would permit themselves to be used for Republican partisan ends, and especially for the support of Boss PLATT's dictatorship, was simply preposterous. Had the Republicans as such accepted the principle of non-partisanship for the municipal government of Greater New York, the alliance might in a great measure, for this occasion, have been maintained. As soon as the Republican organization refused to do this, some of the allies of last year returned to their former party affiliation, while the bulk of them, re-enforced by a large number of the most respectable Republicans of the city and their following, rallied to the non-partisan banner with SETH LOW as their leader. The Republican party in this city then relapsed into its old state of a minority again, but now a minority made still smaller in this municipal campaign by the loss of thousands of its most respectable members, who have turned against its narrow-minded partisan course.

But more than in point of numbers it has lost in point of position. It appears no longer as the enemy of Tammany Hall, but as its auxiliary. Weakened as the Republican organization is, there is not a shadow of a hope that its candidate for Mayor, Mr TRACY, can be elected. Every candid observer will figure that out. Every canvass shows it. Not only has the Republican organization received no accession to its ordinary strength, but that strength is seriously reduced below the ordinary state. Whoever may be elected, the defeat of the Republican candidate is absolutely sure. All the Republican campaign can effect is to keep enough votes away from Mr. LOW to secure the success of Tammany Hall. This must be, and undoubtedly is, so clear to the Republican leaders themselves that they have no right to complain if they are charged with a deliberate purpose to bring about just that result. In fact, their newspapers as well as their orators direct their main attacks not against Tammany, but against SETH LOW. The country knows this. Almost all the Republican papers that have any influence in moulding public opinion are already declaring that the Republican organization of New York will be responsible if Tammany succeeds.

This may be a matter of indifference to Boss PLATT, who prefers Tammany to LOW, because with Tammany he can trade, while with LOW he cannot. But how is it possible that self-respecting Republicans, who care for the interests of the city, and also for the moral standing, the good name, and the future prosperity of their party, should support him in so reckless and nefarious a game? As men of sense they cannot indulge in the delusion that Mr. TRACY has the slightest chance of being elected. They must know that SETH LOW is the only candidate by whom Tammany Hall can be defeated, and that by supporting Mr. TRACY they are simply playing into Tammany's hands. They must know, further, that by turning over the city to Tammany on this conspicuous occasion they will disgrace themselves as Republicans in the eyes of the whole nation; that by such conduct they will render combinations of forces like that which last year carried this city for McKINLEY immeasurably more difficult in the future, and that they will thus blight their prospects for an indefinite time. And what can they hope to accomplish by such a course? To weaken Bryanism or to promote any of the Republican policies? Surely a Tammany victory would do neither one thing nor the other. No, in thus making themselves the auxiliaries of Tammany Hall, the representative of piratical government, they will only have the satisfaction of voting a ticket labelled "Republican." That is all. They will thus disgrace and weaken their party for party's sake. It is difficult to imagine a blindness of party spirit more dense and mischievous.

CARL SCHURZ.

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GEORGE M. PULLMAN.

REAR-ADMIRAL JOHN LORIMER WORDEN, U.S.N.

REAR ADMIRAL JOHN LORIMER WORDEN, United States navy (retired), who died in Washington on October 18, achieved an international reputation and earned the lively gratitude of his countrymen by the energy and skill with which he commanded the original *Monitor* in her memorable action with the *Merrimac*. This duel of the ironclads is one of the great historic sea actions, and its result relieved a situation filled with possibilities of the gravest evil for the Union cause.

The principal sea actor in this valorous drama was born in Sing Sing, New York, March 12, 1818, and was on January 10, 1834, appointed a midshipman in the navy from Fishkill, Dutchess County. Worden took up his new work in the time-honored grooves, performing the usual routine duties of his profession, serving in junior grades on the Brazil, Mediterranean, Pacific, and home stations, and finally achieving the grade of Lieutenant in 1846 twelve years after entrance. During the Mexican war he was again employed on the Pacific station, and then in various duties afloat and ashore up to the threatened outbreak of the war of the rebellion.

This found him executive officer of the frigate *Sacramento*, attached to the home squadron, but on April 6, 1861, he reported, in obedience to orders, at Washington, "for special duty connected with the discipline and efficiency of the naval service." Whatever may have been this enigmatic detail, it evidently was not congenial, for he asked to be relieved of it at once, and the next day applied for service at sea in some one of the more or less incongruous vessels then being assembled for projected work in Southern waters. He had had a great deal of valuable experience afloat, and must by this time have commended himself, as many quiet unassuming men do, to the good graces of his senior officers. It is true he is nowhere personally mentioned, probably because no especial opportunities for distinction had hitherto offered; but in his twenty-seven years' service he had acquired such a reputation for energy, trustworthiness, and tact, that when in those parlous days "a difficult, perhaps a dangerous, journey" had to be performed, Worden was selected.

At this time the government was sorely disturbed by the failure of certain officers to seize and garrison important strategic points on the Gulf and Atlantic coasts; and as a question of policy adding to this had been substituted for action by a sojourn in Washington, Worden was instructed to go South by sea and direct the senior officer off Pensacola to enforce Fort Pickens. Upon his arrival at the coast, Worden had to solicit permission from General Bragg, commanding the Confederates, to visit the flag-ship *Sabine*, then lying off shore and well out. While this was granted on the understanding that he had no written despatches, Worden made it very plain that he had verbal instructions; but this was considered so unimportant that after a violent gale had partly subsided he communicated with the fleet outside. As Fort Pickens was immediately strengthened, Worden, upon his return, was seized by the very angry Bragg, and sent to Montgomery, where he remained a prisoner until exchanged in November.

At this time there was under construction at Greenpoint, New York, a nondescript iron-clad craft which owed its inception to the masterful genius of Ericsson, and its possibility of existence to several patriotic gentlemen, whose faith in the inventor was emphasized by their lavish expenditure of money. Luckily for Worden, his temperament did not vest him to the traditional and conventional, and he had so few hard and fast objections to a craft that was as unlike the sea fabrics of his experience as mind could well imagine, that he accepted its offered command.

Work was pushed on her expeditiously, and in this he was ably seconded by that fine officer and chivalrous gentleman Lieutenant S. Dana Greene, whose untimely loss later the whole service mourned. But the Confederates had been valorous in their well-doing, and when, on the 8th of March, 1862, the *Merrimac*, flying the broad pennant of Commodore Buchanan, advanced to the attack off Newport News, she had in company two small steamers, the *Raleigh* and *Beaufort*, and within signal distance three other vessels, mounting in all fifteen guns. The Federal squadron was anchored in two divisions, the steam-frigates *Roanoke* and *Minnesota* and the sailing frigate *St. Lawrence* off Fortress Monroe, and the frigate *Congress* and the sloop of war *Cumberland*—the glorious *Cumberland* of deathless memory—off Newport News. These latter were first attacked, and fast and furious and desperate was the fighting.

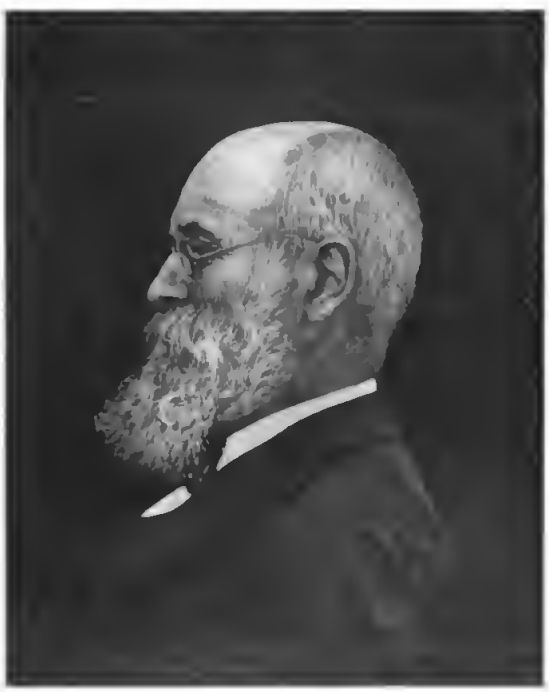
The story of that disastrous day is too well known for repetition, but the results were the loss of the *Cumberland* and *Congress* and the grounding of the *Minnesota*. The attack on this last occupied the closing hours of the day, but as she could bring only one 11-inch gun to bear, her capture was deemed so certain that the Confederates anchored for the night under Sewalls Point.

The gloom of the country and of the fleet was lightened about nine that night by the rumor that the mysterious ironclad *Monitor* had arrived in Hampton Roads; and this was cheering news, surely, for what could be more opportune or welcome than an accession which might give battle on something like even terms? Early the next forenoon the action was renewed. It resolved itself largely into a duel between the two ironclads, the main efforts of the Federal steamer being to protect the *Minnesota*, against which the attack had been previously directed. Ramming was tried by both sides, but without effect, and the projectiles of that day dropped as harmlessly from the casemates of one as from the turret of the other. The battle raged all the forenoon, and in the end, as neither missiles nor ramming seemed to affect the new ally of the sorely stricken fleet, the Confederates withdrew. Buchanan had been wounded the day before, and the *Merrimac* was then in command of Lieutenant-Commander Jones. Shortly before the end of the fight Worden was badly wounded in the face by the flame and powder dust of a shell which exploded just outside the sight-hole of his pilot house, and the command, well and ably sustained, devolved upon Lieutenant Greene.

The enthusiasm of the country was rampant. Worden received the thanks of Congress by name, and was advanced a grade—both rare distinctions, that luckilessly rarely fall to naval officers in these ill-begotten days. When he recovered from his painful wounds sufficiently to do duty—he never recovered entirely from the effects of that bursting shell—Worden was assigned to inspection work in New York, and subsequently he destroyed, under particularly creditable circumstances, the celebrated Confederate privateer *Nashville*. In 1866 he went back to his old station—the Pacific—in command of the *Pensacola*, and in 1868 he was promoted to the grade of Commodore. He exercised later many important command and duties, was made a Rear Admiral in 1872, and at his own request—for by virtue of his thanks from Congress his time on the active list was extended ten years—he was in December, 1886, placed on the retired list.

Such briefly sketched, is the career of a man who made history—to whom was given the privilege of asserting the supremacy of the new over the old, and who, in the very nick of time, found himself in circumstances where his energy and promptitude redounded to the honor and well-being of his native land. He served his country for over sixty years, and he passes into the honored traditions of his profession with the reputation of a good officer who earned and deserved the gratitude of the people.

J. D. JEROLD KELLEY.



CHARLES ANDERSON DANA.—(See Page 1073.)

REAR-ADMIRAL JOHN LORIMER WORDEN, U.S.N.

GEORGE M. PULLMAN.

GEORGE MORTIMER PULLMAN who died suddenly at his home in Chicago on October 19, was typical in many respects of the successful American. He accomplished things. He was self-made. He began life as clerk in a village store at a salary of $40 a year. He ended it a millionaire, known generally as the "palace-car magnate." Between these extremes, and through the various stages which led from the one to the other, his life entered into that of thousands upon thousands in various ways. He made his mark in the world, and in doing so accumulated a fortune of probably more than $20,000,000.

Mr. Pullman was born in Brocton, Chautauqua County, New York, on March 3, 1831. His father was a hard-working mechanic, who had forged ahead a little in life by becoming a mover of buildings. At fourteen George became a clerk in a store at Westfield, New York, and remained there three years. His parents moved to Albion, and George, when seventeen years old, went home to learn cabinet making. He soon had to become the mainstay of his mother, owing to his father's death. He took up his father's business of moving buildings. The Erie Canal was being enlarged, and young Pullman moved scores of buildings away from its banks. After a while he moved a brick building and that inward of feet was the starting point of his fortune. It took him to Chicago.

Friends had told Pullman of the task of raising all Chicago about eight feet to adapt the making of sewers. He went there and raised the Matteson House, a brick building, without injury to the building or any stoppage of business. After that he had all the work he could do, and became what in those days was called a wealthy man.

Pullman had become acquainted with State Senator Ben Field, of Albion. There was talk at that time of building sleeping-cars. Field and Pullman talked it over. A crude sort of car was put in operation on the Chicago and Alton Railroad. Then Pullman went away to Colorado for three years. After he came back he developed the sleeping-car idea. He built the car "Pioneer," spent $18,000 on it, and at once was started on the high-road to fortune. He had originated something. He built sleeps, employed thousands, formed a company, whose affairs he managed with consummate skill. Its capital increased from a nominal sum to $20,000,000. It owns at present 2600 cars, operated over 125,000 miles of railroad. All this was accomplished in the years from 1867 to 1897.

Mr. Pullman did one other notable thing. He built a city for working-men, the town of Pullman, now part of Chicago. He built it for his employees, not as a gift, but as a money-making enterprise. He gave them sunny, healthful homes, good streets, good sanitation, for what they had paid for unattractive homes. It is now a settlement of 15,000 persons, and is still known as a model city for working-men.

Soon after the panic of 1893 the Pullman Company and the town of Pullman felt the hard times seriously. Wages were reduced and many men were out of work. There was a demand for a restoration of wages. It led to the great railroad strike of 1894—a strike that cost the country millions of dollars, and was not ended until Federal troops were sent to stop the rioting.

The cause of Mr. Pullman's death was heart-disease. He leaves a wife, two sons, and two daughters.

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FESTIVAL OF MOUNTAIN AND PLAIN AT DENVER, COLORADO—PROCESSION OF OCTOBER 6 PASSING THE GRAND STAND.
After a Photograph by W. H. Jackson.—[See Page 1074.]

Miss MAXINE ELLIOTT.

THE DRAMA.

Three productions, that offer material for contrast, have lately been seen on the New York stage. *The Lady of Lyons* stands, of course, for the very epitome of the old stilted methods of play writing, and Mrs. Madelon Lorette Ryley's *An American Citizen* and Mr. Franklin Fyles's *Cumberland, '61*, may serve as examples of the methods of to-day. Lovers of Ibsen, of Pinero and of George Bernard Shaw would indignantly repudiate either Mrs Ryley or Mr Fyles as belonging to the "new" school of playwrights; and it is certainly true that both these writers display very little sympathy with realism as realism is generally understood. On the other hand, such dramatists as Pinero and Ibsen, appealing as they do to special audiences, represent no popular movement in the drama. Playwrights like Mrs. Ryley and Mr Fyles, who make a direct bid for popularity, give, when they achieve success, a clear indication of the condition of the public taste. So it is worth while to take advantage of the opportunity to compare the taste in the drama of today with the taste of sixty years ago, when *The Lady of Lyons* first won its extraordinary success.

At the Lyceum Theatre the ridiculous speeches and episodes of Bulwer-Lytton's romance have been followed with a really touching seriousness. Even when, during the first act, Claude Melnotte whispers and fretts, and scolds his poor mother because of his peasant birth, he receives from his hearers a sympathy which even Mr. E H Sothern's popularity cannot make quite comprehensible. All considerations of common sense apart, however, how admirably *The Lady of Lyons* is put together! The first act presents the gems of the story with perfect clearness, and the drama develops it swiftly, coherently, and always interestingly It is only as you follow it line by line that you see how cheap and false its sentiment is, how absurd are the characterizations and the situations.

The chief interest of the production naturally centred in Mr Sothern's performance of Claude, a part which, in spite of its poor quality, offers an actor splendid opportunities for the display of versatility and power. Unfortunately, these opportunities served to bring into relief Mr Sothern's worst faults. His interpretation was sadly deficient in strength, and his delivery of his longer speeches grew painfully monotonous, notably that superb exhibition of lying in which his palace on the Lake of Como is described. Miss Harned as Pauline always made a very beautiful picture, and in her quiet moments she played with a charming naturalness. Her stronger scenes, however, overtaxed her, and from a winsome girl she became almost exasperatingly shrewish The members of the supporting company all did satisfactory work, the costumes were beautiful and appropriate, and the elaborate scenery gave the piece a finer setting than its merits deserved

In turning from *The Lady of Lyons* to *An American Citizen*, by so popular and so modern a writer as Mrs Ryley, produced at the Knickerbocker Theatre, one would naturally expect to be transported into the society of beings of a wholly different world. And indeed the contrast at first seems very marked Mrs Ryley is nothing if not "smart" Her long experience on the stage has enabled her to write from the actor's point of view, which is, of course, that of producing an effect in the swiftest and the surest manner, and it has also given her an exceedingly useful knowledge of those stage devices which are so important in the more or less artificial creation that every drama must be. She is able, therefore, to construct plays with movement and with cleverly arranged climaxes. When a ready wit and a talent for sparkling dialogue are mentioned among her gifts, it would seem as if Mrs. Ryley possessed all the qualifications that make a good playwright. But skill and humor must have a foundation to work on, and in *An American Citizen* it is in supplying this foundation that Mrs Ryley shows her weakness, just as she has shown it in previous plays. In building her plot she has chosen one of those situations which for so many years have lain in the storehouse of playwrights and novelists, and which find in *The Lady of Lyons* a conspicuous example. Over all the brightness and the charm of the play hangs the shadow of this absurd artifice. If one could accept Mrs Ryley's premises, *An American Citizen* would be a thoroughly delightful and even brilliant comedy. But the adventures of the patriotic American citizen, Beresford Cruger, called upon to renounce his country, to change his name to Carew, and to marry within twenty-four hours an Englishwoman whom he hardly knows, in order to gain a legacy and to save his firm from disaster, result simply in dragging the work down to the level of farce The first act, which transpires in the hero's business office in New York, is admirably executed. The characters as they appear quickly define themselves, the interest is firmly established, and the earlier scenes give promise of a strongly executed play. In spite of the absurdity of the situation developed toward the close, the interest carries over strongly to the second act, where the hero, a year after his marriage and immediate separation from his wife, appears in the carnival at Nice and accidentally meets Mrs. Carew. In the scenes between the two Mrs. Ryley manages, through

BERESFORD CAREW (MR. GOODWIN) AND MRS. CAREW (MISS ELLIOTT) IN "AN AMERICAN CITIZEN," ACT III.

delightful comedy, to show their liking for each other, and to suggest, by many clever touches, its inevitable growth into love. The third act, through a very natural and amusing complication, introduces Carew into his wife's apartments at her hotel in Nice, and here Mrs. Ryley does her most brilliant work. Indeed, few plays produced in this country in recent years have contained scenes and dialogue so humorous and unforced. Moreover, much of the humor serves to strengthen the character-drawing, which is, of course, the highest compliment that could be paid to it.

The last act transfers the hero to London, where, after giving up his fortune, he is living in a garret, poor but "game," and full of confidence in the new stove polish which he is booming. Mrs. Ryley's material seems to have failed her here, for in order to fill out the act she brings on a wholly new interest in the shape of the scrubby boy who builds Carew's fires and runs his errands. The scenes between the two are amusing enough, except during those few moments when Carew becomes almost maudlin in his pathetic efforts to celebrate Christmas eve. Of course his wife, by one of those miracles that are every-day occurrences in the drama, hunts him down, and the piece closes with an exceedingly pretty love scene, which shows that Mrs. Ryley can handle not only humor but sentiment as well. In spite of its faults, it is a thoroughly interesting work, and well worth the attention of those who hope for the creation in this country of a drama of our own. It is by far the best thing Mrs. Ryley has done yet, and it is the play that makes her strongest claim to being taken seriously. If she will only take herself and her work more seriously, if she will choose a simple theme and rely for her material wholly on her own observation of life and character, she will undoubtedly give us one of these days a genuine comedy of exceptional merit.

As Mrs. Ryley wrote *An American Citizen* for Mr. N. C. Goodwin, it is safe to assume that she adapted the leading character to his abilities, and she deserves credit for having measured him so accurately. It is unfortunate that Mr. Goodwin cannot rid himself of the suggestion of vulgarity in his manner; if he could, he might be a trifle less amusing to his old followers, who have not yet forgiven him for ceasing to be a buffoon, but he would take a much higher position as an artist, and he would win many new admirers. He nearly always tries to be natural, and for this endeavor in an actor the theatre-goer ought to be very grateful. As the American Citizen Mr. Goodwin gave a performance marked by both skill and humor, and free from the least suggestion of exaggeration. He is at his worst when called upon to be pathetic, but fortunately Mrs. Ryley, save in that last act, showed him mercy. Miss Maxine Elliott, as Mrs. Carew, proved that she has made a great advance as an actress since she was last seen here. She has not as yet acquired authority, or added to her wonderful beauty the final grace of dignity of manner, but she played with a great deal of delicacy and with a charming humor.

After enjoying *An American Citizen*, one could feel cheerful in thinking of new American plays, and could look forward with agreeable anticipation to seeing *Cumberland, '61*, a war drama by Mr. Franklin Fyles, a dramatic critic of long experience, recently produced at the Fourteenth Street Theatre. Of course, through long suffering from impossible plots and extravagant, hifalutin dialogue, Mr. Fyles might be expected to write a sane, wholesome play that could be followed with interest and pleasure by intelligent theatre-goers like himself. Perhaps this high expectation added to the disappointment in his drama. Can it be that in all these years Mr. Fyles has been studying not merely what is good on the stage, but what is so bad that it will be sure to be enormously popular? It is hard to believe that Mr. Fyles himself really considers *Cumberland, '61*, a serious piece of writing. He had a great opportunity; he might have chosen from the war legitimately dramatic themes, and woven them into a strong and human play. He preferred, however, to plan a series of noisy episodes, of which a grotesque vendetta was a leading feature, and he has strung them together in a work that contains almost no suggestion of real life and excites laughter when intended to be most impressive. The dialogue is stilted, the attempts to create humor are extremely feeble, and the work has very little to commend it save its skill in technical construction, which, on the whole, is very good. The company contained players worthy of better work, among them W. J. Ferguson, who was altogether admirable.

It would be pleasant, in looking back on the three performances under discussion, to call attention to a great advance in play-writing made since the days when the affectation and the falseness of public taste established *The Lady of Lyons* in favor. But whatever encouragement we may derive from *An American Citizen* is sadly dashed by such a piece as *Cumberland, '61*. As a matter of fact, during the past half-century public taste in the drama has advanced very little. Our drama is pitifully inadequate in its mission of holding the mirror up to nature; our playwrights seem to be actuated by a desire to get as far away from nature as possible. The standards and the intelligence that we apply to the consideration of conduct and of character in daily life become woefully warped when applied to that reflection of life which we are supposed to find in the theatre. Here and there we discover a dramatist who is faithful to the best standards, and, as in Mrs. Ryley's work, we occasionally see excellence accompanying weakness, sincerity united to hollow artificiality. But we have not yet reached the plane where we can afford to laugh at *The Lady of Lyons* and its multitude of companions.

JOHN D. BARRY.

A SUCCESSFUL FESTIVAL.

THE success of the third annual Festival of Mountain and Plain has insured the permanence of the festival as one of the established institutions of Denver for all time to come. Numbers of the Western cities have developed a propensity toward a big and elaborate annual frolic more or less after the pattern of the New Orleans Mardi-gras, but in the fall after the harvest instead of in winter. Denver's recent merrymaking lasted three days—October 5, 6, and 7. The whole State of Colorado was [illegible] and [illegible] several [illegible] were represented [illegible] in the procession, while visitors came from far beyond [illegible] bounds. The first day there was a great procession representing industrial progress. The second day was all frolic, with processions of maskers, grotesque floats, and miscellaneous levity of all sorts. The third day's show was largely military, and the State troops, the available regulars, and visiting military organizations paraded. It wound up with a night procession, when, in the words of a head-line artist, "the phosphorescent trail of the Silver Serpent laid an iridescent radiance upon the city, and a brilliance that made the stars sneak behind the clouds." The trail led finally to the Broadway Theatre, and there "the wealth and beauty of the State danced with the Silver Serpent's slaves" and had a royal time. It was a festival to be remembered. There were twenty-six bands, and a band tournament. There was a big squad of Indians and a Wild West performance. There were military companies, and competitions for them, and there was a large squad of maids of honor, selected by vote from the counties of the State, who adorned the pageants and danced at the ball. The picture on another page of the WEEKLY, of the procession of the second day passing the grand stand, gives only a dim notion of the exuberance of this lively show. The willingness to take a huge amount of trouble and to spend a good deal of money for annual frolics of this sort is an interesting feature of contemporary Western character. Such ebullitions have never developed on such a scale in New England or in the East. They are of the South and West, and they indicate the presence of a streak of spectacular gayety in the American character on which we have not been much used to count. It means, no doubt, a strong infusion of French or German blood.

A MATTER OF MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

THE question of municipal ownership of street-car franchises has aroused much discussion in recent years, but it was not until last spring that any municipality in this country was brought face to face with such a problem. That municipality was New York city. It was discovered that the city had certain rights of purchase in two street-car lines, the Sixth and the Eighth Avenue systems, and it was asserted that if the city did not exercise those rights at once, whereby it could secure absolute ownership of the lines and obtain property worth $7,000,000 for about $2,500,000, it would practically lose its rights through the permission of the State Railroad Commission and the property-owners along the lines to change the motive power from horses to an underground trolley.

Public agitation in the matter reached a stage of bitterness in a few weeks. The question of the city's rights and the city's duty bounded like a ball from clubs and labor organizations to the courts and the Legislature. It stirred up strife in the Board of Aldermen. The city officials, especially the Commissioner of Public Works and the Corporation Counsel, were denounced by many as indifferent to the city's interests. Politics began to play a part in the discussion. It was not until litigation on one phase of the matter reached the stage of appeal to the highest court in the State and the local campaign began to absorb public attention, that the question ceased for a time to plague the people.

There were probably not one thousand persons in all New York city who knew that the city had any so-called rights in these two railroads until there arose a bitter warfare between the two large street railroad systems of the city—the Metropolitan Traction Company and the Third Avenue Railroad Company. Each wanted control of what is known as the Kingsbridge territory, the undeveloped part of the city to the north and east of the Harlem River. They could not agree on a compromise. The Third Avenue's lawyers went to work to overhaul the Metropolitan's franchises. The Metropolitan leased the Sixth and Eighth Avenue lines. It paid a rental of $145,000 for the Sixth Avenue line and a rental of $215,000 for the Eighth Avenue line. All the city got out of these lines in the way of revenue was an annual license fee of $50 a car for every car used.

The Third Avenue's lawyers discovered that the city apparently had the right of purchase of both of these lines by paying for the cost of construction and ten per cent. additional. Inasmuch as the rent for the roads represented, at twenty-five per cent., a capital of $7,000,000, and inasmuch as the cost of building had not been at the outside more than $2,500,000, it was seen that the city could get a bargain at small cost, comparatively speaking. The Third Avenue Company wanted to cripple its rival, undoubtedly, and take away from it two of its best-paying lines.

In 1851 the Common Council of New York gave permission for the operation of these lines, reserving to the city the right of purchase at the cost of construction and ten per cent. additional, and also declaring that no other power than that of horses should be used below certain streets. The Court of Appeals has since decided that the grant to the companies was not valid at the time, but that the law of 1854 regarding railroad franchises made it valid. Since that time there has been litigation on minor points at various times about these roads. It was asserted in one case that the railroad law of 1874 relieved the companies from paying the annual license to the city. The Court of Appeals decided otherwise, and declared that the rights of the city were in the nature of a contract, which legislation could not abridge.

When the Third Avenue line's lawyers made public their discovery a hubbub started at once. A man named H. J. Barker offered the city $2,000,000 for the franchises, and also agreed to pay the entire cost of repurchasing the roads, and, in addition, to guarantee a revenue to the city of at least $100,000 a year for the roads. The Third Avenue line offered first $1,000,000, with an annual payment of ten per cent. of the gross receipts, and then practically offered to pay $4,000,000 for the franchises outright. At once various organizations, political and otherwise, took up the matter. The newspapers began to discuss the case. It was contended by some that the city had [illegible] its rights entirely. Other persons said that [illegible] the city had all of its original rights, having done nothing to forfeit them, there was no legal way by which it could avail itself of these rights.

Meanwhile the Metropolitan Company applied to the State Railroad Commission for permission to change the motive power on the roads. A clamor arose [illegible] to the effect that if the company was allowed to change the motive power it would mean an addition to the construction cost of the systems of $6,000,000, and that then the city would not have a bargain if it should decide to avail itself of its privilege to buy back the roads. It was contended that by securing the roads before the motive power was changed the city could make a profit of $318,000 a year simply by leasing them at their present rental. It was also contended that by issuing short-term bonds for three years the roads would pay for themselves, and that the city would own them absolutely to operate for itself or to lease, in accordance with the terms of the charter of Greater New York. It was also asserted that the city officials ought to fight, by technicalities if necessary, the right of the Railroad Commission to give permission to change the motive power until the city's exact rights of ownership were determined.

The Traction Company promptly secured the permission to use the underground trolley. The Railroad Commissioners said their duty was purely ministerial in the case. If the city's rights were infringed upon, there was a legal way of protecting those rights. It was no part of their duty to go outside of their own legitimate sphere of legal operations. The Commissioner of Public Works then decided to grant permission to put in the new system. The Corporation Counsel had advised him that, owing to a decision in a similar case involving the Third Avenue line, and owing to changes in the general railroad law, he was required to give the permit, and that if he refused the Metropolitan Company could mandamus him. In that case the city might not be in a position to assert freely what rights it might have in the roads.

The Corporation Counsel was clearly disposed to consider the question judicially. He pointed out that the city had all of its original rights, even if the motive power should be changed. Advocates of the purchase by the city pointed out that those rights would be valueless under such circumstances. The Corporation Counsel, in an opinion to the Sinking Fund Commissioners, later declared that he did not want to become a public obstructionist to a desirable improvement on a mere possibility that the city might have certain rights in the matter.

The Board of Aldermen then considered a resolution asking the Corporation Counsel to inform them about the matter, and asking him to take such action as the city's interests demanded. The resolution was sent to the Railroad Committee. Finally a public hearing was given on it. The City Hall was stormed, and the meeting was almost riotous. It had to adjourn for a short time to secure order. After a session of several hours the subject was dropped for the time. The Commissioner of Public Works and the Corporation Counsel had drawn up a permit for the Traction Company, with provisions that made it practically certain the company would not accept. Meanwhile the Corporation Counsel drew up a bill which was sent hurriedly to the Legislature, giving the city the right to issue bonds to buy the roads, and to operate or lease them in case it finally secured complete ownership in them. The bill reached the Legislature only one week before final adjournment, and despite urgent effort, failed to receive consideration.

The opponents of the Traction Company then declared that at least the city should receive something for the privilege of changing the motive power. They declared that the Traction Company would really be putting in new railroads. For such a privilege that company pays the city $150,000 a year for the use of Broadway below Fourteenth Street. It was declared that the city, by this new arrangement, would be giving up forty-five miles, five feet wide and two feet deep, of city streets. At the rate charged for vaults underneath sidewalks this would bring several millions of dollars to the city.

It was evident that no move was being made or could be made by the city authorities, in accordance with the Corporation Counsel's views, to check the Metropolitan system. The Corporation Counsel had declared that the city had no money with which to buy the roads, and could get none, and that even if it had the money, it had no authority to operate the roads should it secure them. A tax-payer's suit to stop the issue of the permit by the Commissioner of Public Works was the next move. Eugene Clifford Potter asked the court to make permanent an injunction stopping the work, on the ground that the city's interests were being wasted. It was argued before Justice Beach of the Supreme Court. Mr. Potter lost. Justice Beach decided that the permit must issue. He did not pass directly upon the right of the city for a repurchase.

An appeal was taken to the appellate division of the Supreme Court, and that court sustained Justice Beach.

An appeal was taken from there to the Court of Appeals, and it will be considered there soon. After this final appeal was made the Sinking Fund Commissioners asked the Corporation Counsel for a full survey of the matter. He declared that what the city originally possessed in the roads was simply an "option" to buy. Others had declared that the agreement in question was in the nature of a contract. The Corporation Counsel decided that some board of the city must take action before the city could do anything, and that the Legislature must put the city in a position to manage the roads in case of repurchase. He said nothing about a recent decision of the Court of Appeals that the management of railroads within the limits of a city is a "municipal purpose." He defended himself warmly against the charge that he had been disinterested as to the city's welfare in the matter, and pointed out that he had been alert, and had taken such action that in no way could the city's interests be put in jeopardy in future litigation so far as his action was concerned.

All further litigation being stopped for the moment, there was nothing for the Commissioner of Public Works to do, in the judgment of the Corporation Counsel, but to issue the permit to change the motive power, and accordingly on September 9 the paper was issued, and inspectors were ordered to oversee the work. The political platforms all had something to say about street-car franchises and the city's interests, as the result of the agitation. Thus the case stands at present. It is a situation that has befuddled most of the citizens of the metropolis itself. What the result will be no one can predict. This much, in the words of the Corporation Counsel, is undoubtedly true:

"If the city should ever find itself in a position to reacquire the roads, it is obvious that it will be able to do so only after a long and bitter litigation."

The situation evidently is one for thought by both advocates and opponents of municipal ownership of franchises in the United States.

F. M.

THIS BUSY WORLD

A great many people have been trying for a good many years to understand Charles A. Dana. For twenty-five years he has been under daily observation by several hundred thousand people, who have followed the turns of his mind as the *Sun* reflected them. It is doubtful whether there is an American now living who has interested so many people so much, or who has excited so many speculations as to his motives and character. There was nothing mysterious about him, but there was a great deal that, to most people, was surprising. His point of view has always been a puzzle to observers. No one has been able to say what he would do next. The most that even an experienced observer could prophesy was that, whatever it was, he would do it with vigor. Most of us have had dreams of what we wished to accomplish in life, and when retrospectively we inquire why the realization has fallen so far short of the hope, we are apt to discover either that we have been lazy or that we got tired and had to stop and rest. It seems as if Mr. Dana never got tired, but had in him a marvellous vigor, which enabled him, year after year and decade after decade, to pile one day's work upon another and make constant progress toward the accomplishment of his desires. His three rules of life seemed like the rhetorician's three rules of oratory—action, action, action. His rest was change of occupation. He had great resources, physical and mental, and behind them he had a will strengthened by years of resolute labor that drove his machinery steadily and hard; and yet not too hard, for he seemed to use his powers with the most exact intelligence, neither abusing them nor letting any of them rust by disuse. Never had a man a fuller appreciation of the possibilities and satisfactions of mundane existence. He liked this world, and seemed to make it his business to get out of it all the lawful gratification it could yield to an intelligent being. He worked hard, but he found great pleasure in working. He played hard—hard enough at least to yield him true recreation and keep him well. Few men have more thoroughly cultivated or enjoyed the happiness that is to be found in domestic life; very few men have made their intellectual equipment yield them more enjoyment. He liked to eat and drink, too, and to play games; he loved nature; he loved children; he liked trees and plants and flowers and animals—everything that was beautiful or curious or interesting, whether it was nature's work or man's. When so very many people make such sorry work of getting pleasure out of life it is a luxury, and a profit too, to contemplate a man who was good at it. Happiness is largely an affair of the soul, and has its own rules, and contradictory enough they often seem to be, but having fun is an art, of which the first principle is to keep a keen edge on the lawful appetites. No one really enjoys his dinner unless he is hungry, no one can long enjoy play unless he works. No one can have much fun with his stomach unless he is content to keep a good many things out of it, or much fun with his head unless he takes some pains to keep it stored. No one who is a fossil, or an old fogy, or what the irreverent call a "back number," or has ceased to learn or to have new emotions and new ideas, need expect to have more than a second-rate time. If Mr. Dana had fun, it was because he kept all his faculties in use, and made them pay him tribute. He was a very strong man, and that was his advantage, but of more moment than that was it that he knew how to keep alive, and was willing to take the trouble.

Most of us take pleasure, on occasion, in doing nothing, and many of us find that these pleasant gaps in our activities are agreeably beguiled by smoking tobacco. Mr. Dana very rarely smoked. If no better method of beguiling leisure moments offered, he would study the grammar or the vocabulary of a new language, or simply think of something different. There was another occupation in which he did not indulge: he did not worry, nor indulge regrets, nor cultivate remorse. Worry, as any one can understand, would speedily have proved a destructive indulgence to the editor of the *Sun*. Many persons worried over the *Sun*, but Mr. Dana was not one of them. When he went home at night he left his newspaper behind him.

What makes conversation interesting is knowledge, gumption, and the art of putting things, and if a touch of humor is added, so much the better. The same ingredients go to make an interesting newspaper, and into his newspaper Mr. Dana put them all. His knowledge was extraordinary in its scope and accuracy. He was a notable linguist, very learned in matters concerning trees, plants, and flowers; wise in porcelains, pictures, and all the objects that attract collectors, he knew history, literature, and people. He had edited an encyclopædia, and published a collection of poetry which still holds first place among books of its class and scope. All his life, too, he had been in the thick of affairs, and when history had been making he had his hand in the mixing of it. He had thought the thoughts and shared the experiences of the Brook Farmers, had made the antislavery fight and learned the business of newspaper-making in fifteen years of service under Greeley on the *Tribune*. And he had served in the war as the special observer and correspondent of Lincoln and Stanton. That was an extraordinary equipment for an editor, and it is not to be wondered at that its possessor, when he came in charge of the *Sun*, made it count, and that a notable newspaper resulted. It is a very common thing to hear editors and publishers of newspapers and periodicals explain, when their products are censured or criticised, that they are not editing to suit themselves, but their buyers and subscribers. That is an explanation that Mr. Dana never made. To all appearance he made the *Sun* to suit himself and his purposes. Certainly its merits were his merits and its defects his defects, and he never shuffled as to his responsibility for either. His management of the *Sun* won him the execration of a good many individuals, the admiration of very many others, and the reputation of being the greatest newspaper editor of his day. He knew good writing when he saw it, and also good verse, and he liked both, not as a merchant likes goods, but as an artist loves art. There never was an editor more inspiring to his subordinates. His taste was a literary standard that was respected from San Francisco to Eastport. A poem that he would print in the *Sun* was a fair poem, a poem that he praised was an excellent poem; a new poem that he was known to carry about in his pocket book was something young writers met to discuss. Very possibly the best days to have known Mr. Dana as an editor were the old days when the *Sun* was still a four-page paper, which swelled to eight on Sundays, and when the staff was still comparatively small and every line of space counted. In those days certainly the *Sun* office was a fold where art was loved for art's sake, and where aspiring talent, uncertain of itself, found recognition, guidance, and opportunity. In those days, as ever since, Mr. Dana was liked and admired and respected in the *Sun* office, and persons there, as elsewhere, with whom he had close personal relations, formed strong attachments to him. It was said the other day, by a man wuan in his service, "He was like a great tree, and I have been glad to feel his shelter." That is a sentiment about him that many persons have shared, and not without reason. He had much sentiment, and a sincere sympathy with the under dog. If the worm would turn he would back the worm. He loved to see the weak grow strong, he loved to see the course of true love triumph over the traditional obstacles. He strode through the world shaping his own course, but a great charm about him was that he never walked on stilts, and was never disposed to shut himself off from his fellows and coworkers, but was both easily accessible to any one who had any claim on his attention, and very courteous and agreeable to his callers. Usually in his office he did not stop work to talk, but went right on reading his proof sheets or with whatever he had in hand, while he gossiped with a visitor or discussed his errand.

Mr. Dana was one of the men, of whom comparatively few are left, who knew intimately, by personal observation and recollection, many important phases of the history of the war. It is gratifying to learn that in the very last year of his life he put into writing his memories of his experiences as Assistant Secretary of War, and prepared them for publication.

The chief biographical facts of his life are so well known that they may be dismissed in a few words. He was born in 1819, of a well-known New England family, in Hinsdale, New Hampshire. R. H. Dana, who wrote *Two Years Before the Mast*, was his cousin. His parents took him while still an infant to western New York. His first schooling he got in a district school in Orleans County, and his boyhood was spent in Buffalo, where he became clerk in his uncle's dry goods store. That employment failing, in 1837, he prepared himself for college in two years and entered Harvard. He spent two years there, supporting himself partly by teaching. Then his eyesight failed, and finding an open-air life necessary for a time, he left college and joined the community at Brook Farm. There he was concerned, among other employments, in editing the *Harbinger*. The Harvard degree which he did not wait to take was conferred upon him in 1863, twenty years after his class was graduated. In 1844, when Brook Farm began to break up, he went to Boston and found work on Elizur Wright's *Chronotype*. In 1847 (fifty years ago) he came to New York and found a place on the *Tribune*. The following year he went to Europe as correspondent for several newspapers. Then for thirteen years he worked for the *Tribune*, then the representative organ of all the enthusiastic people who were to form the great Party of Moral Ideas. He soon became the *Tribune's* managing editor, and earned a salary of $50 a week. During these years he put together the *Household Book of Poetry*, and with George Ripley edited the *American Encyclopædia*. When the war broke out he made the *Tribune* so much hotter than Mr. Greeley could stand that they parted company, and Mr. Dana became Assistant Secretary of War under Stanton. His chief service in that capacity was to act as the special correspondent of the government at the front, and to keep the Secretary of War and the President informed of what was going on in the field. After the war he spent a year in Chicago as editor of the *Republican*, which failed from a lack of capital. Returning to New York, he bought an interest in the *Sun*, became its editor, made a prodigious newspaper success of it, and eventually became its chief owner. As editor of the *Sun* he has been everywhere known, and very variously regarded. When, after fifty years of hard work and meagre pay, he began to be a rich man, he bought Dosoris Island, on the north shore of Long Island, and made a country home there, which is famous for the gardens and plantations with which he adorned it. In later years he relaxed a little the assiduity of his professional work, travelled much in Europe and America and interested himself in collecting porcelains and objects of art. Still, up to the time of the beginning of his illness last June (almost the only illness he ever had), he kept up his usual routine when at home, and went daily to his office. He died on Sunday, October 17, and was buried on October 20 in the churchyard of St. Paul's church at Glen Cove. Two Cuban flags, formed of red, white, and blue flowers, were memorably conspicuous among the wreaths and crosses that were left to mark his grave. Over the hill the American flag hung at half mast from a school-house pole.

Miss Clara Barton, who got home early this month from the sixth international conference of the Red Cross Society at Vienna, took early opportunity after getting ashore to express the mortification it had caused her to admit to the delegates at the conference that Congress had not as yet seen fit to protect the Red Cross Society in this country in the exclusive use of its name. Miss Barton said she had to confess that there were 284 American persons, corporations, or firms who were using the red cross as a trade-mark for private gain besides "innumerable bodies which have founded Red Cross societies for local purposes, and who are in no way connected with the national organization." Of course imitation is the sincerest flattery, but Miss Barton seems to feel that flattery of that sort may easily be overdone. She intimates, too, that the Red Cross in this country is very insufficiently endowed, and said that the European delegates to the conference were surprised that the American society had not been more adequately provided for.

Mr. Edwin Lord Weeks, the artist, and a writer well known to readers of Harper's Magazine, came recently to this country from Paris, where he lives, to act as European juror for the Carnegie Institute Exhibition at Pittsburg. The appointment is complimentary to Mr. Weeks, who, by the way, is just now a much complimented person. Very recently the international jury at Munich awarded him a first-class medal, which, as he went to Munich as a delegate and did not mean to compete, he felt constrained to decline; but he accepted another first class shortly after, which was awarded him at Dresden. His name has been put up by Meissonier as corresponding member of the Institute of France.

These are the lines that du Maurier is said to have sent to his father when, somewhat to his own astonishment, he had passed a dreaded examination:

> Care mihi princeps, nam per, mirabile dictu,
> Proximus sed transeo, fuit, ni fallor, aratri.

Translated by the Cambridge *Review*, they run:

> Dear Governor, 'tis no less strange than true
> That, by a lucky fluke, I'm through, I'm through,
> And yet it was, unless I'm much mistaken,
> A close shave of a plough—just saved my bacon.

The examination must have been one that he passed in University College, London, where he studied chemistry.

The incident recalls another that is associated with du Maurier. To most readers of *The Martian* Barty Josselin's gift of feeling the north must have seemed a pure flight of fancy. On the contrary, it is stated that du Maurier himself in his youth possessed that curious faculty, and since *The Martian* was published, other persons, some of them well known, have owned up to the same thing. It is an instinct that seems especially characteristic of poets.

Among the adventurers who have planned to go to the Klondike gold-fields next spring is Mr. A. H. H. Heming, the artist, who started for the Barren Lands with Mr. Caspar Whitney, but met with an accident which turned him back. He intends to make again part of the journey he made with Mr. Whitney, and will be the leader of an expedition which will travel to Dawson City by way of Edmonton and the Athabasca and Mackenzie rivers.

Fiske Hall, the new Barnard College dormitory, is so well along that the corner stone, which was laid with due ceremonies on October 16, was placed about eight feet in the air, at the top of the stone work of the building. It is better for the documents which go inside of a corner-stone to have the stone where the sun and air can reach it. The stone-laying was an interesting ceremony. Dean Smith made an address, and Mr. Joseph Choate another, the Dean supplying the more substantial sentiments, and Mr. Choate the humor and some bits of news. One item of news was that some one—a lady in England—had given $5000 to found a scholarship in Barnard in memory of Dr. Arthur Brooks. The giver of the new building, Mrs. Josiah M. Fiske, was present, and herself helped to spread the mortar on which the corner stone was set.

Report says that the falling off of the Freshman class at Yale is a subject of deep and puzzled meditation at New Haven. Last year there were 354 Yale Freshmen; this year there are 296. So large a decrease seems to be due to something else than chance, and there are various guesses as to what has caused it. It can't be hard times, for most of the colleges show increased Freshman classes. Yale's own Sheffield Scientific School shows a gain of fifteen Freshmen, but in the Academic Department is this loss of fifteen per cent. Some persons have attributed this falling off to Bryan, some to Hinkey, some to Cook, some to the removal of the fence, some to Yale's defeats in athletics, some to an alleged rise in the standard of scholarship, but there is no good reason to believe that any of these guesses is right. No one knows why those other fifty lads who were expected at Yale did not go there. The way to find out is to get on the trail of those lads and discover where they did go, and why. To do that would not be very difficult, and the result of the inquiry would be interesting. Meanwhile Yale intends to keep open another year, anyhow.

There is a lively prospect of war between Princeton University and the Presbyterian Church over the Princeton Inn. Indeed, there is more than a prospect. Hostilities have begun, and active skirmishing is in progress. The Princeton Inn is a tavern conducted with the approval of the university authorities for the entertainment of visitors, and also as a meeting place for the upper-class men of the university. It has a liquor license, which it could not have obtained if the authorities of the university were opposed to it, and it sells beer and other alcoholic drinks. At the session of the New York Synod of the Presbyterian Church on October 21, in Jersey City, the Synod Reform Committee reported, "with humiliation and astonishment," that a drinking bar legalized through the signing of a petition by professors, has been established at Princeton. In the face of such action by the connivance of such authority, "how long may we hope," cries the committee, "to keep the pulpit, and even the ministry, from the calamity of the cup?" Entering its "emphatic protest against the appearance of this old monster under the sanction of professors," the committee warns Presbyterian parents against sending their boys to any college where such temptations are tolerated.

On the same day the synodical convention at Plainfield, New Jersey, discussed a resolution to urge the Presbytery of New Brunswick to discipline such of its members as had signed the petition for the Princeton Inn license. It was expected that the Synod of Pennsylvania would discuss the same matter the same day, and perhaps have as lively a time over it as the Synod of Indiana lately had.

If total abstinence is demanded by the Presbyterian Church, Princeton ought to be disciplined, but if mere temperance is consistent with Presbyterianism, the Princeton Inn, license and all, would seem to be a good institution. Of course, if the university authorities believed that the Inn promoted drunkenness, its license would be taken away. What they do undoubtedly believe is that it is a useful social institution that makes for good fellowship and incidentally for good and temperate habits. It is not known that total abstinence has ever been made to prevail among the students of a great university, but it is a comparatively simple matter in such a town as Princeton to compel all drinking to be done surreptitiously and out of sight. That, apparently, is what the synods would like to see done.

E. S. Martin.

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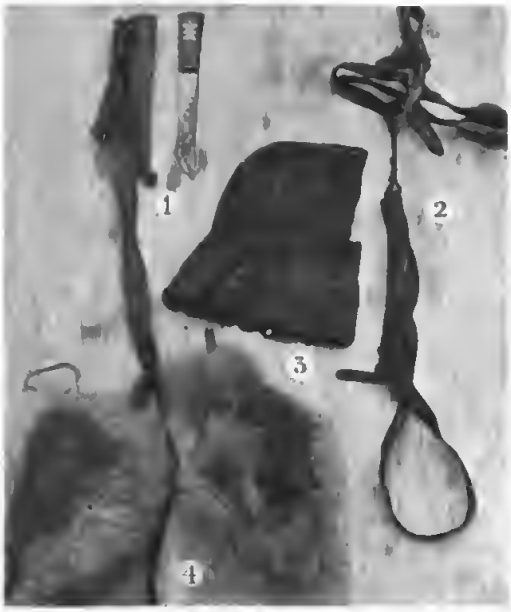
NANSEN'S CANVAS KAYAK, OR CANOE, AND MAST, AND THE PADDLE HE MADE FROM A SNOW-SHOE. ON THE SLED USED FOR TRANSPORTING CANOE ARE HIS SKIS, OR SNOW-SHOES, SKI-STICK, AND TENT-POLE



1 NANSEN'S BELT, SHEATH, AND KNIFE. 2. HARNESS USED BY NANSEN FOR HAULING SLED. 3 HOOD WORN BY NANSEN. 4. BEAR-SKIN MOCCASINS MADE AND WORN BY NANSEN.

NANSEN'S OIL STOVE AND COVER, WOODEN CUP, MITTENS, AND LEATHER LEGGINGS, AND A MODEL OF THE "FRAM" MADE BY HER DESIGNER.

POLAR BEAR PHOTOGRAPHED BY NANSEN JUST BEFORE HE SHOT IT.

NANSEN ON HIS ARRIVAL AT CAPE FLORA.

FROM DR. FRIDTJOF NANSEN'S COLLECTION.—[SEE PAGE 1067.]

ARTICLES USED BY HIM ON HIS JOURNEY TO THE FARTHEST NORTH, AND EXHIBITED IN NEW YORK UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE AMERICAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

THE PRIME GREAT SECRET.

BY W. G. VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN.

"NO such thing as the prime great secret, eh?"

It was the *Silent Member* who spoke, a rare occurrence in itself and one to command attention, but there was something more than mere words in the sentence that has just been recorded. The *Fiend* hastened to take up the challenge.

"No, sir; the prime great secret is but the baseless fable of a duffer's dream, our twentieth-century substitute for the philosopher's stone, and equally elusive and unsubstantial. Golf, with all things else in nature, has its fixed laws, its immutable limitations—"

"Most assuredly," retorted the *Silent Member;* "I have watched your game long enough to know that. Limitations, indeed! As it happens, your particular golfing cult is founded upon Sir Walter Simpson's 'categorical imperative,' and 'hitting the ball' is the sum and substance of all your efforts. Given that as a premise and we arrive, through process of logic, at the following beautiful paradox: the oftener the ball is hit, the fewer strokes it will take to do the round. For a concrete illustration we will examine your score card for last Saturday's medal play."

The *Silent Member* walked over to the bulletin board. "Here it is," he went on. "You hit the ball on that occasion no fewer than one hundred and thirty-seven times. Now what does that prove?"

"Nothing," growled the *Fiend*. "You know perfectly well that I broke my play club at the third hole."

"But you continued to hit the ball," persisted the *Silent Member*.

"Of course I did," roared the *Fiend*, goaded to madness under this indecent application of the *argumentum ad hominem*, "but somehow the confounded thing wouldn't go."

"Precisely. Thus you must acknowledge that there is something in *how* you hit the ball if it is to go."

"Well, and what then?"

"Oh, that *how* is the prime great secret."

"Indeed," sneered the *Fiend*. "Possibly you speak from the vantage ground of a personal experience."

The *Silent Member* smiled, but there was an infinite sadness in the lines about his mouth. "I do," he said, simply. Then he opened the door and went out.

For some moments nobody spoke. The tremendous significance of the *Silent Member's* categorical affirmation was more than overwhelming, it was paralyzing. And that last look in his eyes as he turned and closed the door! There was a despair in it, a freezing hopelessness, that was almost physical in its effects upon those who encountered it. Robinson Brown actually shivered and his chair creaked noisily as he leaned forward and held his hands close above the crackling logs.

Woodehouse was the first to recover himself. "What rot!" he remarked, sententiously.

"Why, the old man, to my certain knowledge, has never had a club in his hand," put in Egerton, "and I've been a member here for fifteen years. Here about it, *Ancient?*"

"He was one of the charter members," returned the Oracle, placidly, "and dates back to Silver Thereabouts."

"A quarter of a century, then," said the *Fiend*, making a rapid mental calculation. "That's a long time to live without playing golf. I always thought that there was something uncanny about the man."

"It's equivalent to a stroke or hole to have him in the gallery," said Robinson Brown, decidedly. "I can't play a little bit if I see him looking on. He always seems to know what a fellow ought not to do, just before he goes and does it."

The impressiveness of this concluding statement was somewhat marred by its lack of lucidity, and only Mr. Brown's fellow-members in Class C appeared able to grapple with its subtle significance. They beamed complacently upon each other and interchanged unutterable winks. Evidently there is a secret understanding among duffers.

"It isn't hypnotism, either," remarked Alderson, thoughtfully. "He doesn't try to interfere in any way with a man's play, but there is something in that serene, immovable, omniscient gaze of his that is absolutely fatal to my boiling out. It makes me feel as though I was about to read a paper at the Twilight Club upon the mistakes in the Pentateuch, and had suddenly looked up and recognized Moses sitting by the door."

"Well, in my opinion," interrupted the *Fiend*, warmly, "it's most confoundedly impertinent of him. For a man who, as the *Ancient* said, has been a member here for twenty-five years and has never had a club in his hand—"

"But I never said any such thing," interrupted the *Ancient*, in his turn. "If you'll look back over the records you'll see his name often enough. Madison Grimshaw, captain of the club from 1883 to 1899, third man at the open meeting in 1896, runner up at Chicago in 1897, six open wins from scratch in 1898, and the silver medal at the amateur championship, same year; drawn against Elphinstone of Peconic in the amateur finals of 1899, and withdrew—there the record stops."

"Well, of all things!" and the *Fiend* drew in his breath sharply. "M. Grimshaw, our *Silent Member*, he the Madison Grimshaw of those six glorious years, the golden age of the Marion County Club! You can't mean it!"

"But I do, he is Madison Grimshaw."

"But—but I thought—that is, I always understood—there was a catastrophe, something tragic—went under in a big match, didn't he? Apoplexy, or perhaps it was collapse. All the papers were full of it. I can just remember the excitement in the air."

"If you want the truth about it," said the *Ancient*, slowly, "it was simply a case of too much prime great secret."

"Then there is such a thing?"

"Unquestionably."

"And Grimshaw possessed it?"

"Without a doubt, and he has it still."

"But—but he never uses it."

"He never did use it but once, and that is just where the story comes in."

"Fire away," said the *Fiend*, with an air of tolerant scepticism. "Of course you won't expect us to believe the fairy-tale."

"Certainly not," retorted the *Ancient*. "I don't expect anything of a man who tees his ball in a hankie, and yet has never done the course under triple figures. Let me say, however, that I simply propose to state the facts, and not to comment upon them. Have I the floor?"

The privilege was immediately accorded and the *Fiend*, under threat of being gagged with an old ball if he ventured upon any interruption, retired to a distant corner and affected to busy himself with the *Golfing Annual*. But Woodehouse kept an eye upon him; there is jealousy even among the wretched duffers of Class C, and he suspected that the *Fiend* was hardly so indifferent as his actions would imply. One may smile at the idea of a prime great secret in golf, and yet be a villain.

"As I have said," began the old gentleman, "our Grimshaw was indeed *the* Grimshaw of glorious memory, and the crack amateur of his day. It was remarkable how quickly he picked up the game, and since to natural genius he added an infinite capacity for taking pains, it is no wonder that he was soon at the top of the tree. In Grimshaw the Marion County Club had developed a really first class man, and when the amateur championship meeting for 1899 was awarded to us, we all felt confident that our champion had more than an even chance to win out.

"Well, at the end of the second day's play it was pretty plain that the contest for the gold medal lay between Grimshaw and McLeod, an ex Hoylake player and short odds man. It was the old story of native skill against imported talent, and for the first time the odds seemed to be slightly in our favor. The luck of the draw kept the men apart until the semi-finals, when they were paired against each other, the second couple being Elphinstone of Peconic and Hawley of Rollwood. Both Elphinstone and Hawley were decidedly second-rank men, who had managed to pull off their earlier matches through technical rulings, aided by unexpected reversals in form on the part of their opponents. It was a foregone conclusion that the survivor of the Grimshaw McLeod match would be the amateur champion of 1899, and the interest consequently centred upon that contest. And upon the form already shown Grimshaw had been backed to win.

"Now I had been carrying for Grimshaw. He had great confidence in my judgment, although I was by no means a crack in actual performance, and he had the idea that I could steady him at a crisis better than anybody else, professional or what not. Of course I was doing my best to pull him through, both out of club loyalty and from personal friendship.

"The match in the third round was a win for Grimshaw by five up and four to play, which looked very fair on paper, McLeod being a strong player, but somehow I fancied that the strain of the tournament was beginning to tell upon my man. There were little signs of weakness and indecision in his play, indicating that something was wrong. Of course it might be merely a temporary falling off, but I began to feel a bit anxious. Naturally I kept my misgivings to myself; it would have been madness to even hint at them to Grimshaw.

"I had been spending the tournament week at Grimshaw's house, and on that particular Thursday night he had gone up stairs at an early hour, presumably bound for bed. A long night's rest was exactly what he needed, and I was consequently annoyed when I came up, a couple of hours later, to notice that a light was still burning in his bedroom. I knocked and then entered without waiting for an answer. The room and bed were empty. I glanced over at the corner where he kept his clubs, and—merciful heavens!—the bag was gone. What insanity of folly was this? Midnight practice before a critical match? We were lost indeed. I knew the match was McLeod's as surely as though I had seen it posted upon the bulletin board. I sank into a chair, crushed, broken hearted. It was now half past twelve.

"The clock struck one, the door opened, and Grimshaw

stood before me. I could hardly believe my senses. There was a saw light in his eyes and an assured smile upon his lips that made him look like the Grimshaw of old, something had happened to restore his moral tone, some miracle had given him back his pristine confidence in himself. I waited for the explanation.

"Grimshaw placed his bag of clubs in the corner, sat down opposite to me, and prepared to light a cigarette. Cigarettes! the rankest of poisons to a man of his temperament. I looked my blackest disapproval.

"'Go easy, old man,' he began, coolly. 'It's all right; everything is all right, for I have the prime great secret, direct from *Colonel Bogey* himself. I got it at the Thirteenth hole not half an hour ago.'

"Worse and worse! if this was really the explanation of his altered demeanor. Poor fellow! it was only too evident that his mind was giving way under the awful strain of the tournament. Ah, this Juggernaut of golf!

"'You don't believe me,' said Grimshaw, looking at me steadily. 'Well, what do you make of this?' and he put into my hand a small round object.

The *Ancient* stopped, and fumbling in his waistcoat pocket, produced a woollen box, which he solemnly handed to Alderson for inspection. It went from hand to hand around the circle, and Woodehouse examined it with especial interest. In shape it resembled a pill box, and it was made of some foreign-looking, close grained wood, very dark in color and highly polished. Upon the lid was a couplet in black letter, and Woodehouse slowly spelled it out.

"Once for far and once for sure
And once for what is past alle cure."

The *Ancient* reached for the box, dropped it carelessly into an outside pocket, and resumed his story.

"'Open it,' said Grimshaw.

"I did so, and saw that it contained a curious looking paste, as rather salve. It had an aromatic odor, not unpleasant, but quite unknown to me. Part of the contents had been used and now I could detect that same peculiar odor lingering about Grimshaw himself.

"'Well?' and I looked at him expectantly.

"'I may as well tell the whole truth,' he blurted out. 'But first look at this,' and he handed me a parchment-bound volume evidently of great age. It was in black-letter, and purported to be a treatise on Black Magic, printed at Leyden in 1527 by Cursius Nayas, for Magister Claudius Paralombonatos, of the Academy of Universal Science.

"'What nonsense is this?' I said, frowningly.

"'Read,' said Grimshaw, pointing to a marked paragraph.

"Lette differe toppe and differe stalle,
The prime great secret of the golfe
The Bogey-Manne shalle give the wight
Who dare to playe, on moonlion night,

"The Thirteen Hole from greene to tee.
A decide of darkeness feel, perdie,
Ye once for far and once for sure
And once for what is past alle cure."

"I lost my patience completely at this gibberish, and shutting the book with a bang, I told Grimshaw plainly that if he did not instantly throw away that cigarette and go to bed, he would have to find some one else to carry for him on the morrow. He listened to me exactly as though I was some fractious child who had to be coaxed into good humor, and then said, quietly:

"'Just as you please, old man. I absolve you from all responsibility; but you have got to hear the story, and you may as well nudge yourself. Come in.'

"There was a knock at the door, and his man Pollock entered, bearing a supper tray. I groaned aloud. Welsh rarebits and grilled bones! Well, nothing could matter now, and I am very fond of a bone, as I reassured my seat and held out my plate.

"'When I came up stairs this evening,' began Grimshaw, 'I had every intention of going to bed at once, and in fact I did get half undressed. But I soon discovered that I was too unstrung to hope for sleep, that infernal match with McLeod kept getting on my nerves, and I knew so certainly as I am sitting here that I would go to pieces to-morrow; I was a beaten man before the match. In desperation I pulled a chair before the fire, took down at random a book from the case, and determined to distract my mind, if such a thing were possible, by an hour of hard reading. The book was this curious old volume that I had picked up at a Seine book-stall last summer, and of course the first thing I saw was the doggerel verse that you have just read. The prime great secret? Could there really be such a thing? and then that odd fancy of playing the Thirteen hole backward on a moonless night! Somehow the ridiculous old formula so gravely set down by the learned Magister Claudius Paralombonatos began to take hold of my imagination. And then desperate cases—you know the old saying. I was more excited now than ever, and with that jingle ringing in my ears I would not stop to reason with myself. The almanac told me that the moon would be down, my bicycle was in the stable, you fellows were making such a row in the billiard room that it was an easy matter to get out of the house without being overheard, and before I knew it I was on my way to the golf club.

"'The course was entirely deserted, but the night was not absolutely dark, and I had no difficulty in making my way to the fateful Thirteenth hole. I threw down a ball upon McPherson's precious turf, and took my brassie. Then for the moment my courage failed me. To drive a ball off a putting green! It was an act akin to sacrilege, and my knees knocked together with horror at the unholy deed. And then some fiend whispered McLeod's name in my ear, and my nerves grew steady again. You know how I loathe the beast, let me be eternally bunkered now but I would play out this devil's game to the last stroke.

"'I brought the brassie down a bit a vicious jab that left a horrible hook upon the velvet surface of the green. But I only laughed aloud, and followed after the ball with a light-hearted recklessness that henceforth would stop at nothing. I even hummed a tune as I prepared to take my second.

"'As you know, the Thirteen is a short hole and the *Steed* bunker is some fifty yards in front of the tee. As I was playing the hole backwards I was, of course, approaching the bunker from behind, going into *Steed* by the back door, as it were. I did my best to clear the hazard, but topped, and the ball rolled up close against the bunker, a duffer shot that annoyed me exceedingly. I went to where the ball had struck, but it was not to be seen. But right there, on the edge of the bunker's cliff, was that small box, together with what appeared to be a gentleman's visiting card. I picked up the latter, and immediately dropped it with a yell, for it was white hot. The turf actually sizzled where it fell, and a light smoke arose as the card slowly curled up and resolved itself into ashes. But in the mean time I had been able to make out the writing upon it: "*The Prime Great Secret, with the compliments of Colonel Bogey. Use only as directed.*"

"'The box was warm, but not unpleasantly so, and on opening it I found it full of the strange ointment that you have already seen. Evidently it was to be rubbed in somewhere, and, after a moment's hesitation, I bared my left arm and applied a small portion. It had an immediate and astonishing effect. The muscles and tendons of my arm felt as though they had been suddenly endowed with new vigor and elasticity. I had the strength of a Samson in that left arm, and on putting it to a practical test I was amazed to see how far I could now drive a ball. Two, three hundred yards were as nothing, endowed with this supernatural strength I would not be afraid to measure clubs with John himself.

"'This was all very well, but I soon noticed that my shots were hardly as straight as they were far, and that my short game left much to be desired. Struck by a new thought, I read again the couplet upon the box lid. "Once for far and once for sure"—yes, that was it. I must make a second application of the salve if I desired the equally important secret of unfailing accuracy. This time I anointed my right arm, the arm that guides the club, and I was delighted to find that now I was as sure as I had been far. Straight as an arrow flew every drive, my quarter shots had just the right pitch and cut; and my putting was invariably up and straight. Far and sure: what more could be desired? *I had the prime great secret.* I tried a few more shots simply to assure myself of the reality of my good fortune, and then, gathering up my clubs, I started for home, and here I am.'

"I was about to speak, but Grimshaw stopped me.

"'There is nothing to be gained by discussing this remarkable occurrence,' he said, coldly. 'But you can rest assured that I am going to beat McLeod out in the semi-finals, and in the mean time I'm off to bed. Hello! half past one! Well, good night, and tell the boys that they can back me to the limit.'

"Grimshaw rose, yawned, threw away his cigarette, walked over to the alcove, and disappeared behind the curtains. I could hear him throw off his clothes and jump into bed. In ten minutes more he a sobreathing regularly, and looking in, I could see that he was sleeping as peacefully as any child.

"Well, what was I to make of this cock and bull story? It was no use puzzling my brains over it, the fact remained that Grimshaw, in some inexplicable manner, had recovered his lost nerve and old time confidence in himself. He now believed that he could beat McLeod, and that was the all important point. And so, with some of his new born confidence insensibly communicated to my own mind, I in turn retired to rest.

"As to the semi finals, I need only say that Grimshaw's play was superb, and that he beat McLeod at that same Thirteenth hole by six up and five to play. As we came up to the green I noticed with a shiver a long jagged skelp upon its smooth surface. It was a cruel, gaping wound, and to my excited imagination it had the appearance of evil lips parted into a mocking and hateful smile. There was something appallingly sinister and threatening in that unearthly grin, if I may be allowed the expression, and I felt decidedly uncomfortable and a bit shaky about the knees. But Grimshaw only winked at me, and suggested to the chairman of the Green Committee that McPherson, the green keeper, was in urgent need of a sound wigging.

"Elphinstone beat his man, and this left him in the finals with Grimshaw on Saturday. There could be no earthly doubt of the result, so we celebrated the discontinued victory in the club-house that same night. Grimshaw was the hero of the occasion, and we were all wildly enthusiastic over the anticipated triumph. There were actually some wagers laid that Grimshaw would win with not losing a single hole, and Elphinstone was so admittedly outclassed that his friends were privately urging him withdrawal. But he was so obstinate fellow, and insisted upon playing it out. Pluckily but foolish we thought him.

"The contestants were to drive off for the thirty six hole match at ten o'clock, and although there could be but little interest in the match itself, the gallery was fully as large as ever, it having been noised about that Grimshaw was to try and make a new record for the course. The hour came, and I went into the dressing room to call him. I found him standing at the window with his sleeves rolled up and the mysterious box in his hand. He greeted me with a smile and said, cheerfully, 'Just another touch of this divine stuff and I think I can get down to 72 for the first round.'

"'Hold on!' I said, seizing the box from him. 'Better leave well enough alone.'

"'Nonsense! What possible harm can it do? I have the prime great secret, my lad, and I intend to smash that record into infinitesimal bits. The prime great secret! Ha! ha!' and he hummed gayly:

"'Once for far and once for sure
And once for what is past alle cure.'

"He put out his hand for the fatal box.

"'Grimshaw, you fool,' I almost shouted, 'don't you see the warning in those very words? If the doggerel means anything at all, you will repent it if you apply the ointment the third time. Don't you remember the story in the *Arabian Nights* of the covetous Baba Abdalla and the magic salve that the dervish gave him? The application to his right eye revealed to him all the riches of the earth, but not content, he insisted upon trying it upon the left eye, and was stricken blind. Once for far and once for sure! What can be farther than far, what can be surer than sure? And once for what is past all cure! I tell you to beware.'

"'Pooh!' retorted Grimshaw; 'the meaning is obvious enough. It is the record that is to be past all cure after I have finished smashing it. Give me that box, I say,' and then before I could interpose another word he had snatched it from me and had smeared the salve liberally upon his driving arm.

"Perhaps I had expected that he would fall in a fit or collapse in some other dreadful fashion, but apparently the application had no effect whatever. He stood there with a play club in his hand and tried a couple of swings.

"'Well?' and I looked at him anxiously.

"'It stings rather,' he answered shortly; 'but that's nothing. Let's get out.'

"As you know, there is a bunker some forty yards in front of the first tee; we used to call it the *Assed Bridge* in the old days. Elphinstone drove off and cleared it nicely, and then Grimshaw stepped to the tee. He looked fit to play for his life, and it was all that the Green Committee could do to suppress the continuous hand clapping that ran up and down the line like a discharge of musketry. Finally quiet was restored, Grimshaw swung back, then down upon the ball, and—oh, merciful heavens!—

"I won't give you the details," resumed the *Ancient*, recovering his composure by a supreme effort, "but at the forty seventh fruitless stroke some of his friends went down into the bunker and led him quietly but firmly back to the club house. And the name of that bunker is *Grimshaw's Grave* unto this day."

The *Ancient* stopped, and his faded blue eyes were full of hushed tears as he turned his head away. The memory of that awful moment was still fresh in the old man's faithful heart, and we could not but respect his display of feeling and old time loyalty to his unhappy friend.

It was Alderson who finally mustered courage to put the question we were all dying to ask.

"But the prime great secret; it was gone, of course?"

"Not at all. He still possessed it in all its fairness and virtue, and he has it to this day. He knows the game and how to play it as no mortal man has ever done or ever will."

"But he never plays."

"And he never has played since that unlucky morning."

"I don't quite follow you."

"'Once for far and once for sure
And once for what is past alle cure,'"

quoted the *Ancient*, solemnly. "The directions were precise and absolutely truthful. The first application of the salve endued Madison Grimshaw with superhuman driving power, the second gave him supernatural accuracy, and the third—*the puff about.*"

The *Ancient* rose and left the smoking room, and one by one the company followed him in silence until Woodehouse and the *Fiend* were left alone. The keen eye of Woodehouse had noticed that the little box had fallen from the old gentleman's pocket as he rose, and it was now lying under the table. The *Fiend* appeared to be absorbed in his reading, and Woodehouse made a stealthy move towards the coveted object. The *Fiend* looked up suddenly, and Woodehouse yawned laboriately and walked to a window.

Those the *Fiend's* eyes were riveted again upon his book. Woodehouse took a tentative step in the direction of the table, and the *Fiend* was reading harder than ever. Woodehouse felt encouraged, lounged carelessly up to the table, and filled his match safe. Still no movement on the part of the enemy. Woodehouse purposely dropped his match-box and stooped as though to recover it. The precious box was in his grasp, he straightened up, but there was an iron grip upon his wrist, and a sullen, baleful glance met his own.

"Halves," hissed the *Fiend* between his clinched teeth as they faced each other.

Woodehouse hesitated a moment, but he knew the *Fiend* full well. He nodded, and removed the lid. A faint spicy odor could be sensibly detected, but that was all. *The box was empty.*

"G-r-r-r!" snarled the *Fiend*. "I knew there was nothing in it."

Extract from the minutes of the Executive Committee, June 20, 19—

McPherson, the green-keeper, reported that on Tuesday night he had occasion to cross the course at a late hour, when he was surprised to see a man standing at the Thirteenth hole with a club in his hand. On approaching he recognized in him Mr. G. Graham, a member of the club, and otherwise known as the *Fiend*. To the green-keeper's amazement and horror he distinctly saw Mr. Graham proceed to drive a ball off the putting green with his brassie, incidentally hooking up the turf in a most outrageous manner. After a sharp personal encounter he succeeded in obtaining possession of Mr. Graham's club, and to prevent any further injury to the course he took it upon himself to lock up the gentleman overnight in the tool-house. It was resolved that McPherson should be presented with a twenty-dollar gold piece in recognition of his prompt and commendable action, and upon motion of Mr. Woodehouse, Mr. Graham was unanimously expelled from the membership of the club.

Woodehouse came into the club the other day and announced that he was through with golf. "It's both effeminate and faddish," he asserted, in his top-lofty manner, "and in future I shall go to for something intellectual, like chess, the king of games, don't you know."

"Good idea," assented Alderson, with a wink at Robinson Bruru. "Chess is undoubtedly the game for a man who carries his left arm in a sling."

"Do you mean to insinuate—" began Woodehouse, getting very red in the face.

"Not for the world, my dear fellow. Still it is not an unusual thing for five moths to get singed at the same candle."

THE LURE.

Come hither and behold them, Sweet—
The fairy prow that w'er me rides,
And white sails of a lagging Fleet
On idle tides.

Come hither and behold them, Sweet—
The lustrous gloom, the rivid shade,
The throats of love that burn and beat
And shake the glade.

Come, for the hearts of all things plain,
And all the paths desire thy feet,
And all this beauty asks for thine,
As I do, Sweet!

WILLIAM WATSON.

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NEWS FROM THE KLONDIKE.

LETTER AND ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

VI.—EXPLORING THE WHITE PASS TRAIL.

August 22, 1897 (continued).

DARKNESS comes on, and I stop for the night with two old prospectors, this side of the pitch into the Skagway, alongside a granite boulder as big as a house. Against its flat side, and partially protected by it, they have piled their stuff, in the very spot I should have chosen for my bed. They have a little fire going, and their three horses are tied to bushes near by, munching their oats. The men are well provided with blankets, which, when supper is over, are spread out on the ground beside the pile of goods, while a rope is stretched to keep the horses from tramping on the bed. These are both old miners. One, a man of fifty-four, had been in former mining excitements, and he had seen bad trails. Now every sort of opinion has been expressed of this trail. When a man tells me a trail is bad, that counts for nothing until I know what his idea of bad is. I asked this man what he thought of this trail. Said he:

"I have seen worse trails for a short distance—five or six miles or so—but this is the worst I have ever seen for the distance. I went in over the trail when it was first cut through and I called it then a *good* trail, but I predict that if the rains keep up it will be impossible to get a horse over."

It has stopped raining. We lay our coats under our heads for pillows, and our guns under the coats, and turn in. Of course we cannot take off anything but our coats and boots. We wake up in the middle of the night with the rain on our faces. I put my broad hat over my face, turn over, and go to sleep again.

August 23, 1897.

We are up at five o'clock. Half an hour later I am on the trail. There are several others on the trail with their

BOG-HOLE BETWEEN THE SUMMIT AND PORCUPINE RIDGE.

packs. Everybody, no matter how dirty or tired, would give any price for a photograph of himself, "just to send back home to show what I am like." The men imagine their friends would be surprised to see them begrimed and unshaven and muddy under their packs.

We cross the Skagway on another corduroy bridge, where a fine view up and down the valley is to be had. Near here a considerable stream of water comes down, probably from some glacier hidden in the clouds that hug the tops of the mountains, and before it is half-way down it divides into several more streams. The dullest or least sentimental man on the trail cannot but stop to admire this beautiful sight. From this bridge the trail follows the valley of the Skagway; the trail is level now, the ground being flat and boggy.

I went to within six or seven (estimated) miles of the summit, and, as it was raining, put in at the tent of three hardy fellows whom I had seen the first day at Skagway, and who were down after feed for their two horses. They had been two weeks on the trail. They tell me one of their horses is played out this side of Porcupine.

"He fell over a bank forty or fifty feet, and was on the trail next day all right, but he must have been hurt inside. He's all shot to h—l now."

Two of them go back, and return before night. They report having shot the horse. They had a little fun at first by saying they had sold the horse for a hundred and twenty-five dollars.

"Of course we told him we couldn't recommend the horse, but it was a *horse*."

This does not seem unreasonable to us, as any kind of a "*horse*" brings whatever one asks for it. At length one of the boys says: "No; we offered it to a man for ten dollars. He said he didn't want it. Then we offered to give it to him. He said he didn't want it even at that price. Then we asked him for a gun to shoot it with, and he lent us a revolver and we shot it."

I saw one of these men afterwards. He told me he had sold their other horse, as they found that it was cheaper to pack their own goods on their own backs than to carry in feed the eight or nine miles from Skagway. A horse is now carrying hardly more than a hundred pounds. A few horses are passing along in the rain. One or two immense oxen go by loaded with three hundred and more pounds. It is astonishing what they will carry. And then, when they are there, they can be killed and eaten. Doubtless a horse can be eaten also, but most people have preferences.

Every one is downhearted here. So near the summit, yet so great has been their struggle that hardly one expects to get in at all, but is discussing seriously the best place to winter. Said one: "I mean to go in if it takes all winter. If a man can hunt and gets a caribou he need not mind it."

None of them feel like going back, but most of them regret having started. All of them blame the misrepresentation about the trail, and there are many anxious inquiries about how it is at Dyea.

The trail along the bed of the river is a continuous mire, knee-deep to men and horses. Here and there is a spot where a spring branch crosses the trail, and in such spots, which are twenty to thirty feet across, there is simply no bottom. One such hole is beside our camp. Of the first train of five horses and three men that I saw go by, three horses and two men got in, and with difficulty got out. After that every horse went in to his tail in the mud, but, after desperate struggles, got upon solid ground. There are worse holes than this. The trail is said to cross the river by two more bridges, and then to continue on to the summit by a road equally bad, but no worse than what we have come over. Past the summit no one seems to know anything of the trail, only that a few persons have got through, including two or three women. The men are discontented. The trail is all but impassable, yet some are plugging along. These men, it is predicted, will lose their horses, at this rate, in three or four days. Some say that something must be done to the trail; that they are willing to put in work, but are not willing that others should not quit and help also.

There is no organization, no common interest. The selfish are crowding on, every man for himself. Unless something is done, and done soon, the trail will be blocked, and then no one will get through.

"It's no use going *around* these mud-holes," says one of my fellows. "The swamp is all alike. The only thing to do is to make corduroy bridges every foot of the way before there will be a trail. I am willing to start to-morrow and bridge these holes above here."

No wonder they are discouraged. Rain, rain, all the time—no sunshine up in these mountains; their tent pitched in a mud hole, their bed made on the stumps of bushes, their blankets and everything wet and muddy. They are trying to dry out a hair seal cap and some socks before a miserable fire. The very wood is wet, and will only smoke and smoulder.

August 24, 1897.

I remain all night in their tent, and early this morning set out to come back. I have seen enough of the trail to know what it is like. I should like nothing better than to be able to go on to and past the summit; but my goods are at Dyea—indeed, as things go in this country, I cannot be sure that I have any goods left at all.

Concerning which, one trifling but characteristic incident occurred that has almost slipped my mind. When I returned from Dyea, after taking my goods over, I went to the tent, and found that a steer had come away and kicked some sparks from a fire against the back of the tent where some of my personal effects were,

AN INCIDENT OF THE SKAGWAY TRAIL.

and had burned out half the end of the tent before kind neighbors extinguished it. It was not put out, however, until the fire had burned the cover and part of the leather off my camera, yet without hurting the camera. It had destroyed the tripod cover without touching the tripod; it had burned the gun case without hurting the rifle; it had burned some twenty pages of my diary, but had taken the back instead of the front leaves. The only actual loss was a few envelopes. One's property is not safe a moment out of one's eye.

I have made careful inquiry about the loss of horses on the trail. The number is probably about twenty actually killed, with considerably more badly hurt or temporarily laid up. Each day now about four horses are being killed. The number is bound to increase as the trail grows worse (which is nearly impossible), and the horses grow weak under the strain and lack of care. When the sun and rains of summer shall have melted the snow of Chilkoot, the White Pass trail will be paved with the bones of horses, and the ravens and foxes will feast as never before until the white man sought a new way across the great mountain. As many horses as have gone in alive on the White Pass trail, so many will bleach their bones by the pine trees and in the gulches—for none will come out.

A little while ago contracts were taken at twenty, then twenty-five, cents a pound through. Just now six hundred and fifty dollars was paid for a thousand pounds, while a thousand dollars was offered, and refused by a certain outfit, to take a thousand pounds over. Yesterday a horse deliberately walked over the face of Porcupine Hill. Said one of the men who saw it:

"It looked to me, sir, like suicide. I believe a horse will commit suicide, and this is enough to make them; they don't mind the hills like they do these mud holes." He added, "I don't know but I had rather commit suicide too than be driven by some of the men on this trail."

Here is what one hears all along the trail: "We brought a boat with us but we sled it at Skagway. It cost us twenty seven dollars in Seattle, and we sold it for three fifty, and were glad to get rid of it."

Yet two Peterboro canoes are now on their way to the summit. I saw them myself, as well as a man poking along in the rain with a load of boat lumber on his shoulder, so long that the wonder is how it ever got around the turns on Porcupine Ridge.

Word is brought down the trail that one man, who was so fortunate as to get over and had his boat built and ready loaded, went to sleep, and in the morning awoke to find that the boat had been stolen and was on its way down the Yukon. Surely that is hardship, yet it is only one incident out of many. The history of this trail is yet to be written, and will only be heard by the fireside of old men.

On the way back, groups of men are met who have ceased packing and are mending the road. There is some talk of the trail being closed. Further on the rumor is verified. Groups of men in charge of foremen are chopping down trees and building corduroy roads over the worst mud holes and over the most dangerous por-

ANOTHER VICTIM OF THE TRAIL.

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See Page 1002.

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tions of the rocks. The manner of building is to take two string-pieces, lay them side by side four feet apart, then lay half round logs across, and hold these down by two more string-pieces pegged down solidly. In places they have built piles of wood over the bodies of dead horses that have become offensive, and these are being consumed.

Between Porcupine and the Foot of the Hill the whole road is being systematically and substantially put in order. Not a horse nor a man with a pack is allowed to pass the Foot of the Hill. One man who attempted to pass got roughly handled. He was threatened with the black spot and all the Irish curses of the boss of the gang. His excuse was that he had a tent up the road, and was merely getting back home. At the Foot of the Hill a rope is stretched across the trail, and several committee-men of the miners stand guard and rigidly enforce the rule that no man with a pack must pass over for the space of three days. By that time it is believed, the trail will be fixed. There was a miners' meeting last night, at which the trail was declared closed. The town at the Foot of the Hill was at the same time officially named "Camp Edgemont."

Two men came through from Dawson a few days ago. No one knew it until after they had left for Seattle except the doctor who keeps the little apothecary shop at Skagway. He told me about it while measuring out some quinine pills:

"I saw the two boys come by, and I recognized them as from my town, and called them by name, and asked them if they had come down the trail. They said they had, and I asked them in. They came in, and one of them helped the other off with his pack. I noticed it seemed very heavy, so I came right out plump. 'How much dust have you got?' 'Dust?' they said, 'that's our grub.' 'Oh, now,' said I, 'you might as well tell me how much you've got!' Well, they made me promise not to tell they were there until after they had got away. They opened up, and showed me eighty-five pounds of dust; the biggest lump was as big as my thumb. They came up by boat to the White Horse Rapids, and afoot the rest of the way. They told me that they threw the sack of dust down fifty times, not caring if they ever picked it up."

Fifty men might come through and no one would know it. No man knows his neighbor, nor seems to care. Speak to a man once or twice, and every one calls him your "pardner." The better class of men resent this expression. It is decidedly too familiar and vulgar—about as if a stranger should address you as "Shorty." It is the regular thing here, however, and is no more of a lie than our expression "my friend."

In the two or three days that have elapsed since I went in on the trail Skagway has undergone further transformation. The "Pack Train" is housed in an imposing frame building, where the bad whiskey continues to be sold over a bar more like the real thing. A dozen new wooden buildings have gone up, and more are begun.

With the shutting down of the trail, Mr. Scovel, the correspondent of the *World*, stepped in with an offer of a ton of dynamite for blasting a hundred drills, and about the same number of sledge-hammers and crowbars. A wagon has just gone in with the powder, and experienced foremen are also being paid to go in and take charge of the rock gangs, while the others work at bridge-making with their axes. It is hoped that by this means the road will be made permanently fit for travel. The future of the White Pass trail depends upon this, likewise the fate of hundreds of men who have put every dollar into the trail, and who, if they do not get through, will be ruined. Many are saying that it is all now a big bunco game played on innocent people by those who own town sites and are interested in keeping the trail closed and people here. This may be true, but it would seem a short-sighted policy, for if the trail continues to have a bad name (as it certainly has now), these town lots will have little value. On the other hand, it is claimed that while the trail is already doomed, if a railroad is put through, Skagway may become and continue to be an important town.

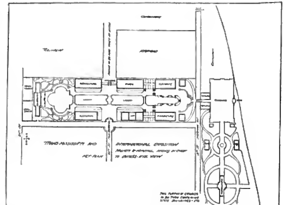
The *Bristol*, after many delays, amid angry mutterings from the victims of wildcat enterprise, has unloaded her goods. Jim has gone over to Dyea, so there is nothing left but to follow.

TAPPAN ADNEY.

THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI EXHIBITION AT OMAHA.

THE great Trans-Mississippi Exhibition, which is to open its gates at Omaha on June 1, 1898, will be the largest and most important in the series of what may be called "sectional exhibitions" that have been held in this country since the Columbian World's Fair at Chicago. It will be, moreover, the first to apply in a thorough manner the noble lesson of artistic unity that made the Chicago exhibition the greatest success of its kind, and in this fact will lie its charm for the country at large. The opportunity to live through another enchanting day-dream—to experience, in no small degree, not exactly a repetition of the glories of the White City, but a revival of its spirit in a new and delightful incorporation of the artistic ideas that dominated at Jackson Park—is one that will surely be welcomed by thousands of Americans next summer and autumn. The influence of Chicago was manifest in many ways at San Francisco, Atlanta, and Nashville, and Nashville furnished the nearest approach to the model in excellence of results. But in all three the manifestations were fragmentary and detached, evident in details alone, always lacking the coherence, the unity, that lay at the very foundation of the Chicago achievement.

At Omaha, very fortunately, the central idea of the Chicago exhibition was adopted at the start and made the basis of the entire scheme. Mr. Frederic Law Olmsted, it will be remembered, was intrusted with the designing of the general plan, working in entire harmony with his ideas were the various architects, with Mr. C. H. Burnham as director of construction, and thoroughly imbued with the spirit of carrying the masterly conception into faithful execution. As at Chicago the Omaha exhibition is based upon a central and integral artistic conception finding expression in harmonious subordination of every detail to the dominating idea. At the outset Messrs. Walker and Kimball of Boston and Omaha were appointed architects-in-chief, uniting the functions which at Chicago were respectively intrusted to Messrs. Olmsted and Burnham. Mr. Charles Howard Walker, of Boston, through an



intimate association with Mr. Olmsted in various practical matters, may, in a certain sense be called a pupil of that master, and his work at Omaha has been guided by the same spirit that gave shape to Jackson Park, while his associate, Mr. Kimball of Omaha, sympathetically directs the execution of the work. The architects-in-chief were intrusted with the designing of the plan, the selection of the architects for the various leading buildings and the execution of the architectural details that should connect and unite the several structures of the central scheme.

While the leading motive of the Columbian exhibition was that of a group of monumental buildings arranged about a formal "Court of Honor," surrounded by a landscape of natural character which played an important part in the design, the conditions of the Trans-Mississippi Exhibition site make it necessary that the landscape element constitute but a minor feature, the formal portion of the scheme dominating the whole. The conditions were established by the importance of considering the main approach to the site as the transverse axis in the design, whose central feature accordingly took shape on a long canal-like lagoon, or basin, forming the longitudinal axis, and surrounded by the chief buildings of the exhibition. This basin is crossed at the centre by Twentieth Street, a broad and stately thoroughfare running from the city to the exhibition grounds, and crossing the latter to suburbs beyond. Altogether the ground area for the exhibition constitutes about 200 acres, divided in three irregular sections: the arena of the exhibition occupying a rectangular strip 720 feet wide and a half-mile long.

The plan having been made and adopted, the architects who had been invited to design the various buildings were furnished with the scale of dimensions and proportions necessary to a harmonious result, and requested to meet at Omaha at a certain date, bringing the approved sketches. Their conferences proved a repetition of the delightful experiences enjoyed by the architects who came together at Chicago in a similar cause. All were men representing the best phases of their art in this country, thoroughly trained in the great schools and in the master houses, and purely artistic in spirit. Limited in this work only by the list of measurements and proportions given them, together with the material to be employed and the general style to be followed—a free Renaissance—they were otherwise left entirely free to follow their individual preferences in their designs. They surrendered themselves to their tasks with the fresh enthusiasm of their student days, giving material form to their youthful dreams of architectural delights under the guidance of matured judgments formed in the schooling of practical work. Acting in unison, their aim was to shape their designs in a way that—in producing a rich and harmonious *ensemble*, and thus causing each structure to enhance the beauty of each and all of its neighbors—would enable each artist to show the best of which he was capable. Thus once more we have an evidence of the possibilities of united effort guided by the enlightened spirit of emulation, the work of each individual showing for the best through its harmonious adjustment to environment, rather than in endeavors at self-assertion by overshadowing and overpowering one another's creations. If only a modern city could be built under like conditions!

The Fine Arts Building was assigned to Eames and Young of St. Louis, the Manufactures and Liberal Arts to S. S. Beman of Chicago, the Agricultural to Cass Gilbert of St. Paul, the Mines and Mining to J. J. Humphreys of Denver, the Machinery and Electricity to Dwight Perkins of Chicago, the Auditorium to Fisher & Lawrie of Omaha, and the Horticultural Building to Charles F. Biendorff of Omaha. All of these structures are grouped about the grand basin, with the exception of the Horticultural, which is the central feature of the section of the grounds near the river, where various smaller buildings, including those of several States, are grouped. In addition the United States Government Building, which occupies the place of honor at the head of the basin, is the work of Mr. Fmun, one of the most talented of the assistants in the Supervising Architect's department at Washington. Besides the various important unifying details, the architects-in-chief design the Administration Building, the entrance arch, and the two restaurant buildings.

At the main entrance Twentieth Street expands into a great circular plaza, where the trolley cars and other conveyances land their passengers. Here is the great entrance arch dedicated to the twenty-three trans-Mississippi States and Territories, whose Commercial Congress, held in Omaha two years ago, originated the exhibition. This arch, decorated with the arms of the States, is to be of stone, and will stand as a permanent monument when the exhibition is over, forming the entrance to a handsome park of ten acres to be located here. Beyond the arch the grand basin is spanned by a handsome stone bridge, also a permanent structure, for a portion of the basin is to be retained in the park as an ornamental piece of water, formal in design. Opposite stands the stately Administration Building, in the shape of an arch and tower, giving entrance to the grounds from the opposite side. It was felt that a dome in this place would oppress the lower-lying domes of the neighboring structures, and therefore this building was given a peaked pyramidal roof, with pinnacles adorned in light and rich efflorescence. This long basin has the same dimensions as the transverse canal of the Court of Honor at Chicago. In the flanking architecture the motive is to produce a brilliant scenic effect, analogous to that of a theatre stage with its wings; the buildings have therefore been designed as much as practicable with colonnades, giving "in and out" alternations, so to speak, with large and luminous shadow spaces and frequent accents of sparkling high lights.

As at Chicago, the color scheme will be harmonious; although instead of being a "White City," the intent is to produce a Pompeian aspect, with warm brilliant surfaces, the projecting features of the architecture, however, for the most part kept in a warm ivory white. The façades on either side of the long basin converge gradually towards the west, creating a false perspective and materially heightening the effect of distance; this effect will also be enhanced by the termination of the canal at this end in a broad trefoil-shaped basin 400 feet wide, the expansion of the water surface behind the flanking architecture giving the impression of indefinite lateral extension. The westward vista ends at the United States Government Building, with its lofty dome, an edifice of superb design—quite in contrast with its predecessor at Chicago.

At the easterly end, towards the Missouri, the basin terminates in amphitheatre-like architecture with a gradual ascent, carrying the vision unconsciously upward to a high aerial perspective between the twin restaurant towers, with nothing visible beyond but sky, and creating here also the impression of indefinite distance. The basin is surrounded by a broad promenade or track, where a service of motor carriages will give a convenient transit system about the grounds. The trefoil lake before the National Government Building will be the scene of fireworks, and there will be room for many thousands of spectators about and upon the surrounding colonnade. On the canal there will be aquatic processions and other festivities.

The grounds bordering the Missouri River will receive park-like treatment at the hands of Mr. Ulrich, who was an assistant to Mr. Olmsted at the Columbian Exhibition. Between the central ground at the river this section will form a large open expanse or concourse, and forty thousand people can easily be seated about the great music pavilion on the bluff, where there is a grand panoramic view up and down the Missouri. To the southward of this, around the Horticultural Building, numerous attractions will be located; among them an ethnological exhibit in a huge wigwam 300 feet high, surrounded by an Indian encampment. In this section will also be the dairy, poultry, and apiary exhibits.

North of the central section will be live-stock and agricultural exhibits, etc., including a large area showing growing crops under irrigation, illustrating the agricultural capabilities of the semi-arid West. It is promised that the amusement section will be richer in attractions than the famous Midway Plaisance at Chicago. Among the mechanical novelties will be a [illegible] umbrella," carrying passengers 300 feet, and involving [illegible] a circle 250 feet in diameter. There will also be [illegible] of aeronautical devices. An area will be res[illegible] race-course, athletic sports, and competitive [illegible] Back of the United States Government Buildi[illegible] an encampment of Federal troops, and [illegible] trefoil lake will be a life-saving exhibit, with da[illegible] demonstrations on the water.

The States and Territories represented in this exhibition number more than half of the units in the Federal Union; they have an area of 2,000,000 miles square, and in the past quarter-century their population nearly trebled, approximating 20,000,000 to-day.

SYLVESTER BAXTER.

"THE VINTAGE."*

A STORY OF THE GREEK WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY E. F. BENSON.

CHAPTER XX

FROM Megalopolis Karitena was only four hours' march, and Nicholas was anxious to force the pace so as to reach it early next morning, before news of their approach should have reached it. The Megalopolis men were as untrained as his own, but they knew the country better, and he organized out of these a sort of skirmishing party who should go in advance and intercept any fugitives who might carry the news of the march into Karitena. The only chance of taking it was if he could find it unprepared, like Kalamata, and creep up to it at night, and either make a night assault or draw his lines round it before he could be attacked.

Like Kalamata, the town was pregnable only from one side, but on this the road ran steeply up to the gate parallel with the citadel wall, thus exposing the attacking party to a broadside fire if the besieged were prepared. They were, in fact, more than prepared—they were expectant—and Nicholas fell into a very neatly executed trap.

The skirmishing party had started a little before sunset, while the others were to set out soon after, so as to reach the town by midnight or before, if possible make a night attack, or, if not, take up their places so that when morning dawned the citadel might find itself beleaguered. But the skirmishers, exceeding Nicholas's instructions, had gone too far, and were seen from Karitena, and all that night the Turks made preparations for a carefully planned assault on the morrow. However, Nicholas arrived about midnight, and finding everything quiet, and hearing nothing from the skirmishing party which could lead him to think that Karitena was prepared, reconnoitred the ground, and decided not to attack it by night, for the gate was strong and well fortified, and without artillery of some kind would not quickly be forced, and he returned to the men and gave orders for the disposal of the troops. Those who were most trustworthy, consisting of the greater part of the Argive corps, were posted along the road, and to guard the bridge over the Alpheus which led to Tripoli; he placed the less trained soldiers to the north and south, where there was less likelihood of attack. He himself remained with the rawer troops, where his presence was more likely to be needed than with the Argives, whom he thought he could trust.

Morning came clear and bright, and Nicholas, on foot early, went forward a little to see if there was yet any sign of movement in the citadel, and advancing to where he could see the gate, he observed that it was open, and that a couple of Turks driving mules were coming down the path. This was an unexpected opportunity, surely they could storm the place out of hand and have done with it, and going back to the men, he ordered an advance at once. The Argive troops were the vanguard, then followed the small band from Megalopolis, after them the main body, which he led himself. In a quarter of an hour all was ready, and, the Argive troops leading the way, they advanced at a double up the steep path.

Then when they were streaming up under the walls, the Turks showed that they were quite prepared to receive them. A storm of musketry fire opened on them from the length of the wall, and, like troops unaccustomed to fire, they did the worst thing possible, and stopped to return it instead of advancing. This was hopeless, for their assailants were completely sheltered behind the fortifications and the Greek fire only chipped off pieces of mortar and stone from the walls, and after losing several minutes and many lives, they pressed on again gallantly enough towards the gate, which still stood open. This brought the main part of the army with Nicholas under fire, but they were now moving rapidly forward, and he still hoped that they would be able to get in. But the fire had a demoralizing effect on these raw recruits, who had seen nothing of fighting but the pillaging of defenceless farm-houses, and as they were shot down one after another, they too wavered. Once the first three ranks stopped and would have turned to run, but Nicholas, smiling and cheerful, shouted out:

"This way, boys—this way! We shall soon be past this little shower, and then comes our turn."

His voice, and the words which, in the Greek, contained a somewhat coarse but popular joke, had the right effect, and they doubled on again to close up the gap between them and the vanguard. But those few minutes had been expensive, and it was marvellous how these men faced all the horrors of a well-directed fire, the sudden shriek, the involuntary cry of overwhelming physical pain, or, hardly less horrible, the sudden striking out of life into death, and Nicholas, looking back on the thinned ranks, the terror-struck faces, but the determined advance, thought gleefully, "These are brave men, and this is what they require."

By this time the Argives had very nearly reached the gate, but then came the second part of the Turks' stratagem. Quite suddenly from inside poured out a band of cavalry, some five hundred in number, who rode full speed down on them. The Argives stopped, and attempting to make the best of a hopeless job, the front ranks opened fire and a few Turks fell. But the charge came on, the two met with a crash, and the inevitable happened. The ranks broke and the men poured down off the road on to the steep slope below like water. Resistance was not possible, and the cavalry came on, hewing their way through the congested mass of men. In the mean time the firing from the walls went on steadily. Nicholas, seeing what had happened, knew that it was hopeless to try to face this, and with a fine wisdom, though deadly bitter, did the best thing.

"Save yourselves!" he cried. "Run!"

And they turned and fled down the road again, the Turkish cavalry in their rear, hewing, hacking, and discharging their pistols. The rout was complete, each man fled as fast as he could go, while the cavalry, like a swarm of stinging wasps, flew hither and thither, opening out as they reached the plain, and chasing the men as they fled, singly or in batches of five or six.

Luckily for the Greeks the mountains came down close to the plain here, and they struck for them desperately across the narrow strip of level land, for there the cavalry could not easily follow them, or only man to man. Nicholas, running down the slope for the road, tripped in a bush, as it turned out luckily for him, for a sabre at that moment swung over the place where his head would have been, and the Turk, not waiting to attack him singly when there were many little knots of men among whom he could pick and choose, rode on, leaving him, and Nicholas, who had sprained his ankle slightly as he fell, plunged into the brushwood, where he could not so easily be followed. His rifle he had thrown away, for it impeded his flight, and he was already some distance behind the others, who were, however, going in the right direction, towards Valtetzi, where Petrobey had told them the camp would be.

But though the rout had been complete and utter, and Nicholas was far from disguising the fact from himself, he was filled with an unexpected exultation at the way the troops had behaved for those two or three moments which try the courage of any man when he is being fired at and cannot return the fire. To be shot at when a man may shoot in return and the chances are even is known to be strangely exhilarating, but to be shot at and not to shoot is cold comfort for the heart. They had been through the baptism of fire under the most trying circumstances, and, with the exception of that one moment of wavering, had stood their ground till they were told to stand no longer.

He crept painfully up the hill-side all alone, but the pursuit was past, and the cavalry, he could see, were returning across the plain to the town, knowing it was useless to pursue further. That fatal road up to the gate was strewn with corpses, almost all Greek, and only a handful of Turks and horses. Other horses, however, were careering riderless about the plain, and Nicholas, with his aching foot, thought how convenient it would be if he could get one.

A quarter of a mile away he could see two or three of the men trying to capture one of these, but they only succeeded in frightening it, and it bolted up towards the hill where Nicholas was, and a couple of minutes later he saw it burst through the first belt of trees and halt on a piece of open ground below him. There it stopped, and in a minute or so began cropping at the short growing grass. Its bridle, he could see, was over its head, trailing on the ground.

Now Nicholas was an Odysseus of resource, and having lived in the open air all his days, and having shrewd wits, which he always kept about him, he knew the ways of beasts and birds, and could imitate their calls to one another; and, furthermore, his foot ached and burned, and not wishing to walk more than he could help, he preferred that this horse should come to him, rather than that he should go to the horse. It was about a hundred yards from him, but a long way below, and it was grazing quietly. So Nicholas, to make it alert, and also to assist in bringing it nearer him, took up a pebble, and with extreme precision threw it over the horse, so that it fell on the far side of him. The animal, startled by the noise, stopped grazing and started off at a trot in the direction away from where the pebble had seemed to come, and directly towards Nicholas. After a few yards, however, it stopped again, and Nicholas whinnied gently. At that it looked up again, and sniffed the air, but before it had begun eating again he whinnied once more, and then lay flat down on his back. In a moment the horse answered, and Nicholas called to it a third time, and he heard from below that it had left the open and was pushing towards him through the trees. Once again he called, and the answer came nearer, and in a few moments the horse appeared, ambling quickly up the steep incline. For a moment it did not see Nicholas, for he lay flat on the ground, half covered by the bush, but when it did, seeing he lay quite still, it came close to him and sniffed round him. Then, quietly reaching out a hand, he caught the bridle as it trailed on the ground.

This was satisfactory, for, besides getting a mount, he had acquired a pistol which was stuck into its case on the saddle, and getting up, he pushed the horse forwards through the trees. Half an hour's ride brought him into a bridle-path high on the mountain-side, and he halted here to take his bearings. Straight in front of him, and not an hour's ride distant, stood the huddled roofs of a village, which he took to be Serrica, but at present he could only see a few of the outlying houses. But at the thought that this was Serrica his heart thrilled within him, for it was the village from which his wife had come. A wonderful return was this for him, already the work of avenging her death had begun, and soon, please God, should a Turk be slain for every hair of her head. Ah! the accursed race who had brought dishonour to her and to him—a wound that would never be healed! Helen, too—little Helen, who ran towards him, crying, "Father, father!" Yes, her father heard her voice still, she should not cry in vain!

He turned off the path in order to reconnoitre. His heart pulled him thither, yet for that very reason he would be cautious and not risk his ultimate vengeance. From the slope above it he watched for ten minutes more, and seeing no movement or sign of life in the village, concluded that here, too, the Greeks had risen, and after driving out the Turks, had gone either to Petrobey or to Kalavryta. And as he looked he saw that a dozen houses at one spot were roofless, showing charred beams pointing up to the sky; they had been burnt. At the end stood the church dedicated to the Mother of God, and oh the bitterness of that! It was there he had been married; from that door he had walked away with the dearest and fairest of women, the happiest man in Greece.

Nicholas hesitated no longer, it was still an hour before noon, and he did not care to travel during the day. He would go down once more to the place, he would see it all again, and lash himself into an even keener anguish and a keener lust for vengeance; and making his horse go quickly down the crumbling hill-side, in ten minutes more he stood at the straggling village street. There was the house—her house—just in front of him, and he went there first. The door was standing open, and inside he found, as Mitsos had found at Mistra, the signs of a sudden departure. His brother-in-law, to whom the house belonged, must have gone to Petrobey or Kalavryta—probably the latter—and the thought was wine to him. Husband and brother—a double vengeance; and his should be the work of three men.

He had not eaten that day, but he soon found bread, meat, and wine, and after stabling his horse and eating, he went out again to the church. Every step seemed a tearing open of the wound, yet with every step his heart was fed with fierce joy. Ah, no! Helen should not call in vain!

The church door was open, and he entered. It had not altered at all in those twenty years since he had seen it last. Over the altar hung a rude early painting showing the Mother of God, and nestling in her arms the wondrous Child; in front the remote kings did obeisance, behind stood the ox and the ass in the manger. And casting himself down there, in an agony bitter-sweet, he prayed with fervor and faith to the Mother of the Divine Child. All the hopes and the desires of years were concentrated into that moment, and he offered them up humbly, yet as his best, to the Lord and the Handmaid of the Lord. Then, in his excitement and his ecstasy as he gazed on that rude picture with streaming eyes, it seemed to him that a sign of acceptance, visible and immediate, was given him. A light as steadfast but softer than the sun grew and glowed round the two figures, the rough craft of the artist was glorified, and on the face, so human yet so divine, there came a sudden graciousness; it was touched with a pitiful sympathy for him, and the eyes smiled acceptance of his offering. Bowed down by so wonderful a pity, he hid his face in his hands, faith struck fear from his heart, and in that moment he felt that he had not prayed alone, that his wife had knelt by him, and that it was her prayers mingled with his that had brought for him this sign of the divine favor of his work.

That night, as soon as the sun had gone down and the way grew dark, he went on his journey with a soul refreshed and strengthened; he felt that the vow he had made over the dead body of his wife had been attested and approved by Christ and the Mother of Christ, and from that hour to the end of his life never for a day did that gracious vision, like bread from Heaven, fail to sustain and strengthen him. And all through the clear spring night the hosts of heaven that rose and wheeled above him were ministering spirits, and the wind that passed cool and bracing over the hill-side the incense which carried his prayer upwards. He to whom vengeance belonged had chosen him as His humble but willing agent; his sword was the sword of the Lord.

He crossed the first range of hills by midnight, and then struck the road which led by the khan where Mitsos and Yanni had stopped on their way from Tripoli. It was now only two hours to day, but seeing a light in the windows, he drew rein to inquire whether Anastasis had seen anything of the other fugitives. Looking in cautiously through the windows, he saw that the floor was covered with Greeks, who lay sleeping, while Anastasis, good fellow, was serving others with hot coffee and bread.

Nicholas tied up his horse and went in. As he entered, several of the men in a group round the fire turned and looked to see who it was, instinctively clutching at their knives. Then one got hastily up, and his head was among the roof beams.

"Uncle Nicholas!" he cried. "It is you?"

"Who else should it be, little Mitsos, and what do you here?"

"Petrobey sent me down this morning to see if anything could be seen or heard of you, and when you did not come and we heard from the others what had happened, we were afraid, or almost afraid—"

"I am not so easily got rid of," said Nicholas. "Anastasis, I shall not forget that you were good to the fugitives. Yes, I will have some coffee."

Most of the men sleeping on the floor had awoke at the noise and were sitting up. Nicholas took a chair and began sipping his coffee.

"Little Mitsos," he said, aloud, "I do not know what the others may have told you has happened, but I will tell you what I saw. I saw a body of men who knew nothing of war stand steadily under a heavy fire because they were told to stand. I saw them go on under it when there was room to move, but not one did I see run away until I had to set the example and told them to run."

Mitsos grew rather red in the face.

"The cavalry charged on them, and from behind the fortifications came a hail of bullets. And I never desire," he said, striking the table with a great thump, "nor would it be possible, to command braver men."

Mitsos held out his hand to the man nearest him. "Christos, shake hands or knock me down," he said. "I eat my own words as one eats figs in autumn—one gulp."

"What have you been saying?" asked Nicholas.

"I said they were cowards to run away. Oh, but I am very sorry! They are bad words I am eating."

"Well, let there be no mistake, Mitsos," said Nicholas; "down they go."

Christos, a huge, broad-shouldered country Greek, looked up at Mitsos, grinning.

"There is no malice," he said. "I called you a liar."

"So you did, and there were nearly hard blows. Oh, we should have made a fine fight of it, for we are neither little men! But there will be no fighting now, unless you are wishful, for I will deny no one anything, now Uncle Nicholas has come. Why, you are lame, uncle! How did you get here?"

"I rode a fine Turkish horse," remarked Nicholas. "May I never ride a finer."

Mitsos's frank and unreserved apologies had quite restored the amiability of those present, who, when Nicholas had entered, were far from pleased, for Mitsos had made himself peculiarly offensive. But though he could not quite see how bravery was compatible with running away, Nicholas must be taken on trust.

Nicholas had fallen in with the last batch of fugitives. Since noon they had been streaming up the hills, only a few, apparently, were wounded, and these had been sent on on mules to the camp. Those who had been wounded severely, it was feared, must have fallen into the hands of the Turks, for there had been no possibility of escape except in flight. Altogether Nicholas reckoned that they

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 2148.

"CASTING HIMSELF DOWN THERE, IN AN AGONY BITTER SWEET, HE PRAYED"

had lost three hundred men, and but for his own promptness in seeing the utter hopelessness of trying to stop the cavalry charge they would have lost five times that number. Having satisfied himself on these points, he turned to Mitsos again.

"How about the ship, and when did you get back?"

"Two days after you left Taygetus," said Mitsos; and then, with a great grin, "There isn't any ship."

"Tell me about it; and I, too, afterwards, have something to tell."

Mitsos's story, which was, of course, news to all present, was received with great applause, though he left out that part of it which raised the exploit to a heroism, and Nicholas smiled on him when he had finished.

"It was well done," he said, "and I think, little Mitsos, that I, too, have friends who will, perhaps, aid me as they have aided you," and he told them the story of his vision.

"And by this I know," he concluded, "that our work is a work which God has blessed, and, come what may, not for an hour will I shrink from it or flinch till it is finished, or till my time comes. Look, the east is already lightening. Get up, my lads, for we must push on to the camp."

In a quarter of an hour they were off, the men marching in good order as long as they kept the road, but falling out when they had to climb the rough hill side. An hour's walking brought them to the top of the hills, and from a detached spur, standing alone and commanding the valley, they could see the lines of the fortifications which Petrobey was erecting. He knew if seeing them coming while still far off, rode out to meet them, and Nicholas spurred his horse forward to meet him alone.

"Praise the Virgin that you have come, Nicholas!" he said, "for by this I know that there was no disgrace."

"You are right. Had there been disgrace I should not be here. But there was nothing but bravery among the men, and the disgrace, if so you think it is, is on my head." And he told him what had happened.

"They are brave men," said Petrobey, "and yet I think you are the braver for giving that order."

"I should have been a foolish loon if I had not," said Nicholas laughing.

Since his arrival at the place Petrobey had seen its possibilities. The ground he had occupied was the top of a large spur of hill, going steeply down into the valley and commanding a good view of it. Its advantage was obvious, for cavalry, which at present they were particularly incompetent to meet, could not possibly attack them here, and also it would be most difficult for the Turks to get any of their big guns of which there were several in Tripoli, to assault it. They knew that in that town there were at least ten six-pounders and certainly fifteen more nine pounders, though since they had occupied this place, and found that the Turk had made no efforts whatever to attack them, Petrobey suspected, and as it turned out rightly, that they were not all serviceable. Furthermore, occupying Valietzi, they cut off Tripoli from Kalamata, which was the nearest port, and which was, as Petrobey feared, insufficiently guarded by the troops he had left on Taygetus and the pass into Arcadia. However, by his occupation of Valietzi there would be two passes to capture before they could send help to Tripoli, and, as he said, "They will be strong men if they take this."

Tripoli itself lay about eight miles to the northeast, and at present the whole body of men was occupied in fortifying the post they had taken. A village, largely Turkish, stood on the spot, and day by day the demolition of the houses went on from daybreak to nightfall, in order to use the materials in building up a defensive wall. The soldiers, meantime, as their barracks were converted into fortifications, substituted for them huts of poles woven in with osiers and brushwood, similar to those they used on Taygetus. The walls, it must be confessed, presented a curiously unworkmanlike aspect, here and there a course of regular square stones would be interrupted by a couple of Byzantine columns from the mosque, or the capital of a Venetian pillar in which a strange, human faced lion looked out from a nest of conventional acorns and leaves. Further on in the same row would come a packet of roof tiles plastered together with mud, and a plane tree standing in the line of the wall was pressed into the service, and supplied the place of a big stone for eight upward courses. Above that it had been sawn off and the next section of the trunk, being straight, made a wooden coping for five yards of wall. Here a chimney pot filled with earth and stones took its place among solider materials, and a hearth stone placed on end, with two inches of iron support for the stewing pot, stared foolishly out into vacancy. Then came a section which the builders had drawn from a richer quarry, and a fine slab of porphyry and two *rosso antico* pillars formed an exclusive coterie in the midst of rough blocks of limestone. But, though heterogeneous, the walls were stout and high, and nothing else mattered.

Inside, however, things presented a much more orderly and workmanlike appearance. The soldiers' huts, it is true, were small, but they would stand a good deal of rough weather, and the floors were shingled with gravel from a quarry close by. Two houses only had been kept, in one of which were stored the arms, in the other the ammunition, Petrobey and Nicholas, as before, occupying huts exactly like those tenanted by the common soldiers. The mules and herds of sheep and goats were driven out every day under an armed escort to pasture on the hills near, and penned to the south of the camp for the night. Food was plentiful and the men seemed content, for the booty already taken was very considerable.

In ten days more, before the end of April, the walls were complete, and Petrobey, following out the plan he had formed from the first, sent out countless skirmishing expeditions which, mingling by night, constructed useful though inglorious assaults against the Turkish villages scattered round Tripoli, the inhabitants of which, feeling secure in their neighborhood to the fortress, had not yet sought refuge within its walls. Men, women, and children alike were slain, the valuables seized, the flocks and herds driven up to the camp, and the villages burned. In such operations the losses of the Greeks were almost *nil*. Once or twice some houses defended by a few inside resisted the attack and fired upon them, in which case the assailants did not scruple to set light to the place, and in ten days more only heaps of smoking ruins remained of the little smiling villages which had been dotted about the plain.

Petrobey also established another small camp on the hills to the east of Tripoli to guard the road between it and the plain of Argos and Nauplia. They had already intercepted and had a small skirmish with troops coming from Nauplia there. The loss on the Greek side was about one hundred, on that of the Turks nearly two hundred, for when it came to hand to hand fighting the Greeks everywhere showed a marked superiority. On this occasion they had laid an ambush on both sides of the road, and opened fire simultaneously on the regiment as it passed. The Turks had with them a contingent of cavalry, but on the rocky and wooded ground they were perfectly useless, and the infantry, leaving the road had driven the Greeks from their ground, though in the first attack they had lost severely.

But this readiness to retreat when necessary, and not waste either powder or lives over positions which were not important, was in accordance with the policy which Nicholas had indicated, and had been the first to put in practice at Karitena, and it was exactly this harassing guerilla warfare, in which cavalry could not be brought into play, in which attack was unexpected and flight immediate upon any sign of a regular engagement, which quite complissed the Turks. Though at the beginning of the war their numbers exceeded those of the Greeks yet each engagement of the kind lessened them in a far greater proportion than the Greeks who seemed, on the other hand to be mustering fresh regiments every day. Had Petrobey at this period consented to give battle in the plains, it is probable that his army would have been wiped out if they had fought to a close, and it says much for his wisdom that he persisted in a policy which was tedious and distasteful to him personally. But the Greeks were acquiring every day fresh experience and knowledge, while the strength of the Turks, which lay in their admirable cavalry and their guns, was lying useless.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CYBELE ON A TRIUMPHAL CAR.

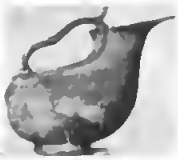
STATUE OF GETA.

STATUETTE OF EROS.

A CANICATURE.

HEAD OF MINERVA.

HEAD OF BACCHUS.



POMPEIAN PITCHER.

STATUETTE OF MERCURY.

STATUETTE OF VENUS WITH THE APPLE.

A ROMAN WOMAN.

STATUETTE OF APOLLO TYPE.

ETRUSCAN MIRROR.
Engraved by a Greek Artist.

POMPEIAN PITCHER.

TWO HANDLES OF A ROMAN VASE.

ETRUSCAN MIRROR.

FROM THE RECENT MARQUAND GIFT OF ANTIQUE BRONZES TO THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART.
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLES BALLIARD.—[SEE PAGE 1088.]

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SPAIN AND THE UNITED STATES.

It cannot be denied that a change has come over the minds of many Spaniards in regard to Cuba within the last twelvemonth. Men who would hardly have dared to mutter some censure against the waste of men and money in the West Indies now openly discuss and challenge the expediency, the possibility, of fresh sacrifices. Men who dreaded, above all, the idea of being branded with the charge of lack of patriotism, if they had presumed a year ago to question the utility of keeping ungrateful and disaffected colonies, now publish books, like Señor Atanda, an influential and well-known Conservative of Bilbao City, to review at length the advantages and disadvantages of the loss of Cuba, advocating even its loss if it is to cease being a market for Spanish exports; and the political and financial newspapers, the weeklies and reviews, dispassionately call the attention of the public to this work and to similar attempts to forehadow the separation between mother country and colony. It was only in private, and with an intimation that their statements would be disowned in public life and in social circles, that some far-sighted Spaniards, during the first two years of the present struggle, ventured to say that things were fast coming to a pass in which the nation would have to ask itself if Cuba was not saddling the mother-country with more burdens than the connection was worth. The same people, especially in financial and commercial classes, and among the hard-working middle classes that are the very sinews of the country—the men who do not dabble in politics, and are frequently more educated and enlightened than the professional politicians and place-hunter—timidly and thoughtfully remarked that Spain had, after all, marvellously recovered from the loss of her colonies on the American main in the early part of the century, and need not, therefore, despair of her prospects in the Old World, even if she had some day to part with Cuba, however bitter and sharp might be the passing crisis of separation. In the governing classes, behind the scenes, in the intimacy of private conversation, it has not been uncommon for months to hear politicians and statesmen, military men and men of experience in colonial affairs, frankly, if regretfully, say that even if Spain comes out of this struggle with success and honor, she must make up her mind sooner or later to the inevitable outcome of the logic of events—that is to say, to the certainty that the majority of the Cubans will evolve independence out of autonomy, or any kind of more restricted self-government that Spain will give them. That it will come to pass is the gloomy confession—in the vernacular, "eso tiene que venir." It is indispensable to note, however, that all the Spaniards who are showing a disposition to look the realities of the situation in the face are at heart bowing only with reluctance in the force of circumstances and events; but if the final crisis came upon them suddenly, quickly, through foreign intervention, they would almost to a man resist it as proudly and as regardless of consequences as the rest of their fellow-countrymen.

The perceptible change slowly worked out by events is even more striking in the present attitude of the governing classes of Spain towards colonial home-rule. On the eve of the insurrection in 1868 and 1894, so few Spaniards were inclined to tolerate anything like home-rule in the colonies that the sagacious author of the first reform bill, Maura, was sacrificed by Sagasta, and the Liberal party agreed to the modifications in that very mild scheme which the Conservatives and other opponents of West-Indian self-government clamored for, until the Abarzuza bill of March 15, 1895, was drawn up as a patriotic compromise to rally the support of Spanish royalist parties, little as it satisfied the requirements and the aspirations of the colonies.

In the Conservative camp Cánovas had much trouble in inducing many of his adherents to assent to a policy that Romero Robledo and others publicly stigmatized as a suicidal course. Though everybody understood that the pressure of circumstances and the action of American diplomacy had obliged Cánovas to concede on paper reforms that General Weyler, given the conditions of the colony, would easily minimize to suit the convenience of the Cuban reactionary party, La Union Constitucional, and the interests of Spain, Sagasta did not wish to remain behind his quiet rival. He therefore made a public declaration to the effect that the Liberal party was ready to go as far as complete colonial autonomy if it was called to the councils of the Regency in time to repair the mistakes and the blunders of the Conservative party. The Queen Regent herself was known to have said to foreign ambassadors and to many Castilian statesmen that she had no personal objection to colonial home-rule as long as it implied no risk for the inheritance of her son that she washed to hand over to him intact when he comes of age, at sixteen, on May 17, 1902.

Whilst the *élite* of the statesmen and some generals were moving for state reasons towards radical measures, simply because they had a slight insight of the real state of things in the colony, and of the effect that this state of things was sure to have sooner or later on the relations of Spain with the United States, the nation at large remained in the dark as completely that only very recently have the majority of Spaniards awakened to a sense of the perils looming out on the horizon at home, in Cuba, and abroad. How could it be otherwise when they have been so systematically deceived by their rulers and so patriotically credulous? At every stage onwards they have been lured into hearty efforts and costly sacrifices by the official drums of early results and approaching turns of the wheel of fortune. At the end of every rainy and unhealthy season—and three have passed by in succession—they have been assured that with more millions of dollars and another annual levy of 90,000 lads of nineteen they would come in sight of the goal of a nation's noblest aspiration, the pacification of Cuba, and keep their hold on the last shred of their once upon a time "Empire of Las Americas." At the close of each fine season, that was to have helped their army to clear some if not all the provinces of Cuba of the rebel bands, when little or no progress had been made towards the desired and pompously announced termination of a cruel and senseless struggle, another mirage was placed before this strange people, who seem to be gifted with a Sarasvete fatalism and stubbornness in their habit of hoping against hope for a turn in the long and weary path upon which they are treading as gamely and pluckily. Indeed, it was curious to note how public opinion seemed severe for the parents who devoted their lifelong hoards and savings—$10,000,000 in two years—to redeem their boys from service in the colonies, 53,830 in all, not so much on account of the dangers of campaigning as on account of the terrible climate, which has laid low forever more than twenty-five thousand men, and caused about forty thousand wretched invalids to be sent home with shattered constitutions, and in such a plight that no more touching and heart-rending sight can be imagined than the arrivals of the returning mail-steamers and extraordinary troop-ships, when three times a month at least the victims of yellow fever, anæmia, dysentery, and consumption are landed on the quays of Santander, Cadiz, Corunna, Barcelona. They come to seek rest and health in their father-land, and they tell melancholy tales of those left behind in the dark Manigua, in the virgin forests of the Pearl of the Antilles, in the crowded hospitals of the colony, where Inspector-General Lozada reports from 20,000 to 26,000 on the sick list out of the 140,000 men remaining of the 210,000 brave boy soldiers shipped across the Atlantic in thirty-one months. They tell also of the sick and wounded that were embarked homewards in so serious a condition that from ten to fifty were on an average consigned to the deep.

The nation very slowly discovered that the Cuban war was fast accumulating heavy engagements, the burden of which was sure to be laid in great part on the royal finance and royal budgets. As the government found ways and means for carrying on the war by operations of credit with the Bank of Spain, and by issues of stock, Cuban and Spanish, guaranteed by the imperial treasury, and the latter besides by a lien on Spanish customs revenue, people took time to understand how fast the war debt was accumulating, and how fast the proceeds of issues and operations of credit had been used up without covering anything like the total cost of the struggle. It will suffice to say that the Cortes had authorized the Minister for the Colonies to use $140,000,000 nominal of Cuban five-per cent. bonds and two issues of $400,000,000 and $200,000,000 of Spanish customs guaranteed bonds for the war expenses to Cuba. On July 1 the minister had used all the Cuban bonds except $8,600,000 nominal, the whole of the first issue of customs bonds, and half of the second issue, and six months' pay was due to army, navy, civil servants, pensioners, and army contractors in the colony, making arrears of $70,000,000. All first the government used part of the proceeds of the operations of credit and of the issues of bonds to cover both the expenses and the interest and amortization of the same up to July 1, 1897. This makeshift policy enabled the government to go on for two years and a half before it sprung upon the Spanish tax payers this summer the unpleasant revelation that in the expenditure of the Spanish budget for 1897-8 must be included $18,200,000 for the interest and sinking fund of only a part of the war debt, the $120,000,000 of customs guaranteed bonds. If the war is prolonged at the present pace of $250,000 per diem, greater sacrifices will have to be asked of the Spanish tax payers to meet the interest and sinking fund of the $140,000,000 of Cuban five-per cent. bonds and of all fresh issues necessary to complete the pacification of Cuba. This alarms public opinion and the press, as at last Spaniards recollect that before the insurrection the colonial treasury could not make both ends meet when the annual deficits averaged four million dollars in days when, besides the ordinary expenditure of the island, the Cuban debt of $150,000,000 and the floating debt of the colony did not require a yearly disbursement of more than $11,000,000 for the interest and sinking fund out of a total budget of $20,000,000. Financial and fiduciary considerations tend to make the nation more anxious to attain a speedy pacification of Cuba.

The international aspects of the Cuban war have been concealed from the majority of Spaniards even more than the military and financial. It has unfortunately been the inveterate habit of the government to affect an optimism that was as little justified by facts in the foreign relations as in finance and war. The Minister for Foreign Affairs, the Duke of Tetuan, up to the very last of his long tenure of office, was as much to be blamed as his poor chief, Señor Cánovas, for this system of keeping away from the nation all data on the real state of affairs. Until facts and notes were in a roundabout way brought to the cognizance of the Spanish people the Duke denied that European governments, consulted officially by himself and his representatives abroad on the welcome and support they would give the contemplated Spanish Memorandum in 1896, had all intimated that they were not disposed to go beyond purely platonic sympathy, and would never risk any alteration of the cordial relations they each and all desired to preserve with the United States, for their own interests, political or commercial. About the same intimation was courteously but very plainly given to the Madrid government again recently, when General Woodford, in the name of President McKinley, conveyed a communication which caused the Spanish Foreign Office to sound once more the dispositions of all the European powers, especially France, Russia, Italy, England, and even Germany and Austria. All this is kept from the majority of Spaniards, and hence the illusions in which they indulge when they imagine that the European powers, especially those having colonies yet in the New World, would assist Spain not only with their moral but with material aid, in the event of a conflict between the United States and the Madrid government in Cuba.

In the relations between the United States and Spain during the Cuban war these characteristics of the conduct of the Spanish Foreign Office and government have been even more striking. Whilst the press, echoing the feelings, the presentiments, the fears of the nation, was all the time keeping up the deep distrust, the suppressed indignation, the widespread hostility of all classes towards the country without whose assistance, moral and material, it was the common saying in Spain that the insurrection would not have begun, developed, lasted, the government, the Premier, and the Minister for Foreign Affairs never once in two years and a half ceased to affect stolid optimism. It can be comprehensible that state reasons should have obliged them to attempt to preserve as long as possible the cordiality of official relations on the surface by repeated declarations of perfect confidence in the friendly and neighborly intentions of the Presidents, their governments, their authorities, by equally significant declarations that the United States government had really done its best to execute its international duties and to check filibuster expeditions, refugees, Cuban Juntas, and sympathizers, whenever called upon to do so by the Spanish legation and consulates. But why induce the Spanish nation to believe that the majority of the American people, all the educated classes of the great commonwealth beyond the seas, were indifferent to the course and the issue of the struggle in Cuba? Why tone down and affect to perceive no meaning in the many warnings received at Washington by the Spanish minister or sent in at the Madrid Foreign Office, verbally and in writing, by Mr. Hannis Taylor, and culminating in the notes of Secretary Olney and the message of President Cleveland? Finally, even more reserve was shown after President McKinley and Secretary Sherman took office, and the nation was not permitted to know anything of what the Spanish minister at Washington must necessarily have wired to Cánovas. Azcarraga, and the Duke of Tetuan long before General Woodford presented his credentials to Queen Christina at Miramar Palace, in San Sebastian, on September 18. So blindly was this lamentable system of ostrich policy persisted in that the Duke of Tetuan and the Madrid government at first went as far as to deny flatly that any unpleasant verbal communication had been made on September 18 at San Sebastian by General Woodford, in his interview of nearly three hours with the Spanish Minister of State and Señor Merry del Val, the latter acting as interpreter between the two. The same denial of facts was continued for some time after every foreign ambassador at the court of Madrid had sent to his government full data concerning what had passed in the above interview, and concerning the long note that General Woodford handed Duke Tetuan also at San Sebastian, on September 23, to place on official record what he had said on September 18, in virtue of the written instructions he had received from President McKinley. Nor has this note been published by the successor of Duke Tetuan, and instead it has been semi-officially stated that its contents need inspire no apprehension, and will be answered by the new Liberal government.

Is it surprising that a people thus treated should have been slow to awaken to a sense of the meaning of the attitude of the American government and of the American people? At the eleventh hour they cannot bring themselves to believe that both are in earnest and propose to do more than a weak attempt to interfere in the settlement of the Cuban question, failing which they would, like a practical and money making race, be perfectly content with a treaty of commerce to draw closer the commercial relations of Cuba with the States. They are quite at a loss to believe that humanity and civilization, and not exclusively political aims and material interests, dictate the American aspiration for peace speedily restored in an island which will soon be of no use to Spanish rule in Cuban populations. They refuse to admit the supposition that their governments can listen for one moment to the contention of American diplomacy when it assumes that a day may come very soon when, all warnings, advice, proffered mediation, having been equally discarded, the United States will have to take the steps they may deem necessary for the establishment of complete and permanent peace in Cuba.

It is in difficult circumstances that the Liberal government has had to accept office. It cannot afford to ignore the present disposition of the majority of the nation. It cannot venture to attempt to suggest to them the acceptance of any American mediation, any understanding with the States, without exposing not only the cabinet, the Liberal party, but the monarchy and dynasty, to such a wave of public ire, fanned by the press and oppositions, as would sweep everything before it. It cannot dream of parleying too openly with the rebels themselves without incurring the risk of playing into the hands of its new opponents, the Conservatives, who will very shortly have in the person of the ambitious and unscrupulous Weyler a military leader, or of the Republicans and Carlists, which means revolution and civil war. Consequently, with their old experience of consummate trimmers, Sagasta and Moret have formed a docile cabinet, welded of thoroughgoing home-rulers like Gamazo and Maura, to pacify the Spanish party in Havana and the many Spaniards from highest to lowest who still have a patriotic dread of home-rule. These two able statesmen are now shaping their course with much foresight from a purely Spanish point of view. In the first place they have endeavored to show to Spain, America, and Europe that they are in earnest, and determined to fulfil the promises made when in opposition. Weyler has been removed and Blanco sent out as a pledge that the policy of the last years will be reversed in military and political matters, that conciliation and political action will be again resorted to, whilst the medley of 25,000 men for relief is intended to be a warning for the rebels not disposed to accept the advances of Spain.

These measures are in some sort the preliminaries of the colonial policy which Sagasta and Moret propose to carry out by successive stages as fast as the resistance of the irreconcilable part of the insurgents and the condition of the island will permit after so prolonged a struggle. This colonial policy will not give Cuba a parliament, a local responsible government, political home-rule, similar to what England has given Canada, the Cape, and Australia. Hispano Cuban home-rule will be on economic and administrative autonomy, with political autonomy hedged in restrictions destined to preserve the powers of the Governor General, the right of the imperial government and parliament to interfere still powerfully and considerably in legislative, economic, tariff matters. It is styled the autonomy compatible with Spanish sovereignty and political and material interests. The promise held out of the autonomy, when the Cortes some day can complete it and the pacification of the island can allow its developments, coupled with the preliminary steps reputed to be sufficient guarantees of the sincerity of the Spanish government and people, is firmly considered sufficient also to entitle them, in the first place, to the submission of the Cuban separatists, and, in the second place, to more complete observance of the rules of international law on the part of the United States in regard to filibuster expeditions, Cuban Juntas, and sympathizers in American territory. The position taken up by the new Madrid government can safely be asserted to meet the warm support of most Spaniards. Indeed, they seem to think that having gone so far, it is for the United States to do what as Sagasta's own words, would let the rebellion be crushed in six months by simply keeping hands off.

MADRID, October 10, 1897. ARTHUR HOUGHTON.

FRENCH ANNIVERSARIES.

We are apt nowadays to comment on the wisdom of our ancestors in selecting one or another episode of American history for commemoration and holiday making. The French are doing the same thing—at least, one distinguished Frenchman, Gaston Deschamps, has done so lately, in a thoughtful article criticising the propriety of making much of the Fourteenth of July and its taking of the Bastille. M. Deschamps points out the fact that the Bastille affair was largely taken in hand by foreign soldiery in Paris; that the old building was ingloriously and foolishly surrendered, not captured by assault; that the Parisians did not pay much heed to the event until as a matter of curiosity they visited the despoiled prison; and, last, that already a royal decree had been framed to destroy it. A monument to Louis XVI. was to have been erected on its site. Louis was heartily anxious to have the structure razed, and was dilatory in his share of the movement chiefly because of the inconveniences to the small shopkeepers hugging the walls. M. Deschamps urges that much worthier anniversaries for national French celebration would be the 5th of May, when the Estates-General were convened, or September 22, when the Republic was proclaimed.

DR. NANSEN'S ARRIVAL.

Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, the distinguished arctic explorer, reached New York on the *Lucania* on the 23d inst., to begin a tour which will extend through the principal cities of the United States and Canada.

As his photographs indicate, Dr. Nansen is a man of impressive appearance, but they cannot do more than suggest the effect produced by his heroic proportions. He is six feet two inches in height with a proportionate breadth, and those who saw his stalwart figure were better able to understand how he could undergo with such apparent ease the hardships and privations of his journey "Farthest North."

His mastery of English is extraordinary, and he speaks it almost without accent. The fluency of his delivery, his faculty of verbal illustration, his collection of objects used during the voyage of the *Fram*, and of photographs illustrating arctic life, make his tour of the country an event not likely to be forgotten soon by Americans who are interested either in the scientific aspects or the romantic daring of his arctic travels.

The collection of articles exhibited at the Savoy Hotel, under the auspices of the American Geographical Society, has been inspected by throngs of visitors, who were chiefly interested apparently in articles of the doctor's personal wearing apparel, in the "kayak," or Esquimau boat, and the "skis" or snow-shoes, used by him. The kayak attracted special notice, having been made on the *Fram*, under his supervision. Its frame work of bamboo renders it superior in lightness to the average boat of its class without detracting from its strength. With it is exhibited the sled on which it was transported—also a product of the factory on the *Fram*, and one which would do credit to the most expert of the native sled makers.

The story that the clothing worn by Dr. Nansen while paddling the kayak has been sold to a museum in Paris for a thousand pounds sterling is disproved by the fact that the suit is now on exhibition in the United States with the other souvenirs of the voyage, though it is said that Dr. Nansen only admits with reluctance that he ever wore anything so shockingly untidy. It is, however, the identical suit he wore on his arrival at Cape Flora, and in which he was photographed for the picture printed in this number of the Weekly.

Of the photographs he brings with him perhaps none is more interesting to those who prefer the romantic to the scientific features of his travels than that which represents the result of a "snap shot" taken with his camera on August 23, 1893, at a polar bear, just before the snap shot from his rifle by which the bear was killed. It is believed that this is the only bear ever photographed in just that way, and amateur photographers in more temperate regions of the globe will be interested in knowing that it is a matter of great artistic importance not to make the exposure with the camera too long before using the rifle. In this particular case the bear was accommodating enough to pause on a hummock of ice he thought too high to descend rashly. The delay made the use of the camera possible without what under different circumstances might have been fatal results.

On his arrival in New York, Dr. Nansen was received by a committee of his Norwegian countrymen, who went out on the steamer *Favorite* to meet the *Lucania*, and accompanied him to his hotel. On the evening of the 23d inst. he was formally welcomed by the American Geographical Society, and the Cullum geographical medal was presented to him. After a torch-light procession, serenade, and reception on the evening of the 25th under the auspices of the Norwegian societies, he left for Washington, where he was entertained at dinner by Hon. Gardiner G. Hubbard, president of the Geographical Society, who presided at the reception held Tuesday evening at the Arlington. Dr. Nansen was then formally welcomed to Washington by a committee consisting of Vice-President Hobart, Secretary Sherman and other distinguished representatives of the administration, assisted, among others, by Captain Schley and Commander Melville, whose own experience of subpolar conditions makes them all the more willing to honor Nansen.

The first New York lectures take place on the afternoon and evening of November 6, at the Metropolitan Opera House. The change of programme, which gave the first lecture of the course to Philadelphia, was a result of the idea of his managers that the New York public might be more interested and instructed after the climax of the municipal canvass than before it. His principal engagements outside of New York are for Boston, on November 4; Albany, November 9; Montreal, November 11; Detroit, November 15; Chicago, November 17; St. Paul, November 20; and St. Louis, November 24; with lectures at other points on intermediate dates.

The reception at Philadelphia, October 29, was arranged by the American Philosophical Society, founded by Franklin, and said to be the oldest scientific society in America. A second Philadelphia reception was arranged by the Geographical Society.

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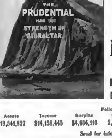

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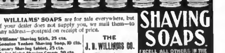

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GIFT OF ANTIQUE BRONZES TO THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, NEW YORK.

To the already fine collection of antique bronzes at the Metropolitan Museum, New York, a very important addition has been recently made by the gift of Mr. Henry G. Marquand. It consists of figurini, articles of domestic use, one group, and one large statuette. Some are of Etruscan origin, the others Roman or Pompeian. But the restrictions imposed by the Italian government upon the exporting of antiques, and the secrecy which is therefore maintained concerning many recent discoveries, put great difficulty in the way of an accurate determination. Much of the data which would enable the experts to place these finds is not forthcoming, so that the authorities at the museum preserve for the present a reticence upon the subject.

Among the examples of Etruscan work they feel able to include the curious caricature, the head of the Indian Bacchus, some bodkins, and the mirrors. The caricature (about two inches high) is of an old man with a wart on the end of his nose and on each cheek, and a horn growing out of his head. It might suggest some comic character in a play, except that the old actors always wore masks. One may regard it probably as just a *jeu d'esprit* of some sculptor with more of rough humor than refinement. The head next to it (about the same size) bears the characteristics associated with the Indian conception of Bacchus as the bearded conqueror who pushed his bloodless victories into the East—a myth which no doubt reverses the genesis of the god, whose worship really travelled from the East westward. The arrangement around the head, which has the appearance of the rim of a straw hat, seems to be a formal treatment of the locks of hair.

The mirrors are distinctively Etruscan, executed by Greek artists, or at least decorated with Greek motives. The surface of each is engraved with borders and figures. To the latter are appended Greek names in Etruscan script, which reads from right to left. In the case of the one with the thin handle the graved work is in excellent preservation. The names of the figures are the Etruscan equivalents of Helen, Aphrodite, and Alexander (Paris), and the subject represents the goddess encouraging the intimacy of the two lovers. Other articles of domestic use are two vase handles, about seven inches high, which, with a face at the base and a bird perched upon the top, recall some in the museum at Naples. Very similar also in character to a jug in the same museum is the gourd-shaped jug in this collection. The handle is almost identical in design, with a double curve to accommodate the palm of the hand, and a projection for the thumb to rest against. Moreover, each has two ridges starting from the rim at the junction of the handle, and merging into the curve of the back. The one at Naples is decorated with goats, so that it is conjectured its use was for milk, and it is entered in the catalogue as a "milk jug." We might extend the same conjecture to this one.

The figurini vary in height from about seven to nine inches. That of a lady in Roman costume, the stola and pallium, recalls one of the little terra-cotta figures of Tanagra. The pose, from every point, is pliant and graceful; the expression of the face exquisitely refined, the drapery extraordinarily delicate, while the voluminous folds in some parts, and the limbs softly showing beneath the tenuous fabric in others, present a charming distribution of contrasts. The Venus—perhaps a replica of some larger statue, as very likely the rest of the figurini are—shows carelessness of proportion, the hands and feet, for example, being noticeably too big. A beautiful fragment is vaguely described as "of the Apollo type." Another figure is evidently of Mercury. It has the winged sandals (talaria), the winged cap, and the lion's skin which he filched from Hercules. He is no doubt resting after one of his mischievous escapades. From the pose one might conjecture that the figure was copied from some statue to which a support was introduced beneath the left arm and a stone under the right foot.

There is an exquisite little head of Athene, about three inches high, and a delightfully frank and joyous figure of "Eros." The little winged god has just touched earth from a flight or bound. The left leg is still poised behind and forms a most exhilarating line of energy with the outstretched arm. The other arm, holding a sort of stalk continues the beautiful curve of the right leg. Small as the figure is, it thrills with buoyancy, grace, and spontaneity. One suspects that whatever was held in the left hand led the eye up to the top of the stem, which possibly terminated in a calyx shaped lamp.

The illustration does not do justice to the very beautiful statuette, nearly four feet high, of the little Geta. This prince, who, at the age of eighteen, was, like his brother Caracalla, invested with the imperial purple during the lifetime of his father Severus, and afterwards was murdered by his brother, differed from both in character. He was noted for the sweetness of his disposition, and the boy here depicted is indeed father to the man; and the sculptor must have loved him, for nothing sweeter or more fascinatingly childlike could be imagined. He is represented as about eight years old, and the face is beautiful in its happy, innocent expression, with loving eyes, and lips that ripple with laughter. The pose is simple and elastic, the limbs robustly soft, the fingers dainty, and the folds of the tunic graceful and artless. Over each shoulder and following down a fold of the drapery, back and front, is a narrow band of metal superlaid, apparently for the purpose of covering the seam where the arms have been joined on to the body.

The group representing Cybele, the Great Mother, on a triumphal car drawn by lionesses is a magnificent specimen of Roman art. The camera has distorted the proportions, making the animals entirely out of scale with the rest, whereas in the original the whole is composed with a balance that gives each part its due significance. Cybele, as usual, is represented with a turreted crown upon her head, a patera in one hand and a tympanum in the other, and drawn by the animals that, as well as leopards, were held sacred to her. The chariot, with its four wheels and raised floor, is of very unusual design. Arabesque ornament of beautiful design is engraved upon the surfaces of the car and chair. The details throughout are exquisite, and for the most part have escaped the ravages of time. The aspect of the goddess is dignified and benign, her form noble, and the drapery disposed with richness and delicacy. The lionesses are wonderfully modelled, the manes most truthfully rendered, and the smooth portions graved to represent the growth of hair in a manner that is not only painstaking and accurate, but very decorative. Until photography succeeds in reproducing color, it can do little more than hint at the beauty of antique bronzes.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

WILHELM THE ONLY—HIS SPEECH.

(TRANSLATED FROM A GERMAN MEMORANDUM FOUND IN THE EMPEROR'S PERSONAL WASTE BASKET. THE ORIGINAL HAS BEEN PRESENTED BY THE FINDER TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM.)

Oh me!
Oh my!
And likewise I'!
Sit still, ye chuls, whilst I orate—
Me, I, Myself, the Throne, the State,
I am the Earth, the Moon, the Sun,
All rolled in one!
Both hemispheres am I—
Oh my!
If there were three, the three
I'd be.
I am the Dipper, Night and Day,
The North and Southern Poles, the Milky Way;
I'm they that walk, or fly on wing,
Or swim, or creep—I'm everything!
It makes me tremble like the aspen tree
To think I'm me.
And blink like stars up in the sky
To think I'm I.
And shrink in terror like a frightened elf
To realize that I'm Myself.
Ye blithering slaves beneath my iron heel,
What know ye of the things I feel?
Didst ever wake at dead of night
And stand in awe of thine own might?
God took six days to make the land and sea,
But centuries were passed in making me.
The universe? An easy task; but I—
Oh my!
I can't describe myself. Why, take
The speech the ancient peoples spake,
And then again take every tongue
By moderns spoken, writ, or sung;
And every tongue that is to be
Mix in with these—you cannot picture me.
So do not try, ignoble worms, to grasp
A greatness that can only make you gasp;
But look, and silence keep, unless some whim
Compels an utterance, then whisper, "Him!"—
An awesome "Him!"
Whilst I for evermore content will be
With "Me"—
The simple yet majestic pronoun "Me!"

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

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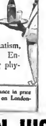

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AMATEUR SPORT

Mr. Caspar Whitney will be absent several months on a sporting tour around the world, which he has undertaken for Harper's Weekly. *Proceeding overland to San Francisco and Vancouver, on his way across the continent, he has with every material for a series of articles on sport in the West. From Vancouver he sailed for Siam, touching at Japan and China. In Siam Mr. Whitney will penetrate into the interior, which is one of the least known lands in the world. His main purpose there will be to hunt big game, Siam being richer in varieties of the larger wild animals than either Africa or India. After this hunt Mr. Whitney will proceed to Europe, and will there prepare a series of articles on sport in France, Germany, and England.*

During Mr. Whitney's absence this Department will publish contributions from Mr. Walter Camp, Mr. John Corbin, and other well known writers upon special subjects relating to Amateur Sport.

THREE-BALL MATCHES.

The most interesting event in recent British golf has been the lowering of the record for the St. Andrews links by Willie Auchterlonie, the ex-champion. The score to which he has now reduced this record is 71, being a stroke below the previous 72, which had been scored both by Mr. F. G. Tait and by Andrew Kirkaldy. This score of Auchterlonie's was done on the left hand course. For the enlightenment of those unfortunate ones to whom St. Andrews is not familiar, it may be explained that it is the practice there to play the course alternately by fortnights at a time. For a fortnight we will go out on the right hand side of the course and come home on the left—the first hole of one fortnight becoming the seventeenth hole of the next—and see-saw. It is an excellent plan, giving much relief to the course by changing the places from which the approach strokes—the most tiring and wearing of all for the green—are habitually played, and giving variety to the golfer by presenting him with practically a new course. The plan is worthy of mention no less in its immediate connection with Auchterlonie's record breaking score than as affording a suggestion to the green committees of other clubs of a manner of giving their courses relief and their players variety. In its connection with Auchterlonie's achievement it is only fair to say that this course on the left hand is generally considered just a trifle easier than the other. Moreover, when Auchterlonie was playing, the high hole coming in was on the lower ground to the left of the Shelly bunker. This is a common alteration of the course, which will explain its own effects to those who know the green. For those who do not know it, it is enough to say that it is a change of the hole from a green most perilously guarded to one which is scarcely guarded at all. Also, some of the tees were a little advanced from their positions on the medal days, and on the whole the course was a trifle easier than when laid out at its full length for medal play. We doubt, however, whether it was at this full length and manner of arrangement when either Mr. Tait or Andrew Kirkaldy scored 72, and for the record score at full stretch of the holes it appears that we still have to go back to the 73 scored by the late Hugh Kirkaldy. It is true that the course is so seldom quite at full length and difficulty that this score is comparatively seldom challenged under the same conditions, in spite of the immense amount of play that goes on over the classic green, and, in any case, Auchterlonie's score is not only a record of marvellous play, but must, at any rate, be considered as a record for the St. Andrews course under any conditions that have prevailed since that far back time when the course only went out to the length of six holes.

Willie Auchterlonie made his record score in playing a three ball match—one of the players, by the way, being Mr. Crockett, the novelist—and it is interesting to note in this connection that very good, and in many cases record-breaking scores have very often been returned by a first-class player while fighting the "best ball," as we ungrammatically call it, of two others. "The best ball of other two" in the Scottish, and therefore, we may suppose, the *golfic* correct way of stating the conditions. Mr. Tait, we believe, has made many of his fine returns on the St. Andrews green while playing a match of this nature, and likewise Andrew Kirkaldy, while, if it is allowable to speak of one's personal performances at all, the writer may say that more than one of his own best scores have been done under these conditions. The reason is not really very far to seek. In ordinary matches, if one player be quite at the top of his game, and if he be also in that happy vein of luck in which everything is "coaxing off" for him—both which conditions are essential for anything like a record score—it is seldom that a single opponent will be found in the similarly exceptional circumstances in which he would need to foul himself in order to make the match equal. Usually when the one man is playing transcendently well he will have the other virtually beaten a long way from home. It then becomes very difficult for him to maintain his form, having nothing to play against, and accordingly his play is apt to drift off into comparative inaccuracy, and the promise of an exceptional score to be ruined. But in playing the better of two other balls, where the lower score of the combined players counts at each hole against the single score of him who stands alone, then the single man is almost sure to have something to play against—something to challenge his skill, however great it may be. Likely enough he may be many holes up; but two players can endure the stress of being many holes down better than one. Each keeps up the other's spirits, and though the issue of the whole match may perhaps be virtually settled while a number of holes still remain to be played, yet at each of these holes individually the combined forces are likely to challenge the single player's skill shrewdly enough, and keep his play up to the high level at which he started it. It is harder to demoralize two players than one, and the spur of necessity for high endeavor is constantly applied.

This, we may probably take it, is the explanation of the fact, which is altogether beyond question, that more good scores are made in three ball matches, and especially when man is playing the "best ball of other two," than under any other conditions. And to say this is in no sense in favor of this mode of match-making. Some players have an especial objection to three ball matches—deeming that no doubt take longer than two, other things being equal; but other things are not equal. The pace of golf on a congested green is always determined, as if it were a cavalry charge, by the pace of the slowest match. It is very improbable that the pace of our supposed three-ball match, granting the players to be fairly good, will be as slow as the slowest match out. Therefore it is probable that it will go at least as fast as the ordinary pace at which the whole green is moving. In practice, moreover, we do not find that a three ball match is apt to go slower than a foursome. There is more time spent in actual playing of the strokes, no doubt, but, on the other hand, there is not so much time spent in chat by the way, in consultation over doubtful putts and dangerous strokes. Each player goes on his own line unaccompanied, and each, moreover, is playing under the consciousness that the rule permits the party, not being a three ball match, behind to pass him without mercy. It is this last proviso that is really the safety of the green from any infliction by a three-ball match, and it ought to be the sufficient argument for those who wish to play one to sally forth and do so. If they go slow and keep people back, they may be passed. If they do not go slow, whom do they injure?

This seems to be the reasonable position and pretension of the three-ball match. It justifies itself either by its speed or its annihilation; but there is something to be said in favor of dealing out to the three ball match a little more mercy than the strict law allows it. If a three ball match be really traveling slowly, so as to be an impediment to the progress of the general body of players, and be not well up with the party in front again, then it is not only the privilege but also the duty of those behind to pass, in justice to the parties behind them again. But if, on the other hand, the three ball match be well up with the players ahead, so that the party behind would gain only the pitiful advantage of passing this one match if they exercised their legal rights, in this case it seems more in accordance with common humanity, as it is in accordance with common golfing etiquette, to let the three ball match pursue its unoffending, if illegal, life in peace.

Some day, remember, you may wish to play a three ball match yourself, and then, if you treat as Ishmaelites the party of three that is in front of you to day, you will have no right to grumble if they visit you with similar mutinary when they find you engaged ahead of them in a three ball encounter.

Horace G. Hutchinson.

ALEXANDER MOFFAT, Princeton.

GLENN S. WARNER, Cornell.

FRANK S. BUTTERWORTH, Yale.

CAMERON FORBES, Harvard.

WALLACE S. MOYLE, Brown.

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PAUL J. BASHELL, Annapolis.

HARMON S. GRAVES, West Point.

W. T. RULL, Carlisle.

PROMINENT FOOTBALL COACHES.

GOLF NOTES.

The foreign-bred players have made their presence felt in two of the important open meetings of the past week. The contest for the St. Andrews cup really lay between Findlay Douglas and W. G. Stewart, although Menzies was Douglas's opponent in the actual finals. If Douglas had the leisure for regular and continuous practice, he would be easily at the very top of the Eastern tree. It would be a golfing event if he and Whigham could meet again on the links this season. The champion beat him rather easily at Chicago, but there are many who think that the young Fairfield County golfer has still his best game to show.

Stewart, the English player, has at last rounded into top form, as is shown by his taking the medal for the lowest qualifying score at St. Andrews and by his easy win for the Queens County cup. He also won the gold medal of the opening day at Morristown this week, his second round of 79 being particularly creditable in view of the fact that the course was entirely new to him. The putting greens, moreover, were in poor condition, lumpy and fast. It is fortunate for our American golf to have such examples of first class work upon which to form our standards. It is just the stimulus that our tennis lacked so sorely and for so long.

It is hardly worth while to mourn over the cups that have passed into the possession of Whigham and his fellow-countrymen, for there seems to be an unending supply of the article in question. At the Queens County tournament there were cups galore and for everybody. There were three for classes A, B, and C at match play, one for the Bogie competition, and one for the handicap. It is all very well to be generous, and a big entry list makes for the credit of the club, but such an array of sideboard ware only serves to emphasize our national weakness for overdoing a good thing. A consolation prize means something but a cup that serves only for the exploitation of dufferism has no reason for existence.

The Green Committee of a well known club has decided that in future the scores made in the monthly handicaps shall not be given out for publication. The idea seems to be that the golf played in club competitions is to be considered as a private amusement, and not as a recognized sport regarding which the public has a right to be informed. Well, the printed figures are inclined to be brutal in their uncompromising directness, and they tell absolutely nothing about the hard luck which is so large an ingredient in any card over the century mark. And surely a man's golf is his own property. This game is his stock in trade and his scores are the quotations that from time to time may be made upon it. He is, there-

fore, entitled to protection from the possible effects of popular depreciation. Precisely; only golf is a sport and not a business, and least of all that kind of business that masquerades under the name of sport.

In this connection it is interesting to note that at the final handicap of the Queens County meeting there were but thirty-three cards returned out of ninety six starters. This sort of thing was much in evidence last season, but most of the clubs have now a rule in force under which a player who fails to make a return has his handicap reduced, or even taken away entirely. Of course the various green committees have no jurisdiction over any open event at medal play. It is hardly necessary to credit the delinquents at Glen Cove with any sinister motive on account of their failure to hand in their scores. Golfers are but men, and vanity is a very human weakness. A player who makes a creditable score in an open competition is not likely to let it go unrecorded for fear of the remote possibility that his home green committee may seize upon it as a pretext for reducing his allowance in the club handicaps. In the great majority of cases it is the indifferent and very bad score that the player would have buried deeper than ever plummet sounded. There are some features, however, of these "farewell" handicap events that invite criticism. It is a common practice for men belonging to several clubs to enter from the one giving them the highest handicap. They are in the game entirely for what there is in it, and the spectacle is not an edifying one. A golfer should have one club for which he elects to play, and he should be always rated according to that one standard. There is also too much of the junketing element in this sort of wind-up to a regular cup tournament. It comes as an anticlimax to the real business of the meeting, its outcome is usually of no significance whatever, and it gives undue encouragement to the mug-hunter, and to the frivolous minded persons who look upon golf as a mere amusement for an idle afternoon. The Morris County club acted wisely in omitting this useless fixture from its list of events, and the substitution of a team contest in its place was a happy idea.

W. G. VAN T. S.

THE FOOTBALL SEASON.

Mr. Moyle's men from Brown simply smothered Yale's ends last Wednesday. It was but one more example of modern method against the simple straight running game. A mass on the tackle, swinging either way, but most effective when warped out, letting the runner circle the end, tells the whole story of how Brown carried the ball three times over the Yale goal line; and, had she converted all the touch downs into goals, she would have tied Yale at eighteen points. In commenting two weeks ago upon the remarkable work performed by Mr. Moyle with the Brown team and Mr. Graves with West Point, I hardly expected them to make to good the statement within a few days of each other. Harvard barely beat the cadets ten points, and Yale could only get four points ahead of Brown. I am sorry that the West Point men are not using the modern masses, because if they had been they would have held Harvard as closely as Brown did Yale. As it is they will give Yale a tied time of it on the 20th, and with a few mass plays would stand a fair chance of attaining the acme of their desires in actually downing one of the big four.

Every week in the football season contains one or more surprises, and every year has in it one tremendous upset of some team's confidence. The annual upset was, a few years ago, the defeat of Princeton by Pennsylvania. Then two years ago the defeat of Harvard by Princeton, when almost every one had assumed that Harvard was the better of the two. Last year it was Lafayette that gave us the unexpected by defeating Pennsylvania. Whose turn will it be this year? The surprise of the week was undoubtedly the Yale Brown game, and it deserves more than a passing mention. Brown attempted her mass formation once and bungled it. The next time, however, it came off, and away went the runner over several of the white streaks. Then slowly again, this time inside at the guards opening, and the runner was only stopped from behind, after dodging the last man, because Yale had had the good judgment to keep one fast man who could follow. Almost before they knew it, however, the machine was in operation again, and Brown was over the Yale line for the first touch down. The kick at goal was an inexcusable failure, for it was not a difficult one. Brown was too contented at having scored to mind it much.

Then Yale, under the driving cheer of the bleachers, which crackled over her head, set bravely to work, and with irresistible bonging straight plays of the simplest order jammed her way down the field to a touch-down, which the accurate Cadwalader made into six points. And again they went at it furiously, Brown having almost no chance at the ball, and the score was 12 to 4. Brown then began to see that the Yale play was simple, though of the whirlwind order, so she took heart, and gathering confidence, began to make her own plays felt once more. The Yale ends were obliterated—in fact, so entirely submerged that even on straight following up of McBride's kicks they allowed the Brown backs to double them, and the score was speedily 12 to 8. Then Yale, desperate under the sting of the disgrace, came up and hammered out another six points. It was well for her that she did, for Brown, without change of tactics, sailed serenely up and across the field. Circling the Yale end again, Brown swung over to the eastern side line with another gain, and then back from the edge once more on the next play, landing the ball behind Yale's goal, leaving the final score 18 to 14, or a victory for Cadwalader over the Brown goal-kicker—no more.

Yale's defence is a thing of the past. There was a time, three or four years ago, when to get into Yale's goal was like treading upon sacred ground, but now the feet of many men from all the universities that play football may trot unconcernedly over the line. Does Yale realize the seriousness of the situation? Her name is becoming no longer one to conjure with in matters athletic, and in football her fall has been almost headlong in the last three years. It is no disgrace to be beaten. It is better for the sport of football that other teams shall win. But it is not good for the sport, not good for Yale, not good for the young men at that university, that defeat shall overwhelm them, as it must in November unless the defence is strengthened. It is not good that games ought to be a match may become a spectacle. The gravity of the case does not impress the college as it ought. There are too few interested, and those that are interested do not stop to reason out the situation. When a team's defence is gone it takes long hard work to rebuild it. Every team counting to a big game selects from its category of fifty or so plays a dozen that are really strong, and perfects these. That is the offensive—to perfect a dozen plays. But the defensive means to prepare to meet a possible fifty plays, because it is impossible to know what particular dozen plays the opponents may select. Hence the greater time and labor necessary on the defence. Then the defence requires a strong, able, well organized second eleven. Yale has hardly this. Her men are playing a dashing plucky game, and they did not waver when Brown kept scoring. They kept scoring too, and with delicious abandon. It is not that they were not up to and even beyond their opponents in offensive effort, but it was not directed anything like as well, and their defence did not exist.

Of Harvard and Yale, the former is still leading, especially in the defensive department. Yale shuts up like a beaten horse when driven down hard, but shows on the offensive an entirely different spirit in university. Both teams have a fancy for end runs. Harvard sends Cabot around the opposite end, while Yale relies upon her Inlves, Kiefer and Corwin especially, for end runs. The plays will not come off against a first class team, save in a different way and with far heavier interference than either team is giving to them at present. Harvard is using some small wedge plays at centre with fair effectiveness, and her guards back and tackles back are more up-to-date work. These plays are worth working over and developing, for they can carry weight when the test comes. What they lack in brilliancy, in comparison with the others, they make up in practical utility, and they will be the ones that are worth having in the list when the real time comes. Yale begins to see that Harvard's line is a heavy one, that heavy ends will be a treasure on the 12th of November, and is beginning to think more rationally of the exact task ahead.

At this writing Princeton and Pennsylvania form a class by themselves. There is no team that can reach that class until it has in its category of plays those that carry heavy interference and carry it at high speed. With this interference the guard or tackle openings may be assaulted or a well-protected runner shot out around the end. The formation of this style of interference takes time for its mastery. Both Princeton and Pennsylvania made use of it last season, and hence are in an advanced position to day. Brown has taken it up, and is using it with good results. Other teams must leave it and practise it if they wish to make the most out of the game under the present rules. Neither Harvard nor Yale is as yet up to it, although the former is making attempts that promise some success. I say attempts advisedly, because, while some of the formations are good, the interference is not sufficiently speeded up to make it effective. If the Harvard coaches doubt this, let them take a trip to Philadelphia and be convinced. I doubt very much if the Harvard defence would stand against Pennsylvania just now, certainly Yale's would not. In this respect there must be more marked improvement at the two New England universities or trouble will come. Yale is likely, after her Brown experience, to take up plays where the interference consists of more than three men. It is simply a human impossibility to perfect heavy mass interference in a period of two or three weeks. It takes months of care and attention to get the men into place, to get them moving together, and finally, and of vital importance in the success of the plays, to get them moving fast.

This week Pennsylvania certainly deserves the palm for progress. Her team has come along more rapidly than any of the others, and is really close to championship form. Her preliminary season of practice and training may be in a measure responsible for this, and it may be difficult to keep the men on edge until the Harvard game. But the schedule is adapted for just such an exigency, and owing to the many objections advanced to summer training, the Pennsylvania authorities will be especially upon the alert to guard against any such disaster. That the team is playing very advanced football is beyond question. The interference is quick to form, gathers headway rapidly, and strikes hard. It is not yet as compact as it should be, but is way ahead of that of any other team save perhaps Princeton. Even here Pennsylvania has made the better progress of late, and would be a match for the Tigers in any point save the kicking department. In this, with her three good men, Baird, Wheeler, and Ayres, Princeton would have the advantage.

Having wiped out the Lafayette disgrace of last year there is likelihood of the Philadelphians dropping their fast pace. It would not be a bad thing for the Pennsylvania team if it had a Princeton game in anticipation. It has beaten Harvard with such positive regularity, although not badly, that there is a spirit of certainty of the result permeating the team. This is essentially antagonistic in development. It is a something that only an unusual game in prospect, like one with Princeton, can cure. The crazy day do-or-die feeling wears off, but if the orange and black banner of Princeton could be shaken in their faces occasionally, it would make a world of difference. It is a little like the beating situation at Yale until Cornell shook it up a trifle. There has been too much winning for the good of the sport, and it needs the spice of uncertainty to stir up the real energies of all.

Many of the old men have become coaches, and have thus added greatly to the development of the play. In fact, the real progress of this sport in our country is largely due to the coaching principle, and the men acting as coaches as stamp their character upon the play of their charges that one can almost tell the school of a player from the way he handles himself upon the field.

Among our present day coaches in active work this fall there are some of the best examples of the ability to think out and teach the play. Mr. George Woodruff, of the University of Pennsylvania, is among the first. His position as a player was that of guard at Yale. He is original, enthusiastic in the extreme, and fertile in invention. Mr. Alexander Moffat, of Princeton, was, as a player, behind the line. He was an ideal kicker, and is able to impart his skill to others. He differs from Mr. Woodruff in that his enthusiasm is directed more to the result than to the method. Mr. Forbes of Harvard is a more recent acquisition to the ranks of football coaches. He was a player, though not a "varsity one. His coaching of Freshmen teams has been exceptionally successful. He is of the painstaking persistent type that attains its end by thoroughness. Mr. Butterworth of Yale was a brilliant halfback not so long ago. As a coach he leads his men up to a personal devotion to him and a forgetfulness of self that are remarkable. His beliefs are in the line of regular plays executed with irresistible dash.

Mr. Graves of West Point was a half back. He played both at Trinity and Yale. He is to-day one of the best all-round coaches that ever crossed the gridiron. He is especially strong in his ability to stop up the weak points and secure a general even development. Mr. Warner of Cornell has the credit of bringing his team up far beyond their last year's form. The work of Mr. Moyle of Brown, formerly an end at New Haven, I have already mentioned. He is especially able in the development of double passes and manœuvres eventuating in end runs. Mr. Ball of the Carlisle Indians was a halfback at Yale and a magnificent drop-kicker. He has got the added kicking ability into the Carlisle eleven that they so lacked last year. Mr. Davis of Lafayette, an old Princeton player, taught his team to such good effect as to secure a victory last season from Pennsylvania. Mr. Stagg of the University of Chicago, an end rusher in his day at Yale, has done much to develop strategic play in the Middle West; while throughout the country are scattered the more recent graduates of the big football colleges instilling into the minds of their willing pupils the art of making touch downs and goals. Mr. Paul Dashiel is better known as an umpire than as a coach, but he was a brilliant half back in his day at Lehigh, and has done much for the game at Annapolis. Among men who have never been players, but who have done much for the strategic possibilities of the sport, Mr. Deland of Boston is easily the most prominent. Until his advent the game lacked a strong feature of combined assault, which he made practicable.

The Carlisle Indians have demonstrated conclusively that they are better than last season. It is true that their scores have not been as sensational as they were in 1896 when they played a half against Princeton which was of the traditional "hair-raising" quality, a game against Yale with the final score of 12 to 6, and a match with Harvard when the crimson scored but once. This year Princeton rolled up nearly as many as last year, Yale scored twice as many, and Harvard has not been played. But the style of the Indians' play is much more rounded out. The kicking game, which last season they seemed to ignore as far as possible, and, when forced to it, to execute poorly, is this year one of their strongest points. Hudson's drop from near the 30 yard line in the Yale game was one that recalled vividly Mr. Ball's own playing days. The Indian is a born tackler and, like the bulldog, he never lets go. He is much more mercurial in football than his brother the pale-face. His depression when losing ground is extreme, and his elation correspondingly high when his team gains some especial advantage. The pleasure and pride which the New York audience takes in the Carlisle team are well deserved. It is the people's favorite, and is always sure of the warmest kind of a welcome. Yale's guns showed an improvement in defensive play, but in offence her attempts to duplicate Brown's tackle and end over were rather crude.

Princeton found herself a party to a considerable contract when she met the Cornell team at Ithaca Saturday. Until the game at Easton with Lafayette, Cornell was an unknown quantity. It was understood, in the way that football rumor circulates from coach to coach throughout the country, that Cornell was much more fussed by her own people this year than last. That certain methods of defence and offence had been adopted, held fast to, and developed until the team thoroughly understood and believed in them. But until that first half of the Lafayette game there were many sceptics who thought that the Cornell coaches were flattering themselves unduly. But when the day of trial came Cornell stood up to every belief, and Princeton, the best team of last year's season, the most aggressive driving eleven of 1897, with the possible exception of Pennsylvania, found it all an afternoon's work to score ten points upon the Ithacans. The defence of Cornell was remarkably well conceived, and was executed with a vigor that made it doubly effective, while her running game had more real force in it than since the days when Osgood made Harvard's team stand on end at Springfield. Besides, this year it does not depend upon one man. Wheeler was the bright particular star of Princeton's team, and he might well be that on any team past or present.

The other games of Saturday had been discounted in football calculations long ago. That Pennsylvania was about to administer a crushing punishment to Lafayette for her unduly aspiration and success of a year ago was in the air everywhere; even the coaches and best friends of Lafayette, knew that the whipping was due and the date at hand. And Pennsylvania did not stay her hand. Lafayette was far weaker than last year—somewhat due to injuries, it is true—and Pennsylvania was far better. The Pennsylvania offence showed itself the strongest of the year. The Harvard-Brown game was also a foregone conclusion, especially as when it was mitted that Fiske could not play. With his loss went much of the hope that Brown adherents had of scoring. Gammons is good, but without his side partner half his game is lost. Harvard exhibited a considerable advance in the steadiness of her defence when actually driven to the work.

WALTER CAMP.

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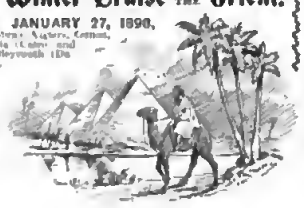

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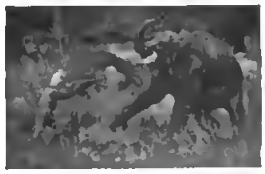

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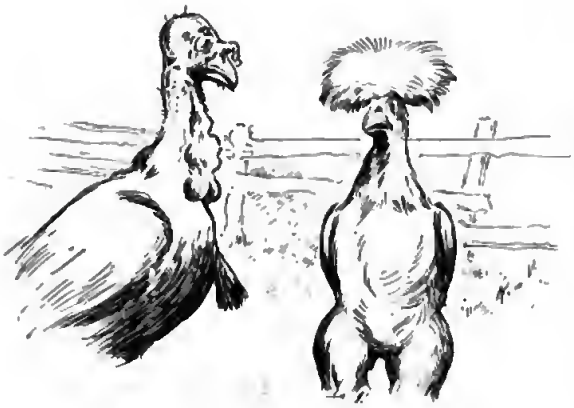

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THE letter which appears elsewhere from Mr. ARNOLD WHITE, who is known as a publicist of distinction, and whose acquaintance with public and literary men of Europe is wide and intimate, is the first of the communications which Mr. WHITE will send to the WEEKLY as its regular London correspondent.

IT is explained by a French diplomatist that Lord SALISBURY is not deserving of the condemnation which is visited upon him for his recent concessions to France as to Tunis, but that nearly twenty years ago, as compensation for BEACONSFIELD's doping of France as to Cyprus, SALISBURY promised WADDINGTON that England would recognize Tunis as within the proper sphere of French influence in Africa.

IT is well that the friends of a national bankruptcy measure are so soon beginning to work to secure the enactment of the TOWNSEND bill, or of something like it. The business interests of the country are sorely in need of a bankruptcy law that will be fair to both debtors and creditors, that will not subject distant creditors to the annoyances of differing State laws, and that will also permit unfortunate debtors to make a settlement and to resume business without great delay. The TOWNSEND bill is such a measure, and it has also the virtue of providing an inexpensive proceeding.

IN filling the vacancy caused by the retirement of Justice FIELD, Mr. MCKINLEY ought to seek his successor on the bench. The Supreme Court ought to be composed, so far as practicable, of judges who have served and gained their experience in the lower courts, and who have thus shown their fitness for promotion. In many cases, by reason of the very small pay of Federal judges, service in the lower courts is a sacrifice on the part of a good lawyer, and although Supreme Court salaries are not princely, the honor attaching to the place is great, and it ought to be the reward of faithful and distinguished service on the bench.

THERE is a good deal of trouble in Austria-Hungary growing out of the question as to the renewal of the compact between the two elements of the empire. So fierce is the quarrel between the Germans and the Hungarians, and so great has the jealousy become between the Germans and all other races subject to FRANCIS JOSEPH, that it is not surprising that there should be talk of suspending the constitution. It is a curious and interesting fact that the Emperor WILLIAM II. has been able to promote, if not to originate, the unpopularity of Germans beyond the boundaries of his own dominion, and among people who ten and twenty years ago willingly submitted to German rule.

AMONG the most refreshing incidents of the municipal campaign in New York was Mr. GEORGIA's promises that he would try to bring CROKER and PLATT before the Grand Jury on criminal charges if he were elected Mayor. No one who knows CROKER's career, from tunnel tough to prize fighter, from prize-fighter to boss, from boss to rich horse-racer, doubts that CROKER ought to be in prison. PLATT, too, is strongly suspected of blackmailing. It would be wholesome for the city, and for politics throughout the country, if some one would hunt up the evidence against the two bosses and secure their conviction. WE cannot have good government until public rogues are in danger of meeting justice behind the bars.

THERE is one point in connection with the views of the mission of our bimetallic troubadours that needs clearing up. In the memorandum of foreign (not imaginary) conversations that took place in Downing Street between the troubadours and the statesmen, it is noted that the wandering WOLCOTT agreed, on the part of the United States, to a ratio of 15½ to 1. Now all our silver men insist on 16 to 1, and last year they tumbled into the ditch while trying to seize this moon with their teeth. When did Congress grant to WOLCOTT the power to fix the ratio, or to the President, for that matter, the authority to instruct his commissioners to do so? Can it be possible that there was a tendency on WOLCOTT's part to cause himself and his band to be taken too seriously by foreign potentates and gold-bugs?

ALTHOUGH war, we hope, is very distant, every reasonable American will agree with what General MILES says in his annual report as to the folly of our remaining "in a condition of insecurity." Congress has already appropriated $28,000,000 for coast defences, and will undoubtedly appropriate many millions more. Even now, however, there are not enough artillery regiments to take proper care of works already established and equipped. It seems to be agreed that at least two more regiments of artillery are needed, and it is to be hoped that Congress will authorize the addition to the army. Expensive forts and modern armaments without men to handle or care for them, and expensive ships without docks for cleaning or repairing them — this is the Congressional record on the subject so far, and it is not one of which the country is proud.

IT is announced that Postmaster-General GARY will make an effort to secure the establishment of postal savings-banks the chief feature of his administration. Some of Mr. GARY's predecessors have been enamoured of this project, and all who advocate it base their arguments on the success of the systems that have been adopted in England and on the continent of Europe. The fact is, however, that there is here no lack of private institutions for savings, and no institutions in the country are more solvent. There is therefore not the necessity here for the postal savings banks that there was in England, France, Belgium, and the other countries where they have been a success. Moreover, we ought to be directing all our energies to withdrawing the government from the business partnerships in which it has become involved. It is already looked to by too many people as the guardian and promoter of their pecuniary interests.

IF the Washington *Evening Star* is correctly informed, the Vice-President of the United States has entered into a disgraceful partnership for the purpose of furthering a bad object. The present head of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, Mr. CLAUDE M. JOHNSON, is a gold Democrat, and voted for Mr. MCKINLEY. In view of the notorious ingratitude of the Republicans towards their allies, without whose aid Mr. MCKINLEY could not have been elected, it is not surprising that the vote that Mr. JOHNSON cast for the Republican candidates of 1896 should not protect him from the spoils hunting of PLATT. But it will be a little surprising if Mr. HOBART, one of the candidates, shall show such execrable taste as to join in the chase. It is said, however, that PLATT, and J. W. HAYES, of the Knights of Labor, want Mr. JOHNSON's position for one GEORGE J. CORRY, of Chicago. In order to gain its object, not only has this partnership once more to demonstrate Republican ingratitude to gold Democrats, but it must persuade the President to except the sought-for place from the operation of the civil service law. If the conspiracy be accomplished, the conduct of the President and Mr. HOBART will be worthy of remembrance. From PLATT nothing better was to have been expected.

SENATOR GORMAN is moved to words by the effective assaults which have been made upon him by the Baltimore *Sun*, and has addressed a long and feeling letter to Mr. ABELL, the head of the company owning that paper. In this letter he insists that he and his organization constitute the Democratic party in Maryland, and that war on him is war on Democracy. This is the attitude of all "bosses." It is that of PLATT and CROKER as well as of GORMAN. It is interesting, however, to note that Mr. GORMAN in this letter shows that in his mind a party is not an organization for the support or the establishment of principles. He admits that he is "opposed to what you term 'civil service reform,'" although his party has declared in favor of it more than once; that he is opposed to the "Australian ballot law"; and that he fought the WILSON bill in the interest of greater revenue, meaning thereby in the interest of the Sugar Trust. In other words, Mr. GORMAN believes precisely in the political principles of THOMAS C. PLATT, and belongs to the Democratic party simply because in Maryland the Democrats are almost always in the majority, having recently lost the State merely because of his leadership. There is really only one party to which GORMAN and PLATT, CROKER and QUAY, and all that kind could properly belong, and that would be a party every member of which might be at liberty to sell his so-called principles or opinions on any subject of importance, so long as he remained faithful to the party on the great subject of public loot.

THE Executive Department of the government has been asked to move the postponement of the sale of the Union Pacific Railroad under foreclosure. The reason for the motion was an offer by a second syndicate of a bid larger than that of the first syndicate. Under the bid of the first it was agreed that the government should receive $50,000,000, the total debt of the main line of the road to the government being about $58,000,000. The competition between bidders has resulted in saving the government whole, for the first syndicate offered the additional $8,000,000 to prevent postponement. But much of the clamor against the agreement with the first syndicate was the noisy chatter of politicians and newspapers that are ready to charge dishonesty against any public transaction involving the transfer of money or property, and that, as a rule, are absolutely incapable of suggesting any method in place of that which they condemn. Most of the opposition to the sale of the Union Pacific property came from men like Senators MORGAN and HARRIS, who are in favor of turning over the management of the road to the government. How capable are these statesmen and their colleagues to deal with railroads, or any business proposition, is demonstrated by the failure of Congress, after trying for years, to adjust the money differences between the creditor government and the debtor railroads. Experience has taught us to believe that about the costliest experiment which could be made by the government would be the attempt to manage the Pacific railroads with Congress as a board of directors and the Commissioner of Railroads or the Secretary of the Interior as president. The foreclosure of all the government's interests in all the subsidized roads would be a profitable escape from the danger of government ownership.

THE SPANISH REPLY.

SPAIN'S refusal to ask or consent to our intervention in her difficulties with Cuba ought not to be a surprise; certainly it calls for no resentment on our part. It should not have been expected that she would openly and in set terms admit our right to interfere between herself and her colonies, especially at a time when, with new men at the head of affairs and with a new policy towards Cuba proclaimed, she hopes to put an end to the insurrection by a grant of reforms, and to thus retain possession of her island. When the time comes for intervention, if it ever should come, it is more than likely that we shall be obliged to take the unpleasant step against the will, and perhaps notwithstanding the resistance, of Spain. It is a much more profitable occupation for us at present, instead of expressing indignant amazement because of Spain's refusal to call us in at once, to examine carefully our own attitude and our own duty in this important matter.

Spain complains of our filibusters, and of the failure of our government to prevent their departure from our ports. This complaint was to have been anticipated, especially in view of the fact that the counsel for Spain has for a long time been diligently gathering evidence to be used in support of claims for damages which Spain will make against us on account of these expeditions. Nevertheless, we believe that the complaint is not well founded. It is true that a great deal of sympathy for the Cubans is felt and manifested by the people of this country. But the government cannot be held responsible either for the sentiment or its expression. As Mr. BAYARD wrote to Minister VALERA in 1885, "This government does not and cannot undertake, as I have shown, to control the workings of opinions, sympathy, and affiliation of sentiments, and the expression thereof is not punishable in this country by law." We are bound to exert our powers, however, to prevent the fitting out in our ports of armed expeditions, bearing in mind always that our merchants have the right to export and sell to the Cubans even arms and munitions of war. The degree of our responsibility and of the care which we are bound to exercise is not easily defined. Under the three rules laid down by the Geneva tribunal we are obliged to maintain a surveillance over suspected vessels, and to police our harbors and coasts to prevent the departure of warlike expeditions, and to arrest them if they escape. Although the validity of the three rules as

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establishing a permanent principle of international law has been questioned by jurists, and was not assented to at Geneva by the representatives of Great Britain, it is quite probable that this government can establish the fact that its executive and judiciary departments have really exercised due diligence within the strict meaning of that term as interpreted by the lawyers.

Mr. CLEVELAND was certainly most diligent, and not only issued in 1895 a formal proclamation warning the citizens of the United States "to abstain from every violation" of the laws of the country against active participation in the insurrection, but in 1896 invited much and violent criticism, and even charges of undue partiality for Spain and undue hostility towards a people struggling for their liberties, by issuing a second proclamation, asserting that some American citizens and others within our jurisdiction seem to "fail to apprehend the meaning and operation of the neutrality laws of the United States," and declaring that all violations of these laws would be "vigorously prosecuted." In pursuance of this determination of the President, United States marshals and district attorneys have been especially active, both in Mr. CLEVELAND'S and Mr. MCKINLEY'S administrations, to prevent the departure of filibustering expeditions, and to convict them after seizure. To this end large sums of money have been expended and a fleet of vessels has been maintained in our Southern waters. Moreover, so far as we know the facts, the marshals and patrol fleet of the United States have been much more successful in apprehending filibusters than the Spanish fleet in Cuban waters has been in preventing the landing of those that have escaped. The law department of the government has also been diligent, and as effective as may be in view of the sentiment of the people from whom jurors must be drawn. We are bound to do our utmost, under our own laws, to secure conviction for this offence, which is an offence against our own laws; but whether we are responsible for jurymen is another question. Morally and in fact the government is not responsible. It is not bound to do more than it can do, and it is quite likely that an international tribunal would refuse to award damages to Spain because United States juries found against her, notwithstanding the conscientious discharge of his duty by the President, the efforts of the United States district attorneys to secure convictions, and the proper interpretation of the law by United States judges.

Another important consideration at this time is as to our duty in view of the declaration by the new Spanish government that it is its intention to give to Cuba autonomy in the form of a large measure of home rule, including control of taxation, tariff, and the finances of the island generally. In his message of 1896 President CLEVELAND said: "It would seem that if Spain should offer to Cuba genuine autonomy—a measure of home rule which, while preserving the sovereignty of Spain, would satisfy all rational requirements of her Spanish subjects—there should be no just reason why the pacification of the island might not be effected on that basis. Such a result would appear to be in the true interest of all concerned. It would at once stop the conflict which is now consuming the resources of the island, and making it worthless for whichever party may ultimately prevail. It would keep intact the possessions of Spain without touching her honor, which will be consulted rather than impugned by the adequate redress of admitted grievances." In the same message Mr. CLEVELAND announced that he had communicated to Spain the willingness of this government to secure the acceptance by the Cubans of a "satisfactory measure of home-rule" by furnishing to them a "guaranty of its execution." In a word, this country has promised to aid Spain to establish autonomy, not only by passive sympathy, but by active co-operation, if the Cuban insurgents will only accept autonomy on the guaranty by the United States of its execution. It may be that the Cubans will refuse autonomy as a satisfactory conclusion of the insurrection. In that event the government of the United States is still bound by the promise implied in these words of Mr. CLEVELAND'S message: "It [a grant of autonomy] would keep intact the possessions of Spain without touching her honor." Assuredly this statement in a President's message ought to prevent our interference in behalf of the insurgents, at least until the offer of autonomy shall be found ineffectual to stop the war. Not to wait until the new experiment has been tried would amount to a breach of faith. It is probably true that a "continuity of foreign policy" is impossible under a democratic form of government; but a continuity of honorable dealing and of common good faith ought not to be impossible. Mr. MCKINLEY has the power to disregard this promise, but he cannot do it without impeaching the honor of the country. He may disagree with Mr. CLEVELAND, but when Mr. CLEVELAND wrote these words as part of his formal official message to Congress he was President, and as between the United States and Spain his promise is the promise of the country. Therefore we are committed as a nation to stand aside while Spain endeavors to pacify the insurgents and to retain her colony by an offer of autonomy; and, more than that, to aid her, if we can, by furnishing to the Cubans a guaranty that the system of autonomy offered, if satisfactory, shall be executed. We are inclined to think that Mr. MCKINLEY will take this view of his duty, because any other view would be immoral—as immoral as would be the continuation of Jingo screeching while Spain is painfully trying her belated experiment.

THE COLLAPSE OF BIMETALLISM.

WHAT had been repeatedly predicted in these columns has now actually happened. The so-called "movement" in favor of bimetallism in England, France, and Germany had been carried on mainly by two classes of people: those who thought that a large increase of the "circulating medium" and a consequent depreciation of the legal-tender money would mend their fortunes—especially the large landholders, who, for one reason or another, found their revenues from their estates declining, and merchants engaged in business transactions with India—and those who were puzzled by certain economic phenomena produced by the industrial developments of our time, and believed, in a vague way, that an expansion of the "world's money" by the introduction of international bimetallism—that is, by the raising of the value of silver and its rehabilitation as a money metal by means of an agreement between the principal commercial nations—would afford "relief" and be generally "a good thing." The first class reasoned and acted upon motives of personal interest, and the second on motives of a philanthropic nature. They might be called the philosophers of bimetallism. These two classes combined managed to keep up an agitation in favor of bimetallism as a general proposition that was lively enough to attract much attention, and to create the impression that all classes of society in the principal European states were teeming with bimetallists. But that agitation failed to point out any specific method by which the introduction of international bimetallism could actually be effected so as to result in any general benefit. Nevertheless a good many Americans returning from their travels abroad, and among them persons classed as statesmen, brought home the news that if the United States would only give the multitudinous European bimetallists a fair opportunity to co-operate with this republic in the promotion of the desired object, another international conference or effective diplomatic negotiations on the subject would follow, with the fairest prospects of success. The objection of cool-headed men, who insisted that values could not be made and upheld by law or treaty, and that it would be impossible to agree on a satisfactory ratio between gold and silver capable of being maintained, was put aside by the sanguine prediction that if there was a will, the combined wisdom of the American and the European bimetallists would surely find a way.

Well, the opportunity has been given. Our government sent to Europe a special commission composed of clever gentlemen who were to crystallize the bimetallic sentiment so abounding in England, France, and Germany, and to bring matters to a head. That commission, according to the reports sent over from time to time, found plenty of "sympathy." But as to the practical value of that sympathy the story is exceedingly chareless. What the commissioners were told in France and Germany was substantially this "International bimetallism! Well, it might be a capital thing if it could be accomplished. But it is useless to try without the co-operation of all the great commercial nations. See what you can do in England." In England, then, the commissioners again found much "sympathy," even in government circles, and, it is rumored, even among the governing body of the Bank of England. But they had to come down to practical business. They proposed, as the first step in the direction of bimetallism, that the mints of India should be opened again to the free coinage of silver. The British government was very kind and accommodating. It would at once inquire what the Indian government thought of it. The answer of the Indian government came very promptly, and left nothing to desire as to clearness and decision. It was, in short, to this effect: "We are not fools. The closing of the mints to silver has saved the business of India from disastrous confusion. We have had enough of that. Business is now settled upon the new basis with a prospect of stability. Do not upset it again." And not only that. No sooner was it hinted about that propositions looking to a change in the standard of value were at all entertained by the British government then the whole business community rose up as one man with an indignant protest. And there was the end. And, what is very significant, those in government circles in France and Germany, who had been so "sympathetic," have a sigh of relief and satisfaction at the obvious fact that the end of the delusion had really come. It is true the British government, in announcing to our commissioners the result, gave them the soothing assurance that, if they had anything else to propose, they would be listened to with pleasure. But, as a matter of fact, the discussion is actually closed, and our commissioners return like a committee of the Pickwick Club coming home from a sentimental journey.

Considering that this result was inevitable, and was foreseen and foretold by everybody viewing the matter with a clear eye, it is difficult to overlook the humorous side of the play. But the comedy should teach those who were engaged in it a serious lesson never to be forgotten. The scheme of bimetallism is bound to break down as soon as its discussion descends from pious wishes and hazy generalities to specific practical propositions. All international conferences have come to a stop at that point, and, if there should be more such conferences, they always will. It is, for instance, difficult to understand how a man of Senator WOLCOTT'S intelligence should for a moment have expected that the commercial nations of the world would assent to the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 15½ of silver to 1 of gold while the market ratio is about 36 to 1. It is to be hoped that the Senator will come home radically cured of all delusions as to such possibilities. He will do his country a service by frankly confessing, as the sum total of his European experience, that the "sympathetic" talk about bimetallism which is heard in England, as well as on the Continent, is only so much wind; that Europe is settled upon the gold basis and will not change it; that the scheme of international bimetallism is utterly impracticable; and that the sooner the American people give up that rainbow chase and turn their thoughts to a businesslike regulation of their financial system in harmony with that of the commercial world, the better it will be for their interests as well as their peace of mind.

The effect of the collapse of international bimetallism upon the silver men in this country will probably be to make them shout all the louder for the free coinage of silver in the United States alone. And as their principal object is the debasement of our currency by the establishment of the single silver standard, they will be quite logical in doing so. But that cry will be far less potent in the future than it was in the past, partly in consequence of last year's campaign of education, which resulted in the defeat of the silver forces, and partly owing to the more prosperous times, which render the popular mind less open to financial quackery. On the other hand, it will be interesting to observe how the disappearance of the international bimetallism delusion will affect the conduct of those politicians, especially those members of Congress, who, while in favor of sound money, still thought it necessary to propitiate as much as possible what silver sentiment there was among their constituents, and who found international bimetallism a very serviceable bauble with which to amuse the unwary. They will now have to discover another dodge—which will be very difficult even to the natural ingenuity of cowardice—or they will have to admit that it is all over with silver, and to speak the word "gold" without evasion or circumlocution. In this respect the sending out of our commissioners in search of European bimetallists may have served a good purpose. This new and final demonstration of the futility of such an enterprise may do much to remove from the popular mind the vain hopes that diverted it from the true question at issue. It may destroy the subterfuge behind which ignorance and political pusillanimity used to hide themselves. It may help to clear the atmosphere and to simplify and put in its true light the real problem. This may be a little compensation for the encouragement which the continued pursuit of the bimetallic will-o'-the-wisp has given to the silver craze and other financial heresies among ourselves, and for the distrust of our financial common sense and good faith it has created abroad.

CARL SCHURZ.

"IN TIME OF PEACE."—FROM THE PAINTING BY WILLIAM F. KLINE, LAZARUS PRIZE SCHOLAR OF 1894.

THE STEVENSON MONUMENT.

THE monument and fountain in memory of Robert Louis Stevenson, dedicated October 16, in Portsmouth Square, San Francisco, is shown in the accompanying illustration. Bruce Porter designed the monument, and presided at the dedicatory meeting, at which Mayor Phelan of San Francisco, and Mr. Irving M Scott made addresses. The inscription on the granite shaft, which is surmounted by a Spanish galleon in pale green bronze with bright gold sails, is as follows:

TO REMEMBER ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

To be honest; to be kind; to earn a little, to spend a little less; to make, upon the whole, a family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary, and not be embittered; to keep a few friends, but these without exploitation, above all, on the same grim condition, to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy.

Mrs Stevenson, and her daughter by her first husband, Mrs Isabella Strong, who acted as Mr Stevenson's amanuensis in his later years, arrived in San Francisco from the Samoan Islands a few days after the dedication ceremonies, and will hereafter make their home, it is said, on the Pacific coast, the scene of Mr. Stevenson's delightful *Silverado Squatter* sketches.

Portsmouth Square, in which the Stevenson Monument stands, is the old Plaza in which such stirring scenes were enacted in the days of the gold fever. The monument was reared by subscriptions from admirers of Stevenson throughout the United States, the bulk of the money necessary being raised in San Francisco and New York.

THE LAZARUS SCHOLARSHIP EXHIBITION.

IN the WEEKLY of November 10, 1894, was given a reproduction of the painting "Nymph and Satyr," which won for Mr. William F Kline the Lazarus Traveling Scholarship. The competition for this scholarship is open to American art students under thirty. The value of the scholarship is $2400, and the conditions of the

MONUMENT TO ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON IN SAN FRANCISCO.—PHOTO. BY TABER. DESIGNED BY BRUCE PORTER, ASSISTED BY WILLIS POLK; GEORGE PIPER, SCULPTOR.

THE ROLLER BOAT OUT FOR HER SPEED TRIAL, OCTOBER 21.

DOCK TRIAL OF THE ROLLER BOAT IN THE SHIP YARD, TORONTO.

A NOVEL CRAFT.—[SEE PAGE 1110]

JOHN SARTAIN.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY GUTEKUNST.—[SEE PAGE 1110.]

award possible for two years of travel and study abroad by the successful aspirant. The competition and award are in charge of a committee from the art school of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, to which the winner, on his return from abroad, makes his reports and brings his work for exhibition.

Mr. Kline, the winner in 1894, is a native of Georgia, who studied in the Art Students' League and the National Academy. He sailed for Paris in the winter of 1895, and spent his first winter in the Academy in Paris, where he painted from life under Gustave Courtois and Girardot. The following summer he went to Chartres, where he studied out-of-doors. There, at the time of the annual Fête Dieu, he found a subject for a large painting in the children in white dresses and veils coming from their first communion down the steps of one of the sculptured porches of the old cathedral. This painting, nine feet five inches by five feet, was finished in the following spring.

From Chartres Mr. Kline went on an extended trip through Italy, and on his return to Paris started two large canvases. One of them, a group of two figures, life size, representing a pastoral scene, he sent when finished to the Salon de Champ de Mars, where it was well received. The other, a large composition, in size ten feet nine inches by five feet, in that called "In Time of Peace," or "Homer," of which a reproduction is given in this number of the WEEKLY. These three pictures with other studies, portraits, and smaller compositions done by Mr. Kline while abroad, will be exhibited during November at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

MARCELLA SEMBRICH.
[SEE PAGE 1116.]

WHERE THE BREAK OCCURRED

PREPARING TO RAISE THE SUBMERGED SLEEPING-CAR "SERMES."

THE WRECKING COMPANY'S GIANT DERRICK RAISING SLEEPING-CAR "GLEN ALPINE."

SCENE OF THE LANDSLIP, SHOWING PERPENDICULAR CLEAVAGE

DIVER AND SLEEPING-CAR "GLEN ALPINE" ON DECK OF FLOATING DERRICK.

THE RECENT RAILROAD ACCIDENT NEAR GARRISONS, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 1110.]

LONDON.

October 16, 1897.

If English politics to-day are interesting, it is because the country is in a state of transition. A glance at the facts will explain much that is obscure. The historic Liberal party has ceased to exist as a dominant force in the country. Its decadence is due to rebellion against the despotism of facts. Far ten years the home rule discussion has educated the people in imperial politics as no democracy was ever educated before. The ablest men in the kingdom, on both sides, have fought the matter out from day to day, both in principle and in detail, until the majority of the electors became convinced that either the whole electorate must rule the whole United Kingdom, or that the Irish Nationalists must govern Ireland exclusively, and be concurrently predominant in England. It was thus that the ground was prepared for the recent outbreak of imperialism. Mr. Gladstone's genius and force of will spent themselves in trying to get the consent of the English in one of the three possible forms of Irish home-rule. His first bill excluded Irish members from the Imperial Parliament while taxing Irishmen. This involved taxation without representation—a policy adopted by George III on your side of the water with interesting results. The second bill, of 1893, provided that Irish members should vote at Westminster on some questions and not on others. This plan made all party government impossible, partly because it involved the certainty of a ministry with a British majority after luncheon finding itself in an imperial minority after dinner, and partly because no human intellect can discover British from imperial interests. Mr. Gladstone's third plan was to give Ireland autonomy, and yet to keep eighty Irishmen at Westminster with plenary powers to vote solid on British education, religion, taxation, and local affairs. No such tribute was ever paid by a legislature to its leader as when the Commons passed this extraordinary measure in 1893, after a free fight on the floor of the House, which I witnessed with much interest, but without surprise.

When the Lords threw out the bill and Mr. Gladstone retired to write reminiscences of his successors, it was evident that two courses only were open to the Liberal leaders. Either they might frankly abandon home rule, or they might nail the green flag to the mast. The Liberal leaders adopted neither of these courses. They drifted Lord Rosebery, their most popular and their best all round man, wisely retired—it is believed, only for a time. Indeed, statements as to his return on his own terms are now freely made by men of influence on his own side. The party, however, is now split up into groups—impotent, wordy, contentious groups. England is left therefore, for the first time in her recent history, with no alternative act of responsible statesmen prepared to accept and capable of discharging the task of ruling the empire. Constitutional government, if it is to be a success, requires two homogeneous parties. This is the ideal, and until 1886 was the rule. It is now an unattainable ideal. The country is puzzled; it has no one to whom it can turn if it dismisses the Unionists. The Continental system of political groups, which may combine from love of place, but will never unite from love of country, has landed on these shores, is installed in the Commons, and seemingly has come to stay. That the decay of the Liberal party is a constitutional evil of the first magnitude is a fact admitted by thoughtful Unionists.

It would be unjust, however, to attribute to Mr. Gladstone's enthusiasms, to home rule, or to the opportunism of Sir William Harcourt and his rivals all the responsibility for the present state of affairs. The fact is that no democracy can acquire more freedom than exists. Democracy—largely through the efforts of the Liberal party—has won freedom. It is therefore of greater importance to all that freedom should be preserved than that a constitution, which is the result of slow change through many generations, should be thrown into the melting pot in order that warring groups may bury their muzzles in the flesh pots of office.

This transitory period in English history is showing itself in other ways. An Englishman may now call himself Tory and still find that he is expected to support Radical measures. Lord Londonderry and the Northern Conservative Union have raised the flag of independence on this very point. English political nomenclature is now meaningless. A Tory is a supporter of Lord Salisbury. But Lord Salisbury gave Heligoland to Germany, half Siam to France, permitted France to renounce her Tunisian pledges without exacting from her a like concession for England in Egypt, and accepted Mr. Sherman's buffets on the coal question by turning the other cheek in a spirit of grace more generally associated with virgin martyrs than with Tory ministers. Ministers—except Mr. Chamberlain—are on the fence. They watch the people and the people watch them. But they do not lead. The government, although nowhere attacked in force, is neither directing nor forming public opinion. Mr. Chamberlain is the only personality in the government. Lord Salisbury himself is out of touch with the electors. He rarely sees any one from outside, and consults with no one. He runs up to the Foreign Office two or three times in the week, and lives a stately existence in an Elizabethan atmosphere at Hatfield House. A clerk in the Foreign Office assures me that for over a year he has not set eyes on the Prime Minister. The consequence of this aloofness is that Lord Salisbury is not well served. Men will not work so well for an abstraction as for a chief with whose contagious personality they are charmed. There is no disguising the fact that while Lord Rosebery made friends wherever he went, except in his own cabinet, and is much liked by the people, the Prime Minister is almost as much of a recluse as the Queen.

The transition period through which England is now passing is accentuated by the great age and growing infirmities of the Queen. Her Majesty no longer reads her own letters. Everything is read to her. When the time at last comes for the Queen to lay down her heavy burdens, questions of the deepest interest at home and abroad, which are now allowed to slumber, will demand solution. Nearly related to the occupants of almost every throne in Europe, the Queen is treated by them with a reverence and consideration that will scarcely be extended to her successor, at all events for many years to come. So great is her influence with the European courts, she has been called "the electric belt of Europe." No other member of the reigning families commands such deferential attention from them all. And her influence is quietly exercised on the side of good sense and of peace. Great as her influence is, and constantly as it is exerted, the public merely hears of it. A lady's natural repugnance to advertisement and publicity is apparent in everything the Queen does. This trait in her character has not been transmitted to all her posterity. The German Emperor, for example, displays qualities that would have won for him success in journalism, but they do not add to his popularity in England.

While writing about the Queen, I may perhaps say a word or two on the happily settled question of her abdication. The matter was seriously discussed in society before the Jubilee. I understand that the Queen herself desired rest and retirement, and the matter actually came before a cabinet council. All the ministers were strongly and unanimously opposed to entertaining the possibility of an abdication, and hence the letter which contained the memorable assurance that the Queen would devote herself to her beloved country "as long as life shall last." It is difficult to convey to Americans the affection with which the Queen is regarded in Great and Greater Britain. The throne is looked upon by many with approval as a convenient device for obtaining a hereditary President for what is virtually a republic. The present occupant of the throne, however, is loved with passionate affection. I have seen tears in the eyes of Englishmen in most parts of the world, including London, while singing "God save the Queen." This sentiment is a tribute to the character, not to the glory, of one who has earthly occupied for more than two generations the loneliest and loftiest station ever held by a woman. England will not listen to the question of the Queen's abdication while she lives, and Republicanism under the Queen's rule has practically ceased to exist. Still, England will never stand another George IV.

By the time that this letter is printed events at both ends of Africa will once more occupy public attention. In Upper Egypt the Sirdar Sir H. Kitchener has been working like a mule. He is strong, harsh, and taciturn. He dislikes press flatteries, and has refused permission to the special correspondents to go to the front. At the time of writing the representatives of the London dailies are boxed up at Merawi, a fortified village on the Nile, a hundred miles from Abu Hamed, to which point the railway from Korosko is now completed. The contrast between the deadly silence preserved about Egyptian operations and the copious details telegraphed every afternoon by the government of India about the border risings is too significant to be passed over without comment. Sir George White, the Indian commander-in-chief, has assembled an army of over 50,000 men to punish the Afridis and their friends, whose natural antipathy to England commands the sympathy of Mr. Redmond, and extorts the chrism of his Parnellite supporters. Sir Colin Campbell, when suppressing the mutiny of 1857, had no such force as 50,000 troops. India was both won and recovered with a handful of men. The mystery is explicable. The policy of the government of India at the present time is virtually a military policy. The ear of Lord Elgin, the Viceroy, is a monopoly of Mr. Gladstone's has been gained by a military clique. The Indian Foreign Secretary, like most of his recent predecessors, is invertebrate; and the friends of the Secretary of State for India, Lord George Hamilton, are aware that amiability rather than backbone is his more conspicuous characteristic. He owes his place in public life to Disraeli's affection for the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn. The result is shown in the "forward" policy, which consists in erecting forts and making roads through the mountain fastnesses of the wild tribes on the northwest frontier of India. The result of this policy is to excite the fierce Moslem highlanders to frenzy, and to necessitate punitive expeditions, from which a crop of medals, promotions, and ribbons is to be reaped—by soldiers of the Queen who are in possession of Lord Elgin's ear.

As far as I am able to judge, after carefully sifting the evidence of both friends and foes of the "forward" policy in India, the armed independence of the frontier tribes is one of the surest defences of India. There is no more danger of attack from these tribes than from the hornets or the bears which live in the same hills, so long as they are left alone. If they were to advance even five hundred yards across the frontier, they would be cut down to a man. Military men, however, accustomed as they are from youth to look on the exercise of force as the only solution of frontier problems, persuaded Lord Elgin to exchange the quiet and statesmanlike policy of Lord Lawrence, which kept the peace for years, for the methods adopted by Russia in the "pacification" of Circassia. The military clique is not composed of financiers or diplomatists. Still, finance and diplomacy are dominant factors in the Indian situation, and when the present troubles are settled and paid for, I have reason to believe that a considerable change will be made in Indian frontier policy. The ablest and most experienced opponent of the Indian military clique is Sir Lepel Griffin whose article in this month's *Nineteenth Century* has roused much interest. Never before in the history of the world has a Western democracy attempted to exercise despotic powers at a distance over 300,000,000 of Asiatics. To influence the treatment of their inheritance of India and of its frontier questions by British democracy is a reason why Sir Lepel Griffin is endeavoring to cater Parliament. In the course of conversation with him I gather that it is his opinion that the Indian government requires advice from strong civil administrators whose professional instincts are in favor of peace and not of war, and that for economy, honor, and peace Lord Lawrence's policy should be restored. I am convinced that Sir Lepel Griffin's opinion in favor of sitting still is shared by the middle class tax payers of this country, and that when the matter is properly understood, after discussion in the press and in Parliament, the "forward" policy will be scuttled, if not killed—even if the cabinet shed the Secretary of State for India. The experiment of ruling India by a democracy is only beginning. It is certain that neither militarism nor parish or county council methods are applicable. There has been a tendency to fly from the one to the other, while statesmanship has been forced to take a back seat.

To return to the silent general who is organizing the recovery of Khartum and Omdurman to civilization. His case is wholly different. In the first place, Egyptian policy is in the hands of a civilian—Lord Cromer. Lord Cromer, although formerly a soldier, enjoyed an Italian civilian training. He is too cool and too strong an administrator to fall into the hands of a military clique. Egyptian policy is formulated by him, and is approved by the civilian cabinet. The advance up the Nile last year, far from being the idea of the military men, was an immense surprise to them. This is as it should be. We English to-day are perhaps less jealous than our ancestors of undue military influence in the settlement of public policy. Still, political decisions left to soldiers naturally end to a fight, and fighting is costly. The advance up the Nile is, however, generally approved by the public. Former Egyptian expeditions, Gordon's tragic death, and Slatin Pasha's description of his twelve years' captivity among the savage Baggaras, have familiarized most of the electors with the pros and cons of the question. Their pride was touched by Lord Wolseley's failures to relieve Gordon, and their pity for the oppressed tribes was stimulated by Gordon's death. Furthermore, the failure of England in Armenia and Crete makes many people anxious to atone for impotence on the Bosporus by the rescue of the victims of Moslem oppression on the Nile. And, lastly, the man in the street discerns that if the French succeed in reaching the great lakes before the English get to Khartum, the turnpock of the Nile will be French and not English, and the fortunate Lower Egypt will be at the mercy of French engineers, who could easily divert sufficient water to sterilize the land of the Pharaohs, and destroy the prosperity that England has labored to create.

I am in the habit of reading in American newspapers imputations of selfishness and "grabbing" against England in connection with African and Indian affairs. With respect to Egypt, however, may I put the case from an Englishman's point of view? I wonder how many of the readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY clearly understand that England is beating back barbarism there and placing the black population under civilized law for no selfish purpose? American manufacturers enjoy every privilege of trade in Egypt that is exacted by the British. When Khartum falls, American trade will be as welcome as British. In Egypt, as elsewhere, England throws open to the whole world, without reservation, every advantage that she herself reaps from an expenditure of blood and treasure which other nations in her place would regard as invested for their own exclusive benefit. If France, Russia, or Germany controlled Egypt, American imports would be penalized. Whatever other objections, therefore, may be raised to a British occupation, it is obviously to the material interest of the United States, no less than to that of all the world, that England should succeed in her mission of painting the Nile Valley red.

One point bearing upon the secrecy with which Sir Herbert Kitchener is rolling back the Dervishes deserves a word or two. Lord Wolseley said, in his *Soldier's Pocket Book*, that newspaper correspondents were "curses to armies." Sir Herbert Kitchener is aware that everything published in London reaches the Khalifa through agents in England, Suakim, Obock, and elsewhere. While maturing his plans for the capture of Metemma, Kitchener is therefore determined that success shall not be imperilled by the indiscretions of competitive correspondents. As in the 81th war of 1848 French engineer and artillery officers led and advised Lord Gough's foes, so in the present instance the newly erected Nile fortifications that await the advance of Kitchener's troops are known to be partly the work of European skill. One effect of universal publicity is to make the "modern major general" extremely unwilling to risk defeat at the hands of black men, and consequently he leaves no stone unturned to insure success. Victory nowadays is organized beforehand. Very little is left to chance. When Sir Herbert Kitchener hoists the British (or Egyptian) flag over the minaret at Omdurman, he is castle for life, and may eventually become Commander-in-Chief. Should he fail in what he undertakes, he will get no second chance, and he knows it. He does not belong to one of the great families, and has enemies. Since secrecy adds to his chances of success, the Egyptian campaign is so far conducted in Egyptian darkness. But the dawn is at hand.

ARNOLD WHITE.

THE KLONDIKE.

I.

Wrapped in a robe of everlasting snow
Where icy blasts eternal revel hold,
Where gaunt pines shiver in the piercing cold,
Where mellow summer noontide never glow,
And sleety crags an spring time ever know—
Thus, like a miser, in his freezing fold,
The Arctic King has gathered heaps of gold
To lead deluded wanderers unto woe.
So in his radiant diamond palace there,
Amid white splendors of his thousand thrones,
Where keen aurora glitter, blaze, and glare,
And like a Wandering Jew the wild wind moans;
He mocks at wretches in their lust despair,
Who dig for gold among their Comrades bones.

II.

About my house I see the spring time bloom,
The sheaves of summer or the autumn fruit;
To make me glad, the robin leads its lute,
The lilies blossom, lilies breathe perfume.
The red leaves flutter, golden waters loom
Around me, tones of loved ones, never mute,
Are sweeter than the viol or the flute
Through June time gladness or December gloom.
The daffodils their golden treasures pour
By impulse to my children as they play;
The vines, with clustered rubies at my door,
Gladden my good wife through the livelong day:
So in this humble nest, my wealth is more
Than all the gold and silver dug from clay.

WALTER MALONE.

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THIS BUSY WORLD

It seems only the other day that Dr. Justin Winsor succeeded the venerable Sibley as Librarian of the Harvard College Library, but the newspaper obituaries say that it was twenty years ago. His death on October 22 was unexpected, and must be felt to be premature, for he was no more than sixty six years old, and was full of activity and deep in professional labors. He ranked by very general consent as the foremost librarian in America, and to that distinction had added a far reaching reputation as a historical writer. He was born in Boston in 1831, was graduated at Harvard in 1853, and studied after graduation in Paris and Heidelberg. He was appointed Superintendent of the Boston Public Library in 1868, and resigned that place in 1877 to become Librarian of the Harvard College Library. He published many pamphlets and several books, most of them on subjects related to American history, and edited with remarkable success the *Memorial History of Boston*, and the *Narrative and Critical History of America*. Colonel T. W. Higginson, while admitting that he had certain limitations as a historical writer, speaks of his books as "absolutely indispensable to the student of American history." Colonel Higginson speaks of him as, next to President Eliot, the best known man connected with Harvard College, and the one whose place, after that of the president, will be hardest to fill. One special pocket of erudition for which Dr. Winsor was famous was his knowledge of maps relating to North America. Cartography was a strong point with him, and the cartographical history of North America, developing through five centuries, was probably more familiar to him than to any one who survives him.

He was president of the American Library Association, vice-president and corresponding secretary of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and president of the American Historical Society. Those who knew him best speak of his remarkable executive ability and capacity for work, and of his decided liking for human intercourse, which makes his death as serious a loss to society as to scholarship.

On the train the other day going down to Mr Dana's funeral some one was saying that Mr. Dana would be longest remembered as the maker of the *Household Book of Poetry*. That seems possible, and it is an odd coincidence that within a week of Mr Dana's death should have died the one other man who got at least an equal renown by analogous means. Francis Turner Palgrave died in London on October 25. Almost every one who knows good poetry at all knows Palgrave's *Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics*. It is a little book of 300 pages, very much more contracted in its scope than Mr. Dana's and not more than an eighth as big. Very possibly every poem in it is also in the larger book, but it is judicious, compact, and exceedingly popular among discriminating readers. Since 1886 Mr. Palgrave has been Professor of Poetry at Oxford. He was born in 1824, took a first-class in mathematics at Balliol College, Oxford, in 1847, and soon after became a fellow of Exeter. His early work had to do with education. At one time he was private secretary to Lord Granville. He wrote one or two volumes of poetry, edited a number of collections, and for a while wrote critical essays for the *Saturday Review*. His *Golden Treasury* appeared in 1861, four years after the first publication of Mr. Dana's collection.

The Chicago *Times-Herald* reports that in the Northwestern University student self government has collapsed and has been superseded by faculty rule. It has been tried more or less for seven years. During all that time a students' council has consulted with the faculty about the concerns of the students, and for the last two years a court established at the students' desire has had jurisdiction in cases of cheating in examination in so far as to try cases and recommend punishment or pardon. According to the *Times Herald*, the council lost influence with the faculty because, last year, it thought it inexpedient to expel twenty eight Sophomores who had dispersed a group of Freshmen posing for a class picture, while the court broke down on account of its disinclination to recommend the expulsion of a popular student who was caught cribbing. So student self government has been abolished at Northwestern. Perhaps it is not adapted to that institution; perhaps it has not really had a fair trial. The probability is that it takes a very patient and painstaking president and faculty to make the co-operation of students in matters of discipline useful anywhere, and if it is worth the necessary trouble, it is more on account of its educational value than for its immediate results in keeping order. All the same, the expediency of expelling twenty-eight Sophomores for dispersing a group of Freshmen seems, on the face of it, to be doubtful.

In a paragraph in the WEEKLY of September 11, which touched on the share of the students in regulating the affairs of Stanford University, it was stated on information and belief that the duty of eliminating idle and unworthy students from the university was intrusted to a committee of students. This statement proves to be erroneous. The Committee on Student Affairs to which President Jordan addressed a letter, which was quoted in the WEEKLY, is not an undergraduate body, but is made up of members of the faculty. The organization of Stanford is peculiar. The president, appointed by the trustees and removable at their will, selects the faculty or council. The faculty as a legislative body does not exist. All the routine business is done by committees named by the president and responsible only to him. The faculty, as such, never meets, though its members meet, usually twice a year, as the council, to confer degrees. Practically the committees have sole charge of the matters intrusted to them, as the president neither attends their meetings nor interferes with their action.

Boston has a very soft spot in her heart for her sons who were just coming into manhood when the war broke out and who went to the front. One of them was Colonel William Hathaway Forbes of Milton and Naushon, who died last month, and of whose manly character the Boston newspapers have had a great deal to say. He was one of the Forbes family, once so well known as merchants, and of later years as men of affairs, horse breeders, yachtsmen, and public spirited citizens. The Forbes fortune, which began in commerce, was very greatly augmented by the success of the Bell Telephone Company, of which for eight years the late Colonel Forbes was president. Colonel Forbes married a daughter of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and the five sons and a daughter who survive him are grandchildren of the Concord philosopher. Among them are Ralph Emerson, Edward Waldo, and Waldo Emerson. This blending of strains, contemplative philosophy with energy and practical force, seems rather notable, and must interest disciples of Emerson who now hear of it for the first time.

Mr Schurz's article on "The Negro in Politics," published in the WEEKLY of September 4, has brought out from the Rev J M Henderson, of the African Methodist Church on West Twenty-fifth Street, in New York, an acknowledgment which there is not room here to quote in full, but of which, he says, the purpose is to help readers to see the negro in a new light, and consider him from the true stand-point. He writes:

> The colored "political leader," the silver tongued "colored orator," the irrepressible "solicitor of funds," the ever-present "seller of conventions," the bumptious "representative men interviewed," and the wretches who may commit heinous crimes against society are all obnoxious relics of a sad and dark past, from which the colored people of to-day have emerged, and back upon which they look with horror. Read the inner life, the soul of the negro in the thousands of humble efforts he is making to be like the best of the people who surround him. Do not take the cries for charity as the voice of the progressive colored people. Those who have become men are struggling silently, and beg no pity, seek no charity; they contend as men should, with closed lips, hard sense, and an unfaltering trust in Almighty God.

This is the expression of the spirit of manhood and resolution. Many negroes seem like children, though they show childhood's attractive side as well as its limitations. There can be little of that in those Mr. Henderson speaks for. Their ideas are sentiments of men grown up.

Mr Anthony Hope Hawkins has come to see us, and has viewed our metropolis, and expresses himself as edified by what he sees. He notices that we are rich and handsome and well dressed, that our cab fares are too high, that our Fifth Avenue is in disorder, that our Riverside Drive is beautiful, and our Central Park also. Mr. Hawkins's errand is to make discourse among us, and he seems properly mindful of his privilege in having the ear of such a pleasing and intelligent lot of people. He has furnished excellent entertainment for American readers, yet his books are not quite of the sort which necessarily inspire a strong personal interest in the writer of them, and that makes one wonder how his American tour will turn out. Here's hoping that he may not get so rich in this country as to lose the incentive to story-writing.

The popular notion of an anarchist is a compound of bombs, beer, ignorance, and dirt. This combination is not in the least suggested by Prince Krapotkine, who lectured in New York last week. He does not believe in bombs, is not known to have a weakness for beer, is a gentleman by birth, and therefore probably clean, and is so far from being ignorant that he is a world famous scientist. He came to this continent to attend the meeting of the British Association at Toronto. He went to the meeting of the American Association at Detroit, and has been to the Pacific coast to investigate geographical and agricultural conditions in British Columbia, and to judge of the possibilities of the Northwest as a farming country. He came to New York from Washington, where he had lectured before the National Geographic Society, and he went from here to Philadelphia. Then he will discourse, as he did in Chickering Hall here, on his kind of politics, and from there he will go to Boston to deliver two lectures at the Lowell Institute, three before the Cambridge Conference, and one before the Woman's Educational Union. Yet this learned gentleman calls himself an anarchist. "I am an anarchist," he said here, "which is the most advanced type of socialist. My belief is in communism, with a free scope for organization, for production and consumption." Elsewhere he has said, in speaking of the aims of his party in Russia, "We proceed upon peaceful lines, and, it is scarcely necessary to say, never advocate taking life. We are certainly opposed to an autocratic sovereign, but we aim at the institution, not at its head."

John Swinton presided at his lecture in Chickering Hall on October 24. The hall, which seats 2000 persons, was crowded to the doors, though an admission fee of twenty-five cents was asked. That suggests that an anarchist for revenue might find lecturing a good trade if he were clever enough; but Prince Krapotkine is above the suspicion of that. His talk was all intelligent, none of it was inflammatory and much of it sounded sensible to persons of ordinary ideas. He was born in Moscow in 1842, and educated at St. Petersburg. In 1862 he joined a regiment of Cossacks of the Amur, and travelled extensively for five years in Siberia. His accounts of his journeys won him the gold medal of the Russian Geographical Society. In 1867, being then a captain, he returned to St. Petersburg and spent four years in the university. In 1871 he explored the glacial deposits in Finland and Sweden. In 1872, in Belgium and Switzerland, he imbibed radical political ideas, and returned home to propagate them. In March, 1874, he was shut up in the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul. Two years later, being ill, he was transferred to the Military Hospital, from which, in June, 1876, he escaped. Now he lives at Harrow, near London.

Dr. Nansen has made a comprehensive and polite apology for questioning the validity of Lieutenant Peary's meteorite. At quarantine the day he landed, he was met by many reporters, who asked him all the questions they could think of. One of them desired his views about the iron stones, supposed to be meteorites, which Lieutenant Peary had brought home. Dr. Nansen said he believed they were not meteorites but telluric. Then there was loud wailing in some quarters because Nansen had seemed to disparage Peary's find, and both Lieutenant Peary and Professor Salisbury of Chicago published testimonials setting forth the sidereal origin of the iron stones from Cape York. But Dr. Nansen seems to have been innocent of all evil intention, for he has written a letter to the newspapers in which, explaining the circumstances under which his views were expressed, he says:

> When Lieutenant Peary says I have spoken "thoughtlessly and with entire absence of personal knowledge," he is perfectly correct, as I didn't even know that he himself regarded it (the Cape York stone) as being different from the iron stone found by Nordenskjold. The only thing I knew about it was that he had brought back the iron stones found near Cape York, the existence of which was first brought to our knowledge by Ross's expedition in 1818, and which Nordenskjold sent his ship *Sofia* to bring back in 1883, without being able to get hold of them. I think Lieutenant Peary's valuable discovery and the iron brought home will be of equally high importance whether it should prove to be meteoric or telluric.

That is tolerably conclusive, and ought to allay all excitement. Let us hope, though, that Dr. Nansen may see those stones before he goes home. If he is wise in such matters his opinion about them would be interesting, and possibly valuable.

Mark Twain, settled now for the winter in Vienna, finds acquaintances there, as every where else. "Queen Victoria's granddaughter (daughter of the Empress Frederick) has been here," he writes, "and she told me she had read *Joan* three times. She asked me to send her a book, and as she has given her copy of *Joan* to a girls' school which she founded, I thought I would send her a fresh one. Please send one," etc., etc. He adds in a postscript: "You ought to see some of these newspaper interviews where they make me talk German—which I don't do. My German is bad, but not *that* bad."

Mr Clemens will be a proud man when he learns that at the dinner to Mr. Anthony Hope at the Lotos Club, the other night, Dr Chauncey Depew named *Quo Vadis* and Mark Twain's *Joan of Arc* as the two great novels of the year.

The upshot of the discussion as to the fitness of *Les Misérables* to be read by the girls of the Girls' High School in Philadelphia is that an abridged edition of the story has been placed on the eligible list of French books for the school. That ought to satisfy every one, especially if the abridgment leaves out the author's digressions and keeps in the story. An abridged edition was all that was asked for.

Professor Charles W. Shields, of Princeton, who signed the petition for a license for the Princeton Inn, so earnestly resents the "unjust, unconstitutional, and defamatory action" of the synods which have assailed him and others who signed the license petition that he has determined, for his personal protection, to separate himself from the Presbyterian Church in a constitutional manner with the least possible delay. Dr. Shields is Professor of the Harmony of Science and Revealed Religion at Princeton, and has been moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly. The immediate cause of his decision to leave the Presbyterian Church seems to have been that the Presbytery of New Brunswick, to which he belongs, passed a resolution that the signing of liquor licenses is not consistent with Christianity. What will the esteemed Presbyterians of Scotland and Ireland say when they learn that their American brethren virtually declare Presbyterianism and teetotalism to be inseparable?

That poor Bacchante! The Women's Christian Temperance Union of New York has declared against her, and through its State Superintendent for Purity in Literature and Art has urged the Metropolitan Museum not to accept her. In a letter to the Museum's Committee on Sculpture the Superintendent on Purity, a Brooklyn lady, submits the resolution passed at the State convention of the W. C. T. U. at Cortland on October 7, to the effect that the convention declared against the publication of disgusting details of vice and crime in the public press, and "protested against the acceptance of the Bacchante statue by the Metropolitan Museum as an insult to motherhood, and believed that its influence would be degrading and demoralizing." The average moralizer will wonder wherein the Bacchante is an insult to motherhood. The chance that she may drop the baby is obvious, and may disturb nervous persons, but to find anything else that mothers ought to resent is puzzling. The Christian Union ladies must have used the X ray.

All the same, the Board of Trustees of the museum have formally and by a unanimous vote accepted Mr McKim's gift, which was first placed on public exhibition last Monday. It is to be hoped that all the W. C. T. U. ladies, and all others who may have condemned the statue unseen, will veil their faces and grit their teeth and go and look at it. It is not nearly as bad as its reputation is.

The W. C. T. U. has another trial to face just now. Miss Willard and Lady Henry Somerset have come to different conclusions as to the regulation of vice in India. Lady Henry thinks regulation is expedient. Miss Willard thinks it is intolerable. The matter was thoroughly gone over at the recent world's convention of the W. C. T. U. at Toronto, and a resolution was finally passed in accordance with Miss Willard's views and vigorously opposing those of Lady Henry.

Persons interested in the room which was added in memory of the late Theodore Child to the mission hospital at Tabriz, Persia, where Mr. Child was cared for during an attack of cholera, will be glad to read this extract from a letter from Miss Bradford, a missionary at Tabriz, to Mr S. P. Avery. She says, under date of August 31, 1897:

> The room to be called by Mr Child's name is 31 feet long by 10½ wide, and five feet more where the bay-window is. There are three south and two east windows, and two small closets dug out of the thick walls. The work has gone on with much more ease than building usually does in this country. I shall be so glad to have Mr Child's portrait for the room, and thank you and his friends for furnishing it.

The portrait Miss Bradford speaks of is painted on a panel, the head almost half life size, and is to be framed in metal bronze. To it is to be attached a tablet bearing an inscription stating the purpose of the memorial, and reciting the circumstances of Mr. Child's journey, his stay in the hospital, and his subsequent death in the desert. It is intended that this inscription shall be written both in English and in Persian.

E S MARTIN

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ON THE SUPERSTRUCTURE OF THE "IOWA"—THE RAPID-FIRE BATTERY IN ACTION

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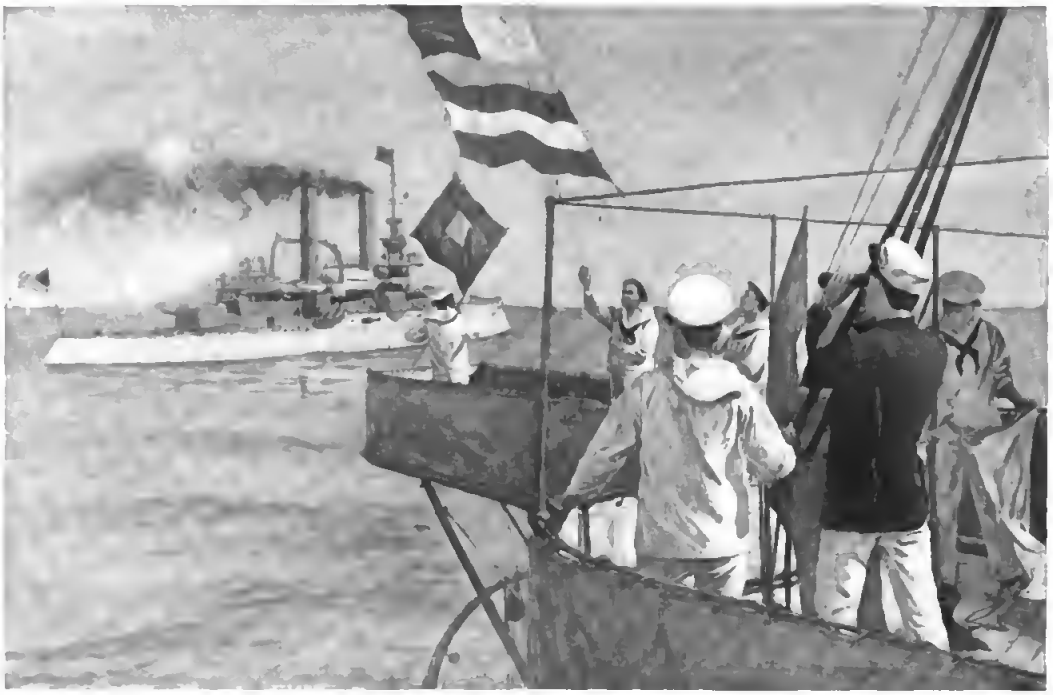

"IOWA" IN ACTION

A SQUADRON OF FIGHTING-SHIPS.

BY RUFUS FAIRCHILD ZOGBAUM—ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR.

THE present manœuvres of the fleet on the North Atlantic Station are of unusual interest, not so much from the nature of the evolutions performed as from the character of the ships composing it, which, although few in number, form in the aggregate the most powerful and formidable force assembled under the American flag since the formation of the little "White Squadron" nearly a decade ago. Admiral Sicard's command is composed entirely of fighting ships—the great cruisers *New York* and *Brooklyn*, the first-class battle ships *Iowa*, *Indiana*, and *Massachusetts*, the powerful monitor *Puritan*, and the second class battle ships *Maine* and *Texas*. The newest of the battleships, *Iowa*, differs in size and construction from her sisters in the squadron, *Indiana* and *Massachusetts*. She is 360 feet in length, with a beam of 72 feet 2.5 inches, 11,410 tons displacement, a total coal capacity of 1780 tons, and showed a speed on her trial trip of something over seventeen knots. Her armor belt is of fourteen inch steel, three feet above and four and one half feet below the water line, her main battery consists of four 12-inch rifles, mounted in pairs in barbette turrets of the balanced type fifteen inches thick, and eight 8-inch rifles in four barbette turrets eight inches thick, her secondary battery comprises six 4-inch rapid-fire rifles and she carries—besides torpedo potts, two on each broadside and one at bow—twenty 6-pounders, four 1-pounders, and four Gatlings, bristling from superstructure and bridges in all directions. Perhaps it is from her high freeboard, nineteen feet above the water forward, and her enormously high smoke-stacks, that she appears to be lighter and less massive than ships of the *Indiana* class, although she is in reality longer and with greater beam, and has a coal capacity of one hundred and forty tons more. Scarcely less interesting is the other addition to the fleet, the great armored cruiser *Brooklyn*. She carries eight 8-inch guns in turrets in barbettes of eight inch steel, while that of the turrets themselves is five and one half inches thick. Two of these turrets are mounted amidships, one on either side, while one other is placed forward and one aft on the centre line of the ship. In addition to these, twelve 5-inch rapid-fire rifles pierce her sides, and twenty rapid-fire and machine guns form her auxiliary battery. On her trial trip her speed averaged very nearly twenty two knots, rising at times even beyond this.

There are probably no finer or more powerful ships of their kind afloat than those that compose this squadron; certainly none the world over which the efficiency and professional attainments of the officers and the intelligence of the enlisted men are of a higher order. That these qualities have always existed in the American navy no one who knows its history will deny, but never before has there been greater occasion for the constant exercise of these attributes than in the control and management—in all the words imply—of these complicated floating fighting machines, the battle ships of to-day. The sight afforded by these magnificent vessels in battle array, or steaming in line or column, wheeling, countermarching, advancing, and retiring over the undulating plain of the ocean with the precision and order of compact masses of a disciplined army, is most impressive. These evolutions, however, are but preliminary and preparatory to the real work for which the squadron is formed. The development of peculiar fitness for the naval profession, in individuals or in masses, can only be advanced by close study and application, and by frequent practice in the practical school of seamanship and naval warfare; for of all trades that of the modern man-o'-war sailor is one for which training—long and continued from youth up—is specially necessary. Exercises formed on conditions of actual warfare, by night as well as by day, make up the most important part of the drill, and work, serious hard work, is done by all hands throughout the entire time spent at sea.

A battle ship cleared for action presents an appearance differing greatly from that shown while lying peacefully at anchor in port. Stanchions, davits, everything movable not specially designed for fighting purposes, disappear from the decks and sides, brass-barred skylights to lower decks and cabins, rails and supports about the openings leading below, give way to steel battle hatches, hose is coupled to the fire pumps and laid along the deck, circular openings to the ammunition passages yawn, traps to the feet of the unwary, and everything that might interfere with the sweep of the guns or the freedom of movement of the crew vanishes from sight as completely as if it never had existed. The stencilled word "overboard" on chests on the deck—chests containing anything inflammable, as paint, alcohol or oil—indicates that in the presence of the enemy they would disappear over the side of the ship into the sea, while the boats are hoisted from their rests on the superstructure and lowered to be towed astern—perhaps even to be cast adrift—to avoid injury to life and limb from flying splinters under the enemy's fire. The shock and noise of action, as the ship comes on the firing-line, is something beyond description. Take ships like *Iowa* and *Indiana*, for instance where a single discharge from bow to quarter of the principal batteries give a weight of fire of 1499 and 5600 pounds respectively and the tremendous shock of the explosion may be dimly imagined by one who has not experienced

A MESSAGE TO THE LAND.

it. Still more trying to the nervous sense are the sharp thudding reports of the rapid-fire guns, vomiting forth their deadly missiles at the rate of four or five shots every minute. Night practice with the auxiliary batteries gives an exhibition of the murderous work these guns are capable of, and the drifting targets—mere handkerchiefs in appearance as compared with attacking torpedo-boats—are greeted with such a storm of projectiles that nothing coming under the rays of the search-light could live for a moment. Only by the simultaneous rush of a number of those small but terrible engines of marine warfare, torpedo-boats, could there be much chance of inflicting injury to the larger ships. By luck or through superior skill one might "get in" and successfully explode its torpedo against the side of its huge enemy, but the attack would be much of the nature of the charge of a "forlorn hope" of bygone times into a breach in the wall of a hostile fortress. But eggs are broken when omelets are made, and war, on shore or at sea, is a hazardous game, and the loss of half a score of torpedo-boats would count for less than the destruction of an enemy's battle-ship. Cavalry acts against cavalry in war on land; torpedo-boats are, to a certain extent, the cavalry of the sea. Torpedo-boat-destroyers—torpedo-boats of large size and superior speed—form valuable adjuncts to a fleet of war-ships, cruising as scouts and videttes, and guarding by their vigilance the lines of approach to the main body of the squadron. In the absence of such craft, as in the absence of cavalry with an army, the fleet is seriously handicapped, and the chances of loss of some of its number through the enemy's torpedoes are much greater, in spite of search-lights and rapid-fire ordnance.

At present our entire force of torpedo-craft consists of four boats in service and one torpedo-boat destroyer, and fourteen torpedo-boats in the hands of the builders.

"SPRINGTIME."

An Incident of La Trappe.

BY ARTHUR COSSLETT SMITH.

I.

For three weeks, and well into Lent, the rain had fallen upon the thirsty soil of Algeria; then one night the wind shifted, and the next day the blazing sun rode through a cloudless sky.

At the abbey of La Trappe at Staouli the monks hailed the coming of spring with joy. It meant for them the beginning of out-door work, the culture of the vines, the tending of the Nesri, or white roses from which they extract the attar, and the geraniums which furnish the essence for which the abbey is famous. It meant the herding of the cattle and the sheep on the outlying pastures, the songs of the birds in the hedges, the rustling of the grass; it meant the exchange of whitewashed cells for the open air and the blue sky.

Of the forty monks of La Trappe two only are permitted ever to speak; these are the Abbot and the guest-master, Brother Ambrose. The others may say "Memento mori" when they meet each morning, and may pray. Beyond this they are dumb. Each spends a few moments of the day in digging his own grave, and they sleep on straw, with their coffins for beds. On the wall of the refectory is this inscription: "S'il est dur de vivre à la Trappe, qu'il est doux d'y mourir!" Over each door is the word "Silence."

Just outside the walls of the abbey, by the great gates, there is a room devoted to hospitality. Here each day, from ten to twelve o'clock, food is given to all who come. Brother Ambrose has charge of this room, and serves each guest with his own hands.

On this first morning of spring Brother Ambrose went to the Abbot and made a request.

"Father," he said, "this fine day after the long rain will bring many travellers, and I am beginning to feel my age. Will you kindly give me help?"

The Abbot thought a moment, then pointing through the open window toward the garden, he asked, "Who is that among the geraniums?"

Brother Ambrose shaded his eyes with his hand, and answered, "It is Brother Angelo. But is he not too young? There will be many guests, and," he added, "women as well as men."

The Abbot looked up quickly, a faint smile upon his lips.

"Ah, Brother Ambrose," he said, "at what age does one become safe? Send Brother Angelo to me."

The Abbot saw Brother Ambrose go down the grass walk toward the scarlet geraniums. Then he resumed his seat. Soon there was a knock at the door.

"Enter," said the Abbot. Brother Angelo came in.

"Memento mori, father," he said.

"I try to," replied the Abbot. Brother Angelo stared.

"My son," said the Abbot, "how long have you been with us?"

"Always, father."

"And how old are you, my son?"

"Twenty-two years, father."

The Abbot opened his desk and took out a small red book fastened with a lock. He selected a key from those which hung at his girdle and opened the book.

"My son," he said, "Brother Ambrose is growing old, and I have told him that you will help him. I intend that you shall take his place some day. For that reason you were taught languages. At present you are not to speak to any of the guests. Brother Ambrose will attend to that. Now listen to what I shall read to you, and ask no questions."

The Abbot turned several pages, and then read:

"'Angelo—Brother. Born April second, 1873. Baptized the same day and named Charles Victor.

"'Father—Count Charles François Apremont, Colonel of the Fourth Chasseurs d'Afrique.

"'Mother—Miriam, an Almée woman of the tribe of Ouled Naïl, who danced in the cafés at Biskra, and who died April third, 1873.

"'Given to me May first, 1873, by his father, who in the world was my friend, and who died in the desert some time in May, 1873.

"'Took the final vows on Easter Monday, 1895.

Signed by me—Ricnault,
Abbot of La Trappe.'

"I read you this, my son, for you are going to-day outside of the protecting walls, and are to catch a glimpse of the world. Remember how little the world has done for you. You owe it nothing but life. You will pay your debt when you die. Now go to Brother Ambrose."

At ten o'clock the guests began to come. There were Spaniards from Oran, Maltese from Bona and the Tunis frontier, French peasants from the neighboring farms, an Englishman or two, and a commercial traveller from Lyons. Brother Angelo scarcely noticed them. He did what Brother Ambrose bade him do; he found seats at the tables for the peasants and their families; he handed about the fish, the bread, the lentils, and the cheese; he comforted a crying child, he served the wine, and all the while he was saying to himself, "My father was Count Apremont, and my mother was Miriam, the dancing-girl of Biskra."

Just before twelve o'clock, when all the guests except an Englishman and the commercial traveller had departed, a carriage stopped at the gate, and a moment after the door opened, and a woman, followed by a courier belonging to one of the hotels at Algiers, entered the room. She turned, startled by the cheerless appearance of the place, and was about to go out, when her eyes met those of Brother Angelo, then she walked slowly to the head of the table and took her seat. The courier sat at the foot. Brother Ambrose served her, and she made a pretence of eating. She cast occasional glances at the young monk, and he never took his eyes away from her. He stood staring at what he had never seen before—a beautiful woman.

She was very dark. Her hair was blue-black, twisted into a heavy knot at the back of her head, and over her ears two sharply pointed locks curved up like sickles on her temples. She wore a little black hat, such as Spanish bull-fighters wear, tilted down upon her brow. Her nose was straight and thin, pinched in just above the nostrils, which quivered with each breath. Her lips were full and red, and her white teeth were small and shaped like orange seeds. Her hands were those of the old races, with long pointed fingers and rosy nails. She wore a dozen rings, and all were set with emeralds. Once she looked about the room and saw the Englishman and the commercial traveller; afterward she did not notice them.

When she could no longer make a pretence of eating she turned to Brother Ambrose and said:

"You have an excellent white wine here, I am told. May I not taste it?"

"Why not?" replied Brother Ambrose, and off he went to bring a bottle from the abbey cellars.

Scarcely had the door closed behind him, when she turned and looked fairly at Brother Angelo. He stood as before, tall and lithe, his closely cut hair curling about his face, his black eyes sparkling, his cheeks glowing, his full lips parted, his hands pressed upon his breast.

"Come here," she said.

He took a step toward her.

"What is your name?" she asked.

He started, and put his finger to his lips.

She laughed, put her hand to her lips, and threw him a kiss.

"What is your name?" she repeated.

"Memento mori," he gasped.

"How droll!" she said. "That sounds like Latin, and I do not know Latin. I only know my own language, and the French which I am using. It is not good French. My accent is very bad. You remind me of a picture which I saw in Florence. It was of a young man into whom they had shot arrows. I think they called him Saint Sebastian. I see that you wear sandals. That is good, it gives one a carriage. The Arabs wear sandals, and they walk properly. I also wear no heels," and she put out her little feet. "In the evening, if I wear slippers, then heels—in the daytime, no. That is so that I may walk well. I sent the old man for the wine so that I might speak to you. He looks rather cross, but then he is old. It is very sad to be old. I am twenty. I have nearly ten years yet. Then I shall marry. It seems that you are not talking much, but you are blushing very nicely. I used to blush when men spoke to me. It is a very pretty accomplishment, but I have lost it. Still, if you will come to see me at the Hotel Saint George, I will try my best to recall it. Will you come? If you intend to say something nice to me, or to kiss my hand, you must do it very soon, before the old man returns with the wine."

"Madame," said the courier, "pray be careful. The Abbot is very strict."

"This Abbot," she said, with a laugh, "if one could only know, is probably nothing but a man."

Then she turned to Brother Angelo again, and whispered, "What is your name?"

The blood left his face, and he trembled like a leaf. Then he said, "My father was Count Apremont, and my mother was Miriam, the dancing-girl of Biskra." And he burst into tears.

There was a crash. Brother Ambrose stood in the door, and he had dropped the bottle of white wine.

The Englishman and the commercial traveller walked down the road together. "Monsieur," said the latter, "she is almost better in real life than on the stage."

"Very clever," said the Englishman. "Who is she?"

The commercial traveller stopped short, and looked hard at his companion. Finally he said:

"Is it possible that monsieur does not know? She is Dolores, the Spanish dancer. They pay her four thousand francs a night at the Folies Bergères."

II.

That evening, when Brother Ambrose had made his report, the Abbot sat silent for some moments, and then said,

"You are quite sure that he spoke?"

"Quite sure, father."

"And to a woman?"

"To a woman, father," and Brother Ambrose crossed himself.

"Was she an attractive person?"

"She was as handsome as the devil."

The Abbot looked up quickly, but Brother Ambrose was evidently sincere in his comparison.

"Yes," he continued, "in all the thirty years that I have been guest-master I have never seen one like her. When she walked up the room she seemed to float along; there was no movement of her skirts. There was a faint odor of violets about her that filled the air. She had a fashion of half closing her eyes and looking at you through the lashes. There was that picture of the repentant Magdalene which Brother Thomas painted last year, and which you bade him burn, because, although it was the Magdalene, it was not repentant. Well, this woman had that same look. Her throat—"

"That will do," said the Abbot; "I understand."

The two old men looked at each other silently. Then Brother Ambrose, shifting his feet and nervously fingering the beads of his rosary, said,

"Father, when the spring comes back, when the whole earth begins to breathe again, when the starlings build their nest in the great cross on the chapel roof, and the scent of the lilacs fills the air, do you never find 'memento mori' hard words to say?"

The Abbot went to the window, looked out, came back, and said, slowly,

"Brother Ambrose, on such a night as this, after the manner of men, I fight with beasts at Ephesus."

"Thank God," said Brother Ambrose, solemnly, "that I am not the only one that is tempted. And now, father," he added, briskly, "what is to be done with Brother Angelo?"

"You may put him in the chapel cell for to-night," replied the Abbot, "and in the morning I will fix his penance. You may leave him his straw, and bring me the key of the cell."

"Is that all?" asked Brother Ambrose.

"Yes," replied the Abbot.

Brother Ambrose started for the door.

"Memento mori, father," he said.

The Abbot smiled.

"I will grant you an indulgence to-night, old friend. Good-night."

Brother Ambrose's lips quivered.

"Good-night," he said. And then he added, "These words sound very sweet after thirty years."

In ten minutes he brought the key of the chapel cell, and the Abbot fastened it to his girdle.

Brother Ambrose lingered a moment, and then said,

"If it is permitted, father, I should like to say good-night once more."

"Good-night," said the Abbot, and then Brother Ambrose went away.

Left alone, the Abbot sat unconsciously playing with the keys at his waist; then rising, he extinguished the single candle upon his desk and opening his door, stepped out upon the grass walk.

The garden was bathed in moonlight. On the long lines of almond trees the white blossoms shone like silver stars. High on the chapel roof the great iron cross was silhouetted against the sky, and the Abbot could see, at the intersection of the arms, the starling's nest. He walked slowly on past the geraniums, their scarlet flowers black in the moonlight, and then he came to the roses. All about him were the bending stems, the delicate fresh leaves, and the great white flowers. He circled with his arms a dozen of the stalks, brought them close together, and buried his face in the mass of blossoms. He breathed in the fragrance with long gasps; and then, after a moment, he went on down the grass walk. At the corner of the wall was a stone bench, upon which the leaves of the vines cast delicate shadows. Here he took his seat. Behind him, trellised on the wall, was a mass of honeysuckle and jasmine, the perfume of which saturated the warm air. From the dove-cote came the soft cooing of the pigeons, and in the far-off fields he heard the lowing of the cattle; for even the birds and the beasts felt the sweet influence of the spring, and could not sleep.

The Abbot sat motionless for a moment, overwhelmed by the beauty of the night, then suddenly he threw himself upon his knees.

"O God," he sobbed, "help thy servant!"

When he rose, an hour later, his prayer had been answered, and a sweet smile played about his lips.

"I will do it this very night," he said to himself, and then he went swiftly up the grass walk. He did not enter his own room, but passed through the cloisters to a door near the chapel wall. He opened this door, went in, and closed it after him. He was then in a small passage which led to the barred door of the chapel cell. It was perfectly dark, but the Abbot put his hand on the wall and felt his way to the end of the passage.

"My son!" he whispered.

There was no answer, but the Abbot heard a rustling in the straw.

"My son," he said, his voice trembling, "what I read to thee this morning was all true, except that thy father did not die in the desert. He is alive and is here. I am Charles François Apremont. I am thy father."

There was no reply.

The Abbot put his hands upon the barred door, and it swung open. The lock was broken. With a cry he entered the cell. He felt the straw under his feet, and he heard a rat scamper out into the passage. The cell was empty.

The Abbot went quickly out through the cloisters, across the wide court-yard, where the fountain was casting jets of silver in the moonlight, and on down the paved walk to the great gates. He found them locked and barred as usual, but as he was turning away, he saw projecting from the shadow of the further gate-post the foot of a ladder. Then his heart failed him utterly, for he knew that he had lost his son.

He went slowly to the ladder, and tripping on his robe, he mounted step after step, until he could see the world surrounding the great wall which for more than twenty years had bounded his horizon.

He saw the white road stretching away to Algiers, and the long lines of eucalyptus-trees which bordered it and cast their shadows across it. He saw cultivated fields and patches of woodland, and far off in the distance he caught the twinkle of a light in the window of a shepherd's hut. As he gazed at these things, so strange and yet so well known, there surged from his heart to his mind the memories of the world. He saw himself at the head of his regiment. He heard the neighing of the horses, and he saw the glint of the moonlight on the sabres and the buckles. He heard the bugles, he saw the fierce skirmish in the desert, he saw the mosques and the citadel of Biskra, and then—oh, then he saw Miriam the dancing-girl coming to meet him under the palm-trees.

He waved his hand toward the distant city, and whispered "Farewell, my son! God keep thee!"

NEWS FROM THE KLONDIKE.

LETTER AND ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

VII.—THE DYEA OR CHILKOOT TRAIL.

TWO months ago there was but one trail commonly known across the Chilkoot Mountains to the headwaters of the Yukon. That trail was known as the Chilkoot Pass route. The new trail, called the White Pass Trail, is now spoken of as the Skagway Trail, while the old Chilkoot Trail is called the "Dyea Trail." That the advertising of the Skagway Trail as a better route than by Dyea was premature no one pretends to dispute—nay, it is only in terms of unqualified condemnation that it is mentioned. Those who got that trail honestly believed it to be better as it affords a horse-trail clear over the Summit, whereas horses can at present be used only a portion of the way on the Dyea Trail. But the effect of rains and of thousands of men and horses tramping to and fro was never foreseen. Some who saw the trap in June pulled out and are now well over the Dyea Trail, while daily arrivals from Skagway are starting their goods over this, the only trail. In winter there is but one route and plan of work commonly followed—landing at Dyea, the goods to the extent of from four hundred to five hundred pounds are placed upon the seven foot-long by sixteen-inch white sleigh previously described, and hauled up the Dyea River a distance of about nineteen miles to the foot of the Summit; thence it is packed over the forty degree incline of three-quarters of a mile, more or less, over the Summit; thence on sleds again to Lake Lindeman, a distance in all of twenty seven miles, where they wait till the opening of the river.

At this time of the year it is, of course, wholly different. Indians have been taking packs of from one hundred to two hundred pounds on their backs, either directly at Dyea, or first taking the goods in canoes to what is termed the head of canoe navigation, some six and a half miles from Dyea, and thence on their backs, making the first stop in the neighborhood of Sheep Camp, three or four miles this side the foot of the Summit, and then next day taking the load to Lindeman. The cost of this service has been fourteen or fifteen cents per pound. This year, however, horses and wagons have been put on the trail, and white men have come in to share the profitable rates of packing, for, with the rush, the rates have steadily gone up until they have touched high-water mark at forty cents per pound from Dyea to Lake Lindeman. The introduction of horses upon this trail, it was believed, would reduce the cost of transportation to a figure even below that charged formerly by the Indians. The fact that the Dyea Trail has for years been the well-known route to the Yukon has strangely been overlooked. Everything has been Skagway. The very steamers which clear for Dyea, the nominal sub port, land their passengers and cargo at Skagway, and there has not been a voice raised in question. So thoroughly in the Skagway craze in possession of each new arrival and most of the old ones that it has not been possible to obtain reliable information about the Dyea Trail.

The Dyea River (pronounced here Di yay) is, as I have mentioned before, a stream of nearly twice the volume of the Skagway. From the mouth of the canyon, eleven miles from the mouth as called, it flows through a level valley of sand and gravel and bowlders, with groves and patches of cottonwoods and spruce and birch, as at Skagway, while along its banks are thickets of alder and a species of willow, resembling the red willow of the East. Its swift, milky, ice cold waters hollow mainly the west side of the valley, but at various points little branches roam away from the main stream. It looks as if at high-water nearly the whole valley were the bed of a great torrent, and that at any time the bed of the present stream may shift its course. The river is filled with salmon, at the season, spawning, and with large fine trout. The woods, to the unobservant, seem devoid of life; there is no song of bird, but if one listens he will hear the low chirp of sparrows, while the hoarse croak of the raven is borne to the ear as it flops lazily overhead. There are also red squirrels, and if those who have hunted in this region can be relied upon, the country abounds in large game as well as small—bears on the mountain sides, mountain goats (miscalled "sheep" here) on the summits that overlook the valley, and numerous small fur bearing animals, whose presence will be better known after the frost and snow have come to preserve a record of their travels.

Dyea is a comparatively old settlement, its principal, it may be said only house being the store and dwelling and post office occupied by Messrs Healy and Wilson. Bob Wright, the pioneer of Dyea, is still upon the scene, a hale and hearty old man. Dyea is chiefly an Indian settlement. To the north and of the post office and close by the bank of the river is the village composed wholly of small dirty tents and little wooden cabins crowded close together. There are no totem poles nor the large houses of more southern Alaska. But for the few permanent cabins, it would seem to be what it largely is, a small settlement where Indians congregate from various quarters, the Chilcats from the eastward and Stickeen Indians from down Fort Wrangel. They are Tlingits, and the men are short, heavy set, powerfully built, broad and thick of chest, large of head, with almost Mongolian eyes and massive jaws. Nearly all have strangy black mustaches that droop at the ends, and some have scant beards. Their color is a light brown. The women are hardly any of them good looking and have a habit of painting their faces a jet black or chocolate brown, and I have seen little girls who thus imitated their elder sisters and mothers. The face is rubbed with bacon, then with burnt punk, and this rubbed in with grease. They do this, I am told, for the same reason that their white sisters use paint and powder. They leave enough of their faces untouched about the chin, mouth, and eyes to give them a hideous, repulsive expression. The women prepare the greasy skin of the hair seal, and make moccasins and boots and pack straps for sale. The moccasins are of several patterns, but in general the sole and tongue are of seal, with the hair inside, and with white or blue tops that wrap around the ankle and are held in place by a thong, as in one style of Canadian moose hide moccasin. The pack straps are made of cotton cloth lined with blanket, and are two inches wide and twenty inches long, having a loop at each end. These loops fasten to the top and bottom of the load, and pass around the shoulders in front. A third—"head strap"—passes over the forehead, the ends being fastened to the load behind. In this way an Indian walks off with twice the load a white man will undertake to carry, and even young boys take their seventy-five pounds and go along with the men. Most arrangements for packing are made with Isaac, "Chief for the Chilkoots," as the sign reads above his cabin, but outside men can be hired. The Indian men's dress is varied and picturesque. Some wear the gayly colored Mackinaw jacket, others a blue denim garment, half shirt half coat; others still a loose coat of blanket the sleeves or a patch across the back being made of the striped ends, and as the blankets used by these Indians are of the most brilliantly assorted colors, the color effects are distinctly striking. For head gear they wear little common felt hats or bright wool toques or a colored kerchief. All possess rubber hip boots, but when packing they wear only moccasins outside of "Stanfield" or blanket socks, and sometimes an oversock to the knee. Indian fashion, dogs and children, men and women, crowd into their dirty abodes, which smell of spoiled fish. The dogs are not so numerous as I expected, nor yet so quarrelsome and noisy. The Indians take them not so much for sledge drawing as for packing small loads on their backs, and it is not unusual to see an Indian with one or two medium-sized dogs with a little pack on each side, jogging nearly to the ground, trotting along with his luncheon. When an Indian is packing he lets his single small blanket upon his back under the pack. A stout stick to balance with and to assist in climbing completes his outfit. Twenty or thirty Indians will take up packs and put a whole outfit over at one lick. They are not trustworthy and are wholly unscrupulous. They do nothing even for each other without a price, and I have carefully noticed that they make no distinction between themselves and whites even for the same service. If one engages them at a certain price and some one offers them more, they lay down their packs and take up the new rates; or if on the trail they hear of a rise in the scale, they stop and strike for the higher wages. Some of them speak good English. Indians from Sitka say these fellows are wild Indians, and look upon their ignorance of letters with some contempt. But if ignorant of letters, they are shrewd, hard traders, who are making money fast and saving it. They have a strong predilection for gold, but at the same time, as our silver friends will be pleased to know, silver is in no less fervor with them. In fact, it means to be hard money they want. I knew an Indian to decline solemnly he could not change a five-dollar bill, showing the only two silver dollars he had. But when a gold five was offered instead, he fished a whole handful of silver out of his pocket. They are taking all the small change out of circulation. They come to the traders several times a day, make a trifling purchase to get change, and then store it away. The small change problem is indeed a serious one. There is not enough small currency in this country to do business with. The gamblers and the Indians are settling it all.

From the Indian village the road follows the western bank of the river to a point a mile above, called the Ferry. Here is a ford that at this point of water takes the wagons to their axles. Thence the road proceeds, crossing and recrossing some eight or nine times small branches of the Dyea, to Finnegan's Point (a distance of about five miles from Dyea), where the wagon road at present ends. The foot trail, however, avoids so many crossings, and makes but two fords in that distance. From here is a horse trail a mile to the head of canoe navigation and thence, over a level stretch of sand and loose bowlders that needs only the clearing away of a few stones to make a splendid wagon road, the mouth of the canyon is reached. The water route follows the bed of the river, between steep forest-clad banks, a distance of two and a half or three miles, until the valley opens somewhat. The summer trail at present crosses the river by fording, or on a log, to the right hand bank, and then without attempting to follow the bed of the stream makes boldly up the steep sides of the hill, and in several very steep but short ascents and descents, along the wooded slope of the mountain, reaching in one place a height of two or three hundred feet above the bed of the river, it drops to the level again, and at the head of the canyon recrosses the river on a bridge. This bridge replaces a dangerous ford. It is the work of private parties, who charge a toll of fifty cents a load on every horse that crosses. The trail now follows the bed of the stream, which is wide and gravelly, the home-trail fording again and again one or another of the splits of the river, but the foot-trail either crossing on logs or keeping well up the side of the hill. The only bad part of the road is in the canyon, but for the most part this has been well corduroyed, so that no matter how much it rains or how sloppy it may be, there is solid footing. There are spots where horses go down repeatedly, and above the canyon there are many spots that are soon passed. It does not seem a difficult trail at all. One finds constant relief in the good portions, while are dry and splendid, conditions which one does not for a moment find on the Skagway Trail, which, after leaving the Foot of the Hill, affords not the slightest relief from the mud and rocks. Here at Dyea there is a trail, at Skagway there is no trail, unless mud and rocks suffice to make a trail. Pack trains run daily from Dyea or Sheep Camp, carrying 200 pounds per horse, and returning the same night, with hardly ever an accident. Two men on horseback attend to ten or twelve horses. Of course these are experienced pack horses as well as packers. Both horses and men know their business. This is too hard a trip for new horses, so that it is better to wagon one's stuff to Finnegan's Point, and thence to make a daily trip to Sheep Camp. A good sturdy pack, as at Skagway, with narrow hand carts, to the end of the wagon road, and then pack on their backs or by horse, while others build large flat bottomed scows or skiffs, into which they pile all their goods, and, attaching a tow line, two or three take hold and wade along the banks, while another remains on the boat to steer.

What is called "canoe navigation" on the Dyea River deceives most people. The Dyea is a very rapid stream, and the loaded canoe or boat must be pushed and pulled bodily by hand, foot by foot, until a point is reached where a boat can not longer be dragged or coaxed. The Indians in their great black canoes can make the trip in half a day, but it takes many of the inexperienced miners two days of the hardest labor. Outfits are being lost every day and goods destroyed by the boats capsizing, though there have been no drownings in the river thus far. Boats twenty to twenty-four feet long cost in Skagway about twenty dollars, but most of those who do their own building build their own boats.

The Lynn Canal had abated somewhat, so that I took passage with a Stickeen Indian and his squaw, who were about starting for Dyea in their canoe. The canoe was about thirty-five feet long and six feet broad, made of a single stick of yellow cedar, double ended, with overhanging stem and stern. The tree is hewn into shape outside, then burned and scraped out inside to a thickness of an inch and a half or two inches. The inside is filled with water which is heated with hot stones, and the canoe is stretched sidewise and the sides braced by cross-pieces which are made wide enough for seats for those who row and paddle. A family or two will own one canoe, and when they break camp the children and dogs and luncoops are piled in front, and each adult takes a paddle or an oar. It is an amusing sight to see one of these big black canoes going by, an old squaw in the stern with a paddle, then a middle aged man pulling an oar another old man pushing an oar, while all the rest paddle along the side wherever they get a chance. There are no lazy ones among them, every one lends a hand.

At Dyea the long row of tents was still there but it had moved farther up the river. Almost the first thing upon landing I stumbled across Jim, who, to my astonishment, said he had just arrived with his goods from Skagway, having been able to get no one to venture out in the high sea. To my further dismay, my goods had been flooded by the unusually high tide, together with a score of other outfits and were probably ruined. Some stranger had taken my goods in charge and had paid a wagoner twelve dollars to secure the floating boat lumber and to carry the submerged sacks to a high point a quarter of a mile inland where they now were. Where was the contractor who was supposed to have the goods well on the way? He was not to be found, but his wagoner was there. Here were the goods, would he take them now? He had not time to-day. There they were, wet, perhaps destroyed. So, without further delay, we got part of the outfit into a large canoe, and with the help of the two Indians we towed our stuff two miles up, to the spot called the Ferry. On the point of land across the river are the tents and luggage of a number of parties belonging to the Leadbetter outfit. We landed our goods here, set up our tent among the others, and in the morning got another canoe and brought up the rest, the whole, including a ton of feed, amounting to at least forty five hundred pounds. The cost for my share alone was sixteen dollars. Jim gets the stove up so as to dry out some of our things. As soon as possible I open the bags that contain clothing, and find that the only water had soaked through the carefully tied rolls as they had lain completely submerged, and every single article in these sacks was wringing wet. Leather mittens, moccasins, blankets and furs were wringing wet; boxes had come apart, labels off bottles. I was still sure of the photographic outfit, which had been ordered from the factory in hermetically sealed tins. Imagine, then, my feelings as I unwrapped one after another of the dripping tins, and found each and every one sealed with a rubber band! When opened, water ran out of the inside. Two hundred and fifty plates, including a hundred rollo loid cut films. We got the stove inside the tent, shut everything down tight, rigged up lines, wrung the water out of the fabrics, and at the end of two days, during part of which time the sun helped us we got everything dry. Medicine chests had to be nailed together, but the main part of a valuable photographic outfit was wholly destroyed. Only a sack or two of flour was damaged, and some dried fruit. Groceries I could replace—in fact, at less prices than at Victoria or San Francisco—right there on the beach at Lynn, from those who had decided to turn back. But the photographic plates could not be replaced short of a month. I immediately telegraphed *collect* to Seattle to the factory for fresh supplies to be delivered by Wells, Fargo, & Co who have just established an agency at Skagway, and will run a parcel express overland to Dawson, by arrangement with the carriers of the United States mail. The wet films will not be wholly lost—they will make window-panes for our cabin in Dawson!

TAPPAN ADNEY.

BACK FROM THE KLONDIKE.

THE "latest thing" from the Klondike is Pat Galvin. He arrived night before last (October 9) at Seattle, on the steamer *Rosalie*, having started from Dawson City August 29, 1897, and refused $300,000 for his claims before leaving. He brought with him something like $20,000 in gold dust, and a nugget, which he nonchalantly pulled from his trousers pocket to show us, that weighs a little over one pound. And he says there are others. Many other men arrived on the *Rosalie*. Four had been successful in crossing the Chilkoot Pass, the rest had failed. Some in failing had lost their all. Some returned broken in health—all broken in spirit. But Galvin was the only man on the boat, for he carried the dust, and bore the evidence of success in his face. Though having had a hard trip, he looked vigorous. Another case of the winner sitting up at the finish.

I talked with Galvin within an hour after his arrival. He is a familiar type of the pioneer miner—strong, hardened, not an ounce of extra flesh, reticent. He is a tinner, who in Montana served an apprenticeship in a newspaper office, and forsook both trades three years ago to go into Alaska. He was "staked" the small stock of merchandise he took in with him, and little had been heard of him until he turned up Saturday night, a rich man

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EVOLUTIONS OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC FLEET—"IOWA" AND "MASSACHUSETTS" DEF

'D SQUADRON AGAINST TORPEDO-BOAT ATTACK.—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.—[See Page 1101.]

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His case is an illustration of the successful ones. We do not hear so much of the other kind, though they are returning to Seattle, unannounced perhaps, but eloquent with their faces, out of which the hope has gone.

Like in all gold excitements, followed by a stampede for the diggings the sufferers have been the inexperienced and the physically weak.

The death of horses has been tremendous. They have broken down under the terrific work to which they have been put. Those who used oxen for packing were wise, since, having reached the top of the pass, their flesh sold as high as seventy-five cents a pound, and in the case of accident they served as food for their owners.

Perhaps it is well there has been so much human suffering this autumn. It may save greater hardship in the spring when the rush begins. At present there is no movement toward the Klondike, and will be none until the spring opens. Seattle is full of men, wintering, but for the greater part they are men of experience, who know the folly of an attempt to penetrate the arctic regions at this season.

About 3000 men have, since the first excitement in the summer, got over the passes and gone down to Dawson, and as near as can be estimated, there are now about 1000 scattered over the trails to the passes, struggling to reach the head waters of the Yukon. How many will succeed none can say—perhaps fifty per cent.

One of the men who came out with Galvin told me that the stores at Dawson were holding their provisions, and that about 200 men are on their way out to winter at Seattle and other Puget Sound towns. Of the men on the trails not half are adequately supplied with provisions. When they started on the trip from the water they lightened their packs to the utmost, and must endure starvation in addition to physical collapse unless help comes. Help probably will come to some extent to those who happen to be prostrated near the camps of the more successful. It is probable that there will be a pool of provisions before the winter is over, both at Dawson and in the camps at the lakes beyond Chilkoot Pass.

Yet, for all that, it seems as though nothing can intervene between great suffering and hundreds now struggling towards the Klondike.

Galvin said the Klondike was of course already staked, but that the entire country seemed to be gold bearing, although streaky in deposits. Previous to this Klondike excitement miners in a dozen different places had been taking out $10, $15, $20, per day, but had left those as not worth working when the Klondike was struck. Galvin said on one of his claims he had shovelled in $1000 a day, and he knew of others equally rich. Another man told me he had seen $800 taken out in a single pan, another, that in one of the claims the gravel six inches from bed-rock is "all gold." These are tall stories—the familiar ones attendant upon gold excitements. Unquestionably, by all accounts, certain sections of eastern and northern Alaska and of western British Columbia are gold bearing to a very considerable extent. Some districts are rich, and the average is high. But the season for work is very short, provisions very costly, and the process of mining elaborate. Shafts are sunk through the frozen earth after it is thawed, and tunnels drifted from the shafts along the pay streak. The gravel thus obtained is piled up until the midsummer, when the water is high, and then shovelled into the sluice boxes.

Those who go in the spring must remember that wherever gold has been found in considerable paying quantities, that district is well taken up, they must go prepared to *find* not only gold, but new districts containing it. Without experience they are not likely to succeed. They may, of course, stumble upon paying dirt, as has been done many times before, but no mining country has ever been opened that required so much experience and money as that on the Yukon. There will be probably 10,000 men go into the Klondike next spring, for those with experience and some money, say $1000, when they reach there certainly the country offers many good chances of success. To those of no mining experience, but of discernment, and what in the West is called "horse sense," who can arrive at the Klondike with from $3000 to $5000 cash, and can keep their heads on their shoulders, there is also splendid opportunity for making money. To those with neither money nor experience Klondike should be a forbidden place when the great rush begins in the spring.

If any one or party sets out for the Klondike this winter *via* Great Slave Lake, Mackenzie River, McPherson, Porcupine River, and thence up Yukon, let them take enough provisions to last them the entire route of about 2500 miles, they cannot depend on getting any provisions from the Hudson Bay Company posts, which, as a rule, have little more than enough for themselves. This is not a good route; in fact, I doubt if a party of more than eight, or more than one such party, could get through. It would be impossible to take dogs (to haul sledges) from Edmonton to Fort McPherson, which is 1800 miles, and enough dogs could not be engaged from post to post. There is the possibility of a route some of these days—up the Peace River, thence to the Pelly River, and thence to Yukon, but as yet that route is only a possibility, and would be hazardous unless undertaken by thoroughly experienced men, well provisioned. The best route, undoubtedly, is that over Chilkoot Pass; by this way it is 1700 miles from Seattle to Dawson, and your hard work does not begin until half the distance has been accomplished.

There is talk of a railroad—but it will not help the argonauts of next spring. Besides, if it takes the course at present discussed it is not likely to reach the gold country for some time.

CASPAR WHITNEY.

VANCOUVER, B. C., *October 31, 1897.*

CONCERNING CERTAIN CONTEMPORARY ESSAYISTS.

It has been loudly asserted of late that the essay is dead, and that this exquisite literary form, elaborated by Steele and Addison, and cherished by Goldsmith and Irving, is no longer in favor among men of letters. If those who make this assertion are answered that the vitality of the form is proved, for instance, by the score of volumes from a dozen different writers contained in *Harper's American Essayists*, and by the succeeding volumes of *Harper's Contemporary Essayists*, and by not a few volumes issued sporadically from the presses of other publishers, the doubters retort that in these various volumes there are essays, no doubt, but not the real essay—not the essay of the eighteenth century. And to this retort there is a certain modicum of truth. The essay as we know it now, at the end of the nineteenth century, is necessarily not just what it was at the beginning of the eighteenth. The change is in a measure the result of natural development. A reader of *The Tatler* and of *The Spectator* and of their successors finds in their pages a great variety. He finds not merely the discoursive and allusive discussion of men and manners; he finds also in germ articles belonging to kinds of writing which in the course of two centuries have differentiated themselves from the essay pure and simple. He finds there the short story, the character sketch, the humorous fantasy, the book review, the theatrical criticism, the letter from the special correspondent, and even the obituary notice. In other words, the essay of Steele and Addison has put forth many branches, and some of these branches have flourished so abundantly that they overshadow the parent stem.

Yet even in our own time there have been written essays not a few quite in accord with the best tradition inherited from the eighteenth century. In our own country this tradition was abundantly possessed by the late George William Curtis, and in the occupant of the "Easy Chair" no one could fail to find a legitimate successor of *The Tatler* and *The Spectator*. Like the long line of his predecessors, Mr Curtis took for the text of his playful preaching the themes of the moment, making a catholic choice from the kaleidoscope of Time:

> But what did they talk of from morning till noon?
> Why, of spots on the sun, and the man in the moon;
> Of the Czar's gentle temper, the stocks in the City,
> The wise men of Greece, and the Secret Committee.

But the gentleman and the scholar who could discourse of these trifles with playful elegance was not a mere spectator of life, not a mere citizen of the world. He was a citizen of no mean city, and he stood ready always to bear the burden and heat of the day. The younger Pliny described one of his friends as a man "who did nothing for ostentation, but all for conscience; who sought the reward of virtue in itself, and not in the praise of man." The art of right living, of which Mr Curtis gave so fine an example in his own career, he also set forth incidentally in one and another of his essays. Of these papers a score or more are now collected into a volume—*Ars Recte Vivendi, Being Essays Contributed to the Easy Chair*. It is with the minor morals that these discourses deal. But was ever any one more lightly or more delightfully didactic? Herein we discover the fine art of being a gentleman expounded with apt allusion and with pertinent anecdote. Herein we peruse half a dozen discussions of newspaper ethics, the reading of which might tend to mend the manners of the conductors of certain New York newspapers, if, on the contrary, it did not make their consciences even more greenly yellow than at present. For the most part these papers have been chosen to interest young men, and more particularly the young men at our universities. Some of the themes are "Extravagance at College," "Hazing," "Secret Societies," and "Tobacco and Manners." Of Mr Curtis, as of Goldsmith, it may be said that he touched nothing he did not adorn.

In one of these essays Mr Curtis declares that it was a wise father who said to his son, "Beware of the woman who allows you to kiss her," and on this he comments that "the woman who does not require of a man the form of respect invites him to discard the substance." If one can judge from the brisk and vivacious essays *From a Girl's Point of View*, which Miss Lilian Bell has recently sent forth in a volume, a woman now requires of a man a great deal more than mere respect. What Miss Bell as a Woman least likes in Man is his condescending attitude, apparently she holds, with Stevenson, that "condescension is an excellent thing, but it is strange how one-sided is the pleasure of it."

Miss Bell has a very pretty wit, playing on the surface the most of the time but going down for a deeper thought now and again. Like the women who pretend that they dress to please other women while really aiming their costumes at the other sex, Miss Bell makes believe that she is writing for other women while really writing at the men. She has a constant crackling of epigram against them; and yet an aggressive champion of her sex might be moved to cast out Miss Bell as a traitor to the camp. Here, for instance, are a handful of extracts:

> I never argue with anybody, either man or woman, because women are not reasonable beings and men are too reasonable. I am never willing to follow a chain of reasoning to its logical conclusion because, if I do so, men can make me admit so many things that are not true. (P. 4.)

> Women—nice, sweet women, the kind we know—seldom tell a real untruth. But they have a way of persuading themselves that what they are about to say is the truth. (P. 86.)

> I shall never get over wanting to get behind some men if I see a cow. Let them give us a vote, if they will. I shall want at least three men to go with me to the polls—one to hold my purse, one to hold my gloves, and the third to show me how to vote. (P. 40.)

> For myself, I consider absolute honesty most unpleasant. I never knew any really nice lovable women who were unflinchingly honest. (P. 44.)

> Girls seldom quarrel with each other except over some man, and while they intend to be loyal to each other, they cannot seem to manage it if there is a man in the case. (P. 103.)

> And what is it that makes the American girl so dangerous for all the other women in the world to compete with? It is because she studies her man. And how did she learn it? By seeing her mother manage her father, or perhaps by seeing how easily her father could be managed if her mother only understood him better. (P. 101.)

Miss Bell is evidently one of the feminine-women not advanced and yet not retiring. Her final essay on "The New Woman" is good sense well put. As different as may be from Miss Bell's antagonizing of sex is the analysis made by Mr Harry Thurston Peck in one of the essays now gathered into *The Personal Equation*. Miss Bell is nothing if not American, Mr Peck is unhesitatingly American also, but with most cosmopolitan interests. In this volume he discusses Mr. Howells, M. Marcel Prévost, Mr George Moore, Herr Nordau—an American, a Frenchman, an Irishman, and a German, and he expresses his opinion frankly on children's story books, on American education, and on political oratory.

It was perhaps some friend of Miss Bell's who declared that an agreeable man was a man who always agreed with you. In a similar sense of the word, it is possible to say that Mr. Peck is not an agreeable writer, for he provokes violent contradictions. His criticism is never saccharine, rather is it astringent. Nor is it ever commonplace, but the more individual it is, the more stimulating. He forces those who do not hold with him to take thought seriously to buttress their own opinions. His pages bristle with bright points, and he abounds in apt illustrations of his thought. He is given also to the excursus; and thus in the paper on Mr Howells he characterizes the chief American cities, and in the essay on M. Prévost he considers the French theory of marriage. Mere literature is too limited a field for him—and it is always hard for a true critic of literature not to be also a critic of the larger life lying outside the world of books. That Mr. Peck is a true critic of literature these pages prove beyond question; he has the equipment and the insight, the sympathy and the sanity.

It is upon some of Mr Peck's opinions about American education and about American fiction that I should like the privilege of debate for which space fails here. To his searching analysis of "American Feeling toward England" I can take no exception. In this richly documented essay Mr Peck states certain of the reasons why the American friendliness for the elder brother in Great Britain is dashed with a strong distaste for many of the elder brother's peculiarities. Here Mr Peck's attitude is not unlike that of Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge in his *Certain Accepted Heroes, and Other Essays in Literature and Politics*, and that of Mr. Theodore Roosevelt in his *American Ideals*. It is the attitude which Anglomaniacs denounce as Anglophobia, but which is really nothing more than intellectual independence fortified by an understanding of national characteristics. Mr Peck's essays are more often literary than Mr Lodge's or Mr Roosevelt's, but all three books have the immense advantage of not viewing the world from the merely literary stand-point. Mr Peck is an educator holding a position of importance in a prominent university, Mr Lodge is a Senator of the United States, and Mr Roosevelt is Assistant Secretary of the Navy. They are all three men who have seen the world and done their share of the world's work, and this it is that gives validity and variety to their writing. Bagehot used to complain that the men who knew how to write did not know anything else, while the men who really knew something could not write. That Mr. Peck, Mr. Lodge, and Mr Roosevelt know how to hold their own in the world their record shows, that they know how to write is proved by the books before us.

Mr Lodge likes to stem the tide of opinions, and he points out that *chivalric* is a very foolish epithet to apply to the Homeric heroes, that the Richard III. of Shakespeare is probably a misrepresentation of the last Plantagenet, and that Chatterton was really a poet beneath the frippery of his pseudo-archaism. He chats about Dr. Holmes in the spirit of the genuine essayist. He considers Shakespeare's Americanisms, and he waives aside the absurd claim of our British cousins to an absolute ownership of the language which is our inheritance as well as theirs. He gives an account of the things he read and saw in England during the last general election, and, interesting as the other essays are, this is the paper which to me is the most important in the book. It is admirable in temper, in taste, in reserve; it is abundant in facts collected by personal observation and in quotations taken from the London newspapers, and it is absolutely convincing to any mind open to conviction. The perusal of it can be recommended to all Americans who are weary of being told that the politics of Great Britain are perfectly pure, while the politics of the United States are wholly corrupt.

In the address delivered before the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa society, Mr. Lodge pleads for a liberal education which shall first of all make the scholar a good citizen of his own country, proud of its past, and pledged to sustain its future. A thought similar to these is the staple of Mr Roosevelt's essay on "American Ideals," and of the other papers which accompany it, and which emphasize ideas closely akin to this. Mr Roosevelt is a robust writer, not afraid of clear thinking and of plain speaking, and all these essays are stamped with his vehement sincerity. Like Mr Lodge, Mr Roosevelt is a carefully trained student of history, but in neither of them has culture killed vigor. There is no reason why the scholar, who is expected to be a gentleman, should not be a man also. Mr. Roosevelt stands soundly for an ideal of good citizenship, not afraid to front the assault of the unthinking. He tells us that these essays were written in behalf of the many men who are taking an actual part in the hard work of trying to raise the standard of public life. "We feel that the doer is better than the critic," he asserts, "and that the man who strives stands far above the man who stands aloof, whether he stands aloof because of pessimism or because of sheer weakness."

Mr. Roosevelt discusses with ample knowledge, and with the wisdom that comes of personal experience, the conditions of practical politics in New York city and in New York State, he argues cogently and with abundant illustration for the reform of the civil service, and for the rescue of the police force from the rule of partisan politicians. He analyzes acutely the central thoughts of books like Kidd's *Social Evolution*, Adams's *Civilization and Decay*, and Pearson's *National Life and Character*. But his first essay is on "American Ideals," and his second is on "True Americanism"; and it is not too much to say that the theme of the whole book is Americanism. It is a manly and self-respecting Americanism, essentially like the Americanism of Emerson and of Lowell, and as different as possible from the pitiful self-praising pseudo-patriotism that delights in calling the stars and stripes by the unspeakably foolish term, "Old Glory," and that does not shrink from using the national flag as a partisan emblem. It is an Americanism which accepts the facts of American life, and which believes that every man should do his duty in politics as in war. Mr. Roosevelt is ever pleading vigorously for the exercise of civic patriotism, for without this the state cannot be preserved, but he does not fail to hold up also the old fashioned military virtues without which the state simply ceases to be. The American essayist who is Queen Victoria's contemporary is in accord with that first of English essayists who was Queen Elizabeth's chancellor in thinking that "walled towns, stored arsenals and armories, goodly races of horse, chariots of war, elephants, ordnance, artillery, and the like—all this is but a sheep in a lion's skin except the breed and disposition of the people be stout and warlike."

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

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"THE VINTAGE."*

A STORY OF THE GREEK WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY E. F. BENSON.

CHAPTER XXI

IN the north, however, affairs had not gone so prosperously. Germanos, who was practically commander-in-chief of the army at Kalavryta, less wise than his colleague at Valtetzi, had risked an attack on the citadel at Patras, and suffered a severe defeat. As at Karitena, a cavalry charge ought to have made him follow Nicholas's example, but he stuck with misplaced bravery to his attempt until a second body of cavalry took him in the rear and cut off his retreat. With desperate courage the men cut their way through the latter, but the loss was enormous compared to that sustained by the Turks, and nothing was gained by it, for the citadel of Patras still remained in the hands of the enemy.

News of this disaster was brought to Valtetzi about the 5th of May, with the information that Turkish soldiers, consisting of eight hundred cavalry and fifteen hundred infantry, had set out eastward along the Gulf of Corinth, under the command of an able Turkish officer, Achmet Bey. Five days afterwards it was reported that they had reached Argos; and next day, while a skirmishing party engaged the Greeks on the hills opposite, the rest of the force passed quietly down the road, and reached Tripoli the same evening. It was a splendid achievement; their appearance was literally unlooked for, and Petrobey from that hour held himself in readiness to repel any attack that might be made.

Achmet Bey found Tripoli in a very poor condition; the incessant ravages of the Greeks on the plain, their destruction of crops and capture of flocks and herds, as well as the great influx of population, had even now begun to make themselves felt within the walls, for it and the plain in which it stood were cut off from all assistance, and the plain lay barren and desolate. He saw at once that it was necessary to establish connection with Messenia, for the plain of Argos was occupied by bands of insurgent Greeks, and he had himself got through with difficulty. Though its port, Nauplia, was still in the hands of the Turks, it also was isolated from connection with the mainland by the insurgents of the plain, and the newly created Greek fleet from the islands of Psara and Spetza kept it in a state of semi-blockade by sea, and all provisions were got in with difficulty and consumed in the town. But, not knowing that Petrobey had established posts on the passes over Taygetus from Kalamata, and into Arcadia, Achmet thought that a successful attack on Valtetzi would enable him to open regular communication with Messenia.

It was only on the morning of the 24th of May that the attack was made. At dawn the sentries on the walls of Valtetzi saw a troop of cavalry issue from the southern gate at Tripoli, followed by long columns of infantry, and in a quarter of an hour the camp was humming like swarming bees. Petrobey had established a system of signals with the post on the other side of the valley, but thinking that this might be only a scheme to draw both parts of the army together, and allow fresh re-enforcements to reach the town, he made no sign to them, leaving them to guard the road from Argos.

It was a clear blue morning after a frosty night, and the troops defiling from the gate looked like lines of bright mailed insects at that distance. First came the infantry, marching in eight separate columns, and containing some five hundred men; next a long line of baggage-mules, followed by horses pulling two guns, and last the cavalry on black Syrian horses, very gayly caparisoned. Nicholas had an excellent field-glass, which he had been given by the captain of an English ship in return for some service, and he and Petrobey watched them until the gates closed again behind.

Petrobey shut up the glass with a happy little sigh.

"That will do very nicely," he said to Nicholas. "They will want to entice us into the plain, but I think we will not go there. I don't want to meet those gay cavalry yet, nor yet those two bright guns. We will have breakfast, dear cousin."

The bugle sounded for rations, and Petrobey told the men to eat well, "for," said he, "there will be no dinner to-day, I am thinking. But" and his eyes sparkled, and he pointed to the enemy, "there will be dessert there."

The men grinned, and soon the light blue smoke went up from a hundred fires where they were making their coffee. Two or three sentries only remained on the walls, who were told to report to Petrobey when the column left the road on which they were marching and turned off, either westward towards Valtetzi or eastward towards the post on the opposite hills. He and Nicholas had hardly sat down to breakfast, however, when an orderly ran in, saying that the post on the other side of the valley was signalling. Petrobey finished an egg before replying.

"I am out of the signalling corps, my friend," he said. "Let the message be read and brought to me. Some more coffee, Nicholas. It strikes me as particularly good this morning."

The message from the signalling body came back in a minute or two. They were asking for orders merely.

"Stop where you are," dictated Petrobey, "and watch to see if Turkish re-enforcements are coming from Argos. If so, signal here at once. If the troops which have come out of Tripoli turn and attack you, run away, drawing them after you, if possible. There will be fighting for us. Pray for your comrades."

"And now, dear cousin," he said to Nicholas, when they had finished breakfast, "we will talk, if you please."

An hour afterwards an orderly came in to say that the troops had left the road and were making straight towards Valtetzi, and Petrobey got up.

"Every one to his post on the walls," he said; "but let no one fire until the word is given. Let all the captains of the companies be told."

Petrobey took up his post over the gate on the wall. It was pierced all along with narrow slits for firing from, and in a few minutes each of these was occupied by four men, two of whom could fire at the same time while the two behind were employed in loading their muskets. Outside, the walls were some nine feet high, built on ground which sloped rapidly away, in some places precipitously for two hundred feet, while inside it rose to within five feet of the top of the wall. There a man standing up could see over, and Petrobey remained in his place, looking over the top and watching the troops.

He observed that the infantry had separated into two parties, one of whom had left the road and was marching away from them towards the post on the other side of the valley, while the other and larger half was advancing towards them. The cavalry followed these latter, but halted when the hills began to rise more steeply out of the plain. The smaller portion of the infantry was evidently going to try to draw the Greeks from the other post down into the plain, while the cavalry, who waited at the bottom of the pass below Valtetzi, would hinder help being sent from there. This Petrobey noticed with a pleasant smile. The others knew exactly what to do, and meantime the force which would assault Valtetzi would be weakened by more than a quarter of its men. Most of it, however, consisted of Albanian infantry, who were largely in Turkish pay, and who, as he well knew, earned their pay well; for they were men of the hills and the open air, who knew how to use a sword, and could run.

Each hundred men in the Greek camp—that is to say, twenty-five of these groups of four—were under the orders of a captain, who in turn were under the direction of Petrobey, and in all about two thousand men lined the walls. Of the remainder fifty were employed in distributing ammunition and were in readiness to bring fresh ammunition to the defenders, a hundred more were ready to take the places of any who were killed at their posts, and the rest, some eight hundred men, were standing under arms on the small parade-ground in the centre of the camp, under command of Nicholas. They would not, however, be required just yet, and he told them to pile arms and fall out, but not to leave the ground so that they could not be recalled in a moment if wanted. Mitsos was in attendance on Nicholas, and Yanni stood by Petrobey, ready to take his orders to any part of the camp.

An hour elapsed before the Albanian infantry appeared above the ridge some five hundred yards off and still in the Greek camp there was perfect silence. Then, opening out, they advanced at a double, intending evidently, to try to storm the place. But they had clearly not known that it was fortified, and while they were still about four hundred yards off they halted at a word of command, and sheltered among the big bowlders that strewed the hill-side. Still in the Greek camp there was no sound or movement, only Yanni ran across to Nicholas with the order, "Be ready," and he called his men up, and they stood in line with their arms. Then Petrobey saw the Albanians all running to one point behind a small spur of hill about four hundred yards away, where they were hidden from sight.

There was a long pause; each individual man in the camp knew that the enemy were close, that in a few minutes a battle would begin; but in the mean time they could not see any one. Two miles away on the plain stood the glittering mailed insects, the Turkish cavalry, and a mile off, a mere speck, was the troop which had gone across to the east. The suspense was almost unbearable, every nerve was stretched to its highest tension, and every man exhibited his nervous discomfort in his own peculiar way. Christos, who was stationed at one of the loop-holes straight towards the enemy, merely turned cold and damp, and wiped the sweat off his forehead with a flabby hand; Yanni, who had gone back to Petrobey, got very red in the face, and swore atrociously and to himself; a young recruit from Megalopolis suddenly threw back his head and laughed, and the sergeant of his company vented his own tension by cuffing him over the head, and yet the boy laughed on; Mitsos, standing by Nicholas, whistled the "Vine-Diggers' Song" between his teeth. Father Andréa, who had begged to be allowed to serve in some way, and was a loader for the two men next Petrobey, chanted gently below his breath the first verse of the "Te Deum" last sung at Kalamata, over and over again; Nicholas stood still, his hawk eyes blazing, but most were quite silent, shifting uneasily at their posts, standing now on one leg, now on the other. Petrobey, perhaps alone—for he had to think for them all—was quite calm, and his mind fully occupied. The spur behind which the Albanians were massed was almost opposite the gate over which he stood. The chances were that they would try to storm it—perhaps try to storm both the gates together, the other of which was diagonally opposite to him.

At last! Round the shoulder of the hill poured the troops, still four hundred yards distant. When the last one had come into the open the first was about two hundred and seventy yards off and Petrobey, glancing hastily at the numbers, spoke to Yanni without turning his head.

"They are going to attack the other gate as well," he said. "Direct the fire yourself; you know the order."

Yanni rushed across the camp, and just as he got on to the other gate he heard a volley of musketry from Petrobey's side. The Albanians had separated into two columns, one of which, skirting round the camp out of musket range, now appeared opposite the second gate at the distance of about two hundred and fifty yards. He waited till he saw the whites of their eyes, and then "Fire!" he cried.

They were advancing in open file at first, but they closed as they got nearer, and a solid column of men advanced at a rapid double up the hundred yards incline. The first volley took them when the foremost were about sixty yards off, but it was rather wild, and the men for the most part shot over their heads. Two more volleys were delivered with rather more effect, before they got up to the gate, but they still pressed on. A party of men had halted on the hill behind about a hundred and twenty yards off, and were returning the fire, but without effect, for the defenders were protected by the wall, and the bullets either struck that or whistled over the top.

Meantime the Greeks in the centre of the walls between the two gates were still unemployed, but before ten seconds were passed Petrobey saw that they would be wanted, and sent a sergeant flying across to marshal them—the first rows kneeling, the others standing—opposite the gate, which he saw was on the point of yielding to the assault. Nicholas, meantime, had brought up his men opposite the gate on which Yanni was standing, and was prepared, in case it was forced, to receive them in the same manner.

Before five minutes had elapsed since the first appearance of the Albanians round the hill, Petrobey's gate fell in with a crash, but the assailants were met by a volley of bullets which fairly drove them off their feet, and next moment the gate was clear again. Then Nicholas knew his time had come. He took his men at the double out of the gate and close round the walls, so that the firing which was directed at the enemy went over their heads, and while the detachment inside still stood ready to repel any attack on the broken gate, took them round, and they fell on the party who were attacking the opposite gate, taking them in both flanks. At that moment Yanni, seeing what was happening, stopped the fire from inside the walls, and at an order from Petrobey caused the gate to be opened, and out rushed a company of those who had been defending that side of the camp. This treble attack made short work of the assailants and in a couple of minutes more the hill-sides were covered with groups of men in individual combat. The party left on the hill being no longer able to fire into the mêlée, left their post and ran to join; and Petrobey, having only a small number of men inside—sufficient to defend both gates—called out all the rest, and headed the charge on the first attacking party in person.

Up and down the stony hill-sides chased and were chased the Greeks. Now and then a party of Albanians would try to form in some sort of order to make a combined assault on the broken-down gate, and as often they were broken up by knots of men who rushed wildly upon them from all sides. In point of numbers the Albanians had had the advantage at the first attack, but the fire from the walls had been very deadly, and there was no reply possible, and now the Greeks had the superiority.

Mitsos, who had gone out with Nicholas, found himself almost swept off his feet by the rush of his own countrymen from the gate, and for a few moments he was carried along helpless, neither striking nor being able to strike, but with a curious great happiness in his heart, singing the "Vine-Diggers' Song," though he knew not he was singing it. Then suddenly at his elbow appeared a red, fierce face, and he found himself side by side with Yanni, who was swearing as hard as he could, not because he was angry, but because the madness of fighting was on him, and it happened to take him that way.

"Don't shout, you big pig," shouted he to Mitsos. "Why, in the name of all the devils in the pit, don't you get out of my way?"

"Fat old Yanni!" shouted Mitsos. "Come on, little cousin. 'Dig we deep among the vines.' Eh, but there are fine grapes for the gathering!"

"Go to the devil!" screamed Yanni. "Hullo, Mitsos! Oh, this is better!"

They had squeezed themselves out into a backwater of the stream, and straight in front stood a great hairy Albanian, with his sword just raised to strike. But Mitsos, flying at him like a wild cat, threw his hand which grasped his short daggerlike sword in the man's face as you would throw a stone, and the uplifted blade swung over his back harmlessly, while the handle of his own dagger made a great red rent in the man's face, and he fell back.

"Your mother won't know you," sang out Mitsos, burying his knife in his throat. "'Dig we deep'—that's deep enough, Yanni—'the summer's here.'"

There was little work for muskets, for no man had time or room to load, and Yanni went on his blasphemous way, swinging his by the barrel and dealing blows right and left with the butt, and in a few minutes he and Mitsos found themselves out of the crowd, alone but for a dead Greek lying there on a little hillock, some fifty yards from the gate, while the fight flickered up and down on each side of them.

"Eh, but there's little breath left in this carcase," panted Yanni. "Why, Mitsos, your head's all covered with blood, it's there, on your forehead."

Mitsos's black curls, in fact, were all dripping from a cut on his head, and between the blood and the dust and sweat he was in a fine mess, but until now he had not noticed it. Yanni bound it up for him with a strip of his shirt, and the two ran down again into the fight. There the tide was strongly setting in favor of the Greeks but the Albanians were beginning to form again on a spur of rock, and stragglers from below kept joining them. Petrobey, thinking that this was preparatory to another attack on this gate, drew off some hundred men from the Mainotes, who had stuck together, and were the only company who preserved even the semblance of order, as an additional defence, when he saw that there was no such intention on the enemy's part, for the foe suddenly wheeled and disappeared over the brow of the hill in the direction of the plain, followed by those who were fighting in other parts of the field. For the time they had had enough of this nest of hornets.

They retreated in good order, pursued by skirmishing parties from the Greeks who followed them with derision and bullets, but Petrobey's orders had been that they should not advance beyond the broken ground where the cavalry could not follow, and in half an hour more they had all come back to the camp.

The skirmish had lasted about three hours, but Petrobey knew that the fighting was not over yet. The cavalry had been moved from the plain on to one of the lower foot-hills, to which the routed Albanians retreated, while the detachment which had started off across the plain had evidently been recalled, for it had reached the road along which the troops had first come, and was now marching straight across the narrow strip of plain which separated it from the range in which Valtetzi stood. An hour afterwards it had joined the cavalry below, and evi-

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 2115.

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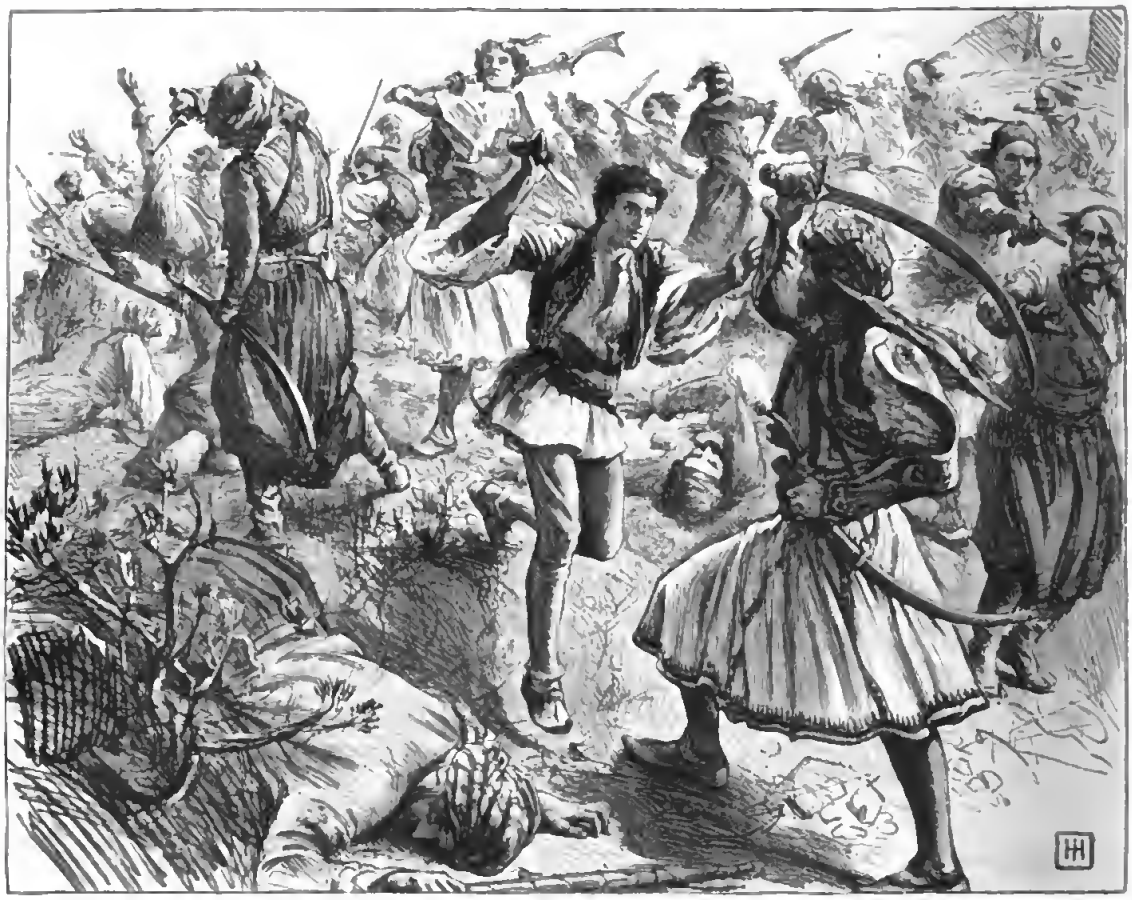

"MITSOS, FLYING AT HIM LIKE A WILD-CAT, THREW HIS HAND WHICH GRASPED HIS SHORT DAGGER-LIKE SWORD IN THE MAN'S FACE."

dently another assault had been planned. The long train of baggage mules, however, was left on the plain, but between them and the Greeks was the whole body of Albanian and Turkish troops, and Achmet Bey, who made the mistake, may well be excused from the charge of negligence. Soon it was seen that the troops were in motion again, and the whole body of infantry and cavalry together moved up the slope towards the camp. They were marching up one side of a long ravine which was cut in the mountain side from top to bottom, and they had posted scouts along the two ridges to guard against any attack which might be contemplated from their flank. Half a mile further up, however, the cavalry halted, for the ground was getting too uneven to allow them to be of the least assistance to the infantry, but in case of sudden retreat they could prevent pursuit being carried further.

Petrobey saw what was coming, but he hesitated. He was very desirous of cutting off the baggage, but he feared to weaken the defence of the camp by sending men for that purpose. Nicholas, however, was clear. It would not do to risk anything; they wanted all the men they had, and besides, any movement from the Greek camp, even if they sent the men round by a circuitous route down the next ravine, would be observed by the scouts. An opportunity, however, might come later.

For three hours more desultory and skirmishing attacks were made by the Albanians on the camp, four times they advanced a column right up to one or other of the gates, and as many times it was driven back, twice by a sortie from the inside, and twice by the heavy firing from the walls, and at last, as the sun began to decline towards the west, they actually drew back, and retreated hurriedly towards the cavalry. Then Nicholas saw the opportunity, the scouts had been withdrawn from the ridges, for they no longer expected an attack from the flank, and he with a hundred men—Maniotes—set off down a parallel ravine with all speed in the plain, while the rest of the men, under Petrobey's orders, followed the enemy at a distance, keeping their attention fixed on them in expectation of another attack. Achmet Bey at last thought that the Greeks had fallen into the trap he had baited so many times, and hoped to draw them down into the plain, where he would turn and crush them with his cavalry.

They were already approaching the last hill which bordered on the level ground when Petrobey, who kept his eye on the plain, saw Nicholas and his band wheel round the baggage animals, shooting down their drivers, and force them up the ravine where they had come down. At the same moment he gave the order to fire, and the Greeks poured a volley into the rear of the infantry. The Turks were fairly caught. If Achmet sent the cavalry on to rescue the baggage, the Greeks, whose numbers were now far superior to the infantry, would in all probability annihilate them, if, on the other hand, he kept the cavalry to support the infantry, the baggage would be lost. He chose the lesser evil, and as the ground was now becoming smoother and more level, he directed the cavalry to charge on the Greeks, and Petrobey fairly laughed aloud.

"Run away? run away!" he cried. "Let no two men remain together."

The cavalry charged, but there was simply nothing to charge against. Up the hill sides in all directions fled the Greeks, choosing the stonicst and steepest places, dispersing as a ball of quicksilver breaks and runs to all parts of the compass.

Again the retreat of the Turks began, and once again the Greeks gathered and engaged their attention. In the growing dusk no attack could be made, for the horses were already beginning to stumble and pick their way carefully to avoid falling, while the Greeks still hung on their rear and flanks, like a storm of stinging insects. When the hills began to sink into the plain, Petrobey, too, sounded the retreat, and the men, though tired and hungry, went singing up the hill side.

Petrobey was not slow to follow up his advantage. To the Greeks in their mountain nests the defending force now in Tripoli was evidently not to be feared on the offensive, nor could it dislodge the Greeks from the positions they had taken up upon the mountains around. On the other hand, the Greeks were not capable of meeting cavalry, and they must at present keep to the hills and not attempt to blockade the town closely, for in so doing they would have to leave their heights for the plain in which the fortress stood, and expose themselves to the cavalry. But with the ever increasing numbers who were flocking to the Greek standard the camp at Valtetzi was rapidly getting insufficient for accommodation, and at the same time any additional position on the hills would be another link in the iron chain which was being forged round the town; and now, when it was unlikely that the Turks would risk a further engagement at once, was the moment for advancing another step.

Exactly to the west of Tripoli, and within rifle-shot of its walls, stand three steep spurs of hill known as Tilhoupha. The same city of primeval forces which threw up the crag on which Valtetzi stood must have cast them up building and bawling through some volcanic vent hole long after the great range behind was fixed, and they arose like the ragged peaks of slag cast out by a gaseous coal consuming in the fire, standing some four hundred feet above the plain, but most conveniently near the town. Nearly at the top gushed out a vicious cold stream from the rocks, fringed with shivering maidenhair, and behind on the mountain was good pasturage for flocks. Lower down, where the stream spread, burst out a luxuriant patch of oleanders and clumps of cistus, but the heights themselves were barren. The three peaks were joined to each other by a sharp rocky ridge, but all were isolated from the mountains on one side and the plain on the other.

Petrobey set about securing this position without delay, though in truth the Turks were in no temper to prevent him, and all day the work went on. The place was well nigh impregnable, and the walls of rough blocks of stone gathered from the peaks was made as much with a view to clearing the ground for the soldiers' huts as to providing the place with a defensible wall. From here, too, by night, they could push their devastating raids right under the walls of Tripoli itself, for it was but a stonecast to the foot of their eerie, and early in June the larger part of the men encamped at Valtetzi took up their quarters in this new nest, swarming there as in spring the over full hive sends out its colonists. The Argive corps remained in the old nest under command of Dimitri, who the year before had been Mayor of Nauplia, while in the new position the Maniotes, under Petrobey, occupied the northernmost of the three peaks, Nicholas, with a regiment chiefly of Arcadian troops, the southernmost and in the centre a smaller body from the parts about Sparta, under the command of a local chieftain whom they had followed, one Poulopoulos, a man as crooked in mind not morality as a warped vine stem, but who, as he was chosen leader by his contingent, was of necessity in command.

Meantime from every part of the country was coming in news, no longer of butchery of unarmed Turks in defenceless farm houses, but of regular sieges of Turkish towns, sometimes successful, sometimes still protracted and with uncertain issue. Several of the Greek islands, notably Psara, Spetzas, and Hydra, had risen, and had already sent out that which was so sorely needed, a fleet to watch the coasts and destroy Turkish ships, thus preventing them from bringing men, provisions, or ammunition into the Peloponnesus. Already during May had this fleet performed some notable exploits, chief among which was the destruction of a Turkish frigate bringing arms and men from a port in Asia Minor. She was caught just outside Nauplia, and, after a desperate resistance, boarded and taken. Only two days later two Hydriot brigs overtook a vessel sailing from Constantinople to Egypt with rich presents on board from the Sultan Mahmud to Mehemet Ali, a cargo which proved absent and dishonor to the captors. All on board were ruthlessly murdered, the persons of women were searched for treasure which they might have concealed about them, and the sailors, disregarding the convention under which they sailed, whereby one half of the prize taken was appropriated to the conduct of the war, seized on the whole and divided it up, and, fired by the lust of wealth so easily gotten, became privateers rather than fellow workers on a war for liberty. Returning to Hydra, they found embarrassments of all sorts going on between the primates and captains of their fleet, and throwing their lot in with the former, they cemented the alliance with a sufficient share of their booty, and prepared for sea again, each man thinking of naught but his own coffers.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CAMP OF INDIAN PACKERS.

THE SETTLEMENT AT DYEA.

AN INCIDENT OF THE TRAIL.

WOMEN IN CAMP.

SELLING AN OUTFIT.

A MINER'S WIFE.

AT SHEEP CAMP.

MINERS AND INDIANS AT DYEA.

ON THE WAY TO THE KLONDIKE GOLD-FIELDS—THE CHILKOOT TRAIL FROM DYEA TO SHEEP CAMP

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TAPPAN ADNEY, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."—[SEE PAGE 1103.]

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CONCERNING THE LATEST GREAT RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

BY H. G. PROUT,

Editor of the "Railroad Gazette."

According to Worcester's first definition, an accident is "an event proceeding from an unknown cause," and the Century Dictionary says that "it is anything that happens as an unforeseen effect." If we adhere to this definition, it is hard to remember any very serious railroad *accident*. Nearly every one of the great accidents, so called, of the last twenty years can be attributed to a definite cause, and could have been foreseen by reasonable vigilance, and could have been guarded against by resources known in the "state of the art" at the time; and generally a sufficient use of those resources would not have been an unreasonably costly insurance. To be sure, only some limited amount of railroad service can be bought with a dollar, and it would be quite possible to spend so much of that dollar on safety that nothing would be left with which to buy speed, or frequency of service, or fair comfort. Therefore, in considering any given accident we must always try to judge whether or not the precautions for safety have been practicable and reasonable—not whether they have been ideal. But even with this reservation, it is still true that almost no railroad disasters have happened within the considerable period of my observation which could be called accidents, using the strict letter of Worcester's primary definition.

For instance, in 1887 a derailment took place in the Mobile West which has gone down to history as the Chatsworth accident. On this occasion eighty-five passengers were killed and 250 were injured. It was the most fatal accident in the history of the railroads of our country. This was caused by the burning of an insignificant wooden trestle, only sixteen feet long, out on the prairie, which spanned a dry "ven." Surely this was a trifling cause for so great a disaster. It does not seem unreasonable to say that the railroad company ought to have built its culverts and smallest bridges of a material which would not have been destroyed by a prairie fire, or that, until its old structures could be rebuilt, it should have kept such a vigilant patrol that the destruction of one of them would have been discovered before a train passed. It does not seem unreasonable to require such precautions even on a poor road having a thin traffic.

In the same year twenty-four persons were killed and 113 injured in what is known as the Forest Hill disaster, near Boston. Here a bridge fell under a train, and it was easily discovered that some of the details of this bridge were faulty in design and in material.

Seven years ago a train was wrecked on another New England road, and twenty-three persons were killed. The train was derailed by a track jack, which some men were using in repairs, and which could not be released and removed in time to get out of the way of the locomotive. But the best practice in the use of track jacks, even at that time, would not have introduced this element of danger.

In the year 1879 a great bridge over the Firth of Tay was blown down while a train was passing, and seventy-three people were killed or drowned. Every soul on the train perished. The design of the bridge was perhaps up to a fair standard of practice for the time, but it was not up to the highest state of knowledge even then. The unfortunate engineer, distinguished in his profession, was veined in standing and in health, and died within a year.

Fifteen months ago a collision took place at a crossing of two railroads near Atlantic City, in which forty-seven persons were either killed or fatally injured and more than fifty were seriously injured. Here was a case where the traffic probably would have justified the radical resort of separating the grades of the two railroads; at any rate, the signalling was defective.

It would not be hard to multiply examples of this kind which would show how easy it is to be wise after the event. Many of them have become well known to the men who are responsible for design or construction or management, and the lessons have been learned and applied, and travel has become safer, and the financial losses to railroads from accidents have diminished as the consequence of these lessons. The slow and painful education has gone on by the process that Burnett advised—analyzing our failures.

Whether or not the accident which occurred the other day on the Hudson River Division of the New York Central, near Garrisons, was a true accident, or whether it might have been foreseen and provided against by a reasonable use of human knowledge and vigilance, it is yet too soon to say. When I write these words no thorough expert examination of the conditions has been finished and reported, and it is too early to speak with confidence as to the exact physical facts, or even as to the direct cause of the accident. Perhaps by the time these words are read the result of such an investigation will be published, and the reader may then know more about the conditions than I know now. This would seem to be an occasion for discreet reticence, but, unfortunately, congenital or business reasons forbid that we should all be reticent all the time.

From the facts now available I judge that this was an occurrence that was always to have been looked for as possible, but that it was very improbable; that the chance of its coming just when a train was passing was still less probable; that the cost of providing against it was great; and that, considering all things, the risk was so small that the company was justified in taking the chances. In other words, the cost of insurance would have been too great.

This judgment is based on the theory that the bank went out bodily, sliding out on the underlying rock. The geological situation is such that this kind of movement might have taken place. But, on the other hand, the bank was built, fifty years ago, by Mr John H. Jervis, one of the soundest and most eminent railroad engineers of his time. It has stood over since without a sign of failure, and was probably solidifying and becoming safer as the years passed. The Hudson River is not subject to scour or erosion. Therefore, in the absence of warnings, the officers of the company seem justified in believing that the bank was safe.

The sliding out of this bank could perhaps have been provided against by a wall or arch built up from the underlying rock, or by a change in the location of the line. Either of these methods of protection would have been very costly, particularly because to furnish real insurance they must have been applied at various places and for considerable distances. Thus we come around to the proposition that the cost of insurance was not warranted by the risk which was to be faced, and could not have been justified in the stockholders. Or, to put it in another way, it seems probable that the care which the officers of the company have taken is all that could reasonably be expected in the "state of the art."

MUSIC.

The local musical season of 1897-8 is begun promptly and vigorously. Concertizing, as it chances to do, in concerts, its opening ones have set already a high standard of interest and public attraction. From now until the end of the third week in April the pace will be something bewildering for the critics or the general public to follow—that is, if desiring to hear all, or even know of all, that shall be notable and valuable. It is the most distinctively concert winter—in earthly real quality it is the highest one as to its title-mark—of which local record, even in anticipation, can take cognizance. The Philharmonic Society, the Symphony Society, the new Astoria Hotel, Chickering Hall, the Chicago Orchestra, the Boston Symphony, the Oratorio Society, the Musical Art, give only the serial fraction of an enormous orchestral list now fully dated and beginning. Even that mere fraction presents fifty-eight. Independent of these will be offered at least a hundred more, including every kind of recital, instrumental and vocal, now the mode. In January, five weeks of opera from Mr. Damrosch will be more or less in balance with the foregoing, but that relief is almost lost in such a flood of concertism. Falstaff's bread and sack equation may be quoted.

Of the Banda Rossa ("the Red Band"), a military orchestra from the Italian town of San Severo, little or nothing was known in this country until its concerts that have just concluded. But it made good all that its managers claimed for it, even to the praise that the French and Italian newspaper clippings dealt out to it with a cordiality as open hearted as a cheque on an upper gallery. The Banda is an exceptionally fine military concert band. There are some sixty musicians. Most of the men are young. All of them appear to be not only admirable artists—some of them manifestly real virtuosi—but delightfully imbued with the true sense of true *ensemble* playing. The result is singularly rich and well balanced and evenly sonorous. So some performances such as are obtainable only with that feeling, with ability, attentive as it each member of a large circle of musicians that usually is known to many less than all of their number. There is a splendid deliberateness of effect, too, in this Banda Rossa. Strong climaxes are "led up to" with a tremendous dignity, and in fine contrast to most delicate work in each chord. Doubtless much of such quality is due to the leader, Eugenio Sorrentino. Sorrentino is a conductor who has youth and fire, and yet great command of himself and his musicians, and who must be (as is said of him) an exceptionally efficient "driller." In the old *William Tell* overture and a cheerily arranged fantasia on bits of Boito's *Mefistofele* the Banda Rossa was at its best, and its best is of the best, and its leading is obviously much to it. The band has a special Continental fame, and merits it thoroughly.

EUGENIO SORRENTINO,
Conductor of the Banda Rossa.

It was a somewhat uncommon October audience that greeted Madame Marcella Sembrich last week. On Tuesday evening the distinguished Galician soprano returned to us, after a lapse of nearly fourteen years since her nights of triumph in this city in the old Metropolitan Opera House. Not a great part of the American public, nor even too large a proportion of the musical critics, can keep themselves year by year in first-hand touch with Europe's great operatic centres. Hence Madame Sembrich probably was to hundreds present for more a brilliant and charming remembrance of the late Henry E. Abbey's first season of Italian opera giving here than a stage whose voice was fresh in their ears by virtue of recent hearings. There is an affectionate anxiety in such occasions. One lamentable episode a few years ago remains a reminder of what even a few seasons may bring to a great singer for worse. But in Madame Sembrich's instance all doubts of those not lately wonders rational must have been set at rest before she had sung through the lovely florid air from Mozart's *Elopement*, always among her favorites. She has come back all that was Marcella Sembrich of 1883-4. And Madame Sembrich has come back something more. Her beautiful and very high soprano is as seductive in its timbre as of old. Her vocalization is of the same sparkling, clear-cut, fluent easiness. Her method in every essential detail of a song-woman's art leaves less to be desired even than it did. A sworn friend to the old Italian and German schools of musical singing, especially a Mozartist with every drop of her Austrian blood, gifted with a typical temperament, Madame Sembrich does not merely sing as can sing only the best *coloratura* sopranos, she interprets. She realizes bits of dramatic truth under old forms and under sensuous Italian weaknesses. It is a lesson in insight as well as in music to hear her recitatives—yes, even those of Bellini's Norma and Donizetti's Lucia. She thinks of the sentiment underneath what to another singer is only a phrase to be made nothing of, in a music to be ornamentally dazzling. With a noble seriousness Madame Sembrich makes points in dramatic expression that some contemporaries in ten miss, because they are too busy thinking about their scales and their trills and their turns. Her voice is beautiful, her vocalizing wellnigh perfect, her interpretative power superb and—we had nearly said unique. With Mesdames Melba, Eames, Nordica, Calvé, and de Vere, she is one of the greatest illustrators of fluid music in the world to-day. With at least two of these compeerresses, she is also one of the most intellectual and temperamental singers of her genre. Her "Casta Diva," or "Una Voce," or "Gli Angoli," or "Ah, non giunge," or what you will, is dazzlingly sung, with flashes of the drama that few impart, and, in contrast, she sings Schubert and Schumann with a simple lyrical beauty and a truth and an emotion that show of what "all round" musicianship she is made. Her reception was a scene of enthusiasm. It must have reminded Madame Sembrich of her sparkling career in New York when she was only a young prodigy that the town flocked to hear as Violetta and Rosina and Zerlina; not a Continental artist of the fullest acceptance, in all the splendor of her present power. The evening was such a recall to a foreign singer as does credit to New York's judgment, as well as to its sentiment. Mr. David Bispham sang extremely well Mozart's "Non Più Andrai," and Verdi's "Quand ero Paggio." Mr. W. J. Lavin was the tenor of the evening. Mr. Bevignani directed a competent orchestra, and altogether the concert was as delightful a reopening of the Opera House in one of its functions as Italianists could desire. For Saturday, an afternoon appearance of Madame Sembrich was set. She will be heard here frequently this season—and most welcomely. *Elijah*, Sembrich!

The week's musical opening was enlivened by the first performance of *The Idol's Eye*, a comic opera composed by Mr Victor Herbert to a libretto by Mr. Harry B. Smith. Much of Mr. Herbert's score is in his liveliest vein of melody and his most musicianly treatment, and it need not be said that Mr. Smith's plot and dialogue and lyrics, conducting onward an Oriental extravaganza, are full of that successful librettist's vivacity. The performance was at the Broadway Theatre, under the engagement of Mr Frank Daniels and his opera troupe, which is well known, as is Mr. Daniels himself, for doing justice to the joint labors of the collaborators named. The public gave the evening's music and fun much applause and laughter.

At least most go into record as other comic-opera production, Audran's *La Poupée* ("The Doll"), sung at the Lyric Theatre—as has been renamed an uptown establishment. Audran's work has charming music and directing situations, due to the familiar story of an automaton whose place is taken by a living and lively girl. In London the piece is still in vast vogue, after a long run. It is extremely well done there, however, and far from satisfactorily interpreted here, in fact, it suffers undeservedly in consequence of a cast not necessary to particularize on this occasion. E. IRENÆUS STEVENSON.

A ROLLER-BOAT THAT ROLLS.

The idea of a boat that shall roll over the water instead of cutting through it seems to have a persistent attraction for contemporary inventors. Last year we had M. Bazin's boat on rollers, which was to skim over the waves like a fairy in a wet meadow, and scarcely dampen its feet. Alas! M. Bazin's rollers sank into the salt waves up to their hubs, and the weight of machinery which the rollers would float wouldn't drive them fast enough to make anything better than a slow and clumsy craft.

The Kaupp roller boat, which made a trial trip on October 21, at Toronto, is not on rollers, like M. Bazin's, but is one big roller, which what, it is hoped, may be a stationary inside. It has been building all summer at Polson's shipyard at Toronto, and from time to time the newspapers have told about it and reported its inventor's hopes. The pictures of it in this number of the WEEKLY show how it looks from the outside. It is a cylinder 110 feet long and 35 feet in diameter, tapering sharply at each end to 15 feet. Its draught is 23 inches. At each end there is a platform resting on wheels which touch the revolving part of the boat, and on these platforms stand two engines with upright boilers, which transmit power to the wheels on which the platforms rest, and so make the big cylinder revolve. Outside, around the middle of the big cylinder, are 16 paddles, 15 feet long and 8 inches deep, and so slanted as to drive the boat forward as they strike the water. The boat is steered by two big tail-boards, or rudders, one at each side, just below the platforms.

An interested crowd watched the launching of this queer boat. The cylinder was towed out into Toronto Bay and turned loose. The engines being started as a signal from the accompanying yacht, which carried the builder and the inventor, the great roller began to turn, and soon reached a velocity of five or six revolutions a minute. The platforms rocked at first, but not to hurt. The boat went ahead slowly about a quarter of a mile, and then reversed her engines and came back. Her speed was slow, but her inventor expressed himself as satisfied, though he regretted that he had not followed his first plan and put one powerful engine in the middle of the cylinder instead of two at the ends. The inventor is a lawyer who lives at Prescott, Ontario. His talks of the possibility that boats built after this pattern may cross the Atlantic in forty-eight hours.

JOHN SARTAIN.

JOHN SARTAIN, who introduced mezzotint engraving into this country, died at his home in Philadelphia, October 25, at the age of eighty-nine years. As artist, patron of art, and as literary worker he had been identified with the United States since 1830. He came here in that year from London, his birthplace, with a reputation already made by his plates engraved in the "line" manner for William Young Otterley's *Early Florentine School*. His engraving in this country was confined almost exclusively to mezzotint, but he also did some painting in oil and water colors, and miniatures on ivory. He likewise produced a few designs for the vignette pictures on bank-notes. In 1843 he began his literary career, which included the editorship of Campbell's *Foreign Semi-monthly Magazine* and the *Eclectic*. It was in the former periodical that "The Song of the Shirt" and "The Bridge of Sighs" were first published in this country. It was in the November number of that magazine, too, that, in 1843 appeared the portrait of Espartero, and the preparation of

this engraving is but one of the many instances which might be cited in illustration of the wonderful rapidity with which the artist could work. The plate in question, it is stated, was begun on the uniform mezzotint ground about midnight, and was finished, including lettering, when the printers arrived for work the following morning. In 1848 Mr. Sartain acquired an interest in the *Union Magazine*, then a New York periodical, and for the four years of its existence under its new name, *Sartain's Magazine*, it had a national reputation. Mr. Sartain also was a constant contributor for some years to the famous *Graham's Magazine*. But his editorial duties did not prevent him from turning out a large amount of plates for the illustration of books and other engravings. Some of the prints for framing which bore his name were "The Battle of Gettysburg," after Rothermel, "The County Election in Missouri," after Bingham, "Christ Rejected," after West, and "The Iron-worker and King Solomon," after Christian Schussele. His knowledge of architecture was brought to bear in the decoration of the galleries of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, at Philadelphia, and in the designs for the lofty monument to Washington and Lafayette and its medallion adornment, in Philadelphia. He was the Chief of the Bureau of Art for the Centennial Exhibition in 1876, and in recognition of his services at that time was made an officer of the Equestrian Order of the Crown of Italy, with the title Cavaliere, by the King of Italy.

Mr. Sartain's tastes and occupation led him to make a collection of pictures and autograph letters from distinguished men; and among these letters, which financial reverses compelled him to dispose of some years ago, was, it is said, one from Bayard Taylor, then in his teens, asking Mr. Sartain to receive him as an apprentice. Mr. Sartain, not long ago, in speaking of his arrival in this country, said that he came with the intention of settling in New York. But Sully, the painter, and other artists persuaded him to remain in Philadelphia, where he was visiting, and there he speedily became one of the artistic and literary community of which Sully, Nagle, Shaw (the last, according to Mr. Sartain, the best landscape artist of his time in the United States), Henry C. Carey, and the Rev. William H. Furness were members. Mr. Sartain for twenty-five years was a director of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, and an earnest supporter of the School of Design for Women.

HENRY GEORGE.

The news of the death of Henry George on Friday morning, October 29, was doubtless the most startling tragedy that ever interrupted the normal excitement and violence of a political campaign in New York. Death came to the candidate who was, in his personality, the most interesting figure of the Mayoralty contest, not only with great suddenness, but by very reason of a too abundant expression of life, an over-strain of his nervous energy. He died, as he had lived, doing what he believed to be his duty, and he verily sacrificed himself for what he thought to be the good of the people of the Greater New York. It is narrated of him by the young men who followed him from meeting to meeting, as he performed the exacting labors which were demanded in the campaign, that he was failing visibly, that his geniality had given place to irascibility, and that at times he became almost incoherent. It was evident that his friends had taken alarm, for on the last evening of his life Mrs. George and another member of his family accompanied him to his meetings as if they were apprehensive of coming ill.

Mr. George was born in Philadelphia on the 2d of September, 1839, and was taught at the public schools of that city until he was fourteen years old. Then he went, as a boy, into a merchant's store, but soon after went to sea and visited Australia. He learned the printer's art, and in 1858, when he was seventeen, he worked at the case in California, and subsequently became a reporter and editor of San Francisco newspapers. While he was on the Pacific coast he began writing his books and promulgating the doctrines concerning taxation which are so widely and deeply misunderstood by people who have been recently denouncing Mr. George as a socialist. Socialist he was not, at all events, although some of his teachings encouraged socialists. This, however, is not the time for the discussion of his theories, only the time to say that he presented them and argued them in a vigorous and charming style that commands the admiration of all lovers of good English writing. Mr. George wrote his *Progress and Poverty* in 1879. He came to New York in 1880, and here six years later, he wrote his *Protection or Free Trade*. He wrote several other works, among them an *Open Letter to Pope Leo XIII on the Condition of Labor*, and a book on *Social Problems*. But the two books first named are the principal achievements of his pen. Millions of copies of them were sold or given away; and for some of the editions Mr. George received nothing. He gave the fruits of his labor without stint to the causes in behalf of which he wrote. His chief doctrine, that of the "single tax," was purely a doctrine of taxation, and if it be not correct, it is infinitely better and nearer to a scientific method than that which is on the statute-books of the State of New York. At all events, it is so far from being socialistic that it distinctly recognizes the right of the individual to property in land. He greatly sympathized with the Irish struggle for home-rule, and visited Ireland in 1881 and 1882, where he was arrested by the British authorities as a "suspect." He was the candidate of the United Labor party for Mayor of New York in 1886, and received a very large vote, 68,000, against 90,000 for the Democratic candidate and 60,000 for the Republican. In 1887 he was the candidate of the United Labor party for Secretary of State of New York. In 1890 he went to Australia, and after, as before, his return he was the earnest advocate of the Australian ballot system, which has since caused the modification of most of the ballot laws in this country. His nomination this year for Mayor of the Greater New York was at first a protest of Bryanites against Tammany's avoidance of the Democratic national platform of 1896, but it became in a greater degree the protest against the ostentatious and vulgar leadership of Croker.

Mr. George died suddenly of apoplexy and in his sleep at five o'clock on the morning of October 29 at the Union Square Hotel, in this city. He died holding the affection of many whose welfare he had at heart, and with the respect of all who, whether they agree or disagree with them, love honest and earnest and courageous men.

H. L. N.

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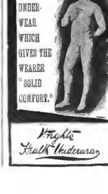

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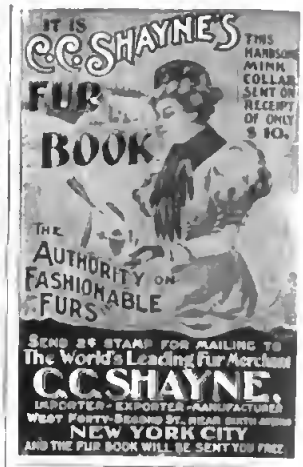

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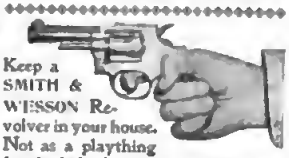
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PHILADELPHIA COUNTRY CLUB—HOME HOLE AND SOME BUNKERS.

GOLF NOTES.

It was putting to win the half-crowns, and incidentally the Morris County cup, in the final match of the Morristown tournament between A. M. Robbins, of St. Andrews, and J. A. Tyng, of the home club. Both men had gone out in good figures, Robbins being two up at the turn. Tyng managed to cut this lead down to one by winning the twelfth hole, and the thirteenth was halved. Then came the fourteenth or "Hoodoo" hole, 159 yards in length. The line runs across the railway track, and there are manifold possibilities for disaster to the wild or weak driver. Both players made splendid check shots, the balls lying within a few feet of each other and ten yards away from the hole. It was Robbins's turn to play, and he succeeded in holing a thirty-foot putt. It was the turning point of the match; Tyng was a beaten man the instant after his adversary's ball had dropped into the cup. There is a psychological crisis in every closely contested match, but it is not often that it can be so clearly observed and analyzed. With the match nearing its end and both players under a high nervous tension, there must come a moment when the balance is suddenly inclined to one side or the other.

An extra long or lucky drive, a brilliant iron-shot out of a bad lie, and, above all, a long putt that finds the hole—these are the things that try the golfer's soul; it is a test of *morale* rather than of skill, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it means the match. For the player who has scored the advantage now feels fit for anything, the intensity of the strain has passed, and he has time to realize that his pipe has gone out and to borrow a match from a bystander. But for his adversary it is very different, he feels that the stare in their courses are fighting against him, and unless his mind be cast in truly heroic mould, he must inevitably "crack," to employ the expressive Scotticism. He knows that he is beaten, and there is no time left in which to pull himself together for a final effort. This does not necessarily involve any idea of "quitting"; the loser may play up manfully to the very end (as indeed Mr. Tyng did on this particular occasion), but the mental pressure is too great, and he is simply unable to do himself justice.

Pursuing our researches into the "philosophy of the creek," as it may be called, let us note the details of the play for the four holes that remained after Robbins had made his sensational putt. The fifteenth or "Trap" hole is 157 yards in playing distance, and the green is guarded by two fences and the road that runs between them. Robbins struck off with careless confidence; but the drive was a trifle short and the ball dropped into the hazard. Tyng drove a beautiful ball to the edge of the green. Robbins, after playing the odd, was still not on the green, and it looked like a sure three for Tyng. But his approach putt was short, he missed with his third, and Robbins holing out from four feet away, the hole was halved in four. Tyng should have won it, and thereby cut down his opponent's lead to one. There are no hazards to speak of on the sixteenth hole; but again Tyng had the advantage of the drive, and Robbins playing carelessly, the Morris County player took the hole, four to five, leaving Robbins still one up. Both men cleared the bunker from the seventeenth tee, but Robbins pulled his ball over the fence that runs parallel with the railway track, and it cost him a stroke to get back on the fair green. Tyng had heeled badly, but the drive was a long one, and he lay about one hundred and twenty yards from the hole. To make sure of the distance he paced it off, and then played a beautiful iron-shot that carried the sand pit and left him just outside the green. Robbins was short in his approach, and he had to play the double odd before he was safely over the pot-bunker. The hole was a gift to Tyng, but again his approach was short, and he missed a one foot putt to win. Robbins holed out from four or five feet away, the hole was halved, and he was still one up. The eighteenth was halved in par figures, and the match was over—won and lost at the fifteenth hole. At every one of the remaining holes Tyng did the best driving, but with the memory of that phenomenal putt before him, he could not do even ordinary work on the greens.

Robbins's dashing style of play was in strong contrast with the carefulness and perhaps over-deliberation of his antagonist. The young St. Andrews golfer never took his pipe out of his mouth during the round, and he played all his strokes with an easy confidence and precision that was very pleasing to watch. This is his first win in an open tournament, but he made a good impression by his style of play at the Lakewood tournament in April, and he has since been coming on very rapidly in his game. That his victory at Morristown was no fluke is shown by his performance in the team match on Saturday, when he tied with Menzies, his clubmate, for the best individual score.

The defeat of W. G. Stewart by Jasper Lynch was the surprise of the tournament. It was known that Lynch had improved of late, but no one thought that he could put up a game to beat the Englishman, especially after the latter's fine showing in the preliminary medal round. Stewart had no particular piece of hard luck of which to complain; it was simply that Lynch played a good third above his game, and Stewart as much below his. W. Y. Marsh made the best showing for the home club. With a little more physique to back him up, Marsh could hold his own in fast company. The team contest was a welcome variation upon the ordinary free-for-all handicap, but it could hardly be called team play, since the rounds were all made under medal rules, and the team making the aggregate score was declared the winner.

The action of the United States Golf Association in revising the rules of the game has been instrumental in bringing the Scottish St. Andrews to a sense of the duty that it owes to the golfing world. The club has just appointed a Rules Committee, consisting of fifteen representative members from its own body, and this committee is to be the final authority in all matters of interpretation. It has no power to amend or repeal an existing rule or to make any new ones; all such legislative functions are to be exercised by the club alone, and at a general meeting. In its first form the resolution provided that this committee should consist of fourteen members—seven from the St. Andrews Club, and one each from the Muirfield, Prestwick, Hoylake, Westward Ho, Blackheath, Sandwich, and Portrush clubs. But Scottish jealousy took alarm at even this very moderate recognition of the English interest, and the new committee was made a close St. Andrews corporation. It is true that half a dozen of the committeemen are representative English players, including Mr. Horace Hutchinson, but the decision makes it evident that the oft-mooted British Golf Union is still a long ways off.

PHILADELPHIA COUNTRY CLUB—LOOKING TOWARD THE FIRST HOLE

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The Country Club of Philadelphia, with its fine house and spacious grounds at Bala, has always been one of the leading social organizations of the Quaker City, but in its inter development and present prosperity golf has been the active and indeed the magic agent. Three or four years ago, through the influence of Dr. Charles R. Claxton, the club laid out a tentative nine hole course around the race-course, and a few enthusiasts started in to learn to play the game. It was the old story of the learner in the measure of meal; the long felt want had at last been supplied, and everybody played golf, or at least tried to do so. The word "tried" is used advisedly, for there were some odd things about the golf of those early days. The following newspaper description must sound strangely in the ears of the golfer whose ideas of what a links should be are founded upon the classic traditions of St. Andrews and Westward Ho.

"A player who has done a round at the —— club will have passed over various points of avenue, steeple-chase course, race-track, polo-field, and pigeon shooting grounds, he will have come triumphantly through a purgatorial stone wall jump, a sand bunker and bastion, and, finally, a vast gravel pit or crater .... Stone walls, ploughed fields, quarries, fences, and chasms are among the other excellent sporting requirements of the course."

Now some one of an exact turn of mind may perhaps file an objection to this catalogue of horrors, upon the ground that it was originally written about quite another country club than that of Philadelphia, and indeed there are others. Greeting the demurrer, the description still fits closely enough to justify its application to the old Bala "steeple chase" course, and it gives point to Mr. Whigham's comment upon our American golf, that "this sort of thing is exactly what a golf links ought not to be, since a golfer is neither a jockey nor a quarryman." Sorrowful indeed are the memories that cluster about the names of "Hades" and of the "Liverpool Jump."

But now we have changed all that. In the spring of 1896 the club employed Willie Dunn to rearrange the course in conformity with recognized golfing conditions, and this was done at a cost of over $3000. The change was a great improvement, but it was found that a nine-hole course was too small to accommodate all who wished to play, and it was considered inadvisable to depend upon the good-nature of the Park Commissioners for the use of that portion of the course that lay outside of the club property. And so, early in the present year, the Roberts farm of ninety four acres was acquired by purchase, and plans were made for the laying out of a regulation course of eighteen holes. The new ground was well fitted for the purpose, since the greater part of it had been used as pasture for twenty-five years. The new course measures 5600 yards in playing distance, and when it is finally in shape it should rank with any in the country. The putting greens have been laid out upon a generous scale, the hazards are placed with excellent judgment, and, as before noted, the turf on the mid-green is of good golfing quality.

The club has now once six hundred names upon its membership list, divided into three classes of resident, non-resident, and army and navy. Resident members pay $50 in annual dues, and the other classes $25 yearly. The club house is one of the largest and best-appointed in the country, and contains every possible luxury and convenience.

W. G. van T. Sutphen.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL.

On account of Election day, it is necessary for this column to go to press on Friday, so that all comment upon Saturday's games will go over into next week's issue.

When the last echo of the last yell over the Lafayette game had died away the Pennsylvania team settled down for rest and relaxation. Many of them were given a short vacation from the drudgery of daily practice, but some of them, on their reappearance, exhibited two unpleasant effects of that memorable victory. One effect was a tendency to laxity of effort, and the other was an exceeding high opinion of themselves as football players. It will indeed be a shame if the aggregation that starts off more promisingly than any eleven of almost any year at any university shall be allowed to lapse into carelessness, and fail to make further advance, simply because there is no match ahead of which it has a proper and wholesome fear.

Harvard may have been beaten by Pennsylvania regularly, but in the last two years not easily enough to make it a sure thing, especially if Pennsylvania stands still and Harvard improves. The advantage that Harvard must necessarily reap in point of experience from the effects of the game with Yale will also be a factor on her side. But aside from the question of victory, the team this year owes it to Mr. Woodruff to carry out to the full the development that he has made not only possible but practicable. Having perfected her offensive running game to a considerable degree, it behooves Pennsylvania to make her kicking game equally secure. One of her men behind the line is lamentably weak on catching punts, and should be strengthened. Pennsylvania's defence against end runs from mass formations needs also some attention.

From Princeton, too, come tales of something of a slump in the work of the team, but the game against the Elizabeth Athletic Club did not demonstrate the truth of these forebodings to any great extent. Furthermore, that game showed that Edwards can play a good centre. Stillman is always a good man, a man who knows the game and can play it from the start. But for all that, Edwards showed up to advantage, and it is pleasant to be sure of a number two for such an important position as that of centre. In the first part of the game Princeton failed to get warmed up, and seemed to have lost one of her most valuable traits, that of opening the play at once, but before the end of the half, the team was moving in good style. The Elizabeth team is the one that gave Yale such a game at New Haven last year. It is heavy and strong, and it is no child's play to go up against it. Its guards back ripped Princeton up a little, just as it did Yale last season, but the Tigers managed it after a bit, and when they got their own machine in operation, it mowed down the big fellows in good fashion. There was a marked contrast between the two teams in the matter of fumbling, Elizabeth suffering severely from having too many thumbs, while Princeton was wellnigh perfect in this regard. Here Princeton is the superior of Pennsylvania as yet, and hers will be the best team in the field this year for clean handling, if it can keep up its present record. Only twenty-minute halves were played, so that the score did not run up as it would had the time been longer, for the collegians were standing the pace better than the clubmen.

Princeton feels the need of making herself more feared in assaults upon the centre and guards of the opposing line. Could she combine the smashing power of Pennsylvania's centre plays with the almost irresistible drive of her own plays at tackle and end, the opposing line would be in difficult straits indeed.

Harvard has been fortunate in certain of her late additions. Bond is putting up a very fair game, and Haskell, with his former experience, promises to be a valuable man. Sargent is powerful, but he has never yet seemed quite able to get up to the notch required for 'varsity make. Mills, at tackle, was regarded by many last year, before he was on the hospital list, as an extremely good man. He certainly comes in handy for Harvard in the present emergency. Never was more effort expended upon making a man a full-back than at Harvard this fall, but Haughton seems to be wellnigh impossible, and Warren is now filling his shoes. Warren is the sort of man one fancies for the position. He seems steady. He has an easy swing about him that does not make the "heeler" hold his breath whenever the ball goes into the back field, and heave a great sigh of relief when the ball has been kicked safely. To many who watched the game Wednesday the team seemed to have made little or no improvement. But this is not the fact.

The team work is better in two respects—the interference is closer, and moves more regularly. To one who had not seen the team play between the West Point game and the game with Newtown this was very evident. The momentum comes more nearly at the proper time, and the men composing the interference have their bodies in better attitude for resisting the onslaught of the opposing line, so that instead of being knocked back upon their runner, as they were several times in that game, they carry the push well against the enemy, and force gains with more regularity. Fake kicks seem to be particularly favored by Harvard this year, and it would be no surprise to see a big gain made in the Yale game with one of these old-time plays. Dibblee is standing the work splendidly for a man of his build. He cuts out a fast pace in every game, and is becoming daily more reliable in following his interference as long as it is serviceable. With its increased speed it is much more helpful to him, and does not suffocate his play, as at first.

Sullivan is on the list again, and Parker is having a turn at it in Sawin's absence. Cabot is greatly missed on the end, but now is the time to take care of him and if possible bring him into good trim for the November games, especially that of the 13th. I say the 13th because with all respect to the Harvard team and its coaches, it does seem like almost a herculean job for them to overtake Pennsylvania. Yale, like Harvard, is behind in the development of fast concentrated weight plays, so that their match will be a more equal contest, although here, on the other hand, I do not see how Yale's defence can be made good enough to hold Harvard. Her offensive play will be better in execution, but not enough of the modern type to go through Harvard's line. Next week I shall have occasion to comment more particularly upon the style of play of these two competitors.

That Cornell is working herself up into the rank of the first class in football this year is in no way made more apparent than by considering that Princeton, the team which was able to run up twenty-six points upon Yale in the last game of 1896, could score but ten against the team that the Ithacans have in the field this year. Whatever the result of Cornell's other games this season may be, the mere fact of having played such a strong game as that exhibited at Ithaca on the 23d demonstrates the possibilities of her material and the ability of her home coaches.

With no game ahead for the following Wednesday, Yale should have taken advantage of the opportunity the Carlisle game offered for securing the best kind of practice for her team. Instead of short halves of twenty minutes, thirty minute periods at least, and perhaps still more wisely, the regulation half of thirty-five minutes, should have been taken. Anything short of the allotted full time can only be by the consent of both teams, and either captain can, previous to a match, refuse to shorten the halves laid down by rule. Then, too, the Indians should hardly have objected, as both last year and this their best game was played in the second half. There is no training that can do the raw recruits of the Yale eleven half the good that every five minutes of a hard-fought game pounds into them. It is experience, and, in football, how much she teaches!

There was more than one year when the Pennsylvania game proved the making of the Yale team, and although many of the players and not a few of the coaches cried out against the thrice hard games, Yale never was better than when she had three on her hands, provided the time between was long enough for recuperation. Yale lacks experience this year. The art of defence can alone be mastered through the education acquired in games with outside and unknown organizations—the stronger the better.

Had it not been for the Brown game, Yale would have given up much more ground to Carlisle. The Cornell game was worth a mint to Princeton. Last year's Lafayette game taught Pennsylvania more than a week of practice. Last year's Princeton game made of Harvard formidable foes for Pennsylvania. If on Saturday Yale could have taken Harvard's place and played Cornell, while the Cambridge men rested, it would be points in favor of Yale's chances for the 13th. The great trouble is that coaches have grown fearful of the risks of defeat, and by exhibiting that fear have made their charges equally timid, and correspondingly more easy for opposing teams to drive into a panic. I have seen men—sound men too—who have been prone to shirk the lesser game lest, perchance, they should take an injury that would hurt their chances of being enrolled on the lists in the big match. I say enrolled because it was not that they were so over anxious for the chance at their big rivals as for the honor of being on the team in that match.

At New Haven the lessons taught by the scoring of Brown and the Indians have been taken seriously to heart, and an attempt is being made to build up the defensive side of the play. It seems rather a strange remark, and almost an unnecessary one, to say that the Yale team this year is a popular one at New Haven, but that is the only expression that covers the case. The college is taken with the team of '97 as it has not been for some years. It is like an eager, willing, headstrong boy, and the college has it close at heart. No one expected a great deal of the team at the start, and every improvement has been hailed with symptoms of the greatest satisfaction. It was not until the Brown game that the sentiment showed itself with such strength. But after that game, at a time when a veteran or even an ordinary team would have been treated to the cold shoulder and criticism and worse, the talk was rather of sympathy, and every one stopped to speak of the good points, or the great brace the team took after Brown had scored, and the way it went at its work to even matters up. The partisanship of the audience at the Indian game rather added to the feeling, and to-day it is safe to say an team wearing the Yale blue carried more good-will from the university at large than that of Captain Rodgers.

The team itself is a strange one for Yale to send out. For years Yale teams have been quiet, steady, almost sullen; stiff in the defence, growing more and more stubborn as the play approached their goal; on the offensive strong and relentless, hammering at the selected spot until they forced their way little by little down to a touch-down and victory. Self-confident and self-reliant, almost without exception they have seldom had need of their coaches when in actual combat. The team of 1897, on the other hand, is brilliant, sensitive in the extreme, and as full of whims as a child. It is eager to learn, ready to do the bidding of coaches with spirit, but when the expected result fails to come, they turn for new instruction as to how to proceed.

Walter Camp.

FOOTBALL IN THE MIDDLE WEST.

The football season in the Middle West opens with greater possibilities than ever before. More men are trying for the respective teams, and consequently competition is making the men work harder, and its ultimate result is that the teams are far better than they were two or three years ago when there were only about eleven men trying for each team.

The Chicago University plays the largest number of games—it plays Northwestern, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Michigan—but does not play Minnesota nor Purdue. Michigan plays Chicago, Purdue, and Minnesota. Wisconsin plays Chicago, Minnesota, and Northwestern. Minnesota meets Purdue, Wisconsin, and Michigan, and on the Saturday after Thanksgiving plays Oberlin. Northwestern meets only Chicago and Wisconsin, and Purdue plays Illinois, Minnesota, and Michigan. The Chicago Athletic Club has had a great deal of difficulty arranging games this year, owing to a rule adopted by the Western Inter-collegiate Association which forbids the university teams' playing teams which do not represent educational institutions.

The C. A. A., First Regiment, and Illinois Cycling Club are this year doing their best to regain the confidence of the Western universities, and I sincerely hope they will be successful. It is certainly gratifying to see that Aldrich, one of the men expelled by the C. A. A. last year for playing at Pittsburg, has not subjected himself again to criticism by playing with the other five men on the Bankers Athletic Club team.

Chicago University opens the season with eight of her last year's team in college, having the positions of left tackle, left end, and right guard to fill. Fox is playing left end, and, for a Freshman, is doing well. For the guard and tackle positions Anderson and Bowdish are the most promising candidates. Of the last year's team, Cavanaugh, Hamill, Gardiner, and Captain Herschberger are doing the best work.

Chicago has a good team, the best I have seen on Marshall Field, and, with such a good kicker as Herschberger, the aggressive play will be strong. Aside from being a good kicker, he runs well with the ball, and is making the best captain Chicago has ever had. She is relying on alumni coaching to help Mr. Stagg.

Wisconsin loses many of her last year's team, and the loss of such men as Richards, Atkinson, Pyre, and Karel will be felt. Peel is filling Karel's place at half back, and O'Dea, at full back, is a good kicker, but cannot advance the ball as did Richards. Riordan, at guard, is playing his old position, and it is to be hoped that his duties as captain will not affect his playing, as he is a good guard. Holmes and Bran are filling the tackle positions left vacant by Atkinson and Pyre, but as yet they have not shown the form of their predecessors. Gregg, at quarter, handles the team well, and runs well with the ball, and is a good tackler.

Wisconsin is being coached by Phil King, and although lacking in heavy material, has plenty of men, and we may expect to see a good team.

Minnesota has the heaviest team in the West. Harrison, their re-elected captain, plays left end, and was the best end rush I saw in the West last year. He also advances the ball well, and had he used better judgment last year the results of two games would not have been as they now stand.

Minnesota has good backs. Loomis, at full back, is a good kicker, and hits the line well. Smith, last year's tackle, is playing guard, breaks through well, and runs well with the ball. Finlayson, at centre, is good, although comparatively light for the position, knows the game, is quick, and plays hard and consistent ball. Jerrems (Yale, '96) is coaching the team again.

University of Illinois starts the season with a bright outlook. The team plays a fast, snappy game. Coffeen, at right end, is doing good work, as is Forbes, at full back. Enoch and Van Owen are also good men, and reasonably sure of the team. Shuler, at quarter, runs the team well and gets lots of work out of the men. The team will miss Sconce, last year's half back, and Pixley, a tackle, both strong players. Illinois is unfortunate in not having more large games, although she plays the Indians in Chicago on November 20. Huff (Dartmouth) and Smith (Princeton) are coaching the team. The team is using Princeton's revolving tandem play with good success.

The Purdue team is light, but is learning football under the direction of Church of Princeton. Although beaten by Oberlin, it is too early in the season to judge what the team will be when it meets Minnesota and Michigan the latter part of November.

Purdue will miss Jamison, last year's quarter back. Sears is doing well, but lacks experience. Moore is a good back and the best ground gainer on the team, and is making a good captain. Hall, at end, is doing good work, as is Bond, at tackle. Alward, at right tackle, is too anxious, and loses much by being off side.

Purdue has not as good a team this year as she has had in the past, owing to lack of material.

Michigan, for some reason, has started rather poorly, having many new men. Ferbert, last year's half back, will be a great loss to the team, as he was a good ground-gainer. Teetzel, at end, is doing fair, but is green, and it will take a great deal of work to get him up to a first class end. Henry, at half back, is a strong runner and a good tackler, but is rather light for a 'varsity man. Snow, last year's tackle on the scrub, is playing on the 'varsity, and breaks through well, runs well with the ball, and knows the game. Bennett has been moved from guard, where he played last year, to end; he is a big but fast man, and a good tackler. Hannon, at full back, is a good kicker, and hits the line well, but does not put as much spirit into his play as he should. Richards, who seems to be sure of quarter, is a good general, gets into the interference in good shape, and if his knee, which kept him out of the game last year, does not go back on him, we will see him make one of the best quarters in the West.

Michigan is relying on alumni coaches, and Ferbert, as head coach, is gradually rounding the men into shape.

Michigan's tie game with Ohio Wesleyan was due more to poor officials than to poor playing on Michigan's part.

Northwestern's prospects are not of the brightest. The loss of such men as Van Doozer, Potter, and Pierce will be felt, and the new men are not doing as well as was expected of them. Swiggett is playing guard and with Thorne will make a good pair. Perry and Sibberton will make a good set of backs, Perry being especially good. Hunter, at quarter, is good, but, unless he gets more life into his men, cannot expect to have a team up to last year's standard.

Beloit's team is only fair. Its good showing against Northwestern was due more to Northwestern's weakness than to its own good play. Childs, Bangle, and Merrill are the best men.

Comments on the games played on and after October 23 will be reserved for next article.

Ralph T. Hoagland.

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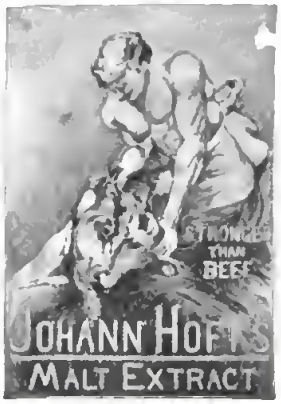

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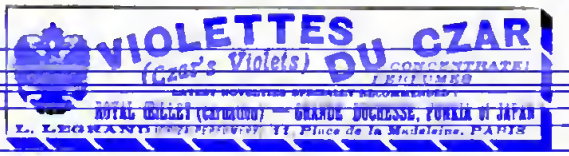

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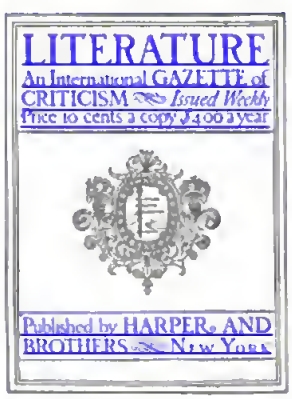

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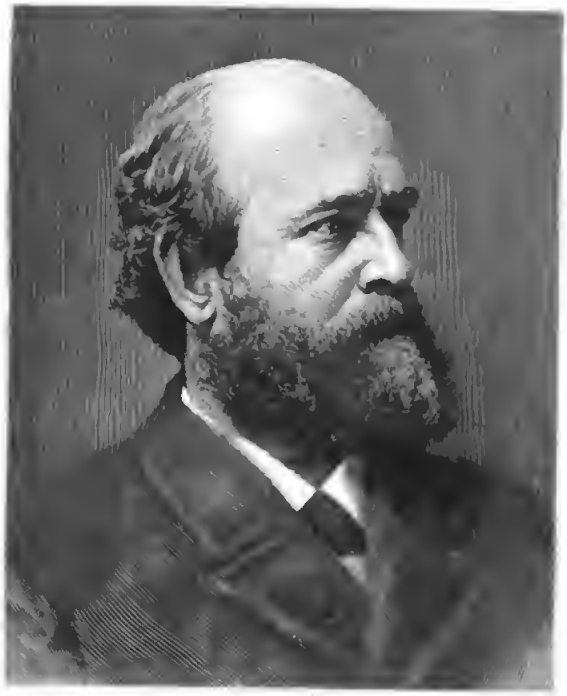

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, NOVEMBER 13, 1897.

Terms: 10 Cents a Copy.—$4 00 a Year, in Advance.

Postage free to all Subscribers in the United States, Canada, and Mexico.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

New York City: Franklin Square.

London: 45 Albemarle Street, W.

Also for sale at Brentano's, 37 Avenue de l'Opéra, Paris.

THE Union Pacific Railroad was sold at auction, on foreclosure, at Omaha, on November 1. The government receives the whole of the debt due from the road, an increase of $8,000,000 above the amount promised in the proposition agreed to by Mr. CLEVELAND'S administration, the purchasing syndicate having increased its bid that amount on the threatened appearance of a competing bidder. Mr. McKINLEY'S administration is to be congratulated on the good bargain it has thus been able to make, and it is to be hoped that it may make an equally good bargain in the sale of the Kansas Pacific. The country is to be congratulated that the politicians are no longer to have the power to transfer these properties to government control. Fancy government control of railroads in this country! Fancy PLATT and CROKER in control of the New York Central system!

ON Friday, November 5, appeared the first number of LITERATURE, the new journal, devoted exclusively to literature, which is published in London by the *Times* and in the United States by Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS. The character of the new journal, and the purpose of its originators, have been fully set forth in these columns. The first number will, we are sure, be read by every one who is interested in contemporaneous literature. It will be found to be a paper written for those who love books — not, like most literary papers, principally for authors or for publishers— not, in brief, a special publication for those who are engaged in the making of books — but a paper for those who read, and who want to know about the books that are worthy of their attention. We are sure, too, that the large and generous spirit of the new journal will be gratifying. The determination to review only such books as are worthy is a lofty and dignified purpose, and it is reflected in the sympathetic tone of the reviews. Another feature of the new journal's criticism is its fairness to American literature. In the next and in each of the succeeding numbers will be a letter from this country by Mr. BARRETT WENDELL, Assistant Professor of English at Harvard.

FROM one end of the country to the other, wherever there has been an opportunity to strike at the Republican party, the people have availed themselves of it. In New York State, RICHARD CROKER and THOMAS C. PLATT have now entire control, and, so far as it was possible in the last election, the Republicans have lost it. Mr. McKINLEY'S plurality of 268,469 having been transformed into a Democratic majority of about 50,000 for Judge PARKER. To say, however, that PLATT has lost is misleading. It may be that the result of the election will end his control of the Republican party, but it is too early to say that. He has gained a personal triumph for the moment. He has accomplished his object in New York city. With the help of 101,000 Republicans, mostly his dupes, he has turned over the government of the metropolis to CROKER, and the criminal, the vicious, and the disorderly, who fitly celebrated their triumph over law and order by a drunken orgie which recalled the palmy days of TWEED and the scandals of Paris during the Second Empire. The partnership has been renewed. It is said that PLATT has lost the Assembly. It may be true that candidates of the Citizens' Union hold the balance of power in the lower branch of the Legislature, and that when they act with the Democrats the Republicans will be in a minority. But PLATT is as strong as ever. He still owns the Governor and the Senate, and can command the Assembly by an alliance with Tammany members whenever he needs a majority to carry through a design of the infamous firm of CROKER and PLATT. He has still wares to sell at Albany that CROKER will want for New York.

It was not wholly PLATT, however, that defeated Judge WALLACE. Bad as he is, and bad and weak as is his Governor, there was something else abroad on the 2d of November: it was a revolt against the conduct of the Republican party and the Republican administration. The feeling against the Republicans has resulted in political victories for the silver men. If Ohio is not in doubt, the Republican margin in the Legislature will be so small that the result in the President's own State is discouraging. Kentucky has broken entirely with the old and able leaders of the gold Democrats, and the silver men are in so great a majority that they even talk of demanding Senator LINDSAY'S resignation. GORMAN is defeated, but by a remarkably small majority when it is remembered that the State went against him last year by a majority of 22,224. It is true that the issue in the various State campaigns was not the silver question, but that many elements of opposition combined to defeat the Republicans. Gold and silver Democrats both voted for Judge PARKER in New York, and men voted against Republican candidates elsewhere who were disgusted with the greed of the protectionists, with the failure of the Republicans to enact a currency-reform law, and with the President's foolish commission for chimerical bimetallism, and his incapacity to realize the importance of the money question. Nevertheless, BRYAN takes it for a vindication. We regret to say that there is much basis for his belief that the silverites "fight will be continued," and for this encouragement of the Bryanites the Republican administration is responsible.

IN London, Buffalo, and other centres of civilization a good deal of sympathy has been expressed for the victims of Sheriff MARTIN'S effort to uphold the law and to prevent violence, outrage, and murder at Lattimer, Pennsylvania. Naturally these expressions of sympathy have found an echo among the political demagogues, not only of Luzerne County, but wherever there are men who are willing to sacrifice their country and its peace for votes. The WEEKLY has been reasoned with and protested against because it has insisted from the first that this is not a question between oppressed miners and tyrannical employers, but between the miners and the law. On the former issue the WEEKLY has been quite as outspoken as any of its critics. Indeed, we venture to say that all of them together have not done as much as the WEEKLY has in exposing the wrongs inflicted upon the men by the operators of Pennsylvania. But at present we have another issue. It is between the miners and the law, and we have shown by a fair and uncontradicted—unless mere unsupported denial be contradiction—account of the unfortunate affair at Lattimer that the mob was composed of men who were intent on violence, who had already shown a disposition to commit murder, and who had threatened more violence. In attempting to prevent further lawlessness Sheriff MARTIN'S deputies fired into the crowd as it was actually defying the law.

At once there was an outcry of sympathy for the mob. At a time when officers of the law throughout the country were permitting mobs to commit murder, the sheriff and his deputies did what they thought was their duty, and the immediate presumption of most of the press was against the officers of the law and in favor of the mob. The rioters were called peaceable working men, and it was asserted that they were unarmed. One reading their eulogists might imagine that these men, who had hunted one of their employers with murderous intent, and who had forced unwilling working men to join their ranks that very day, were on their way to Sunday-school, when they were shot down in cold blood by the deputies. The mob thus eulogized continued after the shooting to manifest its peaceable disposition by stoning miners who wanted to work, and by compelling the presence of troops to prevent them from killing their enemies, and especially from lynching the deputies. The wives of those peace-loving Hungarians were prominent in all this strife. After the departure of the troops the violence continued. The deputies had been obliged to flee from their homes. Since their return they have been in constant danger. Attempts have been made to assassinate them and their families. On the night of October 8 two miners attempted to blow up with dynamite the house of WILLIAM KULP, a night-watchman at the Hollywood breaker. He had been a deputy in the recent troubles. An attempt has also been made to blow up Sheriff MARTIN'S house and to kill him.

An indictment has now been found against Sheriff MARTIN and his deputies, and how has the community behaved to its officers in their difficulties? In the first place, not only was their bail fixed at $6000 each, but the property-owners of Luzerne County were so intimidated by the mob that they dared not furnish bail, and the accused were forced to buy bonds of a Philadelphia trust company. Then the county commissioners refused to pay the fees due to them by law. In other words, the people of the county, through their official representatives, have refused to treat the sheriff and his deputies with common decency, not to speak of common justice, and, like the critics of the WEEKLY of whom we have already spoken, have sided with the mob from the first. The officers of the law must be more than human if they do not now regret that they did what seemed to them to be their duty in endeavoring to protect the lives and property of the citizens of Luzerne County. Not only have they undergone the wrongs, insults, injuries, and perils to which we have alluded, but they must now face the expense and terrors of a trial, with the recollection always present of the fate of the general commanding the troops at Pittsburg during the riots of 1877, who was tried for murder because of his efforts to uphold the law, the Legislature, after a long delay, returning him about one-half of his expenditure for his defence. As yet we have read no appeal for bare justice to the officers from those who were swift to pity the mob. The effect of all this on officers of the law must be very bad. The administration of the criminal law in remote communities and against popular sentiment is, and always has been, lax. If men who do their duty according to their own judgment are to be treated as these peace officers of Luzerne County have been treated, dutiful sheriffs under such circumstances will simply not exist.

CURRENCY REFORM.

THE Monetary Commission selected in accordance with the resolution of the Indianapolis convention of business men to advise the President and Secretary of the Treasury on currency reform and to suggest a plan for currency legislation is working diligently and intelligently at its task. Several weeks ago it requested a number of persons familiar with the subject of money, or with some phases of it, to answer certain questions as to metal money and paper substitutes and as to bank currency. The questions brought forth many opinions, which are now before the Commission, and which may be assumed to represent roughly the expert and business opinion of the country. We venture to say that there is so small a percentage of opinions in these replies in favor of the existing system that it may be truly said that the economic experts and business men of the country are nearly unanimous in the belief that a change is necessary.

The main purpose of the needed reform is the divorce of the government from the banking business. All the paper money of the government ought to be retired. It is dangerous, not only to the Treasury, but to the business interests of the country. Its existence demands the holding of a supply of gold by the Treasury, an arbitrarily determined amount, which has become the measure both of the government's ability to meet its demand obligations and of the stability of the gold standard; for the moment any Secretary of the Treasury shall announce that he will pay the coin obligations of the government in silver, that moment the country will be on a silver basis and gold will be at a premium. This fact, coupled with the strong silver sentiment in Congress, has already brought on a panic, and is constantly threatening the value of American securities, and, both directly and indirectly, the trade and commerce of the country. This fact also makes the paper currency of the government insecure, and taints the national bank notes, which are to many minds the synonym of stench and sound paper currency.

Paper currency resting on the will of Congress for its value and its volume must always be unsatisfactory. Long after the silver danger shall have passed away new dangers will take its place, and the new dangers will have their representatives in both Houses of Congress and in at least one political party. It is absolutely essential to the soundness of paper currency, and to the health of the money system of the country, that money and currency should not be in politics. What should be the standard of values is for the determination, not of this country, not of any single country, but of the commercial world, of the commercial world of civilization, all the members of which are mutually interested in the maintenance of the same standard by which to measure the prices of their interchanged commodities. Paper currency must be redeemable on demand in the metal money of the world, and its stability ought to be guaranteed by the laws and the resources of the government; but its amount should

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be regulated by the necessities of business, and should increase and diminish with the demands of trade. Above all else, currency should be independent of the will or the whims of politicians.

It is also essential that the number of banks should not be limited by the requirements of law. Under the national bank act no bank can be established with a capital of less than $50,000. This provision of law has deprived a great many small communities of needed banking facilities. In the West and South, where from two thirds to three-fourths of our exported commodities are produced, there is great need of banks; for, while the business interests of these communities are most important, since they provide the germ and the substance of all our foreign commerce, those who carry them on, whose products support our great railroads and steamship lines, and create the prosperity of large cities, are in a large measure at the mercy of those with whom they deal, and who enjoy the banking facilities which the producers lack. Banks, or branches of banks, should receive such liberal treatment from the law that they could exist wherever there is any accumulated capital that may be employed in the business of discounting. At present a community not possessed of $50,000 that may be taken from other occupations to be employed in banking must go without banking facilities, or, what is the next thing to it, must bank at a distant city. The effect of this is to put the producers of the vicinity in the hands of their very few neighbors who have ready money. This state of things, the oppression of usury, caused by lack of local banks in communities, is responsible for much of the trouble the country has had, and is having, with the money question, including the free-coinage agitation. No plan of reform will be satisfactory which does not include a provision which will permit the establishment of banks with much smaller capital than that now required by the national bank law. It may be that the smaller banks ought not to have the power to issue bills, but this difficulty will not exist if the small banks are the branches of larger institutions, or if the national banks of issue may, on certain corporate security, supply them with needed bills.

The principal objects to be attained by monetary reform are those which we have here outlined. The paper money of the government should be redeemed. It is probable that a mere declaration by the government that all its paper shall be redeemable in gold, and shall be destroyed as soon as it reached the Treasury, will be the only act of redemption necessary; for, with such an understanding as that, the government paper, being as good as the government, and redeemable on demand in gold, will be the most desirable possible form of paper currency, and will remain in circulation for years, returning so slowly that it may be redeemed out of the revenues of government, if Congress will only leave a margin of revenue above expenditures. However, not only lest Congress shall continue extravagant, but to guard against any deficiency of revenue, the Secretary of the Treasury ought to have the power to borrow money at any time on short paper at the prevailing market-rate. Moreover, a good deal of gold might be accumulated by the sale of the silver now in the Treasury not needed for subsidiary coins.

The paper currency of the country should remain as good as are the notes of the national banks to-day. To this end the government should continue to protect the bank-notes, and should, to that end, safeguard them by a fund contributed by the banks, by the double liability of shareholders, and by making the notes a first lien on the assets of the banks. The circulation of the banks should be made elastic by basing the notes, not on a national debt which is yearly growing less, but on the assets of the banks. In 1894 our national banks, at a time of great scarcity of money, were able to add only $28,000,000 to their circulation, making the total circulation $207,000,000. In the same year the Canadian banks had in circulation notes to the amount of about forty-nine per cent. of their capital. If our own banks had then been able to meet the demands of business by issuing notes to the full amount of their capital, they might have put in circulation bills to the amount of $630,000,000. If they had circulated the same percentage of notes to capital as Canadian banks were circulating, they would have added to the circulation of 1893 nearly $160,000,000 instead of $28,000,000, and made the total bank-note circulation of the country $333,000,000 instead of $207,000,000. This important episode in our banking history illustrates the defects of a system based on a rigid, or diminishing, bonded debt, and the advantages of a system which permits the full employment of the whole banking capital as a basis for circulation.

Whether these essential reforms are to become law or not, a great gain will be made by a thorough discussion of the subject, and if Speaker REED will learn wisdom, he will not continue to stand in the way of such a discussion.

BOSSISM IN NEW YORK.

THE natural incompatibility of good government and that bad of party organization which culminates in boss rule could find no more striking illustration than the recent municipal election in Greater New York. There are at present not a few well-meaning persons who, while deploring the restoration of Tammany Hall to power, seek to console themselves with a vague hope that, after all, the new Mayor, Mr. VAN WYCK, may rise to a just appreciation of his vast responsibilities, and give the city much better government than we were wont to expect from Tammany Hall. Every good citizen, of course, joins in that pious wish. But it is useless to indulge in such delusions. No Tammany Mayor, unless he be a man of the loftiest kind of public spirit, of exceptional strength of will, and of the most self-sacrificing devotion to public duty, can resist the influences bearing upon him from the power that made him; and even if he be such an extraordinary person, he will find himself balked at every step. Nor does anybody suspect Mr VAN WYCK of such heroic qualities. There is not the slightest reason for doubting that he was put in his high office for the very purpose of serving the ends of the Tammany organization, and that he would never have been selected had not the nominating power thought him a fit and willing instrument. These ends will, therefore, determine the character of his administration.

The Tammany organization, as in the course of time it has developed itself, consists of two classes of persons—politicians who co-operate with one another in the pursuit of public place or power for their personal profit, and, secondly, a large number of people who are made to expect from the potent favor of such politicians some benefit or other, be it in the way of employment at the public expense, or of help in need, or of protection or assistance in their private pursuits, whether lawful or unlawful—not to mention the criminal class, which, among the members of the Tammany organization, finds sympathetic usage, if not active aid. To these two classes may be added a third: Democrats who, although themselves honest persons, cling to Tammany Hall, and vote its ticket because it happens to bear the regular Democratic label. It is evident that an organization so constituted must, whenever intrusted with public power, use that power for the benefit of its members and dependents, rather than for the benefit of the community; for, if it failed to do this, it would annul the very reason of its being and drop to pieces. It is equally natural that such an organization should fall under the direction of one chief, who is to distribute the spoil, to adjust conflicting claims, to decide questions of discipline, to issue proclamations, and so on—in short, to perform the functions of a general commanding an army engaged in active operations in the enemy's country, and who to that end needs a power wellnigh autocratic.

The "boss" is therefore, in an organization like Tammany Hall, a product of indigenous growth. When one boss steps out, another will inevitably take his place. And that boss will be most efficient and most satisfactory to the organization who permits himself least to be hampered by considerations of principle or of public interest, and who secures to his followers or dependents the greatest personal benefit at the public cost. What the chances of good government are with such an organized appetite in power it is needless to discuss. On the whole, it may safely be assumed that Tammany Hall will do the worst it dares. And it is to be apprehended that after such a victory as that of last week, and with such enlarged opportunities, it will dare very much.

The Republican party, in the city of New York as well as elsewhere, was originally composed, in the main, of intelligent citizens, whose controlling motive in political action was the service of the public good according to their understanding. The long possession of power in the nation developed in it that more or less mercenary element which gets its living from politics, and, to make itself indispensable, largely monopolizes what may be called the scenic part of the party service. In a great centre of population like New York city this mercenary element finds a good recruiting ground, and is easily organized. Being always on hand, it gets the control of party committees, and usually gains a preponderant influence in party clubs. It assiduously cultivates that kind of party spirit which troubles itself little or not at all about principles or public measures, but has a keen eye to the prosperity of the organization and the personal benefits to be drawn from it. So it was here. The "Republican organization," although not wholly composed of politicians unscrupulously selfish, passed under the control of selfish workers, and for reasons similar to those which make the Tammany organization subservient to the Tammany boss, the persons "running" the Republican organization became the menials of a Republican boss. The development was gradual, but it reached its culmination under the present Republican ruler, Mr THOMAS C. PLATT.

The Republican boss differs, as to his position and possibilities, from the Tammany boss in several important respects. But the two are in hearty accord as to the necessity of maintaining the essential principle of boss government: that the two organizations, Tammany and the Republican machine, are the only two *legitimate* contestants for public power, and that any attempt on the part of independent citizens to get hold of the city government with disregard of the two organizations must be suppressed by their combined action. The bosses may fight one another for the first place; but when an attack is made on bossism itself, they have a common cause which must be maintained at any cost. This principle was proclaimed without the slightest equivocation by one of Boss PLATT's principal spokesmen at the beginning of the late municipal campaign, and during that campaign both machines, without disguise, concentrated their efforts upon defeating the independent candidate, Mr. LOW. Nor does the size of the Tammany vote leave much doubt as to a considerable number of Republican machine votes having been cast directly for Tammany candidates. In this respect, therefore, the two bosses stood substantially upon the same platform and pursued the same object.

But in other respects the position of Boss PLATT is very different from that of his Tammany brother. While Boss CROKER has to care for nothing but the city spoil, Boss PLATT is at the same time the head of the Republican organization in the State, and bears a heavy responsibility as to the effect of his doings upon the fortunes of the Republican party in its national capacity. Moreover, his constituency is far more critical than that of Tammany Hall. It is true, he succeeded in this instance in inflaming Republican party spirit sufficiently to check the tendency prevailing among Republicans in favor of supporting Mr. LOW. But a large number of the very Republicans seduced by him will now be inclined to judge him by the results accomplished. And these results exhibit him as a woful blunderer in practical politics. He directed the action of the Republican majority of the State Legislature in such a way as to disgust and alarm the people, with the effect of turning the unprecedented Republican majority of last year into a minority. Against the judgment of the Republicans from the country districts he crowded through the Legislature the charter of Greater New York, expecting to turn the tremendous patronage of the new city administration over to the Republican party, and then he delivered that patronage into the hands of Tammany. He beguiled the Republicans of New York city with the pretence that his candidate had a flattering chance of election, and now his candidate figures as a poor third on the list, while the Republican party, as such, is exhibited to the country as the ally of Tammany Hall. For all this he has nothing to show but the maintenance of the boss principle and a greatly weakened machine. The balance sheet is so terribly against him as to force upon his followers here, and no less upon the national administration and upon Republicans generally, the conclusion that Mr THOMAS C. PLATT is an extremely dangerous man to have at the head of the Republican party in so important a State as New York.

The days of Boss PLATT are, therefore, likely to be numbered. And when he ceases to exercise his mischievous power it may dawn upon the Republicans of New York that while Tammany, for its objects and with its peculiar constituency, may need a boss, the Republican party will be morally and numerically much stronger without one. This will be a great gain to the cause of good government in New York, for, after the experiences we have had, a union of forces against Tammany, without any concession to machine politics, will then be made far easier. Thus the result of the recent election, while hard to bear, is by no means discouraging. If the opponents of boss rule could poll nearly 150,000 votes with a hastily improvised organization, they will be able to muster in much stronger force after preparation begun in time, especially since the party spirit, which stood in their way, has received a lesson not easily forgotten. What the friends of good government need above all things now is courage and perseverance.

CARL SCHURZ.

THE DRAMA.

A Lady of Quality, by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett and Stephen Townsend, produced last week at Wallack's Theatre by Miss Julia Arthur, is decidedly superior to the novel from which it is drawn. In place of Mrs. Burnett's overwrought descriptions of character we find creatures of flesh and blood, who speak wholly for themselves, it is true in the author's hectic dialogue, but still in a more or less colloquial freedom far nearer nature than the stern rigidity of type. By close condensation, too, the story gains in coherence and movement. As for the local color, which in the novel is put thickly on through the use of the oaths and of the harkneyed exclamations of Queen Anne's day, that is far more successfully provided by the costumes and the scenery. Besides possessing these negative merits, the play retains the best of the situations that give interest and vigor to the book. If, for all its good qualities, it does not produce the effect of a serious or important work of art, if the much discussed "big idea" at the basis does not inspire the awe due to a great moral truth, it simply indicates the inherent weakness of the whole work. As a matter of fact, *A Lady of Quality* is merely clever melodrama.

It is when considered as melodrama that the merits of *A Lady of Quality* are most clearly seen. The first of the five acts might have been called the prologue, for it serves as the preparation for the continued story narrated by the rest of the piece. It presents the defence for the case of Clorinda Wildairs, the Lady of Quality. In the midst of her father's drunken revellers, the motherless girl is introduced, dressed like a boy, and as good at fighting and drinking as any man among them. Indeed, on her first appearance, she at once proceeds to vanquish in a fencing bout Sir John Oxon, who becomes the most devoted of her admirers. During the revels that follow she learns that the illustrious Duke of Osmonde, the only man in the world she respects, has noticed her, and has expressed the hope that she may grow from a wild romp into a good woman. She resolves to change her ways, and disappearing from the scene she speedily returns clad in a dazzling robe, and the curtain descends as she calls upon her companions to bow before her to the queen of hearts!

In looking back on that first act, which made a complete play in itself, one wonders why it was not more effective. Executed with vigor it would have provided a solid basis for the acts to follow. But Mrs. Burnett has previously shown that her execution is not always equal to her power of conception. Not only is the act feebly handled, but it gives no suggestion that Clorinda is in danger from the machinations of Sir John Oxon. Indeed, it seems to indicate that she would be more than a match for a far shrewder villain. So, in the second act, where Clorinda is revealed as a woman of fashion, it is astonishing to hear of her intrigue with Sir John in the interval. If this motive had been developed in the first act it would have added plausibility to the almost brilliant scene in the act to follow, where Clorinda, after hearing that Sir John has cast her off to marry an heiress, scornfully announces that she is to become the wife of the old Earl of Dunstanwolde, and maddens him with her contempt.

The Earl of Dunstanwolde, who serves Clorinda at an critical a moment, shows really princely magnanimity in dying soon after marriage, and in leaving his widow not merely with a sonorous title, but fabulously rich as well. Then, of course, Sir John reappears. Jilted by his heiress, he turns to Clorinda again, determined to use his power over her to prevent her marriage with the Duke of Osmonde, whom she loves, and to win her fortune for himself. That is a strong situation, but Mrs. Burnett has weakened it by developing it through two acts instead of one, which would much more effectively have served her purpose. Clorinda's swoon, after being threatened by Sir John, at the close of the third act, makes an unexpected and as exceedingly weak climax. There is nothing weak, however, in the great scene of the fourth act, where Clorinda, stung by Sir John's insults, seizes a loaded riding whip and strikes him to the ground. Her matter-of-fact performances when she realizes that he is dead, however, find little justification in human nature, though her hiding of the body under a couch and proceeding at once to receive her guests may be accepted as possible, and even applauded for its ingenuity. It gives to the act, however, the flavor of artificiality. In the last act, of course, we meet the exploitation of the "big idea," when Clorinda, having lived down the sin of her youth, finds happiness with the only man she has really loved. There is something almost laughable in it all, one looks in vain for any suggestion of expiation or atonement, and is driven to the cynical view that Clorinda has escaped from her many difficulties with a great deal of unearned glory!

Apart from the interest of the new play the performance was chiefly notable for introducing again to our audiences Miss Julia Arthur, a young actress who for several years has done very promising work, in a part which, it was thought, would give her talents exceptional opportunities. In her elaborate costumes Miss Arthur looked very beautiful and distinguished, and she acted with great discretion, with a delightful naturalness, and, in the more emotional scenes, with considerable power. Unfortunately, however, she was not able to suggest for one moment the rough, almost masculine side of the character. In the first act, where she is supposed to represent an uncouth boyish, she was graceful, dainty, and soft voiced—in every look and speech and movement absolutely feminine. The close of the act she woefully misinterpreted; instead of ranking wholly satirical the announcement that she had become the queen of hearts, she ruined the situation by treating it seriously. Her scenes with Sir John Oxon, however, were nearly all superbly played, notably the scene in the second act after she has been cast off. Of the supporting actors, there were very few who rose above mediocrity. Mr Edwin Arden as Sir John Oxon presented the picture of a weak minded fop, exactly the kind of man that a woman like Clorinda would despise, and he spoke in so low a voice that he could be heard only with difficulty. As the Duke of Osmonde, Mr Scott Inglis was fervent but stiff, and the result, especially while he was reciting Mrs Burnett's sentimental speeches, was far from impressive. Mr Robert McQuade gave a delightful characterization of an ingenuous chaplain who grows mellow with wine, and Miss Ethel Knight Mollison presented a pleasing interpretation of a lady of the court. The piece was beautifully mounted, and the costumes of the period of Queen Anne lent additional charm and color to the scenes. The production was unmistakable favor, and it will undoubtedly prove to be a popular success.

Sir John Oxon (Edwin Arden). Clorinda Wildairs (Julia Arthur).

"A LADY OF QUALITY," AS PERFORMED AT WALLACK'S THEATRE—SCENE FROM ACT II.

While our English-speaking stage is crowded with sentimental dramas, overwrought melodramas, and with farce-comedy, it is astonishing to think of the work that is being done in the little German theatre in Irving Place. To go there is like being transported from the heart of New York city to Berlin, or Munich, or Leipsic. The theatre is conducted by Manager Conried, a man of broad tastes, appreciative of the best in the old repertory as well as eager for the latest work of the new writers, exactly as the leading theatres in Europe are conducted, an excellent stock company gives during the season a wide variety of performances, extending from tragedy and the realistic drama to comic opera. In this way the actors acquire extraordinary versatility, instead of playing, as so many of our own actors do, one line of parts all their lives. Moreover, the encouragement which the more serious of the younger German writers receive from the German theatre goers is a sad reproach to the condition of our own stage. For example, an intensely interesting play of modern life has recently been produced at the Irving Place Theatre, written by Georg Hirschfeld, said to be only twenty two years old. It is entitled *Die Mütter*, and it narrates, without the least yielding to theatrical artifice or convention, a simple, moving story, relying for its development wholly on the play of character. Manager Conried has announced that during the present season he will produce other new plays by leaders in the modern school of German dramatists, among them Sudermann, who has never been appreciated by English-speaking audiences as he deserves to be, and by Gerhardt Hauptmann, whose beautiful drama play, *Hannele*, exquisitely presented at the Fifth Avenue Theatre a few years ago, was wholly misunderstood, and whose *Sunken Bell*, given last winter at the Irving Place Theatre by Frau Sorma, made a tremendous success.

Chaplain (Robert McQuade).

"A LADY OF QUALITY," AS PERFORMED AT WALLACK'S THEATRE—SCENE FROM ACT I.

As we cannot have an American theatre conducted on the plan of the theatre in Irving Place, it is gratifying to note that a scheme is now on foot for the production in this city of literary plays at special performances. A few years ago a plan of this character was undertaken, and failed conspicuously through inadequate management, well known actors being engaged for long intervals and at large salaries in order that their services might be secured for a comparatively few appearances. There are always good actors in New York who can be engaged for special performances without extravagant expense, and the cost of hiring theatres and mounting plays could be kept within reasonable limits. Our managers have made so many sacrifices for stage settings that it would be a relief to see plays of such merit that the scenery would be a minor consideration.

JOHN D. BARRY.

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ON THE CHILKOOT TRAIL—PACK-TRAIN FORDING THE DYEA RIVER.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TAFFAN ADDEY.

NEWS FROM THE KLONDIKE.

LETTER AND ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

VIII.—ON THE CHILKOOT TRAIL FROM DYEA TO SHEEP CAMP.

August 29.

STILL drying out wet clothes and blankets. The Leadbetter outfits are moving slowly, and there is some growling. One of our horses is here sick from injuries received on the steamer. He falls down with no load, and acts as if famished. This is Jim's own horse. Jim grows restless. He sees scores of men passing us every hour, bound up the trail. Everybody is moving but us. He wants to get a start. So he makes a proposal to take one of his horses, a cream, from the pack-train and begin his own packing, and if I would replace the old "skate" with a sound horse—a proposition to which I readily assented by giving him "Trilby," leaving me now with five sound horses and 1400 pounds of stuff, not including the boat lumber—to go to Lake Lindeman. My horses have been working on the pack-train from Finnegan's Point to Sheep Camp.

It is impossible to give one an idea of the slowness with which things are moving. It is next to impossible to keep an outfit together, there is always something left behind. The distances are considerable, and there are no rapid transit facilities. It takes a day to go four or five miles and back, it takes a dollar to do what ten cents would do at home. The man at the Ferry with his skiff is making heroic of money at fifty cents per passage. Everything sells at Skagway prices, plus transportation step by step to each point. The nearest blacksmith is at Skagway, or is drunk, or has left his tools behind. Everything takes time and money to get. The same story is told by all. They have arrived here with outfits and means of transportation; they have thought their expenses ended, but they have only just begun. The continual rains make work slow, though it does not affect the sandy Dyea Trail. Where a party has calculated on getting over in days, it takes weeks. Yet how much better than at Skagway! Here people *are* moving, even if slowly; there the trail is choked, and no one is getting through!

August 31.

Everybody grumbling at the delay. Some, like me, have given horses for transportation, others are giving their services as packers with the train, while still others have advanced money. All are impatient to get over the mountain. My turn comes to-day. Six horses take 800 pounds to Finnegan's Point. The rest follows by wagon. A man who passed here with his boat yesterday comes down the trail. He has lost everything by the capsizing of his boat, and is inquiring for a new outfit. Another party have upset their boat, and landed some of the stuff safely on the head of a bar at the Ferry. The rest has gone out to sea. Notice is tacked upon a cottonwood-tree to the effect that the cutting of trees must cease the ground we are on having been taken up as a Trading Post, claiming forty acres for that purpose. Mr Kinney, the representative of the company, is located alongside of us, to secure title, and, if it is feasible, will establish a warehouse at Dyea in the spring, build a screw eastward up Chilkoot, and establish other posts at Sheep Camp and Lindeman. All this is in the air.

Said Mr Kinney: "Twenty years ago I used to want to change the color of people's hair, now I let them be as they are, and try to find out what they want. Our idea is to put people over the pass at a low cost. But by spring they may have the St. Michael idea firmly fixed in their minds. If so, we shall not try to persuade them this is the easiest and quickest way. If they want to come, we shall be ready." Two other parties have wire-cable projects for hoisting sleds over the summit. One of the cables is now at Finnegan's Point, and will be taken up on a train of horses.

FINNEGAN'S POINT, *August 32.*

There are twenty tents here, a blacksmith shop, a saloon, and a restaurant. A tent, a board counter a foot wide and six feet long a long man in a Mackinaw coat, and a bottle of whiskey make a saloon here. At the hotel a full meal of beans and bacon, bread and butter, dried peaches, and coffee, is served for six bits, or seventy-five cents. It is in charge of two young women from Seattle. One of them is preparing to start for Sheep Camp with her younger brother, and a two hundred-pound cooking range. The Indians bring in salmon and trout, and sell them for two bits, or twenty-five cents. The salmon run up in ten and twelve pounds. They are not such good eating as the trout, which get two or three pounds in weight.

The Indians go, two in a small canoe, one with a paddle, while the man in the bow sits facing the other, armed with an iron gaff, and as the canoe is slowly worked along the pools the gaffer feels up and down with his gaff until he strikes a fish, when, with a flop, it is landed in the bottom of the canoe. One cannot see a foot in the milky glacial water, so that spearing is out of the question. Sometimes they surprise the fish in the shallow places. I shot a two-and-a-half-pounder at a ford, grazing and stunning it with a revolver shot. The Indians do not use a hook and line. There could be no finer place to fish for trout than along this Dyea River; there are deep pools, narrow, a rod across, against the side of the steep mountains, while on the other side it is open, flat, and gravelly, free from bushes. But none have time to try. More important things weigh on our minds—the ever present dread that we may never get over.

The slowness of the pack trains is disheartening horses being put out of use from loss of shoes, and no shoes or nails to put on them. They are getting sore, and the poor ones are getting played out. Men do not know how to pack. As a Montana man said, "Some of these people think that so long as it is a horse, anything is all right. If it is a piece of machinery they will have to take care of it, but they think a horse can stand anything." They do not seem to use even common-sense—those, too, who him as "experienced" packers. The packing rate to Sheep Camp is twelve cents per pound. I get the boat lumber out, separate the two boats, and start my own in charge of two men for Sheep Camp. The lumber weighs 165 pounds, and I pay them twenty-five dollars. The grumbling still goes on. The men with the pack report that they were threatened up the line, that the train would be besieged by those whose contracts are about expiring, unless their stuff is taken ahead. My stuff, to the weight of 1400 pounds, went up to-day on the backs of nine horses. The sun coming out clear, I went down to Dyea to make some photographs. It was an unlucky move. The customs officer from Skagway steps up and invites me to pay the duty on my horses, which is smilingly done to the extent of two hundred and one dollars and fifty two cents.

There are numerous new arrivals on the beach, including many who have tried the Skagway Trail. One party has come over that was eleven miles in on the Skagway Trail. He has turned around and chosen this route. He has the big oxen I saw over there; they will take the loads to Sheep Camp, and we may get some of their meat there.

Waiting at Finnegan's Camp for the weather to clear. Hear trouble about the horses. Packers report that revolvers are threatened, and that the train could not pass up but once more without moving those up the line.

September 6.

Packers seize the train. They have held what they called a "committee" meeting, and the "committee" announced that they were working for wages, and the only chance to get their own stuff through is to push it through on every available horse to-morrow, disregarding all other claims to precedence. Everybody is excited and a panic has seized those who are being put over by the train. I try to stand them off, as far as my horses go, but the whole train goes off for Sheep Camp with a ton of stuff belonging to the packers. Leadbetter is up the line working goods, with three or four horses, from Sheep Camp to the Scales, gradually though slowly carrying out the contract. But contracts are contracts, and angry men point to dates on pieces of paper to prove that they are not at the Scales or at Lindeman within the time specified, and they are demanding the return of their horses. There is no leadership down here. Every man is for himself, and fears to be left. They are unable to agree to any proposition among themselves.

September 8.

I take a passage with a party of Indians for Skagway to learn from the United States Commissioner what rights I

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have to my horses and to get papers in a replevin suit, to be served in case desperate parties up the line continue to hold and use the train. The commissioner will hold court to-morrow at Point of Rocks, now designated Richard's Landing. There is now no hope of being put through in an orderly way. No time is gained by those who have thus forcibly taken the train out of Beaubetter's hands. They made it impossible for him to move farther. The packers to-night, in conclave before a big log fire, ask me to take charge of the whole train and to run it in the interest of the others, looking after the financial end, while Glass of San Francisco attends personally to the train. They are sobered a little by this time, and are beginning to work better together. Here are Simpson, with his 600 pounds of newspapers, and Fitzpatrick, the stowaway who was captured aboard the *Excelsior* as she was leaving San Francisco for St. Michael, and who to-night, in the ruddy glare of the fire, and amid the steam of wet clothes, tells over, with rich expletives, the story of the capture, and how he came to be here; and half a dozen others from all parts of the country, of all professions, but drawn together by common interest,

UNITED STATES MAIL STARTING UP CANYON FOR CIRCLE CITY.
From a Photograph by Tappan Adney.

and now trying to work together. I make them a counter-proposition—to take my horses at a low figure, and let me do my own packing on from Sheep Camp. The horses are now conceded to be mine.

September 4.

Rather than keep the horses idle I propose to Simpson that he take them out, packing one half for himself and the other half for me at the going rates namely, eleven cents per pound. One black horse is at Sheep Camp, and only three others are yet to go on the trail. I load and help pack 380 pounds off for King's party from San Francisco, and at the same time accept an invitation to eat Christmas dinner with them at Stewart River. Turkey, cranberry sauce, plum pudding, and champagne are promised—a change from pork and beans. Henceforth, having packed my own horses for wages, it is not immodest, perhaps, to add to my titles that of "professional packer." One needs to know but little about packing to command the respect of ninety nine out of a hundred on the trail. For the rest of this moving I had to throw the "diamond hitch" over the loads of so-called experienced packers, and had to concoct a long story about where I had learned it.

In the afternoon attended court according to engagement. There were several cases on—one some quarrel about mules, and another case I did not understand. There were perhaps a dozen men gathered on the bare Point of Rocks. The court was held in a ten by twelve tent. The commissioner sat on a box behind a large goods-box, and the lawyers and defendants and plaintiffs sat on other boxes, and discussed the situation informally. After talking awhile inside, all parties would go outside to a large rock in front of the tent, and there, with hands in their pockets, talk some more. A settlement was arrived at in each case. There is not much law here. Common-sense rules, or tries to, and if that fails, there is a big United States marshal who sets things straight in about as arbitrary and effective a way as a New York police justice does. In my own case there was nothing whatever to be done, but the papers were held in readiness in case of trouble.

September 5.

Eight of the packers buy three of my horses at fifty dollars each, the blue roan mare being painfully cut about the fore ankle. They own now a train of about ten horses, and have agreed to move in the common interest. With a light pack I start for Sheep Camp. The first thing after striking the canon is a horse down with his pack, and I recognize the old "skate," and Jim with Nelly and the buckskin. Nelly's back is very sore, and she groans under the pack. The old skate is doing really good work on the level ground, is not sore nor cut; but this is his first try at the hills. We get him up, and the pack on again. Half a mile further on the pack turns on Nelly, and her back is gone. The pack is taken off and she is led back to the camp, where a revolver shot puts the poor patient little beast out of misery. I do not forget the last words of the man who rode her into Victoria, little expecting her to be sold there by her owner, "Poor Nelly! I will never see you again!" Wet blankets, saddles not cinched tight, saddles that do not fit, loads unequally balanced, are doing the sad work. We cannot see from the outside what hundreds of horses are suffering.

It has been bright clear weather since the 5th, and everybody is cheerful. We are like barometers—one moment dejected, the next light-hearted. TAPPAN ADNEY.

September 22, 1897.

ENLARGING MURAL DECORATIONS.

At this time, when some of the largest and most important decorative paintings ever executed in this country have just been exposed to public view in the new Astoria Hotel, it may be interesting to laymen to learn something of the *modus operandi* of a large mural painting. Many people have an idea that the artist just gets up on a stepladder and paints, not realizing the immense amount of invention, skill, and physical labor involved in designing and successfully carrying to completion a painting, say, fifty by seventy feet in dimensions. It is quite a different affair from sitting in a comfortable chair and painting an easel picture or portrait.

Generally, after the artist has received his commission, he submits to the architect or owner of the building, as the case may be, a rough sketch of what he proposes to do. If this is approved, he is then ready to go ahead.

The next thing to be done is to determine the scale of the figures, that is to say, their size, nothing is so deceptive as distance, and one cannot, because a figure on a certain ceiling looks the right size at a given distance, say what size the figures on another ceiling of different height shall be. It is entirely a matter of judgment, and so, as a rule, to save time and disappointment afterwards, the artist makes a rough charcoal or pastel trial cartoon and tacks it upon the ceiling or wall where the painting is to go.

After the scale is found comes the most agreeable part of the work—the designing of the composition on the lines laid down in the first rough suggestive sketch, making the studies of the figures from life, designing the draperies and accessories, and inventing the color scheme, which must, of course, harmonize with the general furnishings and decorations of the room—the latter being harder to determine in the case of a room to be seen oftenest by artificial light, as is the case with a ball room.

The next thing to be done is to transfer and to enlarge the design to the full-sized canvas.

This has generally been done by a system of squares. The small complete sketch is divided by lines into so many squares, and the full-sized canvas treated in the same way. These squares are numbered to correspond, giving at once the position on the large canvas of any line of form drawn on the small one. In the case of heads, hands, feet, etc., requiring great delicacy, the squares are subdivided.

This method of enlarging, which is also used by the scene painter, dates back to the time of Raphael, and indeed to a much earlier period, and though, if carefully done, it is very accurate, it is very tedious and slow.

The stereopticon furnishes a means of doing this part of the work in about one-tenth of the time needed by squaring, and also enables one to keep entirely the character of the artist's individual style.

Glass slides are made from the sketch or from the life studies by a photographer, and the image is projected by the lantern upon the canvas; the lines are gone over and connected with charcoal carefully, and the thing is done.

This method has another advantage. If a certain figure seems too large or too small, or appears to need moving to the right or left or up or down, it can be done instantly with the lantern, whereas by the old way fresh measurements would have to be made, squares ruined, and the design redrawn.

Our illustration shows the interior of Mr. E. H. Blashfield's temporary studio in the Fine Arts Building. At one end is seen the enormous canvas containing the group of figures representing "Music," this panel being less than half of the painting eventually executed. In the gloom the figures are being projected with the stereopticon upon the canvas by the artist and his assistants. Some of the figures have already been enlarged, some laid on in color.

A. R. W.

LONDON.

October 21, 1897.

THE opening of the Buluwayo Railway on November 4 will bring to a head the much-disputed question as to whether Rhodesia is a colony or a desert. Lord Grey, the Administrator, is now in England, and I have had the opportunity of discussing with him, and with other African authorities, many points in connection with the attacks of Mr. Blake, the American engineer, recently published in the *National Review*. These attacks, rightly or wrongly, impressed me with the sincerity of the writer. Mr. John Hays Hammond, also an American citizen, and perhaps the first mining engineer in the world, does not agree with Mr. Blake as to the absence of paying quartz in Rhodesia. Where mining experts differ, it is not for laymen like myself to interpose. The railway facilities now available will soon decide whether Mr. Blake is right in attributing to Zambesia a double dose of original sin in being a country that once was mineralized and now is mineralized no more. The evidence placed before me, however, satisfies me that Mr. Blake has written without due investigation of the facts. Mr. Blake's charges against the Chartered Company in regard to the oppressive character of their government, and the appalling brutality he alleges against British treatment of the natives, seem to be at once more serious and more easily capable of being tested. Furthermore, it is declared by others who agree with Mr. Blake that the present relations between the whites and the blacks is merely an armistice, and that the natives will rise again as soon as they are able to do so.

Seeing that these charges against the Chartered Company are made by an American gentleman, and since many American citizens have emigrated to South Africa, and more are likely to follow, I have taken every possible means of getting at the facts, and I have to thank the Chartered Company for replying to all the questions I have addressed to them. Six visits to South Africa have given me facilities for learning the truth and for knowing who may be trusted. In the first place, it is undoubtedly true that isolated cases of terrible cruelty and oppression have been perpetrated by individual white settlers. What is not true is that the bulk of the white population connive at, or that the government are indifferent to, the commission of these crimes. Pioneer communities invariably include a leaven of "tough" members, and Rhodesian pioneers form no exception to the rule. The best refutation, however, of Mr. Blake's terribly sweeping charges against the honor of England is contained in documents to which I have had access, but which have not been published. These documents consist mainly of native commissioners' reports to Earl Grey. They are written by men of high character, and are not to be refuted by mere assertion or denial. The chief native commissioner, Mr. W. E. Thomas, is a prominent member of the Young Men's Christian Association, was born in Matabeleland, and could not write what is untrue without loss of caste. His report, which is typical of the rest, is a specific contradiction of the main counts of Mr. Blake's indictment, and he is corroborated with absolute unanimity by his colleagues. So far as I can judge, the Chartered Company are now worthily fulfilling the conditions of their charter. The main result of my investigation of Mr. Blake's careless attack on the Chartered Company has been to show the extraordinary position occupied by Mr. Rhodes. He has no official position in Rhodesia, except as chairman of the Buluwayo Railway. Nevertheless he is spending his great fortune and energies in developing Rhodesia, and in enabling the country to resume the progress interrupted by the rinderpest and rebellion. Scarcely a settler in need of help, including many Americans, but has received a kindly hand from Mr. Rhodes. He is no friend of mine, and I have consistently opposed his Transvaal and liquor policy, which I believe to have been contrary to imperial interests. But Mr. Rhodes's indomitable pluck and grit in grappling with Rhodesian troubles himself, instead of building a fine house in Park Lane, and enjoying the ease and safety of great wealth in England, appeal to my sense of what a brave and unselfish man should be. There is something absurd in excluding Mr. Rhodes from the titular position of Administrator of Rhodesia. A popular vote would place him there to-morrow. If he had been shot, imprisoned, or even tried for his guilty connivance with the raid, no one could have said he was unjustly treated. But he was not brought before a jury of his countrymen, and it therefore seems to be common sense that he should occupy the place where his colonizing abilities would have free play. It is a pity that Sir Richard Martin, who is clearly an honest, if rather narrow and dull man, should have been chosen as military watch-dog by the Colonial Office. A larger mind would have recognized the perspective of fact which he has ignored. Sir Richard Martin's intellect is adapted for duty in a sphere of government where the difficulties are fewer than those appertaining to all frontier territory bordering on and containing savage tribes and a miscellaneous immigration.

To-day is Trafalgar day. It is not generally known that the idea of a national celebration arose in the mind of the man who suggested it from reading Captain Mahan's *Influence of Sea Power*.

ARNOLD WHITE.

NOVEMBER IN THE SOUTH.

THIS lifelong day I listen to the fall
  Of hickory nuts and acorns to the ground,
The croak of rain-crows and the blue jay's call,
  The woodman's axe that hews with muffled sound.

And like a spendthrift in a threadbare coat
  That still retains a dash of crimson hue,
An old woodpecker chatters forth a note
  About the better summer days he knew.

Across the road a ruined cabin stands,
  With ragweeds and with thistles at its door,
While withered cypress vines hang tattered strands
  About its falling roof and rotting floor.

In yonder forest nook no sound is heard
  Save when the walnuts patter on the earth,
Or when by winds the beetle leaves are stirred
  To dance like witches in their maniac mirth.

Down in the orchard hang the golden pears
  Half honeycombed by yellow-hammer beaks;
Near by, a dwarfed and twisted apple bears
  Its fruit, brown-red as Amazonian cheeks.

The lonesome landscape seems as if it yearned
  Like our own aching hearts, when first we knew
The one love of our life was not returned,
  Or first we found an old-time friend untrue.

At last the night comes, and the broad white moon
  Is welcomed by the owl with frenzied glee;
The fat opossum, like a satyr, soon
  Blinks at its light from yon persimmon-tree.

The raccoon starts to hear long-dreaded sounds
  Amid his scattered spoils of ripened corn,
The cry of negroes and the yelp of hounds,
  The wild rude pealing of a hunter's horn.

At last a gray mist covers all the land
  Until we seem to wander in a cloud,
Far, far away upon some elfin strand
  Where sorrow drapes us in a mildewed shroud.

No voice is heard in field or forest nigh
  To break the desolation of the spell,
Save one sad mocking-bird in boughs near by,
  Who sings like Tasso in his madman's cell,

While one magnolia blossom, ghostly white,
  Like high-born Leonora, lingering there,
Haughty and splendid in the lonesome night,
  Is pale with passion in her dumb despair.

WALTER MALONE.

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THIS BUSY WORLD

This is not a season that one would choose to submit to new comers as a sample of the climate of New York. A great many persons who are inured to metropolitan fall weather, and who usually thrive in October, as every one should, are full of malaria and despondency this year, and go from quinine pill to quinine pill, hoping to hang on until the conditions of existence are more favorable. Hundreds of persons who ought to be in town and whose children ought to be at school are waiting in the country for street trenches to be filled up and pavements relaid, and hardy visitors, who insist upon coming to New York whatever the risk is, are fortified beforehand by their family physicians with various medicinal preventives.

The saddest case is that of the six poor Eskimos whom Lieutenant Peary brought here, and who came down more than a fortnight ago with colds so severe and harassing that they were all sent down from the American Museum of Natural History, where they had been lodged, to Bellevue Hospital. One of them, a woman, was dangerously ill at last accounts with pneumonia, and all of them had lost flesh and were forlorn and miserable.

As bad a case as theirs is that of the Corbin herd of buffalo that has been living in Van Cortlandt Park. It seems that eleven of them are ill as a result of bad water (due probably to the drought), and Mr Corbin's son and executor wants to take them back to New Hampshire to save their lives. Evidently aborigines of any species fail to thrive here this fall. It is trying even for the tough human products of civilization, but the work in the streets really does make progress, and the frost is on the way, and no doubt the sale of Thanksgiving turkeys in New York will be a little greater than ever before.

All story readers know that Mr Anthony Hope is a yarn-spinner of prodigious merit, but not all of Mr Hope's admirers realize how seriously it is possible to take their benefactor, or at how towering an altitude his literary exploits seem to some authorities to entitle him to perch. Mr Bourke Cockran, as every one grants, is a master of rhetoric, and is able to convey ideas which have once taken form in his mind with an unrivalled luminosity. Mr Cockran has a first-rate opinion of Mr Hope, and at the Lotus Club dinner which was given in Mr. Hope's honor on October 23 he had first-rate success in transmuting it into language. In his judgment, as there expressed, there is no living writer whose works can be compared with those of Mr Hope. He pictured him as "standing in the forefront of literary excellence." He believed it no disparagement of living writers to say that no one since Charles Dickens had wielded a pen of equal power or drawn characters "as forceful, as remarkable, yet so natural." He thought that "Mr. Hope occupied now, in the literature of this period, the place which Charles Dickens occupied in the literature of another generation." He contrasted Mr Hope also with Thackeray and Swift, and very much to Mr. Hope's advantage the comparisons were.

To be able to give a good notice is a very happy accomplishment. Mr Cockran possesses it in a high degree. It takes language; Mr Cockran has it. It takes enthusiasm; he has that also. We are all Mr. Hope's debtors and well-wishers, and we all trust he will have fun in this country and make money here. But whether he does or not, after Mr. Cockran's speech he is bound to consider that his visit was a glorious success.

In the matter of the action of various Presbyterian synods anent the license of the Princeton Inn, President Patton is quoted in the newspapers as saying, "I am going to fight this question out if I have to fight the whole Presbyterian Church." Whether he did say so or not, the sentiment seems one that he might naturally and reasonably have expressed. The members of the government of Princeton have not been unanimous about the expediency of the licensed inn, but they seem to be pretty much of one mind in regarding the action of the synods as bigoted and impertinent. What seems to rankle especially in Princeton's mind is that the shaft which has pricked her so sharply is feathered out of her own tail. She has been educating prospective Presbyterian ministers free of charge ever since she began business, and has done it to so great an extent that it is estimated that forty per cent. of her graduates paid no tuition fees. Now many of these graduates, members of presbyteries, have added their voices to the clamor against her inn. Princeton does not like that. It is even suggested that she begins to question the expediency of distributing so much free education to intending presbyters.

It should be borne in mind that a leading purpose of the inn is to regulate and diminish drinking among the undergraduates, and to cause such potations as do obtain to be orderly and moderate. Sophomores and Freshmen are not allowed in the inn at all, and only malt drinks are served to any undergraduate, unless he happens to be a visiting graduate's guest.

On November 1 the twelve competitive designs for the New York Public Library, made by architects chosen after the competition of last May, were submitted to the secretary of the trustees' committee. These designs have gone to seven jurors, who will select three, from which the trustees will make a final choice, and submit it to the Board of Estimate and Apportionment.

Such curious things happen in the English papers. In the *St. James Budget* of October 22 is copied Mr Rogers's front-page cartoon from the WEEKLY of October 9 entitled, "Attitude of the Easy Boss from Different Points of View." The cartoon represented Mr Platt riding a G. O. P. elephant made of boards, which, being turned edgewise, discloses Mr Croker standing behind it, with his hands in his pockets, and lighting a cigar from a match held by Mr Platt. This cartoon, wonderful to say, the *Budget* has labelled, "The Prince of Wales in an American Election Cartoon," and in explanation it quotes a recent telegram as saying: "The Prince of Wales is playing an important part in the New York election. Cartoons representing the Prince and Boss Croker in affectionate attitudes are being displayed by the opponents of Tammany to arouse anti-English prejudices. There is some story that Mr Croker gave the Prince a light for his cigarette, so Mr. Croker can be represented as the friend of English 'swells,' and that is naturally a damaging charge to bring against an American public man." The poor *Budget*! It has mistaken Platt on the elephant for Croker, and in Croker, as limned by Rogers, who does not flatter him, it sees the Prince. That makes a cartoon even funnier than Mr Rogers designed.

In spite of the silly tattle about Croker and Wales, whereof the *Budget* heard the echo, it is possible to assure the *Budget* that the Prince did not really play an important part in the late election here. There is no reason to believe, nor do the returns indicate, that any voter cared a rush whether Mr Croker knew the Prince of Wales or not. Equally irrelevant and innocuous was the publication in a Tracy paper of a London despatch proclaiming that Low was England's candidate, and pointing out as "significant" that "Mr Low's friendliness toward Great Britain is warmly reciprocated."

Cheer up, *Budget*; the case isn't quite as bad as you think. The time may come—and Heaven speed it!—when the British lion's tail may hang on the walls of our political property room, a disused relic along with the bloody shirt. You won't know what the bloody shirt was, *Budget*, but never mind!

What a queer, interesting lot of discarded fetiches that same American political property room contains! Models of the collection, made by a competent student of political history, ought to be issued for the use of schools.

France, like the United States, is studying the results of new contrivances for raising revenue. Her receipts for the last eight months are unsatisfactory in several particulars. The receipts from the tax on operations in the Bourse and financial transactions have fallen off 2,900,000 francs. The excessively high tax on playing-cards has diminished the revenue by 600,000 francs, and up to August 1 receipts from the inheritance tax were 10,000,000 francs short. The tax on religious societies (which resent the impost and are very loath to pay it) yielded only 304,000 francs.

On the other hand, railways pay 3,000,000 francs more than they did, alcohol, 6,000,000 francs more, tobacco, 9,000,000 francs more, and the telephone 1,000,000 francs more. These are considerable gains, but the losses make much too big a hole in them.

An Atlanta despatch to the *Evening Post* records that a fatal accident in a football game in Georgia, on October 30, has aroused throughout the State a demand for legislation prohibiting football, and that a bill to that effect, which was introduced at the last session of the Georgia Legislature, will probably be passed this winter. It does not take very much to arouse in any State in the Union a demand for legislation prohibiting something. Laws prohibiting young persons from being out after dark seem to be common in the West, as also laws, or attempts at laws, prohibiting cigarettes, hats in the theatres, and other doubtful indulgences. Prohibitions by act of Legislature are so easy that it really seems inexcusable to let any form of misdoing survive. Still, there comes a time when a sentiment crystallizes which results in the prohibition of prohibitions, and a fresh start all around. It was a Fifth Avenue dressmaker who said to a customer a week ago: "If I had a vote I'd give it to Tammany. They don't let me employ sewing-girls under eighteen years old, and every now and then they come here and overhaul my establishment. If a girl is not to work, or learn to sew, until she is eighteen, I don't want her at all. By that time she has 'notions' and can't be taught, and growing up without settled habits of work, she is of no use to me. I wouldn't vote for Low. He stands for all that sort of regulation."

No doubt that is the sort of sentiment, very much of it unjust and mistaken, but still strong and pervasive, that makes the best-laid plans of reformers gang periodically agley, and gives the unregenerate a chance to breathe, and even to "holler." It has puzzled philosophers to explain why the All-wise let so much devilment into the world, but it really may have been because He recognized that we would like it better that way. It would be a dull world that offered no choices.

The Department of French in Harvard University announces that a company of students, graduates, and instructors of Harvard University and Radcliffe College, will give in Sanders Theatre, on the evening of December 6, 8, and 10, a performance of Racine's *Athalie*. The company will be supplemented by Miss Cushing and Miss Coolidge of Boston, who will take the parts of Athalie and Joas respectively. There will be Boston singers in the chorus and the orchestra will be drawn from the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The prospectus does not say that the performance will be given regardless of expense, but that is so obvious that the price of a reserved seat (two dollars) must seem low. For seats application may be made before November 25 by letter enclosing check to the chairman of the Department of French, Harvard University. Applications of students and graduates of Harvard and Radcliffe, and instructors in French in other colleges, will be preferred, but other applicants will have their orders filled if the seats hold out.

It will be observed that Radcliffe students are included in the cast. It is not recalled that Radcliffe has ever before contributed anything more than spectators to a Harvard play.

Mr John Fox, Jr., writes a sorrowful protest about the advertisement of his story *The Kentuckians* which appeared on page 33 of HARPER'S MAGAZINE Advertiser for November. The advertisement says of Mr Fox, "No one else has told so graphically the story of the family feuds that were formerly so common in the Blue Grass Regions," but Mr Fox declares that one of his chief purposes in writing Kentucky stories has been "to relieve the Blue-Grass Region of a prevalent slander that the feuds of the mountains are common to it." "There are no feuds in the Blue Grass," he writes, "there never have been."

It is quite true that in *The Kentuckians* he has emphasized and made very clear and comprehensible that the Kentuckians of the mountains, where the feuds have flourished, though of kindred stock with Blue-Grass people, developed very differently, and, after three or four generations of rude and isolated life, were primitive and almost semi-barbarous people, whereas the Blue Grass folk are at least as far along in civilization as their neighbors of the North and East.

Mr Charles Fairchild (38 Union Square, New York) is chairman of the American committee, headed by Henry M Alden and Edward L Burlingame, which receives subscriptions to the proposed memorial to R. L. Stevenson in Edinburgh. Lord Rosebery heads the English committee, which includes Sidney Colvin, George Meredith, and J. M. Barrie. Subscribers of ten dollars or more will receive a special edition of Stevenson's *Æs Triplex*, not otherwise obtainable, which has as its frontispiece a reproduction of the portrait of Stevenson, by John S. Sargent.

On November 5 a whaling steamer was despatched by the Norwegian government from Tromsö for Spitzbergen to search for Andrée. The story the despatches tell is that a fishing boat reports hearing human-like cries off Dunmandsoeren, Spitzbergen, in September, and it is thought best to investigate them. This seems a slight basis on which to send out a ship, especially since experienced explorers like Captain Sverdrup of the *Fram* think the noises were made by ice or by birds. But anxiety is felt about Andrée, and the desire to get some news of him is becoming urgent. It will be remembered that he said, when he started, that if he was not heard from at the end of three months it might easily be a year, and perhaps two years, before he made his way back. He also recognized how possible it was that he might never return.

There begin to be fuller reports, though still brief and somewhat vague, of the important travels and explorations in central Asia by Dr Sven Hedin, a young Swedish scientist, who has been four years on his travels, and has seen strange and interesting lands, and had surprising and arduous adventures. Dr. Hedin, it seems, was the leader of an expedition backed by the King of Sweden and other rich men who are curious about the regions of the earth where novelties are still to be discovered. He started from Stockholm in October, 1893. He went through the Kirghis steppe to Tashkent. During February, March, and April, 1894, he traversed the Pamirs, to which after a visit to Kashgar, he returned in the summer of the same year. He attempted the ascent of Mus-tag-ata, with partial success, went west to Lake Ishik-kul, and returned for the winter to Kashgar. In 1895 he explored the country between the Kashgar and Tashkent rivers, losing a man, seven camels, and nearly all his baggage in the desert of Takla-Makan. In December, 1895, he went from Kashgar to Tashkent and Khotan, descended the Khotan River three days, and thence eastward through the desert and down the Kerla River to its terminus in the sands. In this region he found two old towns buried in sand, with paintings and sculptures which attested a former civilization of high quality. The country thereabouts he found full of wild camels. Thence he went on down the Tarim River to Karashar, Korla, and Lake Lob-nor. Returning to Khotan in May, 1896, he went to Tibet, crossing the northern highest plateau in two months with a caravan of ten men, fifty camels, horses and asses, and some sheep. Here he found great herds of wild horses and yaks, and many salt lakes, large and small. On he went through Tsaidam, where robbers threatened him, to Sining, where he found an English missionary. From Liang-chou he crossed the Ala Shan desert *viâ* Fu-ma-fu to Ningsha, where he found Swedish missionaries; thence through Ordos to Paotu and *viâ* Kwei-hwa-ching to Peking, where he rested twelve days. Then he returned through Mongolia *viâ* Urga to Kiachta, and beyond to the Siberian railroad at Khudil, a village east of Kansk.

Not the best scholar in the geography class will be able to follow Dr Hedin's trail without an atlas, and a good one, and perhaps not even with that advantage, for a good part of his errand was to settle the whereabouts of the geographical features of the countries he passed through. He had extraordinary adventures, and saw strange people who had never heard the British drum-beat, and whose womenkind were handsome, and were treated with high consideration and respect. He got home last May, and since then has been writing the story of his travels, of which, as stated, only scant details have as far reached the public.

Hunters of big game will doubtless make a note of the report of Dr. Bell, of the Canadian Geological Survey, who was a member of the expedition sent this summer to investigate the navigability of Hudson Strait. He explored Baffinland, and reports that the plains on the western side of it afford pasturage to vast herds of reindeer, or Barren Ground caribou. Dr Hedin, as just noted, reports great numbers of wild camels near Shah-yar, on the Tarim, in northern Asia, and great herds of wild horses and yaks on the northern plateau of Tibet. Wild horses would hardly appeal to a civilized man as game, but wild camels might tempt a European, and there may be sport in shooting yaks. Mr Hatcher of Princeton has just gone back to Patagonia to finish his explorations there, and though his interest lies mainly in stones, birds, and Indians, he too may discover something shootable. But Baffinland sounds best. Dr. Bell says that salmon abound there in the rivers of the eastern coast, and there are plenty of seals, walruses, narwhals, polar bears, and small whales. Baffinland turns out on investigation to be a single island 1100 miles long and from 200 to 500 miles wide. There are only two bigger islands on earth.

Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson and Mr George W. Smalley are not quite in agreement as to the attitude of the British toward the Americans. Colonel Higginson, who has been abroad this summer, expressed himself the other day in the New York *Herald* as of the opinion that while the English as individuals liked the Americans as individuals, and were most kind and hospitable to them, collectively, as a people, the English doubt and distrust the Americans, and are in turn by them distrusted. Colonel Higginson thinks it will always be so as long as Great Britain continues to affect the monarchical form of government. There can be no real fusion, he thinks, "until

ROBERT A. VAN WYCK (TAMMANY),
Mayor-Elect of Greater New York.—(See Page 1133.)

JUDGE ALTON B. PARKER (DEMOCRAT),
Elected Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals, New York.—(See Page 1134.)

the last vestige of the monarchical principle shall have vanished equally from the soil of both."

Not so Mr Smalley. Following Colonel Higginson at a week's distance in the *Herald*, he disagrees politely but firmly with all his conclusions. He says the British don't dislike the Americans, either individually or in bulk, and he supports that opinion by pointing to the difference in the British popular sentiment over Mr. Olney's threat to thrash Lord Salisbury and over the German Emperor's telegram to President Kruger. "I have lived in England a long time," says Mr Smalley, "and I have just returned from a visit there. My belief is to-day what it always has been, that the feeling in England—of what is best in England, and of the vast majority of the English people—is one of permanent good will to America and the American nation." As for the disappearance of the monarchical principle from British soil, Mr. Smalley has no expectation that that will ever happen. There is a party in England, he says, which wants to abolish the House of Lords because that is in the way of reforms but no party or political body wants to abolish the crown, for the crown is not an obstacle to the acquirement of anything which any considerable body of Britishers desire.

E. S. MARTIN.

TRANSFERRING AND ENLARGING THE DESIGN FOR A MURAL PAINTING BY MEANS OF THE STEREOPTICON.—DRAWN BY A. B. WILLETT.—(See Page 1133.)

POLARITY.

A Tale of Two Branches.

BY MORGAN ROBERTSON.

I TOSSED my half-smoked cigar overboard. It had not availed to increase my courage, though fit for the purpose.

"Miss Durand," I began, desperately, with that painful fluttering of the heart which attends on most confessions, "do you know that I invited you out here with an object in view other than the mere inspection of my yacht?"

"Indeed?" The dark eyebrows lifted slightly, and the darker eyes glanced swiftly into mine, and dropped.

"Yes, and it was in furtherance of this object that I sent my sailing-master and the crew ashore for the new sails, and the steward for provisions, though both could wait."

"I thought you were ignoring the proprieties," she answered, with an increase of color. "I am sure every glass on the beach has been levelled at us."

"Perhaps—perhaps, Miss Durand. I am sorry if it will embarrass you, but I felt that I must see you alone, and that has been impossible since our first meeting. Do you know that I disliked you then?"

"Why, Mr Townsend!" she exclaimed, sitting bolt upright in the deck chair. "I did not know it. Is it kind of you to tell me this?"

"It is my own fault, not yours," I answered, hurriedly. "Let me explain." Then, while the beautiful face was half turned away from me, and the shapely fingers of one white hand were closing and unclosing nervously over those of the other, I blundered through a long explanation of a pet theory, arising from something I had heard or read in my boyhood, concerning the physiological hinderance to true love, or even agreement, when lovers happened to be of the same color of eyes and hair. I told her that my theory had been justified by experience and observation, that as a boy I had never been able to patch up a tiff or misunderstanding with a dark-haired girl, but that the sunny haired kind were my friends because, I felt sure, I was a pronounced brunette myself, black-eyed and swarthy. Later I had noticed that all my married friends who seemed unhappily mated were of the same type—both blond or both brunette. "And, Miss Durand," I concluded, "I met you with this theory firmly intrenched in my mind, and avoided you for a while on general principles. I felt that we could never become friends. Then—do you know what changed me? I learned that you, in your life at sea with your father had become a better sailor than I—which could not but impress an enthusiastic yachtsman. I enjoyed your conversation, cultivated your acquaintance, learned daily of new beauties of character, realized to the full all your sweetness and nobility of soul, and ended with a complete surrender and shattering of my theories. Miss Durand, you have conquered, captivated me—"

"Goodness!" she exclaimed.

I was fairly well launched into what I considered a dignified avowal of love when this remark cut me short. It was not in answer to me, however, as for an instant I thought. The yacht was heeling, and a cool pressure of swiftly moving air fanned our faces. Springing to my feet, I looked toward the shore. It was hidden by a blackish gray wall of cloud, which also obliterated from view the mountain top inland. The lower part of it was marked by slanting and nearly parallel darker lines of descending rain, and beneath it was a white, frothy turmoil of water.

"A squall," I said, "and a bad one. Better go below, Miss Durand, out of the wet. I'll stay on deck."

"Want chain are you riding by?" she asked, with no regard to my advice.

"I don't know. Short, I believe."

"Pay out, Mr Townsend, she will need it all." Miss Durand was compelled to scream this, as the squall was upon us. It became nearly as dark as night, and while the whistling fury of wind pelted us with horizontal rain, and my companion, indifferent to the drenching, clung to the binnacle, studying the compass amid the direction of the blast, I fought my way forward toward the windlass. Urgent as was the need of prompt action, I could not but note, in passing her, the perfection of a figure, shown to me in all its harmony of swelling curve and rounded hollow as the wet, clinging fabric of her dress was pressed about her by the wind. She was not frightened, but the wide-open dark eyes and parted lips, showing but two of the white teeth, gave the lovely face an expression of saltorly anxiety, charming in her—this child of the sea. She was indeed, I thought, a creature to live and work and fight for, if not to die for.

"Go below, Miss Durand!" I shouted, as I reversed the forecastle hatch, but she did not move. The yacht carried a modern windlass over a sprocketlike wheel, of which the chain led from the hawse pipe to the locker below. I knew by the jarring vibration of the lever as I grasped it that the anchor was dragging. Unlocking the windlass, I let the chain run. It was too dark to see, and I could only guess at the shackles as they whizzed out; so after a conjectural thirty fathoms had been added to the chain, I tightened the compressor and held it. The anchor still dragged, and I let it run. Again I held it, and again felt the jarring of the anchor bounding along the bottom. It seemed to be striking rocks, and resolving to pay out all the chain at once, I loosened the compressor, took my hand off the lever, and stood up, confident, with amateurish confidence, that the end of the cable was secured to the pawl post below. In ten seconds that end came up barely missed my face, dealt the deck a blow that sounded like a pistol report, and shot out the hawse pipe in a glow of sparks. It was a lubberly oversight of my sailing-master's or mate's.

"We're adrift! I've slipped the chain," I shouted, running aft to Miss Durand.

I could not hear clearly in that howling wind all she said in reply, but I thought that some part of her answer formed a context to the word "fool," which I was sure I heard quite clearly. But she beckoned me close to her, and called in my ear:

"Hogback Reef is but a quarter mile leeward. Come forward. We must get far before the wind. The wheel is hard a-port."

What courage and self-possession she had! I understood her. The schooner was stripped to her spars, and the only plan was to stand forward as near the bows as we could, so that our bodies might catch the wind and throw her around before it. Then we could steer. We clung to the fore-stay, and watched the yacht swing broadside to the storm, but beyond that we could not turn.

"Lay out!" screamed Miss Durand.

I obeyed her, and, erect at the extreme end of the jib boom, had the satisfaction of seeing the little schooner pay off. Dim and obscure in the gloom I saw the figure of Miss Durand staggering aft against the pressure of wind, and coming in, joined her. She had taken the wheel, and now called:

"Light the binnacle—quick. Then watch for the reef. I think we can clear it."

She steered with the wind on the port quarter, while I took the lamp below, lighted it, and replaced it in the binnacle. As I raised upside pointed to starboard. Hogback Reef, an outcrop of black rock in a swirling, boiling yeast of agitated water, was but a half length away.

"We must let her drive, and keep off the bottom," she screamed. "I know the channel—east southeast one, and when we pass the beacon to port we can square away. Keep a lookout, I will steer."

I felt that steering would be more in keeping with my strength, and offered to relieve her, but she motioned me away, and I obeyed. I could not help it, for if I ever loved this auburn creature I loved her then—and worshipped her.

The yacht was charging along at about a ten knot rate, and I watched through the darkness and foglike spindrift for the beacon house. In five minutes it loomed up huge and shadowy on the port bow, and I pointed to it. She nodded, shifted the wheel, and called me to her.

"Due southeast for two miles now," she cried, in my ear, "then we are at sea. Will you steer? My arms ache."

I gladly relieved her. She had already found the course, and I held the yacht to it, while she leaned against the companionway and peered ahead. What was in her mind I could not guess. This squall had interrupted a proposal of marriage, which her womanly intuition must have appraised her was coming. And I had not put the

matter in shape to be answered, and surely could not until the wind moderated and our safety was assured. But there came to my mind the favorite situations in Clark Russell's charming sea stories—a young man and woman alone somewhere at sea, on a derelict, a raft, or an island—and from the resemblance of our own position to that of his characters drew hope and courage, for out of the perils of the sea grew most logically the loves of his heroes and heroines.

A curling, shallow-water sea was following the yacht, and the spray, colder than the summer rain, was chilling me to the bone. Miss Durand must have suffered more, and I called to her:

"Won't you go below? It is dangerous to expose yourself this way."

She moved to the binnacle, looked at the compass, and then at me, with eyebrows knitted.

"Keep her on the course!" she cried, sharply.

I was a point and a half off the course. Bowing to her in acknowledgment of my carelessness, I brought the yacht back, and repeated my advice.

"No," was her answer, "not with you at the wheel—not until we have sea-room."

This I thought was rather unkind, but I forgave her; she was wet, cold, and in a most embarrassing position.

The first violence of the squall had passed, and it grew lighter, enabling us to see landmarks each side and ahead; but a gray gale of wind was left, which drove us down the channel past the spar-buoy off the light-house point—where the keeper came out and waved to us—past the channel buoy, which I would have run down had not Miss Durand screamed at me and assisted at the wheel, and out beyond the whistling buoy that marked the entrance to the channel. We were at sea—a half confident commodore of a yacht club, and a much out-of-sorts young woman—in a sailless schooner yacht, with a scant supply of provisions and water. Yet I doubted not of our rescue; breezy old Captain Durand would charter every steam yacht and tug within reach of a telegram to search for his daughter, and I imagined what my blowing-up would be when I came within range of his quarter-deck vocabulary.

An off-shore sea was rising, and the little schooner began to heave unpleasantly. Miss Durand left her position, and asked, "Have you any canvas aboard—a storm trysail or try-sail?"

"Not a rag," I answered. "I condemned every sail in the suit, and sold them yesterday for junk."

"Have you a sea-anchor?"

"A sea-anchor? I don't know. What is it?"

With a gesture of impatience she opened the companionway and went below.

"Poor girl!" I thought. "It certainly is enough to ruffle the sweetest of tempers. But what on earth is a sea-anchor?"

She came up in a few moments, and said:

"I have rummaged for material. There are tools in the forecastle. You cannot use a hatch, and the cabin table is too small. You must take down a state-room door, bore holes in each corner, make a bridle and a right one slide. There is a hawser in the forecastle that will answer for a riding-line. I will steer."

"What for? What do you want me to do?"

"Make a drag—to hold her head to sea. We are driving out too fast. When you have rigged and ridden to a sea-anchor you will have an immense advantage. Your club will call you their admiral."

Not even the effort to make herself heard above the storm could qualify the contempt which she put into these words, and coming from her, for whom I am confident I would have given my life, it hurt me beyond expression. But I was of age, and with a certain experience of the world and of women, and I knew that without her respect I was valueless to her, and my love futile, and this respect I could not ask. I must compel it. So, with as much dignity as a man may assume while grinding a three-foot wheel right and left, I said:

"Miss Durand, I can understand and appreciate your superior nautical knowledge. I have often heard your father speak of you as a better sailor and navigator than himself, and I feel deeply culpable and sorry for our present position. I admit I am solely to blame. Yet I hope that I do not deserve all your sarcasm."

"Port! Port!" she answered, seizing the wheel. A choppy sea broke over the port quarter, drenching us both, and rolled forward. It was with difficulty that with her help I prevented the yacht broaching to. Again I had shown my incapacity, and my ears burned.

"Go to work," she said, sharply.

I relinquished the wheel to her, and went below where, in an unenviable frame of mind, I ruined a mahogany state-room door with an auger. I could not remember all of her instructions, and was too proud to ask; but I possessed a fairly logical mind, and reasoned out the points in the contrivance as I progressed, and soon had it finished. In the forecastle was the tow-line she had mentioned, but I cautiously decided not to use it. Hawsers should not be wet until necessary. I knew that much.

I brought the door on deck, with a shackle fast to the knob for a weight, unrove the fore throat-halyards, and bent it to the bridle I had rigged from the corners, in spite of her screaming protest that the rope was too weak.

"Miss Durand," I said, coldly but politely, as I struggled up to her against the wind, "I am the owner of this yacht and all the ropes on board. I am now ready. If you will kindly put the wheel over, I will throw out the drag as soon as we lose headway." She ground the wheel to starboard with a vigor and strength which surprised me, while her face assumed a stony expression. She was not beautiful in her present mood, and the shock of the change pained me. angry as I felt.

Sea after sea, green and solid, boarded the yacht as she rounded to and rolled in the trough, and I was twice knocked from my feet before I managed to launch the door over the bow and catch a turn with the line, which, by slacking with a taut strain, brought the bow slowly to the wind. When the whole length, about twenty fathoms, was out, I made fast, and two minutes later realized that I had made another mistake, and that Miss Durand was again right. The rope was too weak, and parted at the chock.

With an inward malediction on my stubbornness, I scrambled aft—past Miss Durand, whose expressive face was averted—and below, where, in a state of unstable equilibrium, I duplicated my work on the other door. The job took me an hour, for the yacht behaved like a cradle in the trough of the rising sea. Carrying the door up the companionway, flushed and fatigued from my exertions, I said to Miss Durand, with a poor show of politeness: "I need help to get that hawser up. Will you go down and fight the coils out of the locker?"

She had lashed herself to the wheel-box grating, and, after a searching look into my face which puzzled me, undid the lashing and went below, while I staggered forward with my burden. Lifting the forecastle hatch, I received the end from her, and after a difficult quarter-hour's dragging—during which the forecastle was nearly flooded—had the hawser coiled on deck. With experience to guide me this time, I passed the end out the vacant hawse-pipe and back over the rail before bending on. Then, throwing the drag over as before, and slacking out all the line, I again brought the yacht's nose to the sea and made fast. Bound not to earn her criticism if I could help it, I wrapped the hawser snugly with canvas—parcelling, I think, they call it—and slacked this wrapping into the hawse-pipe to take the chafe.

The little schooner rode the seas nobly, and my chagrin at Miss Durand's attitude was replaced, in part, by a seamanly pride in the success of my efforts. She would share in the benefit, and must accord me a share in the credit. Though without her superb knowledge of the sea and of ships, I felt that I could be of use to her in this crisis, and selfishly hoped that our voyage would continue—long enough for me to offset, by intelligent work and devotion, my ridiculous blunder of slipping the chain. "She was educated at sea," I mused, "and places seamanship at the head of manly accomplishments. I have been found wanting in seamanship, consequently I have dropped in her esteem and must be punished." Miss Durand was almost forgiven; would have been wholly so had I been quite sure of my premises.

Mounting the fore-rigging, I searched closely the gray expanse of crested sea between myself and the rocky shore fast disappearing in the gloom of the evening. There was no sign of sail or smoke to indicate a search for us, and, descending, I went aft to Miss Durand, who was again seated on the grating. Her hat was blown away, and her hair sadly disarranged by the wind; she had not labored as I had—her lips were blue from cold and she shivered palpably. A great pity possessed me, and I forgot everything except that I loved her.

"Miss Durand," I exclaimed, "this will not do. You are suffering. We are in for a night at sea, but she rides easy. Go down, and I will stand watch. You will find food of some kind in the steward's pantry—and stimulants; you need them—and then go to bed. There are two state-rooms."

With a look in her eyes which might have meant anger or scorn or fright—or all three, so strange and unpleasant it seemed—she stood erect and drew back; then, with a little grimace which certainly indicated disgust and aversion, she passed me and went below.

Hurt beyond measure by her manner, incapable of connected thought, I took her place on the grating, where I sat until my limbs were stiff with cold; but I cared nothing for it; her insolence had fired my brain and numbed my heart. The chilly wind could not blow cold enough for me.

I heard the sound of rattling dishes, and knew that she was helping herself in the pantry; then darkness descended and the cabin became quiet. Though the gale was moderating, the sea was getting higher and the temperature lower, and at last, chilled to the bone by the wet and cold, I was forced to pace up and down. The exercise brought coherence to my thoughts, and I reviewed what had passed.

The searching scrutiny of my face when I had asked her to go into the forecastle, and, back of this, the stony expression of her own face when I had disagreed with her about the riding-line—these things certainly came of her distrust of my competence; but why was she so averse? Her dictatorial manner on the run out was strictly compatible with her superior seamanship, but why had she called me a fool? I was sure that she had—just for slipping the cable. Do accidents and mistakes never occur at sea? What had changed her so—she so kind and gracious, who had shown a preference for my society, so delicately indicated, yet so marked that it had led me to hope that she loved me—that had induced me to slate the conventionalities and ask for her hand on board my yacht, and that proposal—what had I said?

Slowly and painfully after the excitement, word by word my half-uttered declaration of love came back to me. "That was it," I groaned, "that upset her. I didn't finish, and up to the interruption it was gross personal flattery. Good heavens! can I undo it? It was insulting, under the circumstances."

Before midnight I had decided what it was best to do—finish the tale of love at the first opportunity, and set my motives right, and no matter what her reception should be, to repeat it again and again, and assume such a dignity and treat her with such deference as would in time shame her out of her injustice to me—in short, to live it down. She was worth waiting for.

This question settled, other things demanded attention. I had not eaten for twelve hours, and was faint with hunger, and in danger of pneumonia from exposure. Then, too, we had been drifting half the night without showing a light. With as little noise as possible I procured the riding-light from the lamp-locker in the forecastle—luckily finding dry matches in a bunk—and ran with it up on the bight of the staysail halyards, as I had seen done by my men. Going down the hatch again, and aft into the pantry, I made a substantial lunch, after warming myself with a glass of whiskey.

I now wanted a smoke; but the cigars in my pocket were sodden. Though there were pipes and tobacco in the sailing-master's room and the forecastle, I had always a distaste for another man's pipe, and knew that I should not like the tobacco. The thought of my own fragrant meerschaum and Turkish mixture on my state-room desk led me into the dark cabin, where I stopped short, for my way was impeded by wet skirts and other clothing hanging from lines stretched across the room.

With two to choose from, Miss Durand would hardly occupy my state-room. Her nautical mind would enable her to readily distinguish mine, by its appurtenances and position to port, from the vacant state-room to starboard. Yet I must make no mistake. I had blundered too much already. I remained perfectly quiet to make sure of her whereabouts by her breathing, but heard no sound other than the crashing of the water alongside. She was either a soft sleeper or she was wide awake, listening. The latter possibility decided me.

"Miss Durand," I called, softly, so as not to waken her if she was asleep, "are you awake? Which room are you in?"

There was no answer. She was evidently asleep, I thought, and probably—almost certainly—in the spare room. The craving for a smoke becoming stronger by the delay, I decided to step quietly into my room, secure the pipe, and decamp without disturbing her.

As I passed the threshold, a voice—a low, hard, unfeminine voice—said, "You scoundrel!" Then a deafening report filled my ears and my cap left my head, while the room was lighted by an instantaneous flash, which went out as it came, leaving blacker darkness behind. But the flash had disclosed to me a white, set face, with gleaming teeth between parted lips, and glittering eyes glancing along the barrel of a revolver held by a shapely hand, behind which—in the berth and half covered by the blanket—was a shapelier arm and swelling white shoulder and bust. She had taken my room, and guarded it with my own revolver, which had a place on the desk beside the pipe.

"Miss Durand," I shouted, "don't shoot me! I only wanted a smoke—my pipe and tobacco."

"Leave this cabin, as you value your life."

I left it and floundered into the forecastle, where I sat on a locker, trembling in every limb, perspiring at every pore, for ten minutes before capable of another voluntary action. If ever in my life I wanted a smoke I wanted it then, and when I could, fired up a sailor's pipe, felt of a furrow in my hair over a hot line of blistered scalp, and smoked feverishly. Under the influence of the tobacco I soon grew calmer and went on deck. There was nothing in sight, the lamp burned brightly, and the gale was going down, so I descended, for the cold wind seemed to cut me to the bone.

I sat on the locker smoking continuously until daylight, and in that time went through a process of retrospection and heart dissection that no man is equal to until face to face with some great calamity or loss. At first came a great sadness, and back of it were dead memories of our walks and dances and talks together, in which her sweet imperious beauty and gracious charm of manner appealed to me to make excuses—to forgive her. She was mistaken, but justifiably so. But oftener and oftener, as I brooded and called up these memories of the past, the loveliness and softness in the face of the vision I conjured would give way to the baleful combination of fear, suspicion, and destructive hate that I had seen by the pistol flash. Then a fury of soul possessed me, and thoughts came to me of which I must not speak. Then melancholy, and weakness which brought tears, then a permanent calm. And in this calm I forced her face of beauty from me, and in its stead, cemented in hatred, placed a picture that I meant would stay forever—a picture of gleaming teeth between parted lips, and glittering, murderous eyes in a white set face. Then, and not until then, I perceived the grim humor of the situation, and laughed long and loudly. It was a laugh that must have found an echo in the infernal regions.

At daylight I went on deck. The gale had become a gentle breeze, and the yacht rolled in the trough of a greasy swell, heaving seaward. The horizon was hidden by haze, here and there thickened to genuine fog, and overhead was promise of a bright day and sunshine. I took down the riding-light, hauled in the now useless sea-anchor and limbered my stiffened joints by smartly pacing the deck. In about an hour Miss Durand came up the companionway.

She had made the best toilet possible, but looked wretched and ill. Black half circles were under her eyes, and her pale face, besides wearing the expression of discomfort following the recent donning of damp clothing, showed pinched and drawn, indicating a sleepless night. But any pity I might have felt for her as a woman was forbidden by the sight of my revolver tucked into her belt—obviously to keep me in order. With as sarcastic a smile as I could assume I advanced and said:

"Good morning, Miss Durand. I see—pardon the allusion—that you are carrying side-arms to-day. Do you think you would like another shot—a daylight shot—at me?"

"Up to the time I heard you laughing, sir, I thought one shot might be enough. Be assured that the next time I shall aim lower than your cap."

"Thank you for the warning. I am to consider, I suppose, that you did not mean to kill me. As for laughing, Miss Durand," I added, seriously, "believe me I was not. It was a song that you heard—the swan song of a shattered ideal. But in your own behalf will you not say something—something that will explain or possibly excuse your shooting at a man who, up to that moment, would have defended your honor and safety with his life, a man whose only fault was the innocent one of entering his own room after satisfying himself by your silence that it was empty? It is all a mystery, and yet—I wish to be just."

"Mr. Townsend," she answered, in the incisive tone which none but well-bred women can assume, "prior to your admission that you had invited me on board your yacht and sent your crew ashore in order that I should be alone with you I thought you a gentleman; when you slipped the chain I merely thought you a fool, and, I believe, called you one in the excitement of the moment; but when you pretended ignorance of a sea-anchor and then constructed one, when you purposely wasted one state-room door so that the other must be taken also, I concluded that you had purposely wasted your cable as well, and that you were a quick-witted villain, able and ready to take any advantage of time, weather, or circumstance to further your ends. As to my taking your room, it is due myself to say that I found the berth in the other drenched with water from the open dead-light above."

She had explained it all. On the evidence of a series of accidents she had judged me guilty of motives for which men have been lynched; yet her denunciation brought no increase of anger or humiliation; I was beyond reach of an insult from her now; only the terrible humor of it appealed to me, as before, and again I laughed, bitterly and sardonically.

"I see," I said. "To attempt to refute this would be pure folly. I shall go down now and cook our breakfast,

but I feel that after the experience of the night, and your expressed intention to aim lower, I must ask you to place my pipe and tobacco bag on the cabin table, where I can get them without risking my life."

"You may cook what you wish for yourself," she answered, impassively, "I shall eat what I can find and when I please. Your pipe and tobacco-bag you will find in the bunnacle, where you placed them yesterday."

In the binnacle! So I had—when we sat together at the anchorage and she had gently hinted that I smoke a cigar as less likely to scent her clothing. I looked in and found both, snug and dry.

"Miss Durand," I said, "I must assert, on my honor, whether you believe me or not, that I had forgotten this, and supposed them still in the state room."

"That will do, sir. I do not care to discuss the subject." She turned her back to me as she said this, and I went forward, for there was nothing more to be said.

Down below I made a startling discovery. I had eaten all the cold meat I could find in the night, and there was no more of it, and beyond four or five potatoes, a small piece of bacon, a little coffee, and some crackers—just enough for a meal—there was no food in the yacht. Why the steward had allowed the provisions to get so low I could not understand; though he had spoken of the shortage, and I had gladly sent him ashore. Sounding the tank, I found it half full. "Water enough for a week," I thought, "if we do not waste it."

I lighted a fire, cooked what I had found, and set the table; then, stepping on deck, invited Miss Durand to provide me in eating her share, at the same time apprising her of the state of the larder. She walked away from me and looked over the taffrail without answering. Nothing could be done with such a girl, so I ate my breakfast—putting her half in the oven—and came up. She immediately descended, and I, smoking on the wheel box, heard again the rattle of dishes. She was not going hungry. Soon an increase of smoke from the galley chimney told me of extra fire below.

An hour later she came up, arrayed in the yacht's ensign, which, with the pistol, she had belted around her waist with a piece of rope-yarn rove through the trigger-guard of the firearm. It was large enough to cover her, and, with her dark eyes and hair I confessed to myself, made a tasteful combination of color. In one hand she carried a bucket of steaming water, and in the other her dress—a dark wash fabric—and a piece of soap.

"Miss Durand," I said, as I realized her object, "allow me to suggest that we are not yet rescued, and are short of water as well as of food."

"Mind your own business," she snapped. "I am not going to look like a fright." I smiled and subsided. She washed the salt from the dress, rinsed it with more fresh water, rigged a clothes-line between the fore and main rigging, and hung it up, dripping, so that it would dry without creasing—a trick she must have learned at sea. Then she stood a moment, musing, and went down, coming up with more fresh water and a skirt, which she also washed and hung out. Down she went again—the spirit of wash-day was upon her—and appeared with other garments.

Beginning to wonder where this young woman would stop, I filled my pipe anew and took a position where I could gaze over the stern while she ducked back and forth from bucket to cabin, washing out and hanging up whatever was next on the list. When she descended at last and remained longer in the cabin, I ventured to peep forward. Flying in the morning breeze were frilled and beribboned garments—known, I believe, under the generic name of lingerie—a generous display.

Knocking the ashes from my pipe, I began pacing the deck. At the first turn I made out, directly astern, a black steamer. She was crossing our stern diagonally, fully three miles away—too far to see us with no canvas set. But she might see a flag. Miss Durand, who had come on deck again, also had observed her.

"We must signal," I said, as I approached her.

"You have a cannon."

"But no powder. You must go below, Miss Durand, and throw the ensign into the forecastle where I can get it." A blaze of scorn came from her eyes. "Go down yourself, Miss Durand," I continued, excitedly. "I will respect your privacy; I will return you the ensign or your clothes. Hurry, please!"

"I will not. What do you think?"

"Hang it!" I yelled. "Keep the pistol. Go below and take off the flag."

"I will not."

"Then, by heaven! I know what I'll do. I've been too long at sea with you." I quickly untied the after end of the clothes-line from the rigging, ran forward with it—clothes and all—and had fastened it to one end of the fore signal halyards when she said, close behind me, "You let my things alone!" Turning, I saw her struggling with the pistol, trying to stretch the string enough to enable it to bear on me.

"You murdering tigress!" I growled, insanely. "Kill me, will you?"

I hardly know what happened; but of this I am sure, for it is all I remember of my thoughts during the struggle, I used no more force than was necessary to twist the pistol from her hand and hold it while I undid the grannies' knot—which, she, being a woman, had tied in the spun-yarn. Whether she meant to shoot me or not I cannot say, but my face felt the heat of the sash when which occurred as she resisted me, and I afterward found grains of powder imbedded in the skin.

She sank down on the cabin trunk, holding her disordered raiment about her, and sobbing hysterically, while I ran the wash to half mast, unbending the forward end of the line from the rigging, and letting it go up with the other part of the halyards. Three minutes later a cloud of steam left the steamer, followed by the faint toot of her whistle. We were seen, and I walked aft, too enraged to offer to lower the clothes.

Still sobbing, she arose, recaptured and donned her spun yarn belt, cast off the turns from the belaying pin, and with shaking, bungling fingers hauled down on the signal halyards and untied the knot at the lower end of the clothes-line. In doing so she released the other part of the halyards, and a fresher puff of wind coming with a weather roll of the yacht, this part went aloft with a whir, jerking the end from her fingers just as she had cleared the knot. She sprang frantically to catch it, released her hold on the clothes line, then turned and gazed blankly at her apparel dropping gently on the surface of the smooth swell thirty feet to leeward.

I was a man—though an angry one, and she a woman, conquered, frightened to tears and arrayed in most inconventional raiment; and I would have rescued her clothing had I been able to; but both boats were ashore. I could not swim, and nothing on board would reach. Too proud to appeal to me, she seated herself again, with a face white and stony as marble—a statuelike image of misery and despair. Before the steamer was within hailing distance the last bubble from the sunken clothing had burst on the surface.

The steamer was one of the two-masted, single-funnelled passenger boats which ply up and down the coast, and her rail was lined with men, women, and children as she surged up and stopped alongside.

"What's the trouble?" sang out a uniformed captain on her bridge.

"Blown out yesterday by a squall—no canvas, no grub, and very little water. Can you tow me in?"

"We're bound to Boston. How is that do?"

"How far?"

"About a hundred miles."

"Have you a stewardess on board?"

"Yes."

"Very well. I want a passage in for this lady, with what care and clothing she may require; and I want a man to help me steer, and grub and water for both. How much?"

He named a figure, which, though high, I was willing to pay and acceded to. The steamer's main gaff was guyed out with one vang, the tackle of the other tangled up, and a chair hung to the end and lowered to our deck.

"Now, Miss Durand," I asked, "are you ready?"

"I don't want to go," she moaned. "I cannot—I cannot—all those men." She burst out crying again.

"Miss Durand," I said, gravely, but firmly, "you must, there is no food on board. I am responsible for your being here, and will see that you are clothed and sent to your father; but you are responsible for your present condition, and also for the fact that I am unable to end our association. I was about to ask you to be my wife when the squall prevented me. I am glad now that it did not. You have misunderstood my most innocent actions, insulted me, wronged me—as well as wronged yourself—and twice you have attempted my life. You must leave my yacht—for your own sake as much as for mine."

She dried her eyes with a corner of the flag, arose to her feet, and said, simply, though not humbly, "I will go."

Ten minutes later she had been swung over the steamer's rail, and a sailor with a breaker of water and a basket of assorted food was lowered in the chair. A hawser was then dropped to us, which we took in through the hawse-pipe, and one bell was rung in the engine room.

"Say," called the captain, as the steamer forged ahead, "what colors did you signal with? I couldn't make 'em out."

Hesitating for a moment, I answered, "Flags of all nations."

But I doubt that he understood, though a peculiar buzzing sound, as of collective laughter, arose from the group of passengers nearest to Miss Durand.

Next morning, at Boston, I hauled my yacht over to a care taker, and telegraphed my sailing master to come on with the crew and sails. On inquiry, I learned that Miss Durand had found friends on the steamer, who fitted her out and sent her home to her father.

I met that breezy old man later on, and was prepared for anything from a broadside of abuse to a caning; but, to my amazement, he thanked me warmly for my chivalrous care of his daughter and congratulated me on my skill in handling the yacht, particularly as regarded the rigging of the sea anchor, which chivalry and skill I did and dare disclaim.

I have also met Miss Durand—in society—charming, gracious as ever she had been; and actually received an apology and plea for forgiveness, which I cheerfully granted, as I had long since overcome my resentment and measured the trouble by my discarded theory—now reclaimed and firmly enthroned. And as time went on I found, by certain indications in her eyes and voice, that my former attentions might be welcome that, in spite of the brutality of conduct she had forced me to, I had not lost ground in that trip, but, on the contrary, seemed to stand higher than ever in her estimation. Was it because she had reasoned out the injustice she had done me, or was it because I had proven—animal like in my strength and rage, yet thoroughly—that mine was the master nature, and that she, queenly woman that she was, needed this proof before her love was possible? I do not know. The question involves the ascertainability of the feminine heart—a problem that antedates human experience and is not yet reduced to law.

I have a wife now. She is timid and gentle, with the slightest of golden hair and bluest of eyes. She likes yachting, is anxious to learn of the sea, and I teach her all that I know (she has just mastered the theory of sea anchors).

SEATTLE.

BY ERASTUS BRAINERD,

SECRETARY OF THE SEATTLE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

THE State of Washington is a lusty young couplet three-fourths as large as New York and Pennsylvania combined; pierced by a river second only to the Mississippi, containing a peaceful sea appropriately called the "Mediterranean of the West"; knitted together by nearly three thousand miles of steel rails, which carry the trains of three transcontinental railroads, having half a million people; now producing annually three billion shingles, over a billion feet of lumber, about twenty five million bushels of wheat, and thirty million pounds of canned salmon; also producing or manufacturing in ample quantities her own dairy products, fruit, meat, poultry, game, cereals, coals, woollens, leather, ships, and most articles that go to make *Imperium in imperio*.

Seattle, the county seat of King County, is the financial and industrial centre of the State and proudly calls itself the "Queen City of the Northwest" and also, by a "slight derangement of epitaphs," the "Phœnix City of the Evergreen State."

Both good fortune and misfortune have visited Seattle. A historic fire in 1889 swept her practically out of existence. 1890 saw a "boom" which put her on the highest wave of prosperity. The "panic" nearly crushed the city to the ground. Since then she has husbanded her resources, created local manufactures, established foreign commerce, and had settled down to business, when the Federal government took an active interest in her and began to consider the establishment of great public works, involving heavy expenditures. Then came the "Klondike," and Seattle outfitted nearly seven thousand men, sent sixty-four vessels northwards in sixty eight days, and increased her local trade nearly a million dollars in a month. To day the city is on a solid foundation of material prosperity, with a growing and brightening future.

In good times and bad times Seattle's citizens have had a habit of standing shoulder to shoulder, making the concern of one the concern of all—ranking civic pride the plan for a union of opposing local interests, even to the abandonment of all party lines and personal ambitions.

Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, in his *Studies of the Great West* has said that the "Western man is the Eastern or the Southern man let loose, while his healing stings cut." The Seattle man is this emancipated Easterner, who, living on the sea shore, yet breathes the air of the mountains. He has the commercial instinct and business energy of the seaport dweller. His lungs are filled with the enthusiasm, the thoroughness, the boldness, of the mountineer. The "Seattle spirit" is used as a word of inspiration from San Francisco to Victoria. Some years ago, finding that the North in Pacific Railroad would not make Seattle its terminus, the men, women, and children of Seattle turned out and actually built several miles of road. Subsequently Seattle did succeed in securing the construction of over two hundred miles of what is now the Seattle and International, over whose tracks the Canadian Pacific enters Seattle. Again, the Northern Pacific not giving Seattle terminal rates, her merchants united and shipped nearly every ounce of their goods by steamer to Vancouver. They won again, and now the Northern Pacific tracks enter Seattle. Finally, when James J. Hill undertook to bring his Great Northern system to the Pacific coast, the palm of merit was awarded by him to Seattle over any other city, so that to-day Seattle has three transcontinental railroads on her water fronts.

In topography Seattle is, one may fairly say, blessed. It would be difficult to find a scene comparable to the panoramic views which can be obtained in Seattle. The city sits upon more hills than Rome, on the lowest ridge of the abrupt descent to salt water, of the Cascade Range, whose summit lies sat eighty miles in the east, and stands up nearly one mile high; to the west, less distant, the bold, well-named Olympic range rises, its highest peak reaching up clean-cut against the sun nearly 10,000 feet. At either end of the amphitheatre a giant sentinel stands—Mount Rainier on the south, dome shaped, a rarer vision of beauty than the "White City" at Chicago, apparently almost floating nearly three miles up in the sky; in the north stands Mount Baker, sharp-pointed, and scarcely inferior to old Rainier. In front of the city are the calm deep waters of Puget Sound, the island dotted inland sea, with 1594 miles of shore line. On it shipwrecks are unknown, and at Seattle it is barely half a dozen miles wide. Nestling back of Seattle is Lake Washington, a body of purest mountain fed water, navigable for twenty five miles of its length and the four of its width, connected by a narrow canal with Lake Union, a tam-shaped body little more than a mile in diameter, lying wholly within the city limits, and pouring its overflow into Salmon Bay, an inlet of Puget Sound. Seattle's hills are four hundred feet in height at their highest point above lake and sound. On such a site and in such scenes it is not surprising that a city has been built. First settlement was made in 1852.

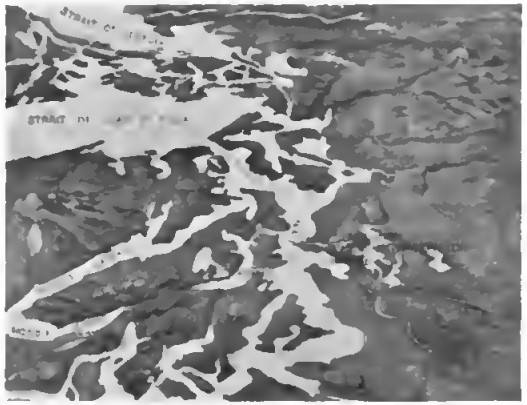
In climate Seattle is peculiar. When Eastern cities in the same latitude as Seattle are shivering under their white mantles of snow, the Seattle man joyously exclaims, "Roses are in bloom here." This is true. When the sun in the summer solstice pours down his burning rays and melts the perspiring New-Yorker or Philadelphian, the Seattle man proudly exclaims, "I am sleeping under blankets." He speaks the truth. The variation of sunshine and showers in winter here is like that of early spring on the Eastern coast. The rain is soft and gentle. No bitter cold winds blow, and the rain is not driven into your very marrow. Best of all, that lethal persecutor, "General Humidity," who drives the New-Yorker in summer to Coney Island or Newport is unknown here. So too are thunder and lightning practically unknown. During seven years it has not been necessary to change the weight of underwear over clothing. The official figures show a minimum average annual temperature of twenty-two degrees above zero, and an annual average of 51.4. The mean minimum for the three summer months is fifty degrees. It is a climate which suits nearly all but the consumptive, and is beneficial to the nervous invalid.

The commerce of Seattle has virtually sprung into being in the past six years, and here it may be noted that her assessed valuation is over $31,000,000, and that last year her volume of business was $15,282,000. Before that time her shipping business was confined chiefly to coal, which she supplies to San Francisco from mines a score of miles away, and lumber, which she ships to all points of the world, from Liverpool to Chili and South Africa, and to a large coastwise trade North and South. With the entrance of three transcontinental railroads and their consequent competition foreign commerce began, though the city had for some time had regular shipments to South Africa. With the growth of industries which more than supplied the local market, new outlets had to be found for her products. The first was Central America, with which regular commerce is carried on. Last came the selection of Seattle as the American port of the *Nippon Yusen Kaisha*. The nearness of the Japan Current, the Gulf Stream of the Pacific, gives a great advantage in time of ships for the Orient. Last year Seattle employed about two thousand five hundred men in 134 factories, and produced about five and a half million dollars' worth of manufactured products—$5,497,600 are the figures. In these factories were made boilers and beer, cars and cigars, furniture and flour, ink and ice, leather and lithographs, machinery and mustard, pickles and pork products, saws and spices, among many other articles which go to make up the industrial life of a city.

Where commerce exists shipping lives, and it has done so at Seattle where nearly a score of vessels were built last year. At the head of the ship building industry is

THE CENTRAL PART OF SEATTLE, FROM THE WATER-FRONT, LOOKING EAST.

FRONT STREET—THE LEADING RETAIL STREET.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE PUGET SOUND COUNTRY.

LESCHI PARK—TERMINUS OF ONE OF THE STREET-CAR LINES.

VIEW OF LAKE WASHINGTON, LOOKING EAST TO THE CASCADE RANGE.

A TYPICAL RESIDENCE STREET.

LAKE UNION, FROM THE NORTHEASTERN PART OF THE CITY.

IN AND ABOUT SEATTLE.—[See Page 1127.]

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QUAIL-SHOOTING.—Drawn by A. B. Frost.

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a large, well equipped, and modern ship-yard, which has already built a revenue vessel for the Federal government, and has nearly finished a torpedo-boat of 170 tons for the "New Navy." In addition to the government contracts, this year four steamers for the Yukon trade have been built. Besides this, there are a number of local yards in and adjacent to Seattle where a fleet of merchant vessels have been built to meet the growing commerce of Puget Sound, whose shipments as a customs district have this year already amounted to nearly eleven and a half million dollars in exports and imports. It may be noted that in 1877 no vessels went to Alaska from Seattle. This year, owing to the Klondike business, sixty-five vessels left Seattle in sixty-eight days for Alaskan ports. They ranged from 3000 tons, carrying 800 passengers, down.

A word as to the gastronomic charms of Seattle. Of the delicacies to be found in Fulton and other markets in New York the pompano and the terrapin are almost the only ones absent. Caviare is shipped to Russia from this State. There are such apricots, nectarines, and prunes as the New York market seldom sees.

The "black cod," *Anaplopoma fimbria*, which is peculiar to this coast, is a fish equal to the pompano as a delicacy. What would the Eastern gourmet say to a soft-shell crab over a foot in diameter, from which the fat may be taken by the table-spoonful? That is the crab of Puget Sound. The "canvas back," abounds. Fat buck venison can be had at five cents a pound, and superior elk meat, whose supply amply equals the demand. Three species of trout are in every one of the streams which pour into the sound, while the still gamier black bass is not infrequent. Pineapples, pomegranates, and cocoanuts, tropical fruits of many kinds, which we get here from Hawaii, are also plentiful. Mountain mutton, it may be said, is as good as the best Southdown or Scotch.

Socially Seattle is still in a transition stage, but perhaps not more so than any city not half a century old. The social attribute or function which is most highly organized is charity. What is known as "the Buffalo plan" has been adopted. An orphans' home and a children's home take care of the little waifs. There are two fine, well-equipped hospitals. Though death is hardly a "social function," it should be noted that no city in the United States with over 10,000 population, except Omaha, has so low a death rate as Seattle. It is a healthy city, due chiefly to the even climate and fine drainage. Its most marked feature is the absence of those diseases of children which in Eastern cities may be said to be epidemic.

A pleasant social club, the Rainier, makes an agreeable centre for most of the leading men of the city, and its business interests are looked after by an active Chamber of Commerce. The Harvard Club here is larger than its namesake in Philadelphia. It may be mentioned that the city government is under comprehensive civil service rules. It provides an excellent free public library, and admirable police, fire, and park departments. The fullest executive power and responsibility rest on the Mayor. In the lighter and more agreeable aspects of society Seattle will stand comparison with older cities. Musical clubs, Shakespeare, Browning, French, magazine, general reading, an art students' league, and other like clubs offer diverse intellectual attractions to women. Tennis and golf clubs flourish, and the Athletic Club has upwards of a thousand members.

Established here are a United States army post, court, custom house, engineer's office, internal revenue office, land office, light house, marine hospital service, naval pay-office, revenue marine station, recruiting-office, steam-boiler inspector's office, and weather bureau, while the State University located here has a military instructor, and near Seattle lies the great Port Orchard dry dock and naval station. This dry dock is the largest in the United States, and the third largest in the world. The desire to protect as necessary an adjunct to the Navy Department, as well as to defend the great wealth aggregated at Seattle and elsewhere on the sound, has led to recommendations—and in part to adoption—by leading officers of both army and navy, of Federal projects of great public importance.

An army post, at which a full regiment of artillery is to be stationed, has already been located on a bluff four hundred feet high. To secure the establishment of this post the citizens of Seattle last year contributed $30,000 to purchase land, and the work is now going on.

An important question before the Navy Department to-day is, What is the most economical method by which our aged vessels can be preserved in readiness for any emergency call?

The answer to this question involves the following conditions: A clear fresh water basin of uniform depth, not exposed to freshets, strong currents, or heavy winds; this basin to be accessible at all times and all stages of tides, conditions of weather and seasons; the basin to be located near a navy yard which is capable of docking and repairing our largest battle-ships, and to be within the limits of a large manufacturing centre, in order that material, skilled labor, and mechanics may be had at any and all times. A high naval authority, whom I quote, says: "In Lake Union," within Seattle's city limits, having an area of over five hundred acres of deep water, "all of the requirements of a naval basin will be found. Here battle-ships and vessels of all kinds could lie quietly at their moorings, in depths suitable to the draught of the vessel, and fear not the elements and ravages of time. Hundreds of ships could be safely housed here within the finest inland spot upon this globe, the like of which does not exist to-day in any clime."

It is known that ships for Liverpool, for example, become fouled by marine animal and vegetable growth to such an extent on their outward passage as to delay a return passage from twenty to thirty days, causing an expense of from $1000 to $6000 on each trip.

Lake Union is only fourteen miles from Port Orchard dry dock. A vessel can be docked, put in perfect order, then steam to the entrance to Lake Union, and in a few hours be safely moored in a fresh water basin.

Puget Sound can be entered with perfect safety under all conditions of wind and weather. There is no bar, and vessels of any draught can enter at any time. Vessels once within the shall of Juan de Fuca are protected from heavy outside gales and seas, and can proceed at will to any port within the sound.

The sole condition requisite to make Lake Union a naval basin would be the cutting of a canal. North a canal has been recommended or endorsed by distinguished engineers of the United States for the last forty years. The first suggestion of the kind was made by General (then Major) George B. McClellan in 1853. This was followed by endorsements from General Nelson A. Miles, by General John Gibbon, and others. In 1891 Congress authorized the President to appoint a board of engineers to make an exhaustive examination of the subject. They reported favorably, and an appropriation was made for a survey and estimates of the cost, and since then for future work, while King County has condemned the land for the route. Lake Washington is nineteen miles long, two miles wide, and has an area of nearly thirty-nine miles, of which probably 22,000 acres cover a depth of twenty-five feet or more, while depths of 600 feet have been observed. The connection of its waters with Lake Union is also under consideration, and would result in the creation of a great landlocked fresh water harbor, greater in extent and completeness of harbor facilities than those of any three of the largest cities in the world. When that time comes Seattle will be in a position comparable to that of New York, with Long Island Sound on one side and the Hudson on the other, except that Seattle's harbor facilities will thus be superior to those of New York, and should lead to a speedy growth, in comparison with which its past growth has been unimportant.

JEWISH COLONIES IN PALESTINE.

Zion, Jerusalem, Palestine, have been the theme of psalmist and prophet ever since King David brought the "Ark of the Covenant" to his capital. Even from Abraham's day Canaan was the "Promised Land" to his descendants, and the realization of that hope made it the Holy Land. With the destruction of Solomon's Temple and Judah's exile to Babylon the longing for the return to Zion began. These hopes were embalmed in the speeches of the prophets and in the songs of the poets, and although they were partially realized by the building of the second temple, their reception into the canon of Scripture preserved them for later ages. When the Temple was destroyed by the Romans, toward the end of the first century, the "dispersed of Judah" were scattered far and wide; and when the final effort at independence, the rebellion of Bar Cochba, failed, in the next century, few and hopeless were the Jews who still remained in Palestine.

But the exiled children of Israel still turned their eyes longingly towards their ancient land, and once more they counted the promises of the patriarchs, studied the prophecies of restoration, and sang the songs of Zion as they sighed for the return. The ritual of the synagogue reflected in plaintive melody and measured cadence those long cherished hopes, and faithfully they prayed in the ghettos of Europe: "This year we observe our festival here, may we celebrate it next year in Jerusalem!" Centuries passed, and the restoration seemed no nearer than before. Some self-styled Messiahs arose from time to time, ready to lead the hosts of Israel back to Zion, but each one merely added to the list of failures.

Less than a century ago Judaism entered upon a new phase in Germany. The reform movement, which has since spread to America, abandoned the idea of a personal Messiah, discarded the national idea, and substituted for the restoration ideal the ideal of a Messianic age, in which all men should worship the true God and live in peace and good will. This brief sketch of the history of the Zionistic ideal, its acceptance by the orthodox and abandonment by the reform wing, is necessary if the present agitation is to be properly understood. No one denies the religious origin of Zionism, but its latest focus is an attempt to re-establish the Jewish state upon economic, not religious grounds. It is the first attempt to accomplish the purpose in this way, though by no means the first effort to establish colonies of Jews in Palestine.

More than fifty years ago Sir Moses Montefiore, the great English philanthropist, raised the subject of planting agricultural colonies in Palestine, but almost forty years had to pass before the first of these settlements was made. It was not until 1867 that the Turkish government permitted Jews to acquire land in Palestine, and in 1870 Charles Netter founded an agricultural school in Jaffa. It languished at first, but finally was taken in charge by the Alliance Israélite Universelle, an international society of Jews, which has exerted a beneficent influence upon oppressed Israelites, chiefly through educational work. This school is now well organized, having a course of instruction extending over five years, teaching the ordinary branches and the practice and theory of agriculture. It is called Mikveh Israel (the Gathering of Israel), counting among its hundred pupils natives of Palestine, Turkey, Egypt, Russia, Roumania, and Galicia. Its graduates have become the leaders of the colonies planted in Palestine and of some of those sent to Argentine by Baron de Hirsch. A large variety of crops is raised on the six hundred acres constituting the farm school proper. All kinds of vegetables and fruits are sent to the markets of Alexandria, Beirut, and Jerusalem, and oranges and pomegranates are shipped to Germany and England. The vine is extensively cultivated, so that the pupils may master every detail of wine-making.

The first agricultural settlement, Pethach-Tikvah (the Gate of Hope), was made in 1878, but it failed miserably, and its colonists returned to Jerusalem, whence they had come. Hitherto the ideal of the "retnes" was the only impulse directing the Jews towards Palestine, and it had resulted in nothing. Their enemies were to be more effective.

When the persecutions of the Jews became severe in Roumania, in 1879 they naturally turned to the Holy Land, and in the following year two agricultural villages, Zichron Ja'akob and Rosh Pinah, were established. These colonists suffered many privations and hardships at first, for few of them knew anything about agriculture, as they had been merchants and mechanics in their former home; but gradually they adapted themselves to the new life, and at present these villages are most prosperous. There are a thousand persons living on the five thousand acres of land belonging to Zichron-Ja'akob. The chief products are wine, sesame and barley, fruits, honey, and silk. The latest improvements in agricultural methods have been adopted. The village has bought and uses in common a steam-plough and steam mill. It has its own water works; the streets of the town are paved, it has a nursery for raising young plants, and large cellars for the storage of wine. Near it, and almost a part of the larger settlement, is Tantura, where thirty families live, supporting themselves chiefly by laboring in a large glass-factory, but also cultivating the soil to some extent. The four hundred colonists of Rosh Pinah cultivate over sixteen hundred acres of land. Besides the universal vine and mulberry-tree, they pay special attention to acacia-trees, the blossoms of which are used in the large perfumery-factory here. Here, too, is the centre of silk manufacture, the silk worms from the other colonies being brought to the steam mill of Rosh Pinah for spinning and weaving. Doubtless colonization in Palestine would have advanced very slowly had it not been for anti-Semitic persecutions. The year 1881 saw Russia in the throes of Jewish oppression, and some of the exiles turned hopefully towards Palestine. The abandoned land of Pethach Tikvah was reoccupied and a new colony, Rishon l'Zion, founded in 1882. Both of these colonies are now thriving, making more than half a million gallons of wine every year, besides having thirty thousand mulberry trees for the silk worms, and thousands of trees bearing figs, apples, pomegranates, almonds, and oranges. Organizations were now started in Russia itself to aid in opening more settlements. A society of the students of the universities of Odessa, Moscow, St. Petersburg, and Harkov was formed, which resulted, in 1884, in the colony Gedorah or Kutra, where some hundred students cultivate the vine and fruits and manufacture cognac. It has become an intellectual centre, producing more than one valuable contribution to letters and science, written in classical Hebrew. An international Russian society was also formed, Chovê Zion (Friends of Zion), whose chief purpose is the support of the Palestinian colonies. Hardly a year passes without the foundation of one or more colonies, until now there are twenty-three of these agricultural settlements. There are about six thousand colonists, who have a hundred thousand acres of land under cultivation. While the chief products are wine, silk, and fruits, each colony has some specialty. Jesud-Hama'alah, for instance, cultivates roses for the manufacture of perfumery. Meroun has 24,000 olive trees, another devotes special attention to cattle raising, and those colonies east of the river Jordan raise large quantities of wheat. When the colonists first arrive they live in rude huts of thatch or straw, but before a season is over they erect substantial stone dwellings; each colonist has his own kitchen garden near his home, and with poultry, a horse and wagon, and a cow he lives in comfort and security unknown of in Roumania or Russia. As a colony prospers it sends out smaller colonies in the neighborhood, much as a tree puts forth shoots. For instance, Wadi el Chanin was settled only ten years ago, but it is now the centre of eight little villages having 1500 inhabitants.

These results have been accomplished by the expenditure of vast sums of money coming from philanthropists of wealth like the Rothschilds and from the poor colonists and their humble friends. The suffering has sometimes been intense, due to the poor selection of the immigrants and their inefficient leaders. It is now proposed to inaugurate new methods for a large and systematic colonization of the land on both sides of the Jordan. This is to be done by the organization founded a month or more ago by Dr. Theodor Herzl. Dr. Herzl is a gifted journalist of Vienna, who published a little book, *Die Juden Staat* (The Jewish State), a year ago. In it he advocated the re-establishment of the Jews as a nation in Palestine. He proposed to purchase the land from the Sultan and establish a Jewish democracy. He claims that the condition of the Jews in Galicia, Russia, Roumania, and even Austria and Germany is unbearable, and that there is no cure for anti-Semitism except the founding of a Jewish state. The sensation created by his book was world-wide, some agreeing with him, others bitterly opposing his plan. In conjunction with Dr. Max Nordau, Dr. Herzl sent out a call for an international conference of Jews to be held in Munich last August, but the Jews of Munich were so hostile to his plan that the convention met in Basle, Switzerland, August 29, 30, and 31. It was attended by two hundred who favored the enterprise, but, to the general surprise, the state idea was almost obliterated, the convention deciding to found a bank and company for the development and colonization of Palestine systematically and rapidly. Dr. Herzl has had to contend with the opposition of both the orthodox and reform Jews. It was to be expected that the latter would not favor his plan, because they hold that Israel is no longer a nation, but that Judaism is one of the world's religions, whose mission is to become the world religion. But many of the orthodox Jews opposed "Herzlism" (as it has been called), because he assigns economic and not religious grounds for his movement. Some of them are willing to close their eyes to the reasons which he gives, and gladly accept the result, thinking that this may be one of the indirect methods of Providence for restoring Israel to the Promised Land. Others who still hope for a restoration are utterly opposed to the plan of purchasing Palestine, deeming it best to wait and pray for the time when, by international agreement, the Holy Land will be given back to the Jews. Some of the reform element sympathize with Dr. Herzl, because they see no hope of bettering the condition of the Jews in eastern Europe, and think that his plan may offer a way out. Others claim that the whole agitation can do nothing but harm. They say that the Christian world will not surrender its most sacred spots to the Jews even if the Sultan of Turkey were to agree to the sale. They add that the contest with anti-Semitism must be fought out to the bitter end, until the Jew is regarded as the equal of every other man. They point to the reality of the emancipation of the Jew in England and America as evidence that such an emancipation is possible, contending that it will finally come, even in Russia.

Since the Basle conference put aside the state idea the movement has gained more sympathizers, especially in the United States. Each week notices appear of meetings held in Boston, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Chicago, and other large cities, at which support is pledged to the Zionistic movement. Many of those attending these meetings are men and women who have been driven out of their European homes by stress of opposition, and naturally sympathize with any movement which sheds a ray of hope upon the darkness of the anti-Semitic persecutions; but it must be confessed, even by the opponents of the plan, that it is gaining support on every hand.

CLIFTON HARBY LEVY

"THE VINTAGE."*

A STORY OF THE GREEK WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY E. F. BENSON,

AUTHOR OF "DODO," "LIMITATIONS," "THE JUDGMENT BOOKS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXII

ON this second cruise three ships from Spetzas crossed straight over to the Peloponnesus to assist in the blockade of Monemvasia, which was besieged by land by a freshly enrolled body of men from the southern peninsula, chiefly from Sparta and the outlying portions of Argos. The town was known to be very wealthy, and the commander of the Greeks, finding that until communication by sea was intercepted it was impossible to starve the town out, while his own force was inadequate to storm it, had invited the co-operation of the fleet, stipulating that a third of the spoil taken should go to the soldiers, one third to the fleet, and one third to the national treasury. But scarcely had the ships arrived when quarrels began to break out between the sea forces and the land army: a spirit of mutual distrust and suspicion was abroad, and the soldiers, on the one hand, accused the fleet of making a private contract with the besieged, to the effect that their lives would be spared and themselves conveyed to Asia Minor in ships on the surrender of their property, while the sailors brought a counter accusation that there was a plot on foot among the infantry to attempt to storm the town and carry off the booty before they could claim their share. Every one looked after his own interest, and the only interest that was quite disregarded was the interest of the nation. But to the soldiers more intolerable than all was the conduct of three primates from Spetzas, who took upon themselves the airs and dignities which the Greeks had been accustomed to see worn by Turkish officials, and though to a great extent this was was a religious war, yet the peasants had no mind to see the places their masters had occupied tenanted anew by any one.

This example of the island primates was to a certain extent followed by their brethren on the mainland. There had sprung into existence in the last month or so two great powers in Greece, the army and the Church—to the cause of which the people were devoted—and the primates who before the Turkish supremacy had been temporal as well as spiritual princes wished to see themselves reinstated in the positions they had held. Many of them, too, such as Germanos at Patras, had worked with a true and simple purpose for the liberation of their country, and now that the people were beginning to reap the fruits of their labors they looked to receive their due, and their demands, on the whole, were just. But never were demands made on so unseasonable an opportunity, for while the military leaders shrugged their shoulders, saying, "This is our work as yet," they obtained but a divided allegiance, for the people were devoted to their Church. The result was a most unhappy distrust and suspicion between the two parties. The primates openly said that the object of the military leaders was their own aggrandizement, to the detriment of others' interests; the military leaders, that their revered friends were interfering in concerns which were not their own. Even greater complications ensued when the primates themselves, as in the case of Germanos, were men who fought with earthly weapons, and he, taking strongly the side of the Church as against the army, was the cause of much seditious feeling.

The personal ascendency of Petrobey and Nicholas was a large mitigation of these evils in the case of the army at Tripoli, but both felt that their positions were unsettled, depending only on popular favor, and matters came to a crisis when Germanos himself came to the camp from Patras with an armed following. To do the man justice, it was jealousy for the Church, not the personal greed of power, which inspired him as a prince of that body and a vicar of Christ. He had invested himself with the insignia of his position. But it was the royalty of his Master, and not His humility, which he would fain represent, and if he had remembered the entry of One into His Jerusalem, meek and sitting upon an ass, and a colt the foal of an ass, he would have acted more in the spirit of his King.

Not as such entered Germanos into the camp. Before him went a body of armed men, followed by six acolytes swinging censers; then the cross-bearer, holding high his glittering silver symbol, wrought but lately, and on which Germanos had lavished the greater part of the booty which had been his at the taking of Kalavryta; and then, borne on a chair on four priests' shoulders, the Archbishop himself. His head was bare, for in his hands he carried the gold vessels of the sacrament, those which the Emperor Palæologus had given to the monastery at Megaspélaion, and over his shoulders flowed his thick black hair just touched with gray. His cope, another priceless treasure from his own sacristy, was fastened round in front of his neck with a gold clasp, set with one huge ancient emerald, and it covered him from shoulder almost to foot, all shimmering white, of woven silk, and with a great gold border of pomegranates, and below showed the white line of the alb, and the border of his purple silk cassock. Behind came another priest, carrying the office of the Church bound in crimson leather with gold clasps, and the remainder of his armed guard followed—in all three hundred men.

It was an act of inconceivable folly, but the folly for the moment had a certain grandeur about it, for in Germanos's mind the only thought had been the glory of the Church. He had travelled five days from Kalavryta, and so far he had been received by the hosts of the Greek army with reverence and respect. But his reception here he knew was the touchstone of the success of his party, for the scornful Mainotes looked askance on clergy, and left them to do their praying alone. But he had come, so he believed, to demand the vassalage of the people to their King of Kings; that duty, so he thought, admitted neither delay nor compromise.

Yanni, who was lounging on the wall with Mitsos in the afternoon saw preparations to station on a bright field down in the plains, saw him coming, and whistled ominously.

"There will be mischief," he said softly to Mitsos. "Germanos is a good man and true, but these little primates are not all like him."

"I wish they would leave us alone," grumbled Mitsos. "That little red faced Charalampos is doing a lot of harm. He tells the men that all this is for the glory of God. I dare say it is, but there is fighting to do first, and a bolster would fight as well as he. Oh, Yanni, but he's got all his fine clothes on! I wish I was an archbishop."

The procession was now passing close under them, and looking closer, Yanni saw what Germanos carried, and stood uncovered, crossing himself. Mitsos saw too, and followed his example, but frowning the while. It struck him somehow that this was not fair play.

Petrobey received the Archbishop with the greatest respect, and had erected for him another hut next his own. An order went round the camp that every man was to attend mass, which would be celebrated at daybreak next morning, but after supper that night Petrobey, Nicholas, and the Archbishop talked long together. Mitsos, to his great delight, was put in command of some twenty young Mainotes, who were to prowl about and do damage, along with other parties, and Germanos, who looked on the boy with peculiar favor, gave him his blessing before he set out.

"You were ever a man who could deal with men," he said to Nicholas, as the boy went out, "and you have trained the finest boy in Greece. But we have other things to talk of, and let us shake hands first, for I know not that what I have to say will find favor with you. For we are friends, are we not?"

Nicholas smiled. "Old friends, surely," he said. "May we long be so!"

"That is well," said Germanos, seating himself. "But first I have to tell you news which may, I hope, bind us even closer together, though with a tie of horror and amazement. Our Patriarch Gregorios, whom I think you knew, Nicholas, was executed at Constantinople on Easter day by order of the Sultan."

Nicholas and Petrobey sprang from their seats.

"Gregorios!" they exclaimed, in a whispered horror.

"Executed, dying the most shameful death, hanged at the gate of the patriarchate. Ah, but the vengeance of God is swift and sure, and the blood of another martyr cries from the ground! Oh, let this bind us together—hanged, the death of a mad dog—he, the holiest of men!" Germanos bowed his head, and there was silence for a moment. "That was not enough," he continued, his voice trembling with a passionate emotion. "For three days it hung there, and the street dogs leaped up to bite at the body. Then it was given to the Jews, and I would sooner have seen it devoured by the dogs than cast into the hands of those beasts, and they dragged it through the streets and threw it into the sea. But pious men watched it, and took it to Odessa, where it was given burial, such as befits the body of one of the saints of God. And, though dead, he works, for on the ship that took it there was a woman stricken with paralysis, and they brought her to touch the body, and she went away whole."

Nicholas was sitting with his face in his hands, but at this he looked up.

"Glory to God!" he cried, "for in heaven His martyr now pleads for us."

Petrobey crossed himself.

"Glory to God!" he repeated. "But tell us more, father. What was the cause of this?"

"He died for us," said Germanos—"for the liberty of the Greeks. As you know, he was in the secrets of the patriots, and one of the agents of the club which supplied funds for the war was found to have letters from the patriarch which showed his complicity. Immediately after the execution the election for a new patriarch took place, and Eugenios of Pisidia was chosen, and his election ratified by Gregorios's murderer."

Nicholas struck the table with his fist.

"I give no allegiance there," he said. "Is the Church a toy in that devil's hand, and shall we bow to his puppets?"

Germanos looked up quickly.

"I wanted to know your opinion on that," he said, "and you, Petrobey, go with your cousin? But in the mean time we have no head."

"But at the death of a patriarch," asked Nicholas, "what is the usual course?"

Germanos hesitated.

"You will see," he said, "why I paused; for it is in the canon of the Church that, till the next patriarch is appointed, the supremacy of the Church is in the hands of the senior Archbishop."

Nicholas rose.

"There is none so fit as yourself," he said; "and here and now I give you my allegiance, and I promise to obey you in all matters within your jurisdiction, and for the glory of God."

Both men kissed Germanos's hand, and when they had seated themselves again he bent forward and began to speak with greater earnestness.

"And that is part is why I am here," he said, "to accept in the name of the Church the allegiance of the Greek army. We must not forget, among these eight attacks and skirmishes and sieges, that for which we work—the liberty of Greece, it is true, but the purpose of her liberty, to let a free people serve the God of their fathers, and pull under no infidel yoke to the lash of unbelievers. Believe me, my friends, how deeply unworthy I feel of the high office which has thus come upon my shoulders, but help me to bear it, though in that the flesh is weak I would in weakness shrink from it. But much lies in your power and active help, for I know what deep influence both of you, and deservedly, have with these men. Yet, since to every man is his part appointed by God Himself, I would not recoil from the task and heavy responsibility which is on me as head of this people who are fighting for their liberty; and though I am not jealous for myself, as some would scornfully count me, I am very jealous for Him with whose authority I, all unworthy, have been invested."

Germanos paused for a moment, his eyes fixed on the ground, and Nicholas, looking across at Petrobey, half began to speak; but the other, by an almost imperceptible gesture silenced him. But Germanos paused only for a moment, and went on, speaking a little quicker, but weighing his words.

"For who is the general we all fight under but One? Who is the Giver of Victory but He alone? And I—I speak in a sort of proud humility—I am the head of His bride the Church, and the shepherd of His flock, these people. Do not misunderstand me, for I speak not for myself, but for Him. Already dangers—not those from our enemies the Turks, but from friends more deadly than they—compass us about on all sides, and are with us when we sit down to eat and take our rest, and if we are not careful they will poison all we do. Already at Kalavryta, from whence I come—already, as I hear, at Monemvasia, but not as I hope and trust, here—are there greedy and wicked men, who, raised up for power for which they have no fitness, having no self control, and being therefore incapable of controlling others save in the way of inflaming their lusts by example, like beasts of the field—already have many such, finding themselves in command of some small local following, led their men on by hopes of gain and promises of reward. They are becoming no better than brigands, spoiling the defenceless and pocketing each man his gains."

Petrobey here looked up.

"Pardon me," he said. "Though such conduct has taken place on certain ships, I think that there has been none among the soldiers. Half the booty taken is put aside for the purposes of the war; half, as is right, is shared among those who acquire it."

Germanos looked at him keenly.

"You have hit the very point," he said, "towards which I have been driving. Half, as you say, is put away for the purpose of the war. Though I think that is too large a proportion, still the question is only one of degree, and we will pass it over. Half, again, as you say, is shared among those who acquire it. There is the blot, the defect of the whole system. What are we fighting for? For wealth or for liberty? Surely for liberty and the glory of God. To fight in such a cause and to fall in such a cause are surely reward enough. But what of the glory of God? Is it not to Him that this, no niggardly tithe, but half the goods we possess, should be given? Is it not He who has given us the strength to fight, and the will before which even now the Turk is crumpling as a ship crumples the waves? And for this shall we give him nothing? Shall every peasant have his hoard, taken from the Turk, and the Church of God go begging? Have we not given our own lives to His service, without hope of reward, indeed, but very jealous for His honor? And how shall we serve Him as we ought when our churches stand half ruined to the winds of heaven, and our monks, to support themselves, must needs hoe in the fields and vineyards, and bring but a tired frame to the blessed service of the Church? Is it not there this should be bestowed—on the Church, on the priests and the primates, on the heads and princes of the Church, to be used by them for the glory of their Master? Some of us, I know, would wish to endow a king to rule over a free people, in loyal obedience—for so they phrase it—to a people's will. Is it not enough to have for our king, our master, our tender friend, the King of Kings? This only is the kingdom whose citizenship I covet, for it is beyond price and it is but a dubious love for Him that is ours if we give Him, as we fondly tell ourselves, our hearts, and withhold from him our gold and silver. Not in such manner worshipped the kings of the East. Long was their journey, and yet we who fight are not more foot-sore than they; but did they come empty-handed to worship? Gold and frankincense and myrrh they gave, their costliest and their best. Heart worship let us give, and lip worship too, and let our hands be open in giving; it is in giving that we show feebly, but in the best and only way, the sincerity of our hearts. Ah, it is no pale spiritual kingdom only that God requires, but the pledge of it in a glorious liberality, the fruits of His bounty given to Him again. Let there be a splendor in our service to Him, riches, wealth—all that is beautiful—poured out freely. It is our duty to give—yes, and our privilege."

Petrobey and Nicholas both listened in dead silence, for they respected the man and they revered his office. On the honesty and integrity of his words, too, neither felt any question; but when in the history of warfare had man ever heard so impracticable a piece of rhetoric? Did Germanos really suppose that these soldiers of theirs were risking life, possessions, all that they had, for the sake of the Church? Already the primates had done infinite harm by their pretentious meddling, giving themselves the airs of deposed monarchs for whom it was a privilege to fight, and encouraging seditious talk among the men by hinting openly that the military leaders were in league with the Turk, making conventions with them by which their lives should be spared on the sacrifice of their property. Germanos himself, as they knew, was a man of far different nature. This scheme of his, by which half the booty would be placed unreservedly in the hands of the Church, to be used for the glory of God, was as sunshine is to midnight compared to the vile slanderings of his inferiors. But how would the army receive it? Was Petrobey as commander in chief, or Germanos as head of this people of God, to go to them saying: "You have risked your lives, and it is your privilege to have done so for the glory of God. Risk them to-morrow and the next day and the next day; and when the war is over, and you creep back—unless you lie on the battle-field—to your dismantled houses, account it a privilege that you have been permitted to give to the primates and priests the fruits of your toils."

Yet though Germanos was a man of integrity, how could there but be a background to the picture he had drawn? He was a man to whom power and the exercise of power had become a habit, and the habit almost a pas-

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2199.

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"THEN, BORNE ON A CHAIR ON FOUR PRIESTS' SHOULDERS, THE ARCHBISHOP HIMSELF."

sion. Though this scheme by which the Church would be restored to its old splendor and magnificence, the glory of those days when from Constantinople came the Emperor humbly and supplicantly with great gifts, had for its object the glory of God, yet, inasmuch as he were a man of dominant nature, he could not be unaware nor disregardant of what it would mean to him personally. What a position! The chances were ten to one that he would be chosen to fill the place of the martyred patriarch instead of the Bishop Eugenios, well known to the Greeks as a middle minded man who strove to keep well with both Ottoman and Greek. For in truth this was no time for diplomatic attitudes; each man must take one side or the other, and now to consent to take from the hands of the Sultan the insignia of his victim was to declare one's self no patriot. Greece would certainly repudiate the appointment and choose a supreme head for itself, and among all the primates and bishops there was none wise was so powerful with his own clans and so popular among the people as Germanos. As every one knew, he had thrown himself heart and soul into the revolution, he had relieved the northern army, he had headed the attempt on the citadel of Patras in person. The chosen head of a new and splendid Church, rising glorious in the dawn of liberty, sanctified by suffering, proved by its steadfastness to endure—a Church for which blood had been shed, and, as he had told, not pale spiritual kingdoms only, but a power on earth as in heaven. It was not in the nature of the man to be able to shut his eyes to that; it could not but be that so splendid a possibility should be without weight. His next words showed it.

"Is it not a thing to make the heart beat fast?" he went on. "I would not take the pontiff's chair at Rome in exchange for such a position. A new Church, or rather the old grown young again, a spiritual kingdom throned in the hearts of men yet with the allegiance not only of their souls but of their bodies and their earthly blessings. And I," he said, rising—"I, the unworthy, the erring, yet called by a call that I may not disobey—"

But Nicholas, frowning deeply, interrupted him.

"I ask your pardon, father," he said, "but is it well to talk of that? Surely in this great idea you have put before us there is nothing of that. It is the kingdom of God of which we speak."

Germanos paused a moment.

"You are right," he said. "You have but reminded me of my own words. It is in His name and none other that I speak."

"There is another point of view, father," continued Nicholas, "which, with your permission, I will put before you. I speak, I hope, as it is fitting I should speak to you; and yet, in justice to the position my cousin and I hold, we must tell you that there are other interests to be considered. For days past there has been division among us, here not so widely as at other places, but division there is, at a time when anything of that kind is the most disastrous. There are in the camp priests and primates who have been saying to the men, but not with your boldness of aim, that which you have indicated to us. This war, they tell them, is a war of religion; they are the champions and ordained ministers of religion, and it is to them the soldiers' obedience is due. What did they get for their pains? A shrug of the shoulders, insolence, perhaps the question, 'Are we fighting, or are you?' And they answer: 'For whom are you fighting—for your captain and leaders? Let us tell you it is they who will reap the fruits of your toil. It is they who will get the booty for which you have spent your blood and left your homes.' Now, before God, father, that is a satanic slander, but if this talk continues, who can tell but that it may become in part true? For as the army increases we have to appoint fresh captains, and often it happens that some band of men comes in with its appointed leader, whom we have to accept. These are not all such men as my cousin and I should naturally appoint; and what we fear is this—and our fears, I am sorry to say, are justified by what is taking place at Monemvasia—these captains talk to each other, saying, 'The primates are trying to get the whole spoils of the war for themselves. Two can play at that game. If this war is for the enrichment of the leaders, let it be for the enrichment of the leaders who have earned it.' And some of this talk, too, has reached the men, with this result. Some believe what the primates say, and already distrust their captains, some distrust the primates, and say that it is not they who are doing the work, and why should they look for wages, but the most part of those who have heard this seditious talk distrust both, and are each man for himself. And all this is the fault of the primates. This is no place for there—for those, at least, who have taken no part in the war. It is the work of soldiers we are doing, not the work of priests. The danger is a real one; so you say, it is a danger from those who sit at meat with us, and more deadly than that we experience from our enemies. There was none of it before the primates came among us. I have said."

Nicholas spoke with rising anger. The thought of these mean, petty squabbles poisoned the hopes which had ruled his life for so long. Were they all to be wrecked in part on the very eve of their fulfilment? Strong as their pull there now was, inevitable though the fall of Tripoli appeared, yet he knew that an army demoralized is no army at all. Was the honey to turn to bitterness? Was that fair day that seemed now dawning to come in cloud and trouble?

Germanos had listened with growing resentment, and he burst out in answer.

"You are wrong, Nicholas; believe me, you are wrong. It is the primates who have put up with insult. This army of yours is like a wanton child breaking out from school. It knows neither reverence nor respect where respect is due."

"Ah, pardon me again," said Nicholas. "The first duty of the soldier is obedience to those who are put over him as captains and commanders. To them it has never failed in respect nor in obedience."

"They are men, I take it," said Germanos; "and the first duty of man is to obey those who are over him in the Lord."

"But, father—father," cried Nicholas, pained himself but unwilling to give pain, "is this a time now, when we are in the middle of the operations of the war, to talk of that? Of course you are right; that every Christian man believes; but our hands are full, we have this siege before us, and it is but injudicious of these primates to stir up such talk now. Oh, I am no hand at the speaking, but you see, do you not, what I mean? If is the Lord's work, surely, but the means by which it is accomplished is swords in unity, men bound together by one also."

"And that are the glory of God," said Germanos.

Nicholas made a hopeless gesture of dissent, and shook his head, and Petrobey, who had hitherto taken no part in the discussion, broke in:

"Surely we can do better than wrangle together like boys," he said. "It is no light matter we have in hand. But let us talk practically. What Nicholas says is true, father. There is mischievous talk going on, and there was none till the primates came. What do you propose to do? Will you help us to stop it? Will you speak to the men? Will you tell them that you, though you are a primate yourself, yet believe in the integrity of the military commanders, and that though their duty as men exacts obedience to the rulers of the Church, yet their duty as soldiers exacts obedience to their commanders and trust in them?"

The question was cleverly chosen. To refuse to do as he was asked would, without an explanation, be wholly unreasonable; to comply would be tantamount to telling the soldiers to disregard the primates. Germanos hesitated a moment. Then,

"I do not wish to put myself outside of my province," he said, "and I am here only as the head of the Church, and not as a military leader. To interfere with the ordering of the army is not my business."

"Then how much less," said Nicholas, in an eager manner, "is it the business of your reverence to do so? Will you, then, tell them to follow your own most wise example?"

Germanos was silent, but his brain was busy, and yet he had no ready reply.

"See," said Nicholas, "a little while ago you asked us to help you, but now we ask you to help us, for the danger is no less to your party than to ours. Speak to the primates if you will, or speak to the captains; they will, perhaps, listen to you."

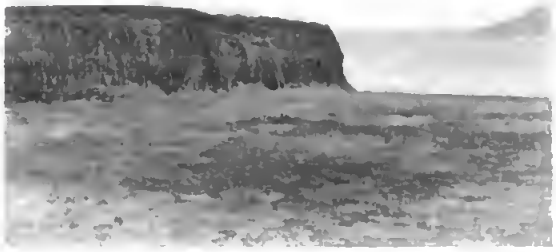
"At any rate I asked not your help against my own subordinates," said Germanos, in a sudden flash of anger. "If you want help against your own men, I can only

JAFFA—PORT OF ARRIVAL OF ZIONITE COLONISTS.

WADI EL-CHAKIN—THE CENTRE OF EIGHT FLOURISHING VILLAGES.

COLONISTS AT REH'HOWOTH.

VINEYARDS AT GADARAH—FOUNDED BY UNIVERSITY STUDENTS.



RUDE HUTS IN WHICH COLONISTS LIVE ON ARRIVAL AT JESSUD-HAMA'ALAH.

ROSH-PINAH—A TYPICAL AGRICULTURAL VILLAGE.

THE ZIONITE MOVEMENT—JEWISH COLONIES IN PALESTINE.—[See Page 1130]

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say—" and with that he stopped short, for an insult was on his lips.

Petrobey sat down again with a little sigh, but Nicholas answered Germanos according to his own manner.

"Then you are so good as to think our affairs are out of hand?" he said, with angry sarcasm. "It will be time to think of helping you when we have put them in order. Let me quote your own words: I am not jealous of myself, but I am very jealous for the honor of the army, and I have myself a pledge of the favor of God on my undertaking."

Germanos held up his hand pacifically.

"We shall gain nothing by quarrelling," he said, "and I am in the wrong, for I was the first to speak in anger. What is this pledge of which you speak?"

Nicholas told him of the vision at Serrica, and when he had finished it was gently that he was answered.

"Surely the Mother of God looks with favor on you, Nicholas," said the Archbishop, "and for her sake, if not for our own, let us see if we cannot put an end of these unhappy divisions which you tell me of. You lay the whole blame on my order. Are you sure that you are not hasty?"

"There was at least no seditious talk before the primates came," said Nicholas.

"I then have a proposal to make," said Petrobey, "and it is this: The men are divided—some side with the primates, some with us. The two parties are bitterly opposed. If, then, there was appointed a supreme council, consisting of primates and commanders, might not the division be healed?"

Nicholas shook his head.

"I do not wish to make difficulties," he said, "but the case is this: The siege of Tripoli is the work of the army. What have the primates to do with it? I might as well demand a seat in the synod of the Church."

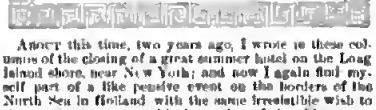
Germanos's eye brightened. He realized the impossibility of pushing his first demand just now, and this at any rate would be a step gained. For the rest he trusted in his own ability to soon get in his hands the chief share of the work of the supreme council which Petrobey had suggested. And with the most diplomatic change of front he proceeded to congratulate Nicholas.

"My dear Nicholas," he said, "I wish with all my heart you had a place in the synod of the Church. As a priest you would have soon earned one. But you selected another vocation, in which I need give no testimony to your merits. But consider dear Nicholas. This is a national movement, and the Church is a great national institution, and has always had a voice, often the supreme voice, in the direction of national affairs. You would not think we want to interfere in military affairs, you will not find Charalambes, for instance, or, for that matter, me, wishing to lead a sortie or direct the fire. In England, as you know, there are two great legislative houses, one of the lords of the land, without initiative, but with the power of check, the other the elected body, the voice of the people. You generals are the elected body, on you the initiative depends, but we primates correspond to the titular power. And where can you find so splendid and august a government as that? See, I come to meet you half way. It is not the time now to talk of the supremacy of the Church, meet me half-way, and allow that in national concerns we should not be without a voice. There are two powers in this new Greece. If they are in accord, the danger we have spoken of melts like a summer mist."

Nicholas looked across at Petrobey.

"You would have me follow?" he asked. "Well, I consent."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



About this time, two years ago, I wrote in these columns of the closing of a great summer hotel on the Long Island shore, near New York; and now I again find myself part of a like pensive event on the borders of the North Sea in Holland with the same irresistible wish to share my impressions with the reader. It is a like event, and yet unlike, for there is the difference of a whole civilization between a hotel in America and a hotel in Europe, in manners and customs; and yet there is a spiritual affinity between hotels and their essential life everywhere which insists in spite of all differences, and which appears in a certain parity of incident.

I.

When we said that we were going to Scheveningen, in the middle of September, the *portier* of the hotel at The Hague was sure we should be very cold, perhaps because we had suffered so much in his house already; and he was right, for the wind blew with a Dutch tenacity of purpose for a whole week, so that the guests thinly peopling the vast hostelry seemed to rustle through its chilly halls and corridors like so many autumn leaves. We were but a poor hundred at most where five hundred would not have been a crowd, and when we sat down at the long tables d'hôte in the great dining-room, we had to warm our hands with our plates before we could hold our spoons. From time to time the weather varied as it does in Europe (American weather is of an exemplary constancy in comparison), and three or four times a day it mined, and three or four times it cleared, but through all the wind blew cold and colder. We were promised, however, that the hotel would not close till October, and we made shift with a warm chimney in one room, and three gas-burners in another. If not to keep warm quite, yet certainly to get used to the cold.

II.

In the mean time the sea-bathing went resolutely on with all its forms. Every morning the bathing machines were driven down to the beach from the esplanade where they were secured against the gale every night, and every day a half-dozen hardy invalids braved the rigors of wind and wave. At the discreet distance which one could always to keep one could not always be sure whether these bold bathers were mermen or mermaids; for the sea costume of both sexes is the same here, as regards an absence of skirts, and a presence of what are, after the first plunge, effectively tights. The first time I walked down to the beach I was puzzled to make out some object rolling about in the low surf, which looked like a barrel, and which two bathing-machine men were watching with apparently the purpose of fishing it out. Suddenly this object reared itself from the surf, and floundered toward the steps of a machine, then I saw that it was evidently not a barrel, but a lady, and after that I never dared carry my researches so far. I suppose that the bathing tights are more becoming in some cases than in others, but I hold to a modest preference for skirts, however brief, in the sea gear of ladies. Without them there may sometimes be the effect of a beauty, and sometimes the effect of a barrel.

For the convenience and safety of the bathers there were, even in the last half of September, some twenty machines, and half as many bath-men and bath-women, who waded into the water, and watched that the bathers came to no harm, instead of a solitary lifeguard showing his statuesque shape as he paced the shore beside the lifelines, or cynically rocked in his boat beyond the breakers, as the custom is on Long Island. Here there is no need of life-lines, and unless one held his hand resolutely under water, I do not see how he could drown within quarter of a mile of the shore. Perhaps it is to prevent suicide that the bath-men are as plentifully provided.

They are a provision of the hotel, I believe, which does not relax itself in any essential towards its guests as they grow fewer. It seems, on the contrary, to one them with a more tender care, and to console them as it may for the inevitable parting near at hand. Now, within three or four days of the end, the kitchen is as scrupulously and vigilantly perfect as it could be in the height of the season, and our dwindling numbers sit down every night to a dinner that we could not get for much more love or vastly more money in the month of August, at any shore hotel in America. It is true that there are certain changes going on, but they are going on delicately, almost silently. A strip of carpeting has come up from along our corridor, but we hardly miss it from the matting which remains. Through the open doors of vacant chambers we can see that beds are coming down, and the dismantling extends into the halls at places. Certain decorative carved chairs which repeated themselves outside the doors have ceased to be there; but the pictures still hang on the walls, and within our own rooms everything is as conscientious as in midsummer. The service is instant, and if there is some change in it, the change is not for the worse. Yesterday our waiter bade me good by, and when I said I was sorry he was going he alleged a boil on his cheek in excuse; he would not allow that his going had anything to do with the closing of the hotel, and he was promptly replaced by another who speaks excellent English. Now that the first is gone, I may own that he seemed not to speak any foreign language long, but when cornered in English, took refuge in French, and then fled from pursuit in that to German, and brought up in final Dutch where he was practically inaccessible.

The elevator runs regularly, if not rapidly; the papers arrive unfailingly in the reading room, including a solitary London *Times* which even I do not read, perhaps because I have no English reading rival to contend for it with. Till yesterday, an English artist sometimes got it, but he then instantly offered it to me, and I had to refuse it because I would not be outdone in politeness. Now even he is gone, and on all sides I find myself in an unbroken circle of Dutch and German, where no one would dispute the *Times* with me if he could.

Every night the corridors are fully lighted, and some mornings swept, while the washing that goes on all over Holland, night and morning, does not always spare our unfrequented halls and stairs. I note these little facts, because I hope the reader remembers how at our other closing hotel the elevator stopped two weeks before we left, and how we fell from electricity to naphtha gas, and even this died out before us except at long intervals in the passages; while there were lightning changes in the service, and a final failure of it till we had to go down and get our own ice-water of the lingering room clerk, after the last bell-boy had winked out.

III.

But in Europe everything is permanent, and in America everything is provisional. This is the great distinction which, if always kept in mind, will save a great deal of idle astonishment. It is in nothing more apparent than in the preparation here at Scheveningen for centuries of summer visitors, while at our Long Island hotel there was a losing bet on a scant generation of them. When it seemed likely that it might be a winning bet the sand was planked there in front of the hotel to the sea with spruce boards. It was very handsomely planked, but it was never afterwards touched, apparently, for any manner of repairs. Here, for half a mile the dune on which the hotel stands is shored up with massive masonry and bricked for carriages, and tiled for foot passengers; and it is all kept as clean as if wheel or foot had never passed over it. I am sure that there is not a broken brick or a broken tile in the whole length or breadth of it. But the hotel here is not a bet; it is a business. It has come to stay, and on Long Island it had come to see how it would like it.

Beyond the walk and drive, however, the dunes are left to the winds, and to the vegetation with which the Dutch planting clothes them against the winds. First a coarse grass or rush is sown; then a finer herbage comes; then a tough brushwood, with flowers and blackberry vines, so that while the seaward slopes of the dunes are somewhat patched and tattered, the landward side and all the pleasant hollows between are fairly held against such gales as on Long Island blow the lower dunes hither and yon. The sheep graze in the valleys at some points, but in many a little pocket of the dunes I found a potato patch of about the bigness of a city lot, and on week days I saw wooden-shod men slowly, slowly gathering in the crop. On Sundays I saw the pleasant nooks and corners of these sandy hillocks devoted, as the dunes of Long Island were, to whispering lovers, who are here as freely and fearlessly affectionate as at home. Rocking there is not, and cannot be, in the nature of things, as there used to be at Mount Desert, but what is called Twoing at Yorke Harbor is perfectly practicable.

It is practicable not only in the nooks and corners of the dunes, but on discreeter terms in those hooded willow chairs so characteristic of the Dutch sea side. These if faced in pairs towards each other must be as favorable to the exchange of vows as of opinions, and if the crowd is ever very great, perhaps one chair could be made to hold two persons. It was distinctly a pang, the other day, to see men carrying them up from the beach, and putting them away to hibernate in the basement of the hotel. Not all, but most of them were taken, though I dare say that on fine days throughout October they will go trooping back to the sands on the heads of the same men, like a procession of monstrous, two-legged crabs. Such a day was but Sunday, and then the beach offered a lively image of its summer gayety. It was dotted with hundreds of hooded chairs, which forgathered in gossiping groups, or confidential couples, and as the sun shone quite warm the flaps of the little tents next the dunes were let down against it, and ladies in summer white saved themselves from sunstroke in their shelter. The wooden booths for the sale of candies and mineral waters, and beer and sandwiches, were flushed with a sudden prosperity, so that when I went to buy my pound of grapes from the good woman who understands my Dutch, I dreaded an indifference in her which by no means appeared. She welcomed me as warmly as if I had been her sole customer, and did not put up the price on me, perhaps because it was already so very high that her imagination could not rise above it.

IV.

The hotel showed the same admirable constancy. The restaurant was thronged with new-comers who spread out even over the many tabled esplanade before it, but it was in no wise demoralized. That night we sat down in multiplied numbers to a table d'hôte of serenely unconscious perfection, and we permanent guests—alas! we are now becoming transient, too—were used with unfaltering recognition of our superior worth. We shared the respect which all over Europe attaches in establishment, and which sometimes makes us poor Americans wish for a hereditary nobility, so that we could all mirror our ancestral value in the deference of our inferiors. Where we should get our inferiors is another thing but I suppose we could import them for the purpose, if the duties were not too great under the Dingley tariff.

We have not yet imported the idea of a European hotel in any respect, though we long ago imported what we call the European plan. No travelled American knows it in the extortionate prices of rooms when he gets home, or the preposterous charges of our restaurants, where one portion of roast beef swimming in a lake of lukewarm juice costs as much as a diversified and delicate dinner in Germany or Holland. But even if there were any proportion in these things the European hotel will not be with us till we have the European *portier*, who is its spring and inspiration. He must not, dear home keeping reader, be at all imagined in the moral or material figure of our hotel porter, who appears always in his shirt sleeves, and speaks with the accent of Cork or of Congo. The European *portier* wears a uniform. I do not know why, and a gold-limmed cap, and he inhabits a little office at the entrance of the hotel. He speaks eight or ten languages, up to certain limit, rather better than people born to them, and his presence commands an instant reverence softening to affection under his universal helpfulness. There is nothing he cannot tell you, cannot do for you, and you may trust yourself implicitly to him. He has the priceless gift of making each nationality, each personality, believe that he is devoted to its service alone. He turns lightly from one language to another, as if he had each under his tongue, and he answers simultaneously a fussy French woman, an angry English tourist, a stiff Prussian major, and a thin-voiced American girl in behalf of a timorous mother, and he never mixes the replies. He is an inexhaustible bottle of dialects, but this is the least of his merits, of his miracles.

Our *portier* here is a tall, slim Dutchman (most Dutchmen are tall and slim), and in spite of the waning season he treats me as if I were multitude, while at the same time he uses me with the distinction due the last of his guests. Twenty times in as many hours he wishes me good day, putting his hand to his cap for the purpose, and to oblige me he wears silver braid instead of gilt on his cap and coat. I apologized yesterday for troubling him so often for stamps, and said that I supposed he was much more bothered in the season.

"Between the first of August and the fifteenth," he answered, "you cannot think. All that you can do is to say, Yes, No, Yes, No." And he left me to imagine his responsibilities.

I am sure he will hold out to the end, and will smile me a friendly farewell from the door of his office, which is also his dining room, as I know from often disturbing him at his meals there. I have no fear of the waiters either, or of the little errand-boys who wear suits of soil or blue, and touch their foreheads when they bring you your letters like so many ancient sen-dogs. I do not know why the elevator boy prefers a suit of snuff color; but I know that he will salute us as we step out of his elevator for the last time as unfailingly as if we had just arrived at the beginning of the summer.

But to verify all these, and other important matters, the reader must follow me in a second paper.

W. D. HOWELLS.

JUDGE ALTON B. PARKER.

ALTON BROOKS PARKER, the successful candidate under the nomination of the Democratic party for one of the greatest dignities of the State of New York, the Chief Judgeship of the Court of Appeals, is forty-six years of age. He is descended from a well known Massachusetts family, and his great-grandfather was a Revolutionary soldier. Born at Cortland, New York, May 14, 1852, his early education was acquired in the academy and normal school of his native town and for a short time he was a teacher. He then entered the office of Schoonmaker & Hardenburgh at Kingston, New York, finally completing his legal training at the Albany Law School in 1872.

At the age of twenty six he was elected Surrogate of Ulster County, and was the only successful candidate on his ticket. He was re-elected in 1882, steadily confirming his hold on the popular esteem. During the occupancy of this post he also carried on a large general practice, and was notably successful in the trial of causes

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and argument of appeals. In 1885 Judge Parker was appointed a justice of the Supreme Court, to fill the vacancy made by the death of Hon. Theodoric R. Westbrook, and at the end of the year was honored by the unanimous nomination of his party for the full term. The fact that his candidacy was not opposed by a Republican nomination was a compliment to his judicial reputation.

When the second division of the Court of Appeals was created, in 1889 Judge Parker was appointed to it, and served until the dissolution of the court in 1892. Governor Flower then appointed him to serve in the General Term of the First Department. He continued to fill this arduous judicial position until the creation of the Appellate Division, and he then resumed the duties of the trial terms in his own district. Very recently he was designated by Governor Black to take the seat of Justice Barrett, during the latter's illness, on the Appellate Division of New York city.

While never a candidate for political office, for his ambition seems always to have been purely professional, he has taken a most efficient part in political management. He has been a delegate at most of the State conventions, and was a member of the national convention which nominated Mr. Cleveland in 1884. He was made chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee in 1885, and showed singular sagacity in his work. The offices of Secretary of State and Lieutenant-Governor had already been tendered to him and refused. President Cleveland also asked him in vain to be First Assistant Postmaster-General in 1885, a position afterwards accepted by Vice-President Stevenson. Judge Parker's career on the bench, while it has not been distinguished by any great decisions which have left a mark on jurisprudence, has been notable for learning, ability, and great devotion to his work. He has always been a confidential friend and adviser of ex-Senator Hill.

THE ASTORIA CONCERT.

THURSDAY evening of last week brought the first of the series of twelve subscription-concerts arranged at the Astoria for this winter. They occur under a patronage of unusually representative social character for any semi-public concerts. And these twelve are only a part of the Astoria's musical hospitalities between now and May; but it is certain none will be more sumptuously set, none given more of the brilliancy of fashion. It may be added that for any evenings to come there will be trouble in surpassing the excellence of the music. There was nothing new in the programme that began with Beethoven and ended with Liszt. Mr. Seidl's orchestral material and his leadership are familiar good things. But there rose into prompt proof the practical merit of the finest as well as the most artistic and sumptuous concert-room in the city—a concert-room that is in every essential respect a magnificent private drawing-room, or a new *salle* at Versailles, even to the added boxes. The art and the fairness of the decorations, the warmth and color of the appointments, the general æsthetic completeness, charmed, aside from the matter of merely expensive luxury. And if any of the auditors delighted, as likely some did, in the sense of music made once more an apparently exclusive and aristocratic privilege, they had that gratification. Those listeners careless of that matter simply had a rarely perfect concert. The programme was admirable (barring a long and difficult string slow movement by Tschaikowsky). Mr. Seidl and his orchestra were at their best. Never has the body of tone from a fine band, especially its string choir, been more delightfully brought out and pursued. Madame Sembrich, one of the evening's soloists, sang Bellini's "Casta Diva" and "Ah, non giunge" and some German songs with her purest of Italianistic art and temperament for the dramatic in any kind of art. Mr. Leo Stern, an exceptionally finished violoncellist, played with deserved success. The audience was in large part the most distinguished and discriminating patronage to be won from the social registers of society, with a strong professionally musical element added. There was the feeling of being brought into a pleasing and near intimacy with art and the artists. To many present there may have been the satisfaction of being brought almost into touch with part of the flower of New York's wealth, fashion, and distinction. The evening was a red-letter one in our chronicle of musical history, and doubtless the concerts to come in the same series will need many red letters more. In the absence of the official opera-season at the Metropolitan they will be something of emeralds, at least in their social aspect; and a thoroughly good concert is a better musical article any night than the best opera performance in the world.

E. I. S.

MAYOR-ELECT ROBERT A. VAN WYCK.

ROBERT A. VAN WYCK, Chief Judge of the City Court of New York, nominated by the Tammany faction of the Democratic party, and elected first Mayor of the Greater New York, was born in this city in 1850. He is a scion of old Knickerbocker stock, descended in the seventh generation from Cornelius Barents Van Wyck, who came to New Netherlands in 1650 from Wyck, Holland, and married, ten years later, Ann Polhemus, daughter of the Dutch Reformed minister of Flatbush. The family is connected by intermarriage with the Van Rensselaers, Beekmans, Livingstons, Van Vechtens, Hamiltons, and other old family stocks throughout the State, and many of them have been noted names in law, finance, and politics, while several have won reputation as soldiers in the field during the American wars from the time of the Revolution. Judge Van Wyck's father, the late William Van Wyck, was a well-known lawyer sixty years ago. Until his death he was a leader in the councils of the New York Democracy. In early manhood the elder Van Wyck had been a confidential friend of General Jackson and of Martin Van Buren. The brother of the Mayor-elect, Augustus Van Wyck, is a justice of the Supreme Court of the Second Judicial District of the State, and has a high reputation on the bench.

The subject of this sketch left school when very young, and has not had the advantages of what is known as a liberal education. He began business life as an office-boy, but seems to have been alert and persevering in reading and study to overcome deficiencies of schooling. At the age of nineteen he had equipped himself sufficiently to pass the entrance examination for the Law Department of Columbia College, and three years later was graduated from the school, then presided over by the great Professor Dwight, who had made this law-school one of the most celebrated in the United States. He stood at the head of a class of one hundred and twenty-four, and delivered the valedictory address at the class commencement in 1872.

His career as a lawyer has been highly respectable if not notable. He became quickly identified with Tammany Hall politics, and made a considerable local sensation seventeen years ago by rising in a crowded meeting of the General Committee of Tammany Hall and denouncing John Kelly as a traitor to General Hancock, who had just been defeated in the Presidential campaign. Aside from his prominence in Tammany Hall, Judge Van Wyck was not publicly known till he was elected eight years ago to the bench of the City Court of New York, of which he is now Chief Judge. In his latter capacity he has evinced praiseworthy ability and fairness in his decisions. He is one of the trustees of the Holland Society, and is also a member of the St. Nicholas, Manhattan, Democratic, Lotos, and other leading clubs. Personally the Mayor-elect is a man of great geniality of temper, and much esteemed by those who know him best. His friends believe him well equipped for the enormous responsibility involved in the untried problems of the new charter.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

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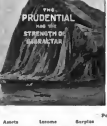

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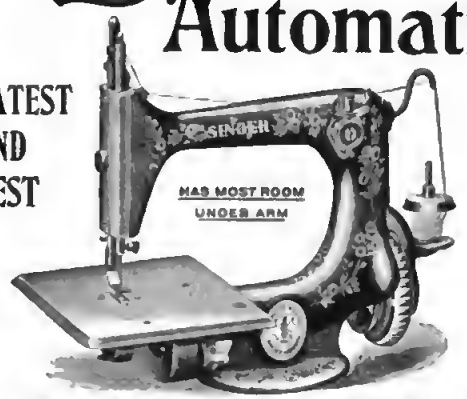

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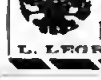

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AMATEUR SPORT

Mr. Caspar Whitney will be absent several months on a sporting tour around the world, including a tour of observation in the West and in Europe, and a hunting expedition for big game in Siam, which he has undertaken for Harper's Weekly.

During Mr. Whitney's absence this Department will publish contributions from well known writers upon special subjects relating to Amateur Sport

THE NEW SEAWANHAKA "ONE-DESIGN" CLASS.

The number of boats which are to be built by members of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club for its new one-design class for next season is phenomenal. This club originated the racing rule that has been adopted and used by all the clubs in this country and in England, and is known as the Seawanhaka Rule for Time Allowance; advocated the introduction of one gun starts in this country, and has always encouraged Corinthianism by allowing only amateurs to sail boats in its regattas. In its latest move the club has made as great a success as in its previous efforts, and it shows that the interest in yacht-racing is as great now as it was in the earlier history of this club, twenty years ago, when its boats were handled entirely by amateurs. In those days no professional was even allowed on board—a rule which was followed until the extreme type of modern boat necessitated the employment of some professionals in the crew. The success of small yacht racing is dependent on amateur and Corinthian sailing. If you have good capable amateurs you will have good racing; and if you have healthy boats that are inexpensive, you will get the younger men to come in, and if they once start, they will grow up with the sport.

For the last few years racing-boats have been so expensive that few young men would take up yachting, and many have turned to other sports, but that this movement which has been started by the Seawanhaka Yacht Club, for healthy boats that are reasonable in price, will serve to bring this element largely back again is shown by the number desirous to enter the new class.

Another reason for the decline of yacht racing in the last few years is that, under existing conditions, boats that have been successful one season can be outbuilt in the following season. It is now practically only a question of cost, and the use of finer materials and more expensive construction. But latterly the cost has been so very great that men have shrunk from building a yacht for the sake of one season's racing, with the possibility of having not even that, owing to the retirement of outclassed competitors after one or two races in the early part of the season.

In the smaller classes there have been some very large entries, such as the trial races for the defender of the International Cup in 1896, when there were twenty six starters; but, in spite of this, it was extremely difficult this year for the Race Committee to get even two boats to start in this class. This was not owing to a lack of interest, but to the fact that the boats were not adapted to anything but racing pure and simple, and that when the great incentive of an international contest was taken away, people would not take the trouble to race them, as there was little satisfaction to be derived from the actual sailing of them.

The one design class seems to be the temporary solution of the trouble. There are several of these classes already in this country which have met with considerable success, but they have all in their design been somewhat guided by the question of absolute speed.

Now the one design feature is bound to give good racing, as the boats are all alike, and the Seawanhaka club has come forward in their design with a boat that is also absolutely healthy as a sailing boat—one in which you can comfortably cruise. The boat is built in a thoroughly strong and workmanlike way, but has not the extreme refinements of modern days in the way of construction and material, which have been found necessary in order to get the last second out of a boat in open competition.

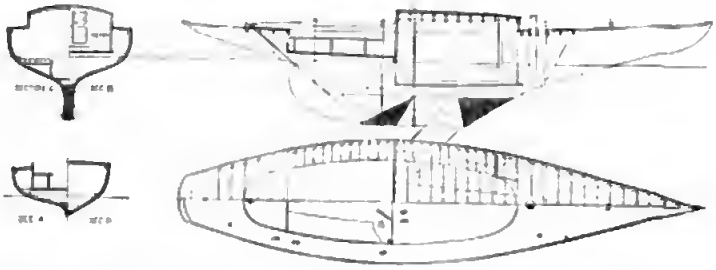
The new Seawanhaka boat would have been called a very finely constructed craft ten years ago, before the days of bronze and double skin construction. It has a comfortable cabin eight feet long, a cockpit seven feet long, with head room enough to sit up comfortably in the cabin. The centerboard is small, and does not come above the cabin floor. There is a large stowage place forward of the cabin for supplies. The boats are twenty one feet on the water line, and thirty three feet over all. Their rig is entirely inboard. They have no bowsprit.

The question of building this class was first agitated in the latter part of July, and it was then hoped that some eight or ten men might be persuaded to build this type of boat. The principal builders and designers were consulted in regard to plans and prices, and these were submitted to a meeting, held on September 6, at the club-house. Eleven boats were ordered at this meeting. Between that day and the next meeting, which was held on October 14, the number of boats had more than trebled, showing that the type was what was desired. This large number of boats, all of one design, will insure the keenest kind of racing in Long Island Sound next summer.

Interest in yacht racing will be revived, young men will be attracted to the sport, and will gain training in the finer points of racing, such as it would be very difficult to get in any other way.

The way this class has taken hold shows that people are not tired of yacht racing, if they can only do it in a healthy type of boat.

Daniel LeRoy Dresser.



DECK PLAN AND LONGITUDINAL AND CROSS SECTIONS OF THE SEAWANHAKA NEW ONE DESIGN KNOCKABOUT

Length over all, (about) 33 feet. Load water-line, (about) 21 feet. Breadth (extreme) 7 feet 9 inches. Breadth, load water-line, 7 feet 3 inches. Draught 4 feet. Draught (extreme), 7 feet.

THE SEAWANHAKA NEW ONE DESIGN KNOCKABOUT.

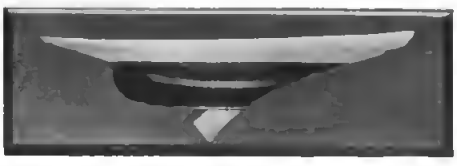
GOLF—A LOOK AHEAD.

Miss Beatrix Hoyt seems to be emulating the performances of Lady Margaret Scott in Great Britain, who won the ladies' championship (you in America call it by the far preferable title of the women's championship) thrice in succession. Unfortunately Lady Margaret Scott then ceased to enter the championship lists, for had she been playing last year she would have met in the Misses Orr antagonists worthy of her skill. But it is to be said, without the slightest disparagement of Lady Margaret Scott's graceful and powerful game, that she had the great advantage of meeting, in these three years of her triumphs, scarcely a competitor who, like herself, had learned the game in childhood. The very large majority had taken to golf while they were yet quite young, indeed, but not quite as children; and we see in our sterner sex also the difference that is made by the age of apprenticeship. Those who have come into the first rank at all, having learned the game after they have ceased growing, may be counted on the fingers of one hand and no champion, amateur or professional, is among that select number. And, equally without the slightest disparagement of Miss Beatrix Hoyt's game, it is to be assumed that she has hitherto had a similar advantage over the great body of her rivals. It may be that in future years others of the rising generations will come to the tee and challenge her shrewdly, though that is by no means to say that she may not win many another championship, even though than challenger!

Indeed, it is to be presumed that golf in America is at this moment passing through a phase from which it is just emerging in England—a phase in which the great majority of the players have learned golf as an art acquired after they have arrived at years of discretion, and not as a game that they picked up on the play-grounds of their childhood. The result is that numbers of players who have practised the game from their cradle—been teethed on a golf club, as the saying goes—are just coming to mature years, and entering the lists with older men; and at every club of any standing there is arising a host of young players at or about the scratch mark, and the average standard of golf is consequently a deal higher than it was a few years ago. The very best of the older players, nevertheless, hold their own with singular tenacity, but these belong to that small minority who began golf when most English boys were exclusively occupied with cricket. And just what has occurred in England will occur, without doubt, in a few years' time in America.

At present the majority of American golfers have taken up the game in their youth, indeed but not in their childhood. They have not grown up to years of discretion golf-club in hand, and consequently they may expect to see the younger generation soon going past their mark in golfing ability. Happily there is very little relation between excellence of golfing ability and the enjoyment to be derived from the game. Some of the players who get the most fun out of it and are most keen about it are the most indifferent performers. So it is certainly here, and so, no doubt, it is with you. If the pleasure of golf depended on the quality of the play, it would not give the universal delight that all sorts and conditions find in it.

But, for all that, it is a fact to be noted, not as a curiosity, but as having some practical bearing on the green-keeper's department, that the average of golf is likely to improve in the next decade or so—to improve in something more than the ordinary measure in which skill in all athletic pursuits seems to improve—and that the next generation is therefore likely to require longer carries and more difficulties than the present generation demands. The normal habit of golf greens, on the contrary, is to become both shorter and easier. They become virtually shorter because, as the turf becomes more and more consolidated by the trampling of the golfer's feet, the ball is inclined to run further and farther the longer golf is played over the green; and they are liable to become easier because it is in the nature of all hazards that partake at all of a fluid character to be gradually hewn away, trampled down and extinguished. So all these facts should be borne in mind by those who have charge of the greens—namely, that it is the tendency of greens to grow shorter and easier, whereas the tendency of the coming generation of golfers is likely, on the other hand, to be towards demanding longer and more hazardous courses. It is true that where we have sand bunkers and the soil is light and friable, the bunkers have sometimes shown rather a disposition to extend themselves by the blowing and drifting of the sand and by the breaking down of the bunker's



HALF MODEL OF SEAWANHAKA NEW ONE DESIGN KNOCKABOUT.

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edges; but this has not been altogether a desirable mode of extension, for it gives the bunker an ill-defined area—one scarcely known whether one is in it or out of it, may lie worse in the drifted sand outside than on the firmer bottom within—in a word, a bunker thus extending itself shows all the worst features of that worst characteristic of a golfing hazard, lack of definition. But of other hazards, short of a turnpike road, a river, or a forest tree, the great majority are apt to be "improved," by time and by much golfing, off the face of the green. The whins, or gorse, which were so well recognized a golfing hazard on the old classic courses, have played no very false since golf has become so popular. Where now can one find a whin on the Musselburgh course? At St. Andrews the whins have almost gone, and at Prestwick, though it is a private links, they have nearly disappeared. A good many of them suffered very severely in the exceptionally hard winter of a few years ago, but the majority have fallen under sheer stress of much golf playing. We can put no trust in the duration of the whin as a golfing hazard, nor in any but the most sylvan products of Flora.

It is easy to see what we have lost, but quite another thing to make suggestions for guarding against similar loss in the future. The great rushes that are so salient a feature of the Westward Ho course are more enduring than any other vegetable form of hazard—forest trees, of course, excepted—yet even they yield to ill usage in process of time, and, besides they are the peculiar product of special soils. It is possible, no doubt, to encourage your vegetable hazards—of whin or what not—with a circle of tar or whitewash, and make a hard and fast rule that a ball of any unfortunate happening to stray within this tabooed circuit is to be lifted and dropped without, at a penalty of a stroke; but this is an indignity and a rule of artifice against which the soul of every freeborn natural golfer indignantly rebels. Such practices are generally condemned as "not golf," and only to be tolerated where the benighted commoner insists on the preservation of the floral growth as a harbor for his sheep or kine. One might as well have the tarred circle alone, and no hazard, for an premium is thus given to skill in playing from the hazard. No, the only conclusion seems to be that there is no permanent virtue in floral hazards, and that therefore the right alternative of the good golfer and greenkeeper is to seek such hazards—as sand bunker, gravel-quarry, stream, or road—as shall not be liable to disappear with time and golf. In the making of artificial hazards, especially, an good ever seems to be done by planting any form of vegetable obstruction that these little islands of ours produce. Whether the great continent of America can do any better in this way, this writer cannot say.

The best kind of artificial hazards that we make seem to be sunken bunkers, provided the soil be of such nature as to give them a sandy bottom. There is a great prejudice in some quarters against sunken bunkers, it is urged that they are not visible from the tee, and that often a stranger will find himself trapped in one of which he did not suspect the existence. But the answer to this is that his caddie, if of any moderate intelligence, ought to warn him of its existence; after a round or two of the links he should grow sufficiently acquainted with the hazards—especially if he has visited them once or twice—to know their whereabouts for himself; and, as a conclusive answer to objectors, we may illustrate the bunkers of St. Andrews—the best placed, in the writer's humble judgment of those of any golf links—of which the majority are of this sunken, invisible nature. The sunken bunker is the best test of a man's ability to get out of it. It gives the good hazard player a chance—a chance that is denied him if he find himself hard and fast up against the wall of one of those bank bunkers that our links-gardeners are so fond of making for us. But, after all, we do not want all our bunkers sunken, or all of the same kind, whatever it be. We want variety to give zest to the game. Let some of the artificial bunkers be of the banked-up kind; but even in making these let us always remember that they are but makeshifts, that the natural bunkers are the best, and always to be used in preference where available, and that if we are driven to artifice we should strive to imitate nature's lines. On this argument we shall therefore not trace our banks in a straight line across the course, but in a curving S-like form, which shall best imitate the graceful lines of nature's curves, and shall moreover, give the skillful player a chance of using his niblick or heavy iron to play out of them with some effect. And in the placing of these bunkers, let the green-designer bethink him that he is planting his obstacles not only for the immediate present, but virtually for all time, and that in the near future the consolidation of the turf and the increased skill of the golfer will demand longer measures than those which best suit the average golfer of to day.

HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL.

Brown's great blunder lay in her schedule that is, of course, providing that her management wished to make a great showing. Her men have learned a lot of football. Her team, when it once more gets on its feet physically, will be as new a veteran team as any one season can make of a team composed so largely of green men. But forty to nothing is too great a score to leave any remnant of hope to Brown's mind of the satisfaction of saying, "We are in the first class, or close to it." It is only left her to say, "We are in the second class, but with us are some of the former stars." When a team undertakes to play Wesleyan, Yale, Harvard, and Pennsylvania in the very short period of time allotted to it by Brown this year, that team can rest assured that while its knowledge of the game will be greatly increased, its physical condition will be such as to preclude its giving the best exhibition of its powers.

West Point gave Yale that predicted "bad time," and gave it to her with a vengeance indeed. Mr. Graves and Mr. Butterworth are the closest friends, and have been ever since they played together at New Haven, so it must have been with a strange mixture of feeling that the former saw his team ahead of Yale, and in a fair way to defeat her. The game was all that could be asked in the way of excitement. The day was wholly different from that one upon which Harvard and West Point met, and instead of that scorching and exhausting weather, in place of that tame and almost sedate struggle with its distressing fumbling, we saw a brilliant, exhilarating day, a contest that was anybody's battle to the end, and play that was good in team execution, while here and there relieved by a star performance that sent the crowd to their feet. West Point played her persistent bull-dog game, and never for an instant let go, save perhaps at that one unexpected moment when Corwin made his run and saved Yale from defeat.

Had it not been for the real sand that there is in the composition of the Yale individuals ranking up the team this year, West Point would have certainly vanquished them. But, as in the Brown game, and in others of the season, Yale showed that there is right good pluck in her men. Still, the blue did not play the game to win, and were less irresistible when approaching the enemy's goal than in the Brown and Indiana games.

In the game against Harvard, Cornell failed to carry out the promise of her showing against Princeton and Lafayette. Some of this was due to Cornell's lack of finishing quality, and this may have been in part accounted for by these two hard matches and the strain through which the men had passed. But, for all that, one cannot avoid or belittle the fact that Harvard put up an exceptionally strong game—not a showy game, nor in the ordinary sense a phenomenal game, but a game that told, that kept coming, forcing, driving, continually, with increasing vigor. One never felt, after the beginning of the second half, in spite of the closeness of the first, that Cornell stood any chance of winning, and as the minutes went on, one felt the usual sympathy for the under dog. Cornell's defence was losing its life, and upon that its merit depended. The method and theory of that defence were based upon the dash and determination of the men guarding the points from guard to end, and when these men lost their fire Harvard swept over and passed them. The individual work of Beal was also a factor, and can fairly be set by the side of the marvellous canning of Dibblee. Young's clever drop was the bright particular incident that left Cornell something of pleasure to carry away in the bitterness of defeat. Their Freshmen, also at Philadelphia, gave the Ithacans a little balm by defeating the Pennsylvania youngsters.

The other games of interest last Saturday were the Williams-Colgate, in which the fact was all the more conclusively demonstrated that good team-work of weight and strength will win over individual performance. With a heavy mass play Colgate swept the league members to defeat. Chicago Athletic Club laid a claim to a niche above Harvard and Yale by defeating New town, 36 to 0. The University of Chicago had a hot game with Illinois, winning out by 18 to 12. The University of Michigan, after what the Oberlin men claim was most unfair treatment of their team a short time before, was defeated by her own graduates, 22 to 5. Wisconsin swamped Minnesota, 39 to 0, and Purdue distanced Indiana, 15 to 0. Carlisle literally romped over poor Gettysburg, and Lafayette, who once on a time used to find an equal rival in Lehigh (when, by the way, Bucknell defeated by eight points), buried her under 34 points. The University of Virginia defeated Georgia, 17 to 4, in a game in which an accident to a player, resulting fatally, has saddened all that section.

Never have two teams played so many ties in succession as have Elizabeth and Orange, and the ties have meant something, too. The two teams are made up in a fashion that is rather a menace to amateurs, for no matter how sincere the management may be in sticking to the law, star eleven are always in the line of temptation. But this sport they furnish is great fun. It is rather cheering, also, to see lined up on the same side and working together for the common five yard gain the very men who in their college days may have looked daggers at one another. The condition of the grounds was bad, but the two teams put up good football. Wharton's work was of the same high class that he exhibited at the University of Pennsylvania, and Stillman played centre as he used to against Harvard and Princeton. Ransom punted as he used to on the Haight Street grounds in San Francisco against Stanford, and the star runs of those with whom we are more familiar, Knapp and "Denson" Smith, were worth going to see. The team-work of Elizabeth seemed better defined, but when Orange took the bit in her teeth, figuratively speaking, she was wellnigh irresistible. The next match will be anybody's game.

On Saturday, the 12th, on Soldiers' Field, at Cambridge, Harvard will have the opportunity of testing the question of Yale's defence. In twenty years of football Harvard has crossed the goal-line of Yale just six times, and has won but one game. In the last ten years Harvard has scored twenty four points against Yale. It has seemed at times as if the strung of Yale victories must come to an end, that the time for Harvard had arrived, and yet the almost unbroken line of successes continued. Both universities suffered under this condition of affairs. Yale became over confident and Harvard wellnigh hopeless. Then occurred the memorable Springfield game in which Harvard showed vastly improved form—form that against many a team would have won. The bitterness that followed that game is buried now, and the two start off with a clean slate.

Yale's latest move has certainly strengthened her centre most materially, and if these men remain intact, Cadwalader at centre, with Brown and Marshall flanking him, it will make a strong and hardly fast combination. But Harvard has two combinations to put against this trio—one, Ducette, Bouvé, and Shaw, the original arrangement, and the other with Beal, or, if worst come to worst, Haskell or Wheeler. Out at tackles neither of the two teams has been able to settle upon a continued arrangement. All sorts of material have been tried at each university. Harvard started with Donald and Wheeler, Yale with Rodgers and Dunton, as the probable incumbents. Since that time Harvard has tried at least five others, and Yale even more. At New Haven it has come down to Rodgers and Chamberlain, and at Harvard according to the latest advices, Swain and Donald. Before this is cold in type, however, the coaches will probably make still further alterations. But, whatever they do, it is reasonably sure that Harvard will outweigh Yale at these most important and vulnerable positions, while at end—the place that, well filled, helps out the tackles troubles greatly—Harvard has been well satisfied, while Yale has been almost at sea.

I doubt very much if a general vote taken at Yale among the coaches and players as to the choice of ends would focus upon any two men with enough weight to decide the question, and it is not because all the candidates are so good as to make the selection difficult. Cabot and Moulton will very likely face Hazen Hall, and Slocovich. Not that Yale will play with twelve men, but that it may take three ends to get her through half the game. The quarter back positions will be played by small but likely men, Garrison carrying Harvard, and De Saulles Yale. Here there is little to choose, but De Saulles at half, and Stoddard, Sullivan, or Ely at quarter would make Yale the better. Dibblee is the best half on either team. At full back, McBride of Yale is considerably better than any man Harvard has for the place. He is heavy, strong, and always at work. His punting is lacking in direction and sometimes faintly low or slow, but he gets in a stiff drive, and his longest kicks cover a good piece of the field.

If there be one thing that Mr Forbes and his system have inculcated, that thing is team play. The Harvard eleven has been sent through its plays so many times that it is practically impossible for any man to be out of place. Most of the men could go through them even in their sleep. This making is second nature for the team to execute with wonderful exactitude such plays as belong to its category makes Harvard this year a team of good reserve power. To rattle around irretrievably in false positions in the modern concentrated plays tires men out physically, whereas these same plays, when executed methodically, are far less exhausting to the individual than a long open run. Harvard's list includes a modest variety, but that variety is ingeniously planned so that no one or two men are forced to stand the brunt of the work. In this respect, as was shown in the few plays it made in the Cornell game, especially in the second half, it is second to no team on the gridiron to day, and is probably Yale's superior from the stand-point of tactical possibilities.

Yale's real chance lies in equipping her men with one or two of her best plays, getting them thoroughly together on those few plays, and then relying upon the almost unlimited pluck and determination that is a known possession of the team this year. Both offence and defence are at times ragged. But the latter has materially improved since our last writing. In generalship of the game, Yale must turn over a new leaf or be outclassed. In the Brown game and the Indiana game Yale was ploughing along at a running game in her own territory when she should have been punting and saving herself. Deliberately she stopped within a few feet of her goal line balls which were going across, with no opposers within a hundred feet.

The well worn tales of disagreement among coaches at Yale ought to be as threadbare by this time as to be easily penetrated by the naked eye. There is not and has not been the slightest disagreement at New Haven from start to finish. The very best possible has been made out of the green material at hand since it was taken in charge. The time that was allowed to go to waste was all the winter and early spring, when the coaches of the other university teams were thinking of football and laying out the campaign. As there was then no coach at Yale and practically no one in charge, the work was not really taken up until fall or late summer.

Every one waited for Yale's Saturday game with the Chicago Athletic Association team to secure a correct estimate upon Yale's chances against Harvard. To say that every one saw a good game would be putting it mildly. There were a dash and determination about the play worthy of a championship match. There was plenty of opportunity to obtain the desired line upon the Yale team, and the eleven seemed to be ready for its measurement. Draper did the star work for Chicago, and several times went down the side-line, once most dangerously for Yale's peace of mind. The Yale team has at last got together, and showed it conclusively. The game it put up will keep Harvard's hands full if it repeats it next Saturday. The runners struck the line hard, and with a fierceness that carried Chicago off its feet. The defence was fifty per cent ahead of anything the team has hitherto exhibited, Cadwalader at centre with Brown and Marshall at guards making a stiff trio. Benjamin played his game as he has not done for a long time, and was especially strong on the defence. In the running game, where formerly there has been too light assistance rendered to the man with the ball, there were on Saturday at least five, and generally six, well concentrated about him as he struck the line, and the mass was well driven home. For the first touch-down Yale ploughed her way from the centre to the goal line without a hitch or stop, and Chicago only faced it to be hewled over by the mass. The only point that was really worth criticising in the Yale play was that which enabled Chicago to do its only showy work, and also to score. That point was the failure of the Yale ends to turn the runners in after McBride's long punts. Harvard will take advantage of this with her last backs, just as Chicago did with Draper.

The score-comparing crowd can simply revel in Saturday's games. Pennsylvania, having practically annihilated Brown, the team that played Yale to a virtual tie, scored but ten points more than the Indians, whom both Yale and Princeton had defeated more extensively. Princeton, too, came back into the calculations to a degree by running up fifty seven points against Lafayette. Wesleyan, who was scheduled to run away with Trinity, could barely get home ahead, and that only by better goal-kicking, the score being 6 to 4. Williams and Amherst failed to settle the question of superiority, each getting six points.

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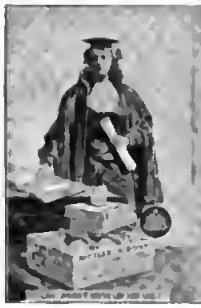

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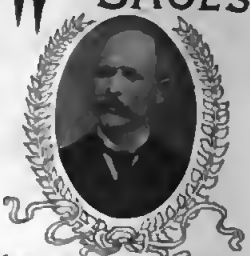

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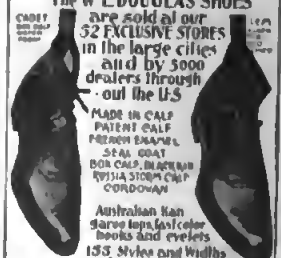

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1897.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, NOVEMBER 20, 1897

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PHILADELPHIA seems likely to give up its control of the gas business. The Mayor and Councils have leased the city's works to a private company. That the experiment of municipal ownership has not been wholly successful was shown by Mr. CLINTON ROGERS WOODRUFF's article on the subject published in the WEEKLY of October 16 last. And yet, too, it must be admitted that the experiment has hardly had a fair trial in Philadelphia.

THE English press was much interested in the municipal election in New York, and discussed it with some intelligence. In its issue of October 30, the *Spectator* said, with truth, that the contest was "part of the great war of Ormuzd and Ahriman, of the powers of the light and the dark, and it is a very vital part." Ahriman has won; but as we get farther away from the immediate disappointment we see that Ormuzd never led so large a host to battle for the light in a democratic municipality.

MR. MCKINLEY is reported to expect the annexation of Hawaii. We fear that his expectation is likely to be realized, and we deeply regret that it is so. The day when annexation shall be accomplished will be an evil one for this country, and the troubles that will come to us in consequence will be gratifying to Jingoes, unsound money men, spendthrift statesmen, high protectionists, and lynchers—to all who dread the consequences of intelligent and needed legislation, of sound instruction of public opinion on domestic affairs, and of good government.

THE war in the highlands on the northwest border of India goes on. Sir WILLIAM LOCKHART is punishing the hostile tribesmen, but at great cost, and the British government is preparing for the building of roads through the mountains, which, as the *Speaker* says, will be of great use to Russia if ever the Czar wants to push his advance into India. One fact revealed by the despatches has a most important bearing on England's military efficiency. The transport system seems to be just as inefficient as it was in Lord ROBERTS's day, and this weakness leads one to suspect that the British army is not up to the standard of Continental Europe.

A good deal of intemperate criticism of football is indulged in by people who know little of the game. The Georgia Legislature is passing a bill prohibiting it, and hasty persons elsewhere are urging its general suppression. Now football is by far the best of athletic games, and while there are many deplorable evils in its present practice, and while too many casualties occur by reason of these evils, it ought not to be suppressed, although there is no doubt that it ought to be reformed. If, however, some of the critics of the game had acquired the power to restrain their temper and to keep their heads, which is gained on the football-field, they would not now be indulging in intemperate intellectual slugging on a subject which they little understand.

THERE is an interesting conference at Washington between this country and Great Britain, at which Canada is represented. The United States, Russia, and Japan have agreed together, and the agreement has been signed with becoming formality, that pelagic sealing should cease for a time, so that now all interests are arrayed against the Canadian pelagic sealers. Upon this the conference between Great Britain and the United States, thus strengthened by the support of the other two powers, is called on, and the Dominion, with a delegation headed by the Premier, Sir WILFRID LAURIER himself—an unusual event—makes its appearance at Washington. It is a recognized fact, of course, that Great Britain will do nothing against Canada's interests, or pretended interests, but this is the first time that a British ambassador has been so clearly and definitely the attorney of the client who is sitting at his elbow. It is all a demonstration of Canada's absolute independence, as well as of her diplomatic irresponsibility. Canada is thought to want more than the protection of pelagic sealers—perhaps a general reciprocity arrangement.

SENATOR HANNA is not yet defeated, but he is not yet elected. He was the issue in choosing members of the Ohio Legislature, and the aggregate Republican majorities on the legislative ticket amounted to 3000, while Governor BUSHNELL received a majority of 28,000. This shows that HANNA is not so popular with Ohio Republicans as FORAKER and BUSHNELL, and it is said that these two, or FORAKER at least, will try to prevent the return of the President's friend to the Senate. That this is true of FORAKER is indicated by his assertion that it is not, but that it may be if "certain persons" keep on talking about him. The truth is that Republican politicians in Ohio carry a large arsenal of knives for one another, and that they are as offensive a lot of spoil-seekers as recent political conditions have produced. Mr. HANNA might not to be a Senator, it is true; and, on the whole, his defeat would be good for the country. He is a presumptuous upstart, a boss of unusual vulgarity, and he has an overweening confidence in the power of money in elections. But his defeat by FORAKER will not be an unmixed blessing, for certainly FORAKER is incapable of enjoying the friendship of any one more worthy of a Senatorship than he is himself.

IS PLATT's day drawing to a close? Who can tell? Some Republicans, notably JACOB WORTH, are organizing a movement hostile to him, and WORTH says that a citizens' movement of Republicans is to be organized in every town in the State. It even appears that an attempt is to be made to defeat PLATT's candidate, O'GRADY, for the Speakership of the Assembly, and to elect PLATT's enemy, Mr. LAMBERT, instead. We hope all this will turn out well, but we doubt the constancy of Republican hostility to PLATT. We have had evidence of its instability before. Secretary BLISS once turned his back on PLATT, and signed a paper declaring, in effect, that PLATT's power was based on fraud, and that no self respecting man could act with him. But Mr. BLISS came round, and supported PLATT in his effort to help CROKER elect VAN WYCK. Every effort to put down PLATT, to break up his partnership with CROKER, and his pernicious power over the State and city, to find out what he does with his "campaign funds," to make it impossible for him to send his collectors to corporations, to put an end to the Mephistophelian assistance that he gives to "young men on the threshold of politics," will have our cordial good wishes, but we must be excused, in view of the past—of the very, very near past—if we doubt the sincerity of Republican professions of hostility to PLATT.

THE question of most immediate importance to this country is that of the relations between Spain and the United States. The developments of last week and this week before are not convincing, but they raise grave doubts as to the future. There is doubtless an excellent prospect of war, and it seems, on the whole, that the question rests with Spain, for there is hardly a doubt that during the coming winter the United States government will do something in the way of intervention which Spain will either resent or to which she must yield. By far the most enlightening contribution to the discussion of the situation that we have had is the article by our late minister to Spain, Mr. HANNIS TAYLOR, which appeared in the November number of the *North American Review*. Mr. TAYLOR has been criticised for revealing secrets which he learned in his official capacity, but there is no ground for such a charge. A careful reading of his article will convince any fair mind that Mr. TAYLOR has only stated what any intelligent man could learn by a residence at Madrid, a knowledge of Spanish history, and an acquaintance with Spanish public men. Whether, as ex-minister, he should have published anything is another question; but on this point it is to be observed that there is more criticism of Mr. TAYLOR on this side of the water than there appears to be in Spain. Mr. TAYLOR says that the Spanish government cannot conquer Cuba, and cannot give a satisfactory form of autonomy to the island simply because the Spaniards do not know what popular government is, and will never consent to such home rule as the Cubans and this country would consider satisfactory. Mr. TAYLOR thinks that the United States ought to intervene.

IN the mean time the new Captain-General, BLANCO, has not issued a proclamation declaring autonomy, nor has he yet any authority to do so. Indeed, the Spanish cabinet seems not to have reached a definite conclusion on the subject. Fresh news has been received of intense suffering among the Cubans who are concentrated in small villages. The horrors of famine and disease, as they have been told by a special correspondent of the *World*, are heart breaking. The stories of suffering verify all that Mr. STEPHEN BONSAL wrote in the WEEKLY when he first revealed, last spring, to the people of this country, the terrible results of WEYLER's cruel order. The problem before the United States seems to be undergoing solution through events. Whatever may be the exact language of General WOODFORD's note to the Duke of Tetuan, the United States have asked for an ending of the war; and whatever may be the form of Spain's reply, autonomy has been promised. The time is passing, and the promise is not kept. It is more than doubtful if it will ever be satisfactorily fulfilled. And in the event of the anticipated failure, what is this country to do? It has apparently extracted a promise, and while it must give Spain an opportunity to try the effect of the fulfilment of the promise, it cannot be trifled with, and the war in Cuba, and the outrages that are ruining our commerce, threatening this country with the infection of contagious disease, and destroying the island, must be brought to an end. The effort to bring about the end may result in war, but Mr. TAYLOR thinks not, and the recent failure of Spain to obtain credit for gunboats in London indicates that she has nearly, if not quite, reached the end of her resources. Consul-General FITZHUGH LEE has returned to his post, confident that there will be no war, and SAGASTA has sent a friendly message to the United States. Messages, however, avail nothing. The war in Cuba must be brought to a close, and the island, our close neighbor, must cease to be a bankrupt breeder of dangerous pestilence.

THE END OF GORMAN.

THE news from Maryland that GORMAN had been defeated came like a refreshing breeze. Of all the bosses, he has exercised the most baleful influence upon national affairs. It is true that the announcement is made that he will not retire, but will next year seek a nomination for the House of Representatives; but even if he succeed in accomplishing that design, his power—a power invariably exercised for evil—is broken. Sooner or later the boss goes down, and GORMAN has met his fate. His State has repudiated him.

He is the offspring of machine politics, and he owes the high place to which he has attained to the cupidity and subserviency of men weaker than himself and to the timidity or complaisance of his equals and superiors. He represents a political condition which is likely to prevail at times in every democracy, and which is best described perhaps as a lack of intelligent opposition. In the early days of the republic we had the "era of good feeling" an era in which office holding was the central interest of American political life, and when all ambitious politicians sought public favor by the same methods, the same or similar declarations of opinion. Since the war this condition has been more marked than it was in the time of President MONROE. In the earlier period the American people were satisfied with themselves and their achievements, and politicians had no choice but to join in the general profession of belief that the slave holding republic, which had not yet assumed any rank in the world, and which was famously refusing to consider seriously its most difficult problem, was the "best government on the face of the earth." In the later period the Democratic politicians found themselves with abundant reasons for opposition, with political and economic principles which were, and are, hostile to those held and practised by the Republican party, but which demanded for their maintenance an enlightened courage that involved the surrender of power, and of the prospect of power, for years to come. There was then in the party a group of leaders who, by reason of their fidelity to what they considered right, were worthy to rank among the best men that the country has produced. They were very small in number and very large in conviction. They fought the Republican party's scheme of reconstruction with their law-books, and were beaten. They contended against force bills and civil rights bills, and in the end they were held to be right. These questions growing out of the war, however, did not strengthen the Democratic party. The great body of the Northern people were against them. Some of the best men then in public life had been "Southern sympathizers," and some of the "Southern sympathizers," especially in the border States, were among the

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worst men in politics, among the most brutal products of the brutal slave-hunting time. GORMAN was among them. Moreover, the Northern people held the Democratic party responsible for the war, and Democratic opposition to the reconstruction measures intensified this feeling of suspicion and dislike, while, notwithstanding the considerable character and talent of many Democratic leaders, there was no statesman in the party capable of taking advantage of the many opportunities opened to the opposition by the intemperance of the most radical Republicans. It was necessary that this intemperance, born probably of the pride of conquest, should manifest itself in open, flagrant corruption before the Democratic opposition was strengthened by it, and then the strength came from the secession of the Independent Republicans.

The questions of the war being settled, the Democratic party had its great opportunity. Its best men saw it, and, with the knowledge that the struggle would be long and the rewards of their lifetime small or none at all, entered upon the contest against socialism as it soon began to find expression in the tariff policy of the Republican party. In the early days of the war against wealth accumulated through legislation the attitude of Democratic leaders was admirable, and if it had been maintained and followed by a courageous steadfastness on the part of the whole organization, the Democratic party would have doubtless elected a President before the time when Mr. CLEVELAND was chosen, and to-day it would form a strong and wholesome opposition to the Republican party—the kind of opposition that is so desirable under a democratic form of government, at least so long as party rule prevails, that it may be said to be essential to the health of the body politic. But cowardice and corruption prevailed over courage and principle. One by one the strong men were sent into retirement, and facile and unprincipled seekers for spoils took their places. Some of the best of the Democratic leaders, like THURMAN, made mistakes; but notwithstanding their slips, what a race of giants appear—men like THURMAN, CARLISLE, MORRISON, BEN HILL, BAYARD, WILSON, BRECKENRIDGE, CLEVELAND, and TILDEN, when—compared with GORMAN, BRICE, MURPHY, TILLMAN, BAILEY, and the rest of the swarm now buzzing at the head of the men of money!

GORMAN came creeping to the top in response to the selfish demands of the working politicians for place. He was a worthy leader of a gang of plunderers. He began life as a politician of the meanest sort. The Baltimore statesman who introduced the brad-awl into politics as the most potent and effective enemy of intelligence found many GORMANS ready to his hand. GORMAN has risen to power by brad-awl politics. It is true that the day for the instrument of torture which was used to drive decent citizens from the polls is gone; but to those who used it have succeeded men fertile in more cunning devices, who produced at last the modern machine, which, as GORMAN himself inadvertently confessed in his letter to the editor of the Baltimore SUN, believes in nothing but office. It was easy for such a man to reach the Senate from Maryland, but his fall at last was inevitable, and is, we hope and believe, final, for although bosses may rise and prosper for a time, their disgrace is certain in the end. Either they are crushed in the machine which they have controlled or the machine itself is smashed, as it has been in Maryland, by an outraged people.

While GORMAN was at the height of his power his evil influence extended over the whole party. He became the leader of the national organization, and from first to last he was opposed to everything and everybody wholesome and desirable. He was willing to abandon any party profession or to break any party promise that seemed to him to stand in the way of his success. He conducted the party's campaign in 1884, and broke with Mr. CLEVELAND in his first term, after doing his best to injure his administration. He was treacherous to Mr CLEVELAND in 1888, and after 1892 he did his utmost to prevent the accomplishment of the unconditional repeal of the SHERMAN act, and he was the leader in the Senate who did most to defeat the WILSON bill and to carry out the commands, or wishes, of the Sugar Trust. Of all the Democratic leaders he has done most to cover his party with the shame and contempt that it has won and is wearing, to cause the evolution which has led the old organization to outbid the Republican party for socialistic support, and to bring about the revolt which has made BRYAN the successor of CLEVELAND.

Instead of winning the prize of the Presidential nomination, for which he abased himself, he is now one of the wrecks with which the people of this country have marked the pathway of men who try to rise to power by deceiving and corrupting them. Outside of the henchmen who have profited by GORMAN'S bounty no one will regret that the end of his public life is come.

SOME THINGS TO BE REMEMBERED.

THE results of the recent elections have given the "practical politicians" of the Republican party a remarkable abundance of food for reflection. The enormous majorities for Mr. MCKINLEY rolled up in the East and North last year had put them in an over-confident mood. Not a few of them were so much carried away by their triumph that they actually saw in those majorities a permanent accession to the Republican party strength. The prediction that this Republican vote could in one short year be reduced to the average it had shown before the MCKINLEY election, or even below it, would have been laughed to scorn by them. They are now beginning to perceive that the majorities of last year were extremely uncertain quantities; that they were brought about by the combination of different elements which united temporarily for the sole purpose of averting a great public danger; that the temporary allies of the Republican party reserved to themselves their judgment as to what course they would follow in the future, and that their judgment has largely been determined by the use the Republican party has made of its power. Republicans may also now be disposed to admit that in hold the combination together it was, above all things, necessary that the Republican party should give its attention first to the object for the attainment of which the combination had been formed, instead of using its power and opportunities exclusively for the gratification of its own partisan desires, and that, as the Republican rush for extreme protection and for the offices was particularly distasteful to the allies, the alliance was dissolved as a matter of course, and an anti-Republican current in the elections was bound to follow. As a general rule, an alliance like that of last year will necessarily go to pieces as soon as it appears that its principal beneficiary seeks to monopolize all the advantages of it, with disregard of the terms, expressed or fairly implied, upon which it was based. It will always be so.

The Republicans plead in vain that, owing to the adverse majority of the Senate of the United States, they could not have carried through any sound-money legislation if they had tried. The conspicuous fact is that they did not try, and that the manner in which they declined to try leaves ample room for the suspicion that they did not mean to try, but had only the tariff in view. Neither does the plea avail that had they tried to put forward sound money legislation and failed, the effect of the failure would have been bad as to business confidence, for the confession that success was impossible produced an effect equally bad, if not worse. Had they tried with spirit and energy, and failed, the country and the financial world abroad would at least have had the assurance that there was a powerful political party honestly determined to put our monetary system upon a sound basis, and the combination of forces which was victorious last year might have been preserved in a common effort, with a prospect of future success. At any rate, whether the excuses offered be good or bad, when the Republicans in power coolly put the money question aside, and when they exhausted all their efforts to give the country a protective tariff higher than ever, and when they indulged in such pranks as the annexation of Hawaii, and when the clamor for spoils resounded all over the country with unprecedented fierceness, and when the insolence of the bosses exceeded all bounds, it is no wonder that the bulk of the allies of last year should have declined co-operation on the field of State or municipal politics. These allies have certainly not lost their interest in the cause for which last year they fought side by side with the Republicans. For that cause they would, no doubt, be ready to fight again. But they would not permit themselves to be used for other purposes of which they disapprove. In this respect, it is a significant fact that the anti-Republican current has been strongest in those States in which the sound money cause is least in danger.

The wise men among the Republican leaders can hardly fail to appreciate this feature of the situation. They can no longer nourish the delusion, if they ever entertained it, that the DINGLEY tariff alone will under present circumstances bring on that general and lasting prosperity which is to take us over all difficulties. They must have observed that the beginning of a business revival we have witnessed has been partly overclouded again by the chronic distrust as to what the future may bring with regard to the money question, and that the cloud of uncertainty has been still more darkened by the prospect opened by the recent elections. They cannot escape the conclusion that the confidence necessary to the growth of real and lasting prosperity will not come to stay until the business world believes that our monetary system is settled, or at least is in assured progress of settlement, on a sound basis. They must see that only by doing now as much as is still possible of that which should have been done last summer—that is, by advancing the money question courageously to the foreground, and by repressing the spoils hunger and the Jingo tendencies in their party—they can recover some of the strength they have lost. It is not surprising that the Republicans should think with some anxiety of the Congressional elections which are to take place next year. They have reason for uneasiness. The money question will no doubt play a great, and probably the most important, part in those elections. The Republican leaders should consider in time how their party will stand in that campaign, and what its chances of attracting its former allies will be, if it has to confess that it has not even tried to serve the purpose which the forces combined last year had in common, and that it has no positive programme to offer. The party will then have to run substantially upon the strength of the same record which cost it so many votes this year, and the prospect will be, to say the least, by no means cheerful.

The responsibility of the Republican party in this matter would be less grave if the alternative were between it and an opposition party of a conservative character. But everybody knows that at present the alternative is really between it and an opposition party given to all sorts of confused economic notions and subversive tendencies. The free-silver craze may have become weakened in some parts of the country, under the influence of last year's educational campaign and this year's high prices of agricultural products, although in most of the States which were carried by BRYAN it seems to be as rampant as ever. But be that as it may, the Democratic party, as it now is, gives us every reason to fear that a Democratic House of Representatives would not only preclude all hope of sound-money legislation during President MCKINLEY'S term, but also bring forth new agitations and uncertainties, throwing still farther obstacles in the way of a revival of confidence. The Republicans are perhaps counting upon the willingness of those who helped them in last year's fight against Bryanism to do the same thing if a similar crisis should arise. Even assuming them to be right in such an expectation, it would still be an extremely reckless game on their part, while relying upon the generous patriotism of others, to discourage and repel that aid as much as possible by the exclusive pursuit of a narrow partisan policy. And even if that aid might be counted upon to come forth again in the extreme emergency of a Presidential election, it will be far less, if at all, likely to be offered in the election of members of Congress, unless the Republicans in the present Congress give a proof of their good faith and courage as to the attainment of the common object.

Take, as an example, the State of New York, whose delegation may determine the complexion of the next House of Representatives. The MCKINLEY majority of more than a quarter of a million was wiped out, and a Democratic majority of about seventy thousand substituted, partly by a large number of Democrats who had voted for MCKINLEY now going back to their party, partly by a large part of the independent vote, which in this State is very strong, supporting this time the Democratic candidate, as well as by many dissatisfied Republicans staying away from the polls. This, of course, does not mean that those voters in passing from one side to the other have changed their minds on the money question. But it does mean a vote of want of confidence in the Republican party as that party appears in the light of its conduct since it came into power again. That want of confidence will, of course, not be turned into the opposite sentiment if the Republicans now in Congress simply continue in the course they have followed so far. Neither can it be done by attempts to capture more spoils for Republican workers, or by an unreasonable immigration restriction law, or by the annexation of Hawaii, or similar Jingo fireworks. It can be done, in a great measure at least, only by a resolute effort, whatever obstacles may stand in the way, to solve the great problem which formed the decisive issue of last year's election, and by such a policy in other respects as will commend itself to the good sense, the conservative sentiment, and the enlightened patriotism of the American people.

CARL SCHURZ.

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NEW BUILDING FOR THE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, PHILADELPHIA.
Interior, showing Grand Staircase Hall, with large Ball-Room beyond.

HORTICULTURAL HALL, PHILADELPHIA.

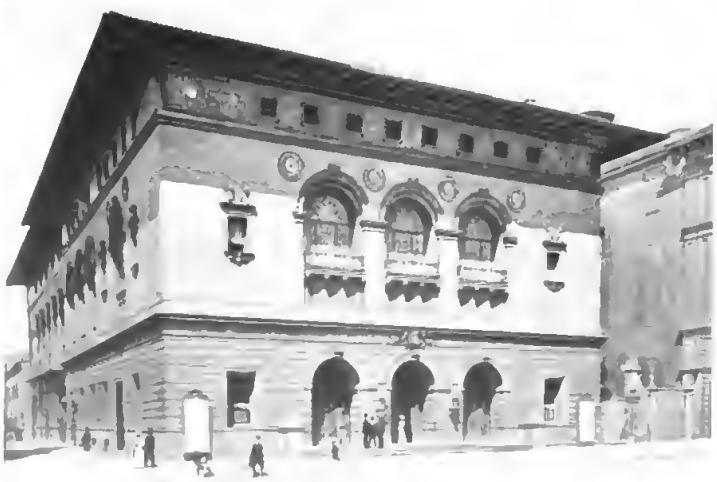
THE new building of the Horticultural Society of Philadelphia, recently completed, aside from its significance as a structure dedicated to the purposes of a unique organization and its artistic worth, offers the first example of exterior mural decoration attempted in the United States, and these pictures will probably decide whether or not the rigors of our climate will permit of further development in this direction.

The structure, which is the most notable work of the architects Frank Miles Day & Brother, occupies the site of two other halls of the society, destroyed by fire in 1881 and 1893 respectively. The building fronts on Broad Street, the city's most beautiful thoroughfare, and is a fine example of Italian Renaissance architecture, with excellent contrast of arched entrances and windows with ample expanses of wall of golden-yellow Pompeian brick, the whole surmounted by a roof of Spanish tiles. Vitality and richness are imparted to the façade by a series of ornate bronze gates, windows of emerald glass, and touches of brilliant gold, pink, and green upon medallions, balcony grills, and deep overhanging eaves. At the top of the exterior walls on the three principal fronts of the building is the series of symbolic paintings which forms the most prominent artistic feature of the structure. They are the work of Mr. Joseph Linden Smith, of Boston, who decorated the Venetian alcove and staircase in the Boston Public Library. The cartoons are placed upon a plaster border six feet wide, directly beneath and protected by the overhanging eaves. The pictures represent the evolution of the vegetable kingdom through the four seasons. The principal groups depict twelve women, typifying the months of the year, each holding in her lap the appropriate sign of the zodiac, and accompanied by the patron deity of the season, and arrangements of foliage, fruits, and flowers. The color scheme, beginning with the white and gray of winter, leads through the more delicate tones of early and late spring to the luxuriousness of summer colors, the browns, golds and reds of autumn, and the pale tints of returning winter.

Beginning on the south side of the structure, the figures of the first two months are accompanied by Janus, who received the prayers of husbandmen at the beginning of seed time. Next Triptolemus, in his winged chariot drawn by serpents, rides through an awakening landscape, scattering his barley seed on either hand. March appears in wind-teased draperies. April, robed in the tender hues of early spring, carries an inverted vase to symbolize the descent of rain upon the earth. Between them sits Proserpina, daughter of Ceres, personifying the process of vegetation. May is decked in vivid green, against a background of blossoms. June sits wreathed in roses and the bloom of early summer, with garlands strewn about. Flora, the deity of horticulture, and Amor, with drawn bow, form the remainder of the group. In the center of the front façade Phœbus Apollo sits enthroned in a glory of golden sunbeams, a lyre in his hands. July and August, arrayed in the gorgeous hues of midsummer, and surrounded by fruits and flowers, have Ceres as protectress. The goddess is robed in crimson and gold, and holds a sheaf of wheat. September and October, with Pomona, goddess of fruits, enthroned between them, are surrounded with the rich browns, reds, and yellows of the autumn, with a bearing fruit tree in the background, and garlands of corn and grapes. The next panel depicts Bacchus, holding the thyrsus, with a wreath of ivy on his head. In the background is the sea, with a marble screen and vines and grapes. The adjacent sky shines with Ariadne's crown of seven stars; a satyr dances in the foreground. November, looking back toward her sister months, and December, fingering in desolation with bowed head, and Boreas blowing winter blasts, complete the series.

In the execution of his design Mr. Smith was confronted with the presence of a number of small windows breaking the continuity of the frieze. Between these apertures he painted a number of small panels depicting boys with agricultural tools, and conventional wreaths, and groupings of fruits, flowers, nuts, evergreens, and holly. A great scroll also appears in the centre of the main façade, bearing the words "Horticulture," "Arboriculture," "Sylviculture," "Viticulture," and "Floriculture." The interior of the building, through the skill of the architects, and the Tiffany Company, decorators, fulfils the highest mission of architecture in expressing by design and pigment the objects and purposes of the organization installed there. The Horticultural Society of Philadelphia, the first of its kind established in America, is an organization of wealthy and prominent citizens associated together to advance the gentle art of horticulture through meetings, publications, and exhibitions. Their hall breathes the atmosphere of blossoms, orchards, and woodlands. The grand staircase of pink and white marble rises from the vestibule into a bower of green marble columns, and green and gold galleries surmounted by a bronze gold dome topped with opalescent glass. The main hall, or ball-room, with vaulted ceiling, and seating an audience of twelve hundred people, repeats this color scheme in combination with rose-pink walls, and sculpture in old ivory tones. The tympanums above the windows contain boys holding shields bearing native flowers. The lunettes between the arches surrounding the apartment are wreathed in vines, and bear medallions showing the signs of the zodiac, the symbols of the seasons, fire, water, earth, and air. The mouldings of the apartment embody fruits and flowers; the ceiling, sprays of delicate vines in conventional designs. Beyond the grand staircase a smaller hall, decorated in rich Pompeian red, green, and gold, serves as a supper-room during the frequent balls in the building. The entire main floor can be thrown open from end to end, giving the whole the appearance of an idealized sylvan vista. Above the small hall are kitchens and serving rooms capable of providing for five hundred dinners or the largest social entertainments. The lower floors contain cloak rooms, a small lecture-room, library, offices, and the quarters of the Florists' Club, composed of certain members of the Horticultural Society.

ADA M. STEELE.



NEW BUILDING FOR THE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, PHILADELPHIA.—FRANK MILES DAY & BROTHER, ARCHITECTS.
Broad Street Front, showing Exterior Decorations by Joseph Linden Smith.

MARCHESI AND MUSIC.*

WERE these reminiscences of one of the day's most successful teachers of song merely a retrospect of a professional complexion they would deserve print, and would call for a wide reading, at least among practical musicians. But they are much more than that. Madame Marchesi has written a volume in which a vocal instructor is not openly the story teller. Instead, there is a sympathetic and cultivated lady, whose career has brought her into acquaintance with all of the European musical world, with much of its dramatic, literary, aristocratic, even scientific and other society, during more than fifty years of extremely busy life. Madame Marchesi began the world under happier circumstances than simply those of wealth. She had a judicious and affectionate mother. Music early became her passion. Later, when fortune forsook her family, it became a bread winner. She enjoyed a short stage-career of considerable brilliancy—one that was limited to concert-work, because a pledge to her conservative parents kept her from operatic engagements. Then she threw herself into her real profession. She attacked it with the endurements, system, and confidence which have given her a special clientage and renown. The musical life and musicians, great and small, that she has known in intimacy would cover all the necrology and directory of European music since, let us say (as a merely rough date), the time of Mendelssohn, Spohr, Manuel Garcia (her teacher), and Chorley's critical activity, onward to the days when lifelong friends—such as Verdi at eighty-four—are still about her. Her wide artistic life is in touch with all the French, Italian, and German artist profession and composerdom. Aside from music, only a few of the men and women who have been her friends include Bettina von Arnim's family, Lenau, Fanny Lewald, the von Bunsens household, the Rothschilds and the Metternichs, Auerbach and Heyse, Baron Haussmann, Victor Wilder, and naturally her own aunt, Baroness von Ettmann, the special friend of Beethoven. In 1861 Madame Marchesi transferred her teaching from Vienna to Paris. With the latter city she has since been identified, as all the world knows. Her pupils have taken foremost places in the musical cities of the two hemispheres. She has been decorated like a cabinet minister. She has lived through stormy episodes of Europe's history—the Austro-Italian war, the Prussian and Austrian contest, the Terrible Year. She has known days of plague, pestilence, and dread as well as gayety and splendor. She is full of anecdote and lively bits of personal chat. Her simple matter-of-fact personality, as well as her artistic type, pervades her pages. She writes, or rather talks, these memoirs kindly and gracefully. They are capital reading, and not too long for a couple of evenings to begin and to end them—a happy brevity in one with so much to recall. There is scarcely a touch of egotism, and not a note of jealous criticism. Only on two passages find her speaking *ex cathedra* of music, and her ideas in the seventeenth chapter are a sheer slice of common sense in making and keeping the voice; and whatever may be urged against some of Madame Marchesi's pupils as to voice-production, their teacher speaks wisely here.

MATHILDE MARCHESI.

The book is admirably printed, and its illustrations—chiefly portraits—well selected, including several quaint likenesses of Madame Marchesi, younger or older in her career. A short preface is contributed by Jules Massenet, the well-known Parisian composer, in whose best operas most of her best pupils have created rôles of the first rank.

E. I. S.

* *Marchesi and Music: Passages from the Life of a Famous Singing-Teacher.* By Mathilde Marchesi. With an Introduction by Massenet. Illustrated. New York and London: Harper & Brothers, publishers, 1897.

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FIRST PRIZE HACKNEY STALLION—ROYAL STANDARD.

FIRST PRIZE ROADSTER STALLION—HAZEL RIDGE.

INTERIOR OF THE COLISEUM, SHOWING RING AND DECORATIONS.

C. RANDOLPH SNOWDEN'S ROAN GELDING HUNTER—RICHMOND.

WEE WEE, THE SMALLEST HORSE IN THE WORLD—AGE, FOUR YEARS.

FIRST PRIZE SHETLAND PONY.

THE CHICAGO HORSE SHOW.—[SEE PAGE 1158.]

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THIS BUSY WORLD

A LARGE proportion of the visitors who come to the Horse Show this week will see, incidentally or otherwise, the inside of the Astoria Hotel. It is an impressive sight that suggests many thoughts to the reflecting observer. An American artist who has travelled much and lived long abroad went to its opening exhibition. "Such a thing could not have been done," he said, "anywhere else or at any previous time." The objectionable adjective "up to date" certainly fits the Astoria. Such a building could not have been constructed until the present decade, and doubtless there is no city but New York where any one would dream of putting so much money, so much adornment and magnificence, into a hotel. It may not be an achievement to be especially proud of, but it is certainly one that excites a great deal of intelligent interest. It is a "fad," no doubt, but what a big one, and how remarkable!

If it is good for people to see beautiful things, and to experiment with the sensations that are born of an atmosphere of luxury, the Astoria must be regarded as an influence that is of some importance to American civilization. There are more important buildings in the country, but there is scarcely another which will be studied so incessantly by such a succession of representative Americans. Month after month it will shelter people from every part of the United States, as well as from all other civilized countries. Whatever it contains that is beautiful and in good taste and worth looking at will be constantly employed in educating the artistic sense of the Americans.

It is the most democratic palace on earth, and it is not without its uses as a promoter of democratic feelings. A good many persons are curious about the sensations of luxury. They want to know about the experiences of very rich people—how they live, and what sort of sentiments and emotions it induces to have hired men standing about in profusion ready to prevent one's wants, how it feels to sit on sumptuous chairs, and to be embowered in silken hangings and pictures of price and rugs of quality, and all that. If they cannot absolutely parallel at the Astoria the home life of the egregiously opulent, they can make some approach to it, and the imagination ought to do the rest. Any one may go to that big inn and buy as much luxury as he can conveniently use for an hour, a day, or a year. It is rather expensive, but the buyer gets good measure, and he need not buy any more than is convenient. He gets much comfort, much splendor, and much entertainment, and he satisfies in some degree a curiosity which, if long baffled or suppressed, might become morbid. If the Astoria atmosphere included footmen in white silk stockings and laced coats, it would be a little more effective. In-door men with white calves somehow give one a sense of resting on the clouds which mere trousers do not impart; but still, the Astoria does well.

A good bite of luxury now and then is not unwholesome. It is pleasant, especially for a change; but if the experimenter has any philosophical discernment, he recognizes that a bite is as good as a bellyful, and that the difference between luxury and comfort isn't necessarily in favor of luxury, and if it was, would not to most people be worth the increased cost. Too many springs and too much upholstery fatigue the system. Unless one is tired or effete, it better suits the bones to meet something that has less "give" to it.

No one who has seen Helen Keller will be surprised to learn that she is an exceedingly valuable and interesting object of study to psychologists. Dr. Waldstein, in *The Sub-Conscious Self*, tells an interesting story of how she helped to bring light into one of the dark places of a comparatively new branch of science. It will be remembered that though Helen lost her sight and hearing when she was nineteen months old, she includes among her astonishing accomplishments the appreciation of music, which she perceives through its vibrations by putting her fingers on a singer's throat, or on an instrument, and even through the floor. Her comments on the music she hears leave no doubt as to the clearness of the impressions it makes upon her. This faculty of hers convinced Dr. Waldstein that she had created a centre for musical impressions through the sense of touch, like ours connected with the ear. Then he wondered if it were possible to recall to her, through this sense of touch, impressions that had originally come to her through her ears before she was nineteen months old. If such impressions could be recalled, it would, he thought, not only prove the force of sub-conscious impressions (being infantile), but would suggest the question whether, in such cases, a connection is not established between the centres of hearing and touch and a new mental process created. So, wanting to know, he went on to experiment, as he relates:

I wrote to Mrs. Keller, who kindly sent me the titles of two plantation songs, which were commonly sung in her home in Alabama when Helen was a baby, but are not now generally sung, and which I could procure only in manuscript from the South. These tunes I had played upon the piano while she stood beside the instrument with her fingers resting upon its wooden frame. Care was taken, of course, that she should know nothing of my intentions, and that she should be taken unawares. The effect was striking. The young woman, now just entering upon her sixteenth year, became greatly excited, laughed and clapped her hands, after the first few bars of "'Way down in the Meadow, a-mowing of the Hay."

"Father carrying baby up and down, swinging her on his knee. Black crow! black crow!" she exclaimed, repeatedly, with manifest emotion. Miss Sullivan and several ladies present were greatly astonished at the result. On hearing the second song, "The Ten Foolish Virgins," the same effect was produced. It was evident to all those who were present that the young lady was carried back to her early surroundings, even into the time of life when she was carried about by her father; but we could not find a meaning for the words "black crow." I considered it prudent not to question her, but applied by letter to her mother, who was kind enough to send an early reply. Mrs. Keller said: "What you wrote interested us very much. The 'Black Crow' is her father's standard song, which he sings to all his children as soon as they can sit on his knee. These are the words: 'Gwine 'long down the old turn row, something lak dat, Hello, Joe,' etc. It was a sovereign remedy for putting them [the children] in a good humor, and was sung to Helen hundreds of times. It is possible that she remembers it from its being sung to the two younger children as well as to herself. The other two, I am convinced, she had no association with, unless she can remember them as she heard them before her illness. Certainly, before her illness, her father used to trot her on his knee and sing the 'Ten Virgins,' and she would get down and shout as the negroes do in church. It was very amusing. But after she lost her sight and hearing it was a very painful association, and was not sung by these two little ones" (the younger children).

It was quite clear that the child, after she was nineteen months old, might have received an impression of the "Old Crow" song when it was sung to the younger children through the peculiar vibrations communicated to the floor of the room; but the other two songs could only be perceived through the ear when she was a baby younger than eighteen months and could hear, and are therefore a part of her earliest memory. We are therefore justified in assuming that the vibrations of the piano from the two plantation songs, communicated to her by touch over fourteen years later, have travelled to the centre where her early aural impressions are stored up, and that they in their turn reawakened the memory of the "Old Crow" song, which she had heard before her illness, and possibly also felt by vibrations afterward when it was sung to the younger children.

It appears to me that this striking instance proves beyond a doubt, and as nothing else could more, the persistence of early impressions, as well as the intimate connection that the centres of two different senses, though physiologically related in many ways, may assume in certain cases. The mental quality of sound thus conveyed by vibration alone must, it is evident, be of a peculiar nature, different from such sensations of the normal person, for it is composed of elements of the immediate skin impressions, associated with those of the earlier ones deposited in the normal sound memory.

The annual report of Treasurer Farnum of Yale, made to the Yale corporation on November 9, covers "the most prosperous year in the history of the university as regards additions to its funds." These additions amounted to $445,655, the largest sums received being $102,700 from the Fayerweather estate, $190,054 from the estate of P. C. Sloane, and $50,000 from the estate of George Bliss. The funds of the university now amount to $1,567,495.

Discussion of the fact that this year's Freshman class at Yale is smaller by about fifty men than the last has prompted the publication of a table giving the size of Freshmen classes at Yale for the last fifty years. The ups and downs at Yale in this respect are very interesting and peculiar, small classes following large classes, and *vice versa*, repeatedly, without any apparent reason. The record shows many cases of disparity in number between Freshman classes in successive years that are quite as notable as that between this year and last year.

The list of holders of Harvard scholarships for the present year is out. It is published in three groups—the first including holders of the John Harvard scholarships (which are highly honorable, but bring no income) and of the most distinguished holders of other scholarships, the second including holders of other scholarships that are open to free competition; the third, holders of scholarships granted on special claims. The publication of these lists is an innovation of very recent date, the old practice being to award them privately to meritorious students who needed them.

A Cambridge (Massachusetts) item dated November 2 said that within a few days resolutions had been adopted unanimously by nearly every social, literary, and debating society in Harvard University favoring a university club. Mr. William R. Thayer, the editor of the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, is the foremost advocate and promoter of the proposed club, and is secretary of a committee appointed two years ago to look after its interest. He urges the Harvard undergraduates to do missionary work for the project among their Harvard acquaintances when they go home at Christmas time.

If the majority of the 3000 men connected with Harvard want a university club, it ought to be practicable for them to start one, and if a club once started on a simple scale was found to be useful, it would probably be possible to obtain the money needed to establish it on a firm fiscal basis. The policy of helping those who help themselves in such matters is attractive, and seems reasonable, though perhaps in what concerns undergraduates it is a little less reasonable than it seems. The capacity of modern college undergraduates to develop urgent need of anything that college graduates can be induced to pay for is matter of occasional humorous comment. Nevertheless, the university-club idea has a great deal to recommend it.

Secretary Alger says that he has recommended in his annual report that Congress shall give the army two new regiments of artillery to help man some of the new coast defences. This recommendation accords with the resolution lately passed by the New York Chamber of Commerce. The case is so plain that it would seem hardly possible for Congress to neglect it. Any one who is not sure that we ought to have more artillerymen, and would like to go a little deeper into the details of our necessities, is recommended to read General George W. Wingate's article in the November number of the *Journal of the Military Service Institution*. General Wingate merely points out that modern coast defences and big guns are of no use in an emergency without trained and picked artillerymen to man them. He makes it plain that artillerymen cannot be improvised, that you cannot hit a ship with a big gun unless you are a first-rate gunner, and that no one can be a good gunner without training and practice. The present artillery force of the United States numbers 3000 men. In General Wingate's opinion, the very least increase we can get along with would be 7500 men. How moderate that requisition is appears from the showing of official reports that when the new system of fortifications is completed it will take 20,000 artillerists to provide one relief for the service of the guns they will contain, and in war-time three reliefs are needed.

We shall probably have, after a while, the 7500 indispensable additional artillerymen whom General Wingate calls for, but it is to be hoped that they will be new recruits, and not borrowed from other branches of the service, else will it go hard with the feelings of a correspondent of the WEEKLY who has heard a rumor and writes to protest. The rumor is that the Secretary of War contemplates "skeletonizing two more troops in each cavalry regiment, or twenty in all, in addition to twenty previously skeletonized, or in plain English, disbanded." That correspondent strongly disapproves of any more "skeletonizing." A skeleton organization, he says, is as dead as any other uncind bone, and can't be revived. The reduction of cavalry regiments from twelve to eight troops he regards as simply a reduction of their effectiveness by one-third. That he deplores, because "the efficiency of the cavalry is a vital point to an army, and, once destroyed, takes years to recreate." He thinks it, too, an ill return for the thirty years' service of the cavalry regiments against the Indians to sap their strength now; but he hardly believes the rumor, for he cannot believe that General Alger, who himself gained distinction as an officer of cavalry, should favor such a scheme.

Sunday, November 7, was the sixtieth anniversary of the murder of Elijah P. Lovejoy, the antislavery pioneer, and the following day the new Lovejoy monument was dedicated at Alton, Illinois. The monument is a shaft surmounted by a colossal figure of Victory, the whole about ninety feet tall. It was erected by the Lovejoy Monument Association, and the State of Illinois appropriated $25,000 towards its cost. The column stands on a pedestal which rests on a circular plaza four feet aboveground. On the sides of the pedestal are a bronze bas-relief of Lovejoy, and several scenes from his life. The monument is said to be handsome. There seems to have been but one sentiment in the State about Lovejoy's title to a monument and the propriety of erecting one. The appropriation was made by a Democratic Legislature, and at the unveiling one of the orators of the day was Lieutenant-Governor Northrop. The other was Thomas Dimock, of St. Louis, Lovejoy's biographer.

Lovejoy's martyrdom was probably more far-reaching in its results than any other single death that the antislavery agitation occasioned. It brought scores of doubters out of their uncertainty into the ranks of the avowed abolitionists. One mind that was made up on hearing of it was that of Wendell Phillips. Lovejoy, as persons familiar with American biography and history will remember, was born, the son of a clergyman, in Maine in 1802, graduated at Waterville College in 1826, and in the following year went West to St. Louis. There he found employment as a teacher, and presently as a newspaper writer. He started the *Observer*, a religious weekly, in 1833 and announced himself the following year as an antislavery champion. He moved his paper from St. Louis to Alton in 1836, in order to get into a free State, but Alton did not welcome him. His office was mobbed almost as soon as he opened it, but he persevered. On August 21, 1837, his press was destroyed by a mob. He ordered a new one, declaring that while he lived he would publish his paper, and say and write what he pleased. On November 7, 1837, he was shot while defending his press. The next day was his thirty-fifth birthday.

Mark Twain at Vienna is out of sight, but by no means out of mind. A newspaper head-line says he was "banqueted" on October 31. "Banqueted" suggests skewers and stuffing, and a lot of expectant savages squatting about a barbecued writer, but Vienna is a civilized place, and nothing of that sort has happened to Mr. Clemens. The Society of Journalists and Authors gave a dinner in his honor, that was all. He made speeches in English and German, and the despatch says that it was a good time. Mr. Charlemagne Tower, the American minister, and Consul-General Hurst were present.

The London *Times* reports that Mr. Clemens was lately present at an all-night session of the Austrian Parliament, which reminded him of the debate anterior to lynching a horse-thief in old times in the American wild West. It was a boisterous session, "the most disorderly," the *Times* says, "ever witnessed in any Parliament." Anti-Semite speeches seem to have made most of the stir.

Mr. Clemens has denied by cable the report that he is clear of debt. He still holds himself responsible, it seems, for about $50,000 owed by the late publishing house of C. L. Webster & Co., but hopes that that sum will be very materially reduced out of the proceeds of his new book, *Following the Equator*.

The importance of an event is not always in direct proportion to its visible size at the time of its occurrence. The spectacle of the sale at auction of the Union Pacific Railroad, on November 1, at Omaha, Nebraska, was not very much to look at. In the picture of it, on another page of this week's WEEKLY, the most conspicuous feature is the ice-cart, whose driver has stopped to look on. Standing in the doorway is Judge W. D. Cornish, of St. Paul, Minnesota, special master, who sold the property. Somewhere near him, but indistinguishable, are General Louis Fitzgerald and Mr. Alvin Krech, of New York, representatives of the bidders. The amount they bid was $57,564,932 76, and they got the property at that price. Turn to the picture and observe how small a crowd and how little stir may be consistent with a large transaction.

It continues to be matter of notice and of complaint that the market for ministers is bad, and that what demand there is is supplied almost entirely by young and tender ones, to the exclusion of older candidates who have the misfortune to be out of a job. The special reason usually given is the recent hard times. Ministers, it seems, are rated as luxuries, and even when folks are unwilling to go without them altogether they reduce their indulgence to what seems indispensable. One effect of the *res angusta* has been found to be that in many cases where two small churches of different denominations, struggling along side by side, have found it impossible to make ends meet, they have joined forces and shared expenses. This has probably been good for the churches, but it has thrown ministers out of employment and helped to overstock the ministerial labor market.

An occupation that competes vigorously with golf for public patronage in Boston is the construction of plans for the arrangement of Copley Square. There is the square, any one can see it, and can discern the edifices which now border it, and can try to forecast those that are to come. The problem is to arrange the irregular space between the Library, the Art Museum, Trinity Church, and the other abutting buildings so as to make the space and the buildings look as well as possible without diverting two double-track trolley roads from their routes. To get the full decorative value out of two double-track trolley roads in such a space as Copley Square is a very nice contemporary problem. No wonder Boston is interested in it.

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There was an admirable candor about the Parthian deliverance of the mother of Mlle de Mercée, the French dancer, conveyed from the deck of the steamer which was to convey her and her daughter back to France. "We do not like this country," she said, "or the people in it. We shall never return, because Americans have no appreciation of true art." The daughter is the young woman, familiar through her photographs, who wears her hair down over her ears. Her admirers had failed, for some reason, to please the New Yorkers, and her engagement, though remunerative to her pocket, had disappointed her employer. The mother's sentiments were perfectly natural and reasonable. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

E. S. Martin.

AUSTRALIAN FEDERATION.

The Federal Convention of the Australian colonies has met and once more separated without coming to an absolute settlement of the question submitted to them. That question, it will be remembered, was the framing of a federal constitution likely to meet with acceptance from all the self-governing colonies among whom the territory of Australia has been divided. The convention originally met at Adelaide, the capital of South Australia, in March of this year, and agreed on a draft constitution for an Australian Federation. This draft has since then been submitted for the consideration of the Parliament of each of the colonies represented at the convention, and the changes which each of these suggested have been referred back to the convention at its adjourned meeting for consideration.

The adjourned convention met at Sydney on September 2, and remained in session until the 24th. During the session it considered all the suggested amendments of the Parliaments, adopted some, and rejected many others, and completed its labors in all but one respect—that, namely, of the financial relations between the colonies and the federal government. In all other respects the constitution may now be regarded as complete, and its prospects of successfully solving the problem of Australian Federation can be fairly estimated although it must be confessed that the financial problem seems likely to tax to the uttermost the ingenuity of the advocates of a general federation of the colonies. In view of the importance and difficulty of this question, it has been referred to a committee of the convention, consisting of the treasurers of the various colonies, all of whom were delegates, to formulate a plan likely to meet the case, and to bring it up for final acceptance at a formal meeting to be held for that purpose in Melbourne in January next.

As soon as the work of this committee is finished and formally incorporated in the otherwise complete constitution the work of the convention will be finished, and nothing will remain to be done but to submit the proposed constitution to the people of each colony, who will be required to vote, "yes or no," on the question of their own colony joining the proposed federation. Should any three or more of the six colonies agree to accept the constitution, the federation will become an accomplished fact, so far as they are concerned as soon as the Constitution Act can be passed by the British Parliament, should a less number agree, the movement will cease, probably for many years to come, if not indeed finally.

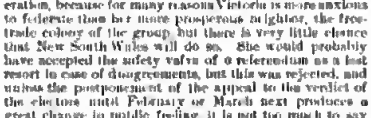
Looked at in the light of the discussions that have taken place in each of the colonial Parliaments on the draft constitution submitted to them, it is evident that, as originally passed by the convention, its chance of acceptance was very small, mainly owing to the radical antagonism between the two populous colonies of New South Wales and Victoria and the less populous colonies of South and West Australia and Tasmania on the constitution and powers of the Senate. The populous colonies, and especially New South Wales, the most populous and wealthy of the group, protest against a Senate in which each of the colonies shall be entitled to equal representation, irrespective of population, while the three less populous colonies insist that without such a provision they will not join any federation whatever. The feeling in the mother colony of the group, as New South Wales is called, is manifested by the fact that in both Chambers of her Parliament the proposal to strike out the provision for equal state representation was passed almost unanimously, and in this there is no reason to doubt they represented the feeling of the people.

The work of the adjourned meeting of the convention has centred around this question, and it is exceedingly doubtful whether the compromise which has been made will reconcile the people of New South Wales to the scheme. Upon this may be said absolutely to hinge the whole question whether an Australian Federation shall be formed or not. Without New South Wales such a federation is practically impossible while a federation would be quite practicable embracing her own territory and that of Victoria with the addition of either Tasmania or South Australia. What is now proposed, and has been accepted as the best attainable compromise by the convention, is that the federal Parliament shall consist of two Chambers—a Senate, to which each colony or state shall send six members, and an Assembly, to which they shall send representatives in the proportion of one to every fifty thousand of the population, no colony, however, sending fewer than five members, that the members of both Chambers shall be elected directly by the people, the Senators for six years, and the Assemblymen for four, but that the Senators of each colony shall be voted for by the voters as a single electorate, while the members of Assembly shall represent electoral districts containing as nearly as possible fifty thousand voters.

The convention declined to make state representation in the Senate proportional to population, but inserted a clause granting power to the Governor-General on the advice of the Executive—which, as in England, must have a majority in the Assembly—to dissolve the representative Chamber upon any irreconcilable disagreement between it and the Senate and in case the disagreement shall continue after a new Assembly shall have been elected, then to dissolve both Chambers and to refer the question to an entirely new Parliament. The compromise may be looked on as an ingenious though cumbrous scheme for compelling a surrender by the less populous states on any vital question where a large majority of the people of Australia are of one opinion and a majority of the states are of another. It is, however, manifestly open to the objection that there is no finality about it, as the states and not the population manifestly have the last word.

The upshot of the whole business, therefore, would seem to be that while the financial difficulty will probably be adjusted in some way likely to obtain acceptance from the mass of the people in three or more of the colonies, it has been found impossible to reconcile the ideas of the smaller colonies, which demand a guarantee for an influential voice in the policy of Australia as a whole, and those of the two larger colonies, in respect of population at least, which insist that population alone must be the ultimate court of appeal on all national questions. This result of the convention's labors looks at first like the failure of the movement. It is possible that Victoria might give way and accept the terms dictated by the less populous colonies as the price of their acceptance of federation, because for many reasons Victoria is more anxious to federate than her more prosperous neighbor, the free-trade colony of the group, but there is very little chance that New South Wales will do so. She would probably have accepted the safety valve of a referendum as a last resort in case of disagreements, but this was rejected, and unless the postponement of the appeal to the verdict of the electors until February or March next produces a great change in public feeling it is not too much to say that the proposed federal constitution of Australia will be rejected by the people of New South Wales, which means the indefinite postponement of any federation for the island continent of the Pacific.

Hugh H. Lusk.



It is our last day in the hotel at Scheveningen, and I will try to recall in their pathetic order the events of the final week.

I.

Nothing has been stranger throughout than the fluctuation of the guests. At times they have dwindled to so small a number that one must reckon chiefly upon their quality for consolation; at other times they swelled to such a tide as to overflow the table, long or short, at dinner, and eddy round a second board beside it. There have been nights when I have walked down the long corridor to my seaward room through a barking solitude of empty chambers, there have been mornings when I have come out to breakfast past door mats cheerful with boots of both sexes, and door-post hooks where dangling coats and trousers peopled the place with a lively if a somewhat flaccid semblance of human presence. The worst was that when some one went we lost a friend, and when some one came we only won a stranger.

Among the first to go were the kindly English folk whose acquaintance we made across the table the first night, and who took with them so large a share of our family affections that we quite forgot the ancestral counties, and even the seal fishery question, and grieved for them as much as if they had been Americans. There have been in fact no Americans here but ourselves, and we have done what we could with the Germans who spoke English. The nicest of these were a charming family from F., father and mother, and son and daughter, with whom we had a pleasant week of dinners. At the very first we disagreed with the parents so amicably about Ibsen and Sudermann that I was almost sorry to have the son take our modern side of the controversy, and declare himself an admirer of those authors with us. Our frank literary difference established a kindness between us that was strengthened by our community of English, and when they went they left us to the sympathy of another German family with whom we had mainly our humanity in common. They spoke no English, and I only a German which they must have understood with their hearts rather than their heads, since it consisted chiefly of good will. But in the air of their sweet natures it flourished surprisingly, and sufficed each day for praise of the weather after it began to be fine, and at parting for some fond regrets, not unmixed with philosophical reflections, sadly perplexed in the genders and the order of the verbs with me the verb will seldom wait as it should in German, to the end. Both of these families, very different in social tradition, I fancied, were one in the amiability which makes the alien forgive so much militarism to the German nation and hope for its final escape from the drill sergeants. When they went, we were left for some meals to our own American tongue, with a brief interval of that English painter and his wife with whom we spoke our language as nearly like English as we could. Then followed a desperate lunch and dinner where an unbroken forest of German, and a still more impenetrable morass of Dutch, beamed on us. But last night it was our joy to be addressed in our own speech by a lady who spoke it as admirably as our dear friends from F. She was Dutch, and when she found we were Americans she praised our historian Motley, and told us how his portrait is gratefully honored with a place in the Queen's palace, The House in the Woods, near Scheveningen.

II.

She had come up from her place in the country, four hours away, for the last of the concerts here, which have been given throughout the summer by the best orchestra in Europe, and which have been thronged every afternoon and evening by people from The Hague. Our honored day this week even the Queen and the Queen Mother came down to the concert, and gave us incomparably the greatest event of our waning season. I had noticed all the morning a floral perturbation about the main entrance of the hotel, which settled into the form of banks of autumnal blooms on either side of the specially carpeted stairs, and put forth on the roof of the arcade in a crown, much bigger round than a barrel, of orange-colored asters, in honor of the Queen's ancestral house of Orange. Flags of blue, white, and red, fluttered nervously about in the breeze from the sea, and imparted to us an agreeable anxiety not to miss seeing the Queens, as the Dutch succinctly call their sovereign and her parent; and at three o'clock we saw them drive up to the hotel. Certain officials in civil dress stood at the door of the concert room to usher the Queens in, and a bareheaded, bald headed dignity of military figure backed up the stairs before them. I would not rashly commit myself to particulars concerning their dress, but I am sure that the elder Queen wore black, and the younger white. The mother has one of the best and wisest faces I have seen any woman wear (and most of the good wise faces in this imperfectly balanced world are women's) and the daughter one of the sweetest, and prettiest. Pretty is the word for her face, and it showed pink through her blond veil, as she smiled and bowed right and left, her features are small and fine, and she is not above the middle height.

As soon as she had passed into the concert-room, we who had waited to see her go in, ran round to another door and joined the two or three thousand people who were standing to receive the Queens. They had already mounted to the royal box, and they stood there while the orchestra played one of the Dutch national airs. (One is not enough for the Dutch, they must have two.) Then the mother faded somewhere into the background, and the daughter sat alone in the front, on a gilt throne with a gilt crown at top, and a very uncomfortable carved Gothic back. She looked so young, so gentle, and so good that the rudest Republican could not have helped wishing her well out of a position so essentially and irreparably false as a hereditary sovereign's. One forgot in the presence of her innocent seventeen years that most of the ruling princes of the world had left it the worse for their having been in it, at moments one forgot her altogether as a princess, and saw her only as a charming young girl, who had to sit up rather stiffly.

At the end of the programme the Queens rose, and walked slowly out, while the orchestra played the *other* national air.

III.

I call them the Queens, because the Dutch do, and I like Holland so much that I should hate to differ with the Dutch in anything. But as a matter of fact they are neither of them quite Queens, the mother is the regent and the daughter will not be crowned till next year.

But such as they are, they imparted a supreme emotion to our dying season, and thrilled the hotel with a fulness of summer life. Since they went, the season faintly pulses and respires, so that one can just say that it is still alive. Last Sunday was fine, and great crowds came down from The Hague to the concert, and spread out on the seaward terrace of the hotel, around the little tables which I fancied that the waiters had each morning wiped dry of the dew, from a mere Dutch desire of cleaning something. The hooded chairs covered the beach, the children played in the edges of the surf and delved in the sand; the lovers wandered up into the hollows of the dunes.

There was only the human life, however. I have looked in vain for the crabs, big and little, that swarmed on the Long Island shore, and there are hardly any gulls, even, perhaps because there are no crabs for them to eat. If they eat crabs, I never saw gulls doing it, but they must eat something. Dogs there are, of course, wherever there are people, but they are part of the human life. Dutch dogs are in fact very human; and one I saw yesterday behaved quite as badly as a bad boy, with respect to his muzzle. He did not like his muzzle, and by dint of turning somersaults in the sand he got it off, and went frolicking to his master in triumph to show him what he had done.

IV.

It is now the last day, and the desolation is thickening upon our hotel. This morning the door posts up and down my corridor showed not a single pair of trousers, not a pair of boots flattened the lonely door-mats. In the lower hall I found the tables of the great dining-room assembled and the chairs inverted on them with their legs in the air; but decently, decorously, not with the reckless abandon displayed by the chairs in our Long Island hotel for weeks before it closed. In the smaller dining room the table was set for lunch as if we were to go on dining there forever; in the breakfast-room the service and the provision were as perfect as ever. The coffee was good, the bread delicious, the butter of an unfaltering sweetness, and the glaze of wear on the polished dress coats of the waiters as respectable as it could have been on the first day of the season. All was correct, and if of a funereal correctness to me, I am sure this effect was purely subjective.

The little bell-boys in sailor suits (perhaps they ought to be spelled bell buoys) clustered about the elevator boy like so many Roman sentinels at their posts; the elevator boy and his elevator were ready to take us up or down at any moment.

The *portier* and I ignored together the hour of parting, which we had definitely ascertained and agreed upon, and we exchanged some compliments to the weather, which is now settled, as if we expected to enjoy it long together. I rather dread going in to lunch, however, for I fear the empty places.

V.

All is over, we are off. The lunch was an heroic effort of the hotel to hide the fact of our separation. It was perfect, unless the boiled beef was a confession of human weakness; but even this boiled beef was exquisite and the horseradish that went with it was so mellowed by art, that it cheered rather than provoked the parting tear. The table d'hôte had reserved a final surprise for us, and when we sat down with the fear of nothing but German around us we heard the sound of our own speech from the pleasantest English pair we had yet encountered, and the travelling English are pleasant. I will say it, who am said by Sir Walter Besant to be the only American who loves their nation. It was really no added pang to go, on their account, but the carriage was waiting at the door; the *domestique* had already carried our baggage to the steam-tram station, the genial menial tram formed around us for an intimate *douceur*, and we were off after the *portier* had shut us into our vehicle and touched his oft touched cap for the last time, while the hotel façade dissembled its grief by architecturally smiling in the soft Dutch sun.

I liked this manner of leaving better than carrying part of my own baggage to the train, as I had to do on Long Island though that too had its charm the charm of the whole fresh, pungent American life, which at this distance is so dear.

W. D. Howells.

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THE CONQUEROR OF THE HOUR.—Drawn by A. I. Keller.—[See Page 1150]

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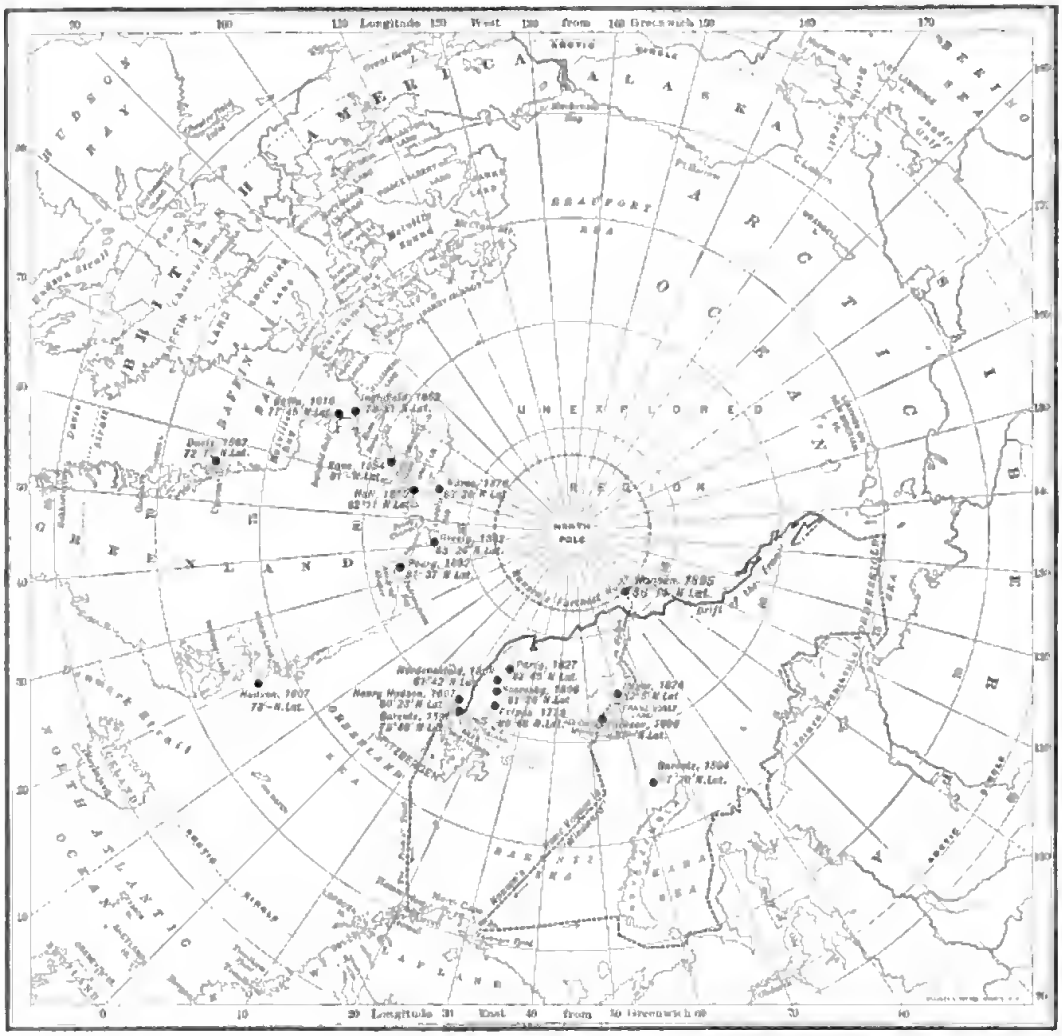

THE FARTHEST NORTH

Nansen's achievement compared with those of previous Explorers

most northern point that he attained was 663 statute miles from the north pole, and 460 miles south of Nansen's farthest. This expedition was of immense advantage to commerce, for when Hudson returned home he told of the vast numbers of whales and walrus he had seen, and his report led to the establishment of the rich and prosperous fisheries in the Spitzbergen seas which flourished for two centuries. Holland alone, in a little over a century, profited by $60,000,000 of products that were brought from this arctic region.

More than a century and a half elapsed before Henry Hudson's record in the far north was passed and then it was beaten by only a few miles. It was Captain Phipps's expedition from England, and its purpose was to ascertain how far navigation was possible towards the north pole. It reached the west coast of Spitzbergen on June 28, 1773, and for over five weeks Captain Phipps skirted the edge of the pack ice, pushing into every opening he could find, and invariably stopped by solid ice fields. He examined a line extending east and west over twenty degrees of longitude, and became convinced that, in that season at least, there was no passage north of Spitzbergen. The highest point he reached was 635 miles from the north pole, and Nansen passed Phipps's latitude 375 miles to reach his farthest north.

But notable progress towards the pole was still to be made in the Spitzbergen sea. In 1806 the Scottish whaler Scoresby pressed into the ice-pack west of the Spitzbergen Archipelago. Along the horizon to the north he saw a bluish-gray streak which he knew was an indication of water beyond the pack; so he cut channels with ice saws and towed and tracked his ship till he reached a wide stretch of open water in 80° north latitude. He had clear sailing till he reached the solid pack again in 81° 30', establishing a new record for the highest north. The ice stopped him when he was still 786 miles from the pole, and Nansen surpassed his record by 328 miles.

Twenty-one years later, in 1827, Parry attempted to reach the pole by sledge boats that might be dragged over the ice or floated on the open water. He found good anchorage for his ship in Hecla Cove, on the north shore of Spitzbergen; and then, on June 21, the leader and fifteen men started in their boats for the north pole. The boats were flat bottomed, and when on the ice they rested on runners shod with metal. Two days later they were hauled up on the pack, and then began the terribly laborious ice journey. Each boat, with its supplies, weighed 3753 pounds. Owing to an unusual rainfall, the surface of the pack was soft, countless pools of water divided the floes, and the men were incessantly humping and hauling up the boats and floundering knee deep in the slush. Then the pack began to drift south, at the rate of four miles a day, and thus they often lost nearly as much as they gained by many hours at the dang ropes. Thirty two days after he left Spitzbergen, Parry decided to turn back. He had reached 82° 45' and this remained the highest northing till Nares surpassed it in 1876. The pole was 500 miles north of Parry's turning point, which was 240 miles south of Nansen's farthest. This was the highest point reached in the eastern hemisphere till Nansen made his journey.

Then, in 1868, north of Spitzbergen, Professor Nordenskjöld attained the latitude of 81° 42', nearly a degree south of Parry's record but the highest latitude attained in the eastern hemisphere by a ship till the *Fram* beat it, north of Franz Josef Land where Nansen's vessel came within 279 miles of the pole. Nansen beat all records, therefore, both by sledge and ship. In Franz-Josef Land, Payer's sledge journey in 1874 if his observations were correct, brought him within 546 miles of the pole; and Jackson, in 1895, standing on the shore of Victoria Sea, was about 621 miles from the pole. This completed the list of great northern journeys in the eastern hemisphere, till Nansen, in 1895, stood about as near the pole as New York is from Boston, or 200 miles. The *Jeannette* expedition, though bound for the pole, was never in the race, for it did not succeed in reaching a high northern point.

In the western hemisphere all but one of the nine expeditions whose work towards the pole was particularly notable approached it by the route of Davis Strait, on the west side of Greenland. In the same year that Henry Hudson passed the eightieth parallel in Spitzbergen waters he stopped on the seventy third parallel off the east Greenland coast. John Davis led the long procession of explorers up the west coast of Greenland, and on his third voyage, in 1587, he reached a point a little south of Upernavik and 1203 miles from the pole. Then came one of the most brilliant of arctic voyages, that of William Baffin, in 1616, when he attained a latitude west of Greenland that was not reached again for two centuries. He came within 843 miles of the pole, not far from the two camps that were for three years the basis of Peary's sledging operations. In 1852, when Inglefield pushed over the same route, he surpassed Baffin's record by only about forty miles. He went to the gateway of Smith Sound, through which Kane passed in 1851, ushering in the brilliant period of arctic research when Smith Sound was the favorite approach to the pole. All of these explorers were Americans, except the Nares party, and their work is too well known to require more than brief mention.

Morton, of Kane's expedition, reached Cape Constitution, 621 miles from the pole and 301 miles south of Nansen's highest point. In 1870 that great arctic explorer Captain Hall pushed far north to the frozen sea at the extreme northern end of the Smith Sound outlet, 539 miles from the pole. Nansen surpassed this record by 279 miles. Then Markham of the Nares expedition in 1876, surpassed the record that Parry had made in 1827, and in his terribly toilsome journey over the ice hummocks of the Arctic Ocean, north of Grant Land, made the great record of 400 miles from the pole, which Nansen beat by 200 miles. Markham's achievement was unequalled until 1882, when Lockwood and Brainard, of the Greely expedition, in a fine sledge journey along the Greenland coast, barely surpassed it. When they turned back they were within 435 miles of the north pole, and the highest north was ours till Nansen wrested it from us by doing 195 miles better. The Norwegian explorer has therefore been nearer the pole by 195 miles than any of his predecessors.

Peary's sledge journey on the inland ice in 1892 extended our knowledge of the trend of the east Greenland coast for 200 miles further north, but as the purpose was to an certain the northern limit of that land its journey did not reach the higher latitudes. If good fortune favors him, he may recover the prize of the highest north for America in his next expedition.

England held the record of the highest north for 275 years, from Hudson's voyage in 1607 till 1882, when the record was transferred to this country. The record, both by sledge and ship, passed in 1895 to Norway; and Nansen's wonderful achievement has left so wide a gap between him and his nearest predecessors that he will indeed be one of fortune's favorites who crosses the gap and draws nearer to the pole.

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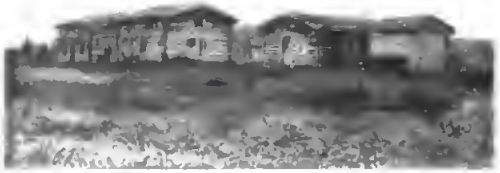
RAMPART CITY, MINOOK CREEK—VIEW FROM DECK OF STEAMER "ALICE," THE STEAMER "HEALY" IN DISTANCE.

THE FIRST RESTAURANT IN RAMPART CITY IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION.



[illegible] STATION WHERE CAPTAIN RAY, U. S. A., HAS STARTED [illegible] GOVERNMENT MILITARY RESERVE.

PASSENGERS ON THE STEAMER "HAMILTON" PROSPECTING IN THE RAMPARTS, YUKON RIVER.

RAMPART CITY AFTER THE GRUB CAME.

FORT HAMLIN, FROM DECK OF STEAMER "HAMILTON."

FORT HAMLIN—STEAMERS "BELLA" AND "MARGARET" AND BARGES.

"The Roadway" Hayes Gibbs

MAIN STREET IN RAMPART CITY.

ON THE ROAD TO THE KLONDIKE—WHERE MINERS BOUND FOR THE DIGGINGS *VIÁ* THE YUKON WILL SPEND THE WINTER.—[See Page 1104.]

MENDING THE NETS.—By Louis Paul Dessar.
Honorable Mention.

MISS KITTY.—By J. J. Shannon.
Medal of the First Class (gold), carrying with it an Award of $1500.

FACE REFLECTED IN A MIRROR.—By J. Alden Weir.
Medal of the Third Class (bronze), carrying with it an Award of $500.

THE VIOLINIST.—By Wilson Longmore.
Honorable Mention.

THE ARQUES AT ANCOURT—EVENING.—By Frank Townsend.
Medal of the Second Class (silver), carrying with it an Award of $1000.

PORTRAIT.—By Cecilia Beaux.

CHILD WITH HORSE.—By Edmund C. Tarbell.

SHEEP—EVENING.—By A. Bryan Wall.

FROM THE SECOND ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTE, PITTSBURG.—By Courtesy of the Carnegie Institute.—[See Page 1154.]

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ART EXHIBITION AT THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTE, PITTSBURG.

THE rapid growth of the art movement in the United States during the last ten years has demonstrated at least one important point in which the situation here differs materially from that of any one nation in Europe. In France there is but one acknowledged centre, which has long aspired to hold the foremost place abroad, and it may be admitted with reason, since artists of every race are included to Paris for the hospitality of her schools and academies, and her generous recognition of their talent. This may also be said of Munich in a scarcely lesser degree, and, in fact, every important capital of the Old World has become in some measure an art centre.

In view of the fact that several of our chief cities have already opened the doors of their academies to foreign exhibitors, and at the same time have taken such measures as lay within their power to stimulate and encourage the art of our own country, many doubts and fears have been expressed by those interested in the success of the Carnegie Institute, that the artists of other cities and of Europe might be loath to acknowledge the importance of an exhibition held in so young a city as Pittsburg, and one which has but so recently established her right to a prominent position among older rivals.

That such doubts and fears were unfounded has been triumphantly proved by the success of the exhibition of last year and of that which has just been opened by the President of the United States. Viewed from a transatlantic stand point it does not much matter where such an exhibition takes place—so long as it is in America—it will be judged by its standard, by its quality, and by its success. Europeans have long since ceased to wonder at any marvellous thing which may take place in this country. Fairy tales which would scarcely have obtained credence thirty years ago would excite but passing comment to-day.

An Aladdin's palace twenty stories high, filled with treasures of art, might arise in a night, and the readers of the *Figaro* would not marvel much thereat. Viewed in this light it is obvious that more than one art centre is needed, and it may be taken for granted that several may flourish in a country of such vast extent, and where culture, especially that of the higher arts, is, in a geographical sense, so generally diffused. Before the advent of the annual inter State expositions, more or less international in scope, each coterie of artists established in different cities remained, to a certain extent, localized, and there was seldom a fair opportunity offered of seeing their work brought together.

In a country where, from the very nature of her political institutions, it would seem almost hopeless to expect from the national government that regularly organized and systematic encouragement and protection which have done so much to foster and promote the arts of France and Bavaria, very much may be accomplished by institutions so generously endowed as that founded by Mr. Andrew Carnegie, and they may yet replace, in a large measure, the official patronage customary in other countries. Thus such a condition of things does not exist here, and that it cannot be looked for in the immediate future, may not be owing to any lack of initiative on the part of the government, but to some quality in the very nature of the race itself. An institution with the weight and authority of the Academy of France, which, suffering as it does from the subtle raillery and ruthless analysis of such antagonists as Droulet, still maintains its prestige, could not long assert its supremacy unquestioned in a country where each reputation is annually at stake, and where every artist or writer is rated according to what he is doing to-day. And yet, in apparent contradiction, no small section of the art-loving public is still conservative in its respect for long-established reputations, especially those which are solidly maintained in the interest of art as a commercial investment. These and other considerations which may give rise to certain difficulties in carrying out the far-sighted provisions of its founder, delicate or diplomatic problems which time and tact and experience alone can solve; but there can be little doubt that directed and carried on by able and intelligent men, who seem to grasp the situation and who are thoroughly in earnest, it will ultimately succeed in fulfilling its mission, and at the same time it is to be hoped that its success may lead to the founding of other institutions on similar lines, or, better still, to the strengthening of those which we already possess.

In the present exhibition nearly one half of the pictures hung on the walls are by American painters, and, aside from the prestige which still attaches to a work of art produced by an artist of foreign origin, they have now little to fear from outside competition either at this or at other international art tournaments.

Of late years there has been a tendency in Europe to do away with the system of awards altogether, which had its origin chiefly in the initiative taken by the Champs de Mars, in Paris, followed by the action of the new society known as the "secession," of Munich; but at the same time the members of such bodies are seldom known to refuse the crosses or other marks of distinction bestowed upon them by their respective governments, which is in itself a tacit admission that a recompense may have a certain value. There can be little doubt that to students and to rising artists such awards have a greater value when judiciously and sparingly bestowed, particularly when, as at Pittsburg, a sum of money, more or less important, is given with the medal. Another provision which is well calculated to prove an incentive to serious effort, and is also of value in establishing a standard of comparative merit, is that the artist receiving either of the chronological prizes should agree to the following clause: "If the prize herein provided for is awarded to him or her, the trustees shall have an option for sixty days from November 4, 1897, on the picture obtaining the award, at the price given by the artist when the picture was entered for exhibition." Such conditions, while increasing the material value of a recompense, a matter which cannot be overlooked at the present moment, and in no way detracting from its artistic character, throw a greater responsibility on the shoulders of the jury or committee of awards. So long as the exhibition remains international it is indisputable that the jury should also be international, and while not so large as to be unwieldy, it should always be sufficiently numerous and so distributed as to represent more or less impartially the leading schools and tendencies of the day, for in this way only can the danger of coteries and of "wheels within wheels" be avoided. When the difficulty of securing a jury of such composition and other minor complications is taken into consideration, it is evident that the action of the trustees has been admirably calculated to secure the desired results. Whatever temporary difficulties may arise in future in carrying on a work so nobly planned, and placed in the hands of men so keenly alive to their responsibilities, it should be remembered that no jury or committee has ever yet been entirely successful in performing their work to the satisfaction of all, and that the officers of the Institute will leave no stone unturned, no experiment untried, in order to discover the best method of fulfilling the object of the trust.

EDWIN LORD WEEKS.

THE SPINNING WHEEL.

"Oh, leave me on my spinning wheel,"
Oh, leave me on its faithful steel.
To far-off spots it lets me roam,
By far-off ways it brings me home.
I'll mount my wheel and go and go
Till far the summer's sun sinks low;
Then when the stars, so old and true,
Have lit their lamps, I'll light mine too.

So it be smooth I care no bye
How long and long the way doth lie!
By dewy, glistening fields I ride,
And by the gloomy forest side.
Through dusky vales I downward go,
And rise upon the moonlit knowe.
Anon the silent circles glide
By beaches where the wind has died:
Long ways to lovers cannot be
More welcome than they are to me.

WILLISTON FISH.

FROZEN IN ON THE YUKON.

OLD prospectors in Alaska always speak of the Yukon River as though it were a living menace to the adventurous miner. They say: "She can't ever be depended upon, and what she does one season is no guide for the next. She may freeze over in August or in November, she may have flood water in September, or all the bars may be so near the surface that the most flat-bottomed boat can't get over them. She is capricious as a woman, cruel as the grave." When you hear a hard-headed, practical man talk in this strain, you think he has been affected by the solitary life and the hardships of the far North. But when you come to study the subject you find that the old miner has not told of half the eccentricities of the greatest river on the western shore of this continent.

When the gold rush set in last July in San Francisco and Seattle, the men who secured passage on the first steamers to sail for St. Michael were regarded as lucky fellows. They paid for passage through to Dawson City, and they were assured of a comfortable journey on flat-bottomed stern-wheel steamers up the great Yukon River to the metropolis of the Klondike. It looked to be little more of a venture than a summer excursion to Alaska. A few veterans shook their heads and said the boats might never get through, but they were regarded as pessimists. In fact, all the expeditions which sailed for St. Michael before August 15 were regarded as sure to reach Dawson. Now we must revise all this. Of a score or more expeditions which left here and Seattle, not one expedition will reach Dawson, and it is doubtful whether more than twenty men will reach that city by way of the Yukon. The failure has been more complete than the gloomiest prophet predicted. The cause was low water, the usual rains in August proving too light to bring the river up to its usual level. While the men who went by the Chilkoot and the Skagway trails suffered great hardships, at least half of those who started got over the passes, and reached Dawson as the various creeks and rivers that empty into the Yukon, and which have become centres of prospecting. So the men who were thought to deserve pity were really the fortunate ones.

It is estimated that 1800 people left San Francisco and Puget Sound ports for St. Michael this summer and fall. More than twenty expeditions were organized, some leaving in unseaworthy boats and reaching St. Michael only because of the absence of the usual severe storms. One of the worst boats, that should never have been permitted to leave this port, was the old side wheel river steamer *More Island* which was towed up a part of the way and then made the rest of the voyage unaided. A severe storm would have sent her to the bottom. The steamers *Havana* and *North Fork* both had narrow escapes from disaster, as they were old boats, with engines in poor working order. The Yukon fleet also included several small river steamers from Seattle and three tugs from San Francisco.

Mayor Wood of Seattle resigned his position, organized a company at San Francisco, and sailed for St. Michael in the old steamer *Humboldt*, carrying small river boats on deck. At Seattle, where the *Humboldt* put in for passengers and freight, Wood was threatened with lynching because of his failure to carry out his agreements. Finally he got away, but after a slow voyage he was again menaced with violence at St. Michael when it was found that his river boats would not carry the people who had paid him for transport to Dawson. He tried to abandon the party, but he was forced to go up the river, as a sort of hostage to fortune. The last heard of him was at Minook Creek, where his boats were frozen in the ice.

It would be a comedy were it not for the tragical feature of death from cold and hunger always looming in the background, this stranding of over a thousand eager, hopeful prospectors all along the Yukon River, from its mouth to Fort Yukon, 1400 miles up stream. A dozen boats never got over the bar of the river, but are frozen fast in Norton Sound near St. Michael Island.

The steamer *Excelsior*, which sailed from San Francisco July 28, was the first boat to reach the Yukon. She carried a number of newspaper correspondents, mining experts, and prospectors, none of whom were permitted to carry more than 150 pounds of supplies. She made a quick trip, but her passengers were greatly disgusted to find that the *Bella*, the small light draught steamer with which they hoped to connect at St. Michael, had not appeared. Many, in their eagerness to reach Dawson early, paid extra fare for passage on the Weare Company's steamer *Hamilton*, which made good time up the river, until Rampart City, 1200 miles above St. Michael, was reached. There the river was found to be so low that it was useless to attempt to go further. Some of the passengers were landed, while others were taken back to Minook Creek.

The highest point reached by any of the vessels is Fort Yukon, 1400 miles from St. Michael. There the steamer *Victoria* is frozen in. At Minook Creek—or Rampart City, as it is now known—there are four expeditions stranded, the *May West*, *St. Michael*, *Hettie B.*, and *Seattle No. 1*. The last has Mayor Wood's party, the *Hettie B.* is a San Francisco tug boat, and the other two are river steamers from Seattle. Rampart City now has about six hundred people, all of whom will fold their tents in the spring and go up to Dawson. They have settled on this point for winter quarters because it is near to Minook Creek diggings, and because a good supply of food has been landed. The pictures on another page give a good idea of the roughness of the new log houses that are going up. Harold Sturges, a young Chicago man, named his cabin "The Rookery." It looked very dark for the settlement at Rampart City about the middle of September, as food was scarce, but a few days later one of the steamers which could not get further up the river discharged her freight, and with a large heap of flour, beans, and bacon the inhabitants rejoiced, for they knew starvation could now be kept off. Rampart City promises to be the liveliest camp on the lower river this winter, and if the Minook mines yield well it will be a permanent place. Prices were not very dear when my informant left, on September 18, as flour was quoted at 10 cents a pound, bacon at 35 cents a pound, and beans at 15 cents. These three necessaries determine the value of others.

Near Rampart City are Minook, Hunter, and Hoosier creeks. All have been prospected in previous seasons and abandoned by the locators for the Klondike, but of course this is no proof that they may not contain good mines. The colony at Rampart City proposes to give all these creeks a thorough prospecting this winter, and it is probable the more adventurous will make an effort to prospect Tanana River, which is about one hundred miles further down the Yukon.

The next point down the river where boats are frozen in is Nulato, 690 miles from St. Michael. Here are the tugs *General Stoneman* and *Esperance* from San Francisco, with about fifty prospectors. They are well supplied with provisions, but their quarters on the boats are so cramped that most of them will build log houses on shore.

About one hundred miles further down the river are the two steamers of the North American Transportation Company, the *Weare* and *Hamilton*. They have only a few people, but a good supply of provisions.

At Andreifski, 250 miles from the mouth of the river, are the steamers *Yukon*, *Bella*, and *Margaret*, all well loaded and well provisioned. When the ice breaks in the spring they have an excellent chance of getting through early, as they are of very light draught.

The most unfortunate of all are the expeditions which fitted out with vessels that, because of deep draught, were unable to get over the bar of the Yukon River. These are the steamers *More Island*, *Lakme*, *Healy*, *Berger*, *Alice*, and *Mercura*, the steam schooner *Navarro*, and the schooner *Queen*. These are all frozen in in the small arm of Bering Sea called Norton Sound, just off the mouth of the Yukon. Though the weather may be a trifle milder there than in the interior, the men on these vessels have no other advantage, as they cannot reach civilization, since Bering Sea is frozen over. They have the large supply post of St. Michael near at hand, so that there is no danger of lack of food.

It is too early yet to estimate the number of disheartened prospectors who will return from St. Michael to escape the long winter in the arctic. Fully one half of those who started out with high hopes last August and September will come back. Several bitter snow storms early in September gave them a foretaste of what the winter would bring, and they wisely concluded to wait till spring. To them will be added several hundred men who have come down the Yukon from Dawson and Fortymile and Circle City in small boats. They all bring reports of shortage of provisions and fear of suffering in the Klondike camps this winter. The men who will feel the pinch of starvation the worst are the scattered miners who have waited until the last moment to come into Dawson. They will appear with burros and dogs loaded down with gold dust, but they will be unable to exchange their treasure for food.

It may seem strange that men who reached within four hundred miles of Dawson by the Yukon route should not have pushed on in canoes or small boats. This was attempted by many, but thus far no report has come down the river of the success of any of these adventurers. Mr. Gillivray, the New York *Herald* correspondent, had reached Circle City at last reports but he was still 300 miles from Dawson, and the snow was then beginning to fly. The party which has the best chance of reaching Dawson is a small band of prospectors under the lead of N. C. Farnum, of San Francisco, who chartered the little steamer *May West* at Rampart City. They number twenty-eight, and have ample food for the winter. They secured a good pilot, and will make a great effort to get through before the ice closes in.

Men in canoes or small boats have small chance of getting up the river, for the labor is so excessive that not more than ten or fifteen miles can be made in a day. The current is so swift in the middle of the river that neither by poling nor by paddling can the canoe be kept up stream. The only resource is to skirt the bank and pull the loaded canoe by main force. A stout rope is attached, and the two men walk along the bank, with the line over their shoulders, pulling like beasts of burden. Whenever they cross one of the innumerable small streams that empty into the Yukon they are plunged up to their waists in ice-cold water. Even with rubber boots and rubber clothing it is impossible to keep dry. The labor is very exhausting, and Indians can only be secured for such work by the inducement of double pay.

Take it all in all, even the men who went by the Yukon River will taste of the hardships of life in Alaska before they reach the Klondike. Long before this time the words of warning spoken by the returned gold-miners last summer must have come back to them with redoubled force.

GEORGE HAMILTON FITCH.

San Francisco.

"THE VINTAGE."*

A STORY OF THE GREEK WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY E. F. BENSON,

AUTHOR OF "DODO," "LIMITATIONS," "THE JUDGMENT BOOKS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

GERMANOS was careful not to betray too much elation at the success of this scheme, and he soon spoke of other things. Prince Demetrius Ypsilantes, whom the Hetaeria, or Club of Patriots in North Greece, had chosen to take the place of his treacherous and inefficient brother, was shortly to come to the Peloponnesus. Hitherto the proceedings of the club had been very secret, and its funds intrusted to a few agents such as Nicholas and Germanos, but the rapid success and the still more brilliant promise of war, which, in North Greece as well, had spread like fire, had rendered all further concealment unnecessary, and it came forward now as the author of the liberty of Greece, which had, indeed, through its admirable agents, been due to it, and it was exercising its undoubted right in giving the supreme command to whomsoever it would. Germanos also assured Petrobey and Nicholas that they were both in the highest favor with the club, and that Prince Demetrius was most amicably and warmly inclined to them. He might also tell them that the Prince had no intention of interfering in the conduct of the war, which he was content to leave in more experienced hands, but he was coming as the head of the Hetaeria, which had organized and financed the outbreak of the war, and he was sure, he thought, Germanos, to approve of the step they had decided on to appoint a national Senate, and no doubt would take his place at the head of the assembly.

From this convention between the three sprang into being the Peloponnesian Senate, than which no more futile apparatus has ever been made to guide the affairs of a nation. From the first, harmony was impossible between the two parties, and the only result it achieved worth mentioning was that it diverted the time and energies of the military leaders from the work to which every moment should have been directed—the fall of Tripoli. So far from reconciling the divisions among the soldiers, it merely encouraged partisanship, for it was known that the Senate could not agree on any point worth the deliberation. Petrobey was more than once tempted to resign his seat; but to do that was only to throw the balance of power into the hands of the primates; while between Nicholas and Germanos there ripened, as bitter as a Dead Sea apple, an enmity only to be reconciled at a death bed; for Germanos, so Nicholas considered, and did not scruple to say, had deceived both him and his colleague. He had professed the highest, most altruistic aims, what guided his conduct was the most selfish and personal policy. This, it is to be feared, was partly true, though not entirely, for Germanos had been sincere when he opened to the two his scheme for the glory of the Church, but finding supremacy still dangling, like the fruit of Tantalus, beyond, but seemingly only just beyond, his reach, and stung intolerably at his failure, the personal motive crept in, and before long usurped the place of the other.

Nicholas had hoped great things from the arrival of the Prince, but in this, too, he was doomed to be disappointed. Demetrius was given an enthusiastic welcome by the army, the majority of a hem were enlisted in his atmosphere of intrigue. Petrobey instantly took his place as his subordinate, but the Prince gave him to understand that it was his wish that the conduct of the siege should continue in the same hands. Germanos, too, welcomed him cordially, with a due recognition of his position, for he hoped to win him over to the side of the Church, and for the time it seemed that some solution of their difficulties was imminent, and, in the hands of a stronger man, no doubt such universally recognized authority would have found some means of reconciliation.

But Prince Demetrius was terribly unfitted for his responsibility. His principles were honorable, but by nature he was weak and undecided. He inclined first to one party, then to another, with no diplomatic yielding which will give an inch to gain a yard, but with the pitiful futility of one who has no knowledge of men and no habit of command. To the soldiers this weakness manifested itself openly, and, unhappily, not ceremoniously in his personal appearance. He was under middle height. His manner was sometimes insolent, sometimes timid—an unfortunate combination, for he was neither the one nor the other, but only excessively self conscious and shy. His face was indistinctive and his voice thin and womanly. All these outward defects corresponded but too well with the inadequacy of his nature. A strong man with not so honorable a heart as he might easily have filled his post better, and the uprightness of his character at a crisis where uprightness was the quality wanted could not make itself felt, but to the army and the council was but the babbling that came from a man half drowned, when what was wanted was a firm voice and a loud and no drowning cry.

Moreover, he was morbidly sensitive about his own dignity and position, and there was something comically tragical to see that puny frame with bent shoulders sitting amid a company of great strong men, and hear that little croaking voice prating of "My wish" and "My command." On one side of him sat Germanos, courtier-like and full of deference, plying him with his titles as a nurse gives the bottle to the baby, while the Prince, sucking like a child, would be but too well pleased, and pipe: "What you say is very true. It is my wish that the Church should be fully recognized. Yes, quite so, my dear Archbishop, but I think our friend, the gallant commander of this army, of which I, as the commander-in-chief and as the viceroy by the wish of the Hetaeria—yes exactly—has something to say on the subject."

Then Petrobey would lay before the Prince the urgent need of doing one thing before all others. Tripoli must be taken; surely the claims of the two parties could be settled afterwards. That was the work that lay immediate to them. For three weeks now, since the beginning of June, had they waited at Tripoli, and the provisions of the army were already beginning to be exhausted. The herds were being thinned, the lower pastures was drying up in the summer heat. Must not steps be taken here at once? And Prince Demetrius would answer some thing in this manner:

"What you say is very true, my dear Petrobey, and I quite agree with you that there is no time to be lost. Would not you form a committee and deliberate what is to be done, and then submit your results to me to receive my sanction? You spoke, I remember, about the formation of some cavalry corps, a very wise plan I thought it, and I meant to have some talk with you about it. But really the days have slipped by so. Yes, we must indeed be up and doing, and my orderly has just informed me, gentlemen, that dinner is ready, and I shall be pleased to see you, my dear Archbishop, and you, commander, at my table. Dinner will be served immediately, and our deliberations, gentlemen, in which I think we may say we have made some solid progress, will be adjourned till tomorrow at the usual hour."

Nicholas saw that there was no help here, and he set himself to thwart Germanos with all his power. He considered that the presence of the primate there rendered the army powerless, for it was eaten up with intrigue, slander, and incessant accusation provoking counter accusation. At the meetings of the Senate he opposed Germanos at every point, whether or no his suggestion were honorable and expedient, and allying himself with any one who would join him in upholding the army against the Church, ranged himself side by side with crushed and unscrupulous men like Ponirropulos and Kolokotrones, mere brigands and adventurers, who, without any motive but their own greed, had got together a band of men, and were in command of a mere disorderly rabble, men whom in his soberer moments he knew were as detestable as in his furious anger against Germanos he thought the primate to be. Every day the meetings of the Senate grew more and more disorderly, and gradually Prince Demetrius saw that he was no more than a cipher in the eyes of these men. Of personal ambition Nicholas had none; honestly and with his whole heart he cared for nothing but the success of the revolution and the extermination of the Turk, and he used his great power and influence solely for this end, being convinced that till the question between the two parties was settled nothing could be done. At any rate, he was free from all stings of conscience; his conduct might be foolish, but he acted from the best motives, and there was enough truth in his allegations against Germanos to give them a sting that was without unforgivable.

It was already more than half-way through June, and still the army remained inactive. Petrobey had so far succeeded in rousing the Prince as to permit him to make arrangements for regular supplies being sent to the camp, but there was still no talk of an assault on Tripoli, or, indeed, any preparations for insuring its success. The Senate had met as usual that morning, and the meeting had degenerated into a fierce brawl between Kolokotrones and Nicholas on the one side and Germanos and Charalambos on the other. It was in vain that the Prince tried to restore order, they listened to him no more than to a buzzing fly, when at length Germanos, bitten to the quick by some intolerable taunt of Nicholas's, rose from the table, saying he would take no further part in the deliberations of the Senate.

"There must be an end," he said, "to this. How long ago is it, Nicholas, that you swore allegiance to me?"

"Allegiance in all things in your jurisdiction," replied Nicholas, "and to the glory of God, not to the glory of Germanos."

The heat of his anger did not excuse the words, and the moment afterwards every better thought within him would have had them unsaid, but Kolokotrones, sitting at his elbow, applauded vehemently.

"Silence, you there!" said Germanos, in white anger. "You will hear my voice no more here, but let me tell you you are not rid of me. We will see what the people say to such treatment as that which I have been subjected to."

"Go to the people," shouted Nicholas. "See how the Malmotes receive you."

"The Malmotes," said Germanos—"the Malmotes, whom I hold a degree only above the Turks!"

"My dear Archbishop—my dear Archbishop!" piped the Prince.

"But there are true and loyal men in Greece besides those hounds," continued Germanos, not even hearing the Prince speak.

"Archbishop," said the Prince again, with a certain dignity, "I command you, I order you, to be silent."

Germanos turned round on him, still red with rage.

"You order! You command!" he said, with infinite scorn, and broke into a sudden, unnatural laugh.

Prince Demetrius flushed; and on all the Senate fell a dead hush. For once the man showed the dignity of birth and breeding, and standing up he faced the angry prelate. His nervous, weak manner had left him; he rose to the occasion.

"You will please to take your seat, Archbishop," he said. "I have a few words to say."

Germanos looked around and saw on all sides anger, attentive faces bent not on him, but on the Prince. His anger still burned like fire within him, and he paused not to consider.

"I prefer to leave the room," he said. "I take no further part in these proceedings."

"You choose to disregard my request?" said the Prince; and with that his voice rose sudden and fierce. "I will therefore order. Sit down!" he cried.

Germanos's anger went out as sudden as the electric spark when the current is interrupted, and he realized what he had done. The Prince's favor he had forfeited hopelessly, and, though the Prince was nothing, he had forgotten in the man's insignificance the power he represented. Henceforth he would have to fight without the expectancy of help from there. And feeling his schemes already threatening to totter and fall about his head, in sheer blank bewilderment he sat down.

The Prince stood silent a moment and then spoke.

"I feel," he said, "that all the good I hoped to do, and all the efforts I wished to make for the great cause, are not to be fulfilled. With the exception of the commander of this army, the Senate generally have chosen to disregard my presence here. From Petrobey, however, I have always had courtesy and respect. The party of the Church, in particular, has elected to adopt an insolent demeanor towards me, the like of which I accept from no man. You have seen, gentlemen, how their head has behaved. I regret the decision to which I am compelled to come, a decision which I have long thought was possible, but which has been forced upon me. Gentlemen, I leave the camp to-day. The meeting is adjourned." Then turning to Petrobey, and bowing to the rest, "Come with me," he said, "we will leave this assembly together," and, taking his arm, he left the room.

Half an hour later he left the camp with a small guard, leaving the rest of his retinue to follow as quickly as they could get ready. But the news of his departure, and the reason for it, spread like wildfire through the camp, and the men, who still regarded him, partly because of the marked favor he showed to Petrobey, partly from the prestige of the revolutionary Hetaeria which he represented, as their champion, were wildly indignant with the primates. A riot nearly ensued, and but not Petrobey and other commanders, notably Nicholas himself, had been guarded in a place of safety, it is not improbable that some would have been murdered. Germanos, however, who, whatever his faults were, was perfectly fearless, refused all protection, and when one of the Malmotes, passing near him, spit at him, the Archbishop dealt the man a blow which knocked him off his feet, and passed on without hurry or discomposure, though he was in the middle of the clan. But the Malmotes, who were without a particle of reverence for him, but had a deep respect for personal pluck, made no attempt to stop him, though a minute before it was very doubtful whether he would have reached his quarters alive.

All day the feeling in the camp against the primates rose higher and higher, for, from the soldiers' point of view, the Prince was their protector not only against them, but against their own commanders, who, as the primates had told them, rousing suspicion if not belief in their minds, were employed in making private arrangements with the Turks, promising their lives in exchange for their property. No one, it is true, said a word about either Petrobey or Nicholas, for they stood beyond any shadow of suspicion, and for a time the ugly thoughts the primates had suggested were cast aside in the fierce indignation excited by the immediate cause of the withdrawal of the Prince for which the primates alone were to be thanked. A knot of angry men assembled outside the building where the primates and muskets were stored, demanding that they should be given up to be dealt with as they deserved, and, indeed, such a fate was an unmerited, and it would have saved a world of trouble to Petrobey. For they were responsible for all this doubt and division, they were traitors in the camp and in time of war a traitor is worse than a regiment of foes. Next day there was no abatement of popular feeling, and in the afternoon the whole body of commanders and captains went to Petrobey, after exacting a promise from their men of quietude in their absence, asking that the Prince might be petitioned to return, for his absence could but end in one thing, the death of all the primates either with the authority of the commanders or, in default of that, by mutiny.

Petrobey readily consented to go in person, for things were at an absolute *impasse*, and without the Prince's co-operation and presence he was really afraid that the worst might happen; and in the name of the entire army, and with the appeals of the primates, he waited upon the Prince at Leondari, a revolted town not far from Megalopolis. The Prince at first hesitated, or seemed to hesitate, but privately he was very much gratified at what seemed as unlikeness a mark of confidence, for, on thinking his action over, it had appeared to him that he would cut but a sorry figure if he returned to the Hetaeria saying that the army disregarded his authority and met his commands with insolence, while if he came back like a withdrawal assumed the aspect of a most successful piece of diplomacy. Accordingly, at the end of the week, he returned amid the welcoming acclamation of the army, and was pleased to accept—having insisted on the same—the apology of Germanos, which was bitter herbs to that proud man, but to Nicholas sweet as honey in the mouth.

Throughout July, but waning with the moon, continued the reign of that incompetent but honest man Prince Demetrius. His indecision amounted to a disease of the mind; he seemed morally incapable of acting, or, though his pretentious viceregal claim, of letting others act for him—a creature afflicted with acute paralysis of will. Inside the town there were plenty of provisions and no lack of water, and though Achmet Bey saw that escape was impossible, for the weakness of the troops inside would have rendered an attempt to cut through the occupations on the hills quite hopeless, yet he was in no mind to surrender when no attempts were made to induce him to. There were provisions in the camp which would last three months more, for the harvest had been got in before the occupation of Yaletzi, and the ravages of the Greeks had destroyed only the villages and winter crops, and Mehemet Salih remarked one morning that one seemed safer in Tripoli than anywhere else. And the hot month throbbed by, while to the Greeks every day's close saw another day lost.

Early in August news came to the camp that the Turks in Monemvasia had made a proposal for a capitulation, for it will be remembered that a small fleet of vessels from Spetzas were blockading it by sea, in addition to a regiment from South Greece by land, and these tidings gave Prince Demetrius a most ill conceived idea. The terms of the capitulation were discussed at a meeting of the Sen-

* Began in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2110.

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"HE CLAMBERED UP AND DROPPED DOWN ON THE OTHER SIDE."

ate, and caused a very considerable difference of opinion. Nicholas and Petrobey advising that the Turks should be given a passage over in Smyrna or some Asia Minor port, on condition that they surrendered their arms, paid the expenses of the siege (for the soldiers had been serving without pay), and further gave an indemnity of 10,000 Turkish pounds, which should be divided between the fleet, the army, and the national treasury. Germanos and his party opposed this. Monemvasia was notably one of the wealthiest towns in the Peloponnesus, and he proposed that they should only be given their lives on the surrender of their property. Prince Demetrius went to the other extreme: the Hetairia would of course refund the pay of the soldiers, for it was for that very purpose its funds had been raised, in the soldiers was due their pay and nothing more, and if easy terms were granted to Monemvasia the Turks in Tripoli would be more disposed to capitulate. The discussion degenerated into wrangling, but in the middle of it Prince Demetrius suddenly commanded silence. Since the affair with Germanos he had secured the formalities of obedience, and he was listened to in silence.

"I shall go to Monemvasia in person," he said, "to receive and accept the capitulation of the town as commander in-chief of the army and viceroy appointed by the Supreme Council of the Hetairia. The troops there, so I hear, are out of hand, and the Maïnota corps, under their commander, Petrobey, will accompany me. We will continue to discuss the terms of the capitulation, and observe a little more decorum."

But the Senate had experienced his deficiency in power of command too long, and his words were like the words coming from the mouth of a mask when every one knew how insignificant a figure stood behind it. The autocratic tone was ludicrous and, in this particular case, peculiarly out of place. Petrobey, who, when it was possible, supported the Prince, found himself obliged to oppose, and, with a courtesy he found it hard to assume, answered:

"Your Highness will remember," he said, "that the siege has been going on for three months, and has been entirely the work of the people. The Hetairia has not helped them in any way. It is surely, then, their right to demand their own terms, and the surrender must be made to the captains of the blockading forces, or to whomever they appoint, and to no other."

The Prince flushed angrily.

"Do I understand then, that I am not the commander-in-chief to the whole army?"

"Your Highness is commander in-chief over all the army which has been organized or supplied by the Hetairists or their agents. The force that blockades Monemvasia was raised by private enterprise before your appointment by the Hetairia, and during your stay in the Morea you have not either taken the command there or assisted them. The commander of the land force there is a member of this Senate, and no doubt he will obey its resolves."

"Sooner than that of the viceroy?"

"The viceroy also is a member of this Senate," said Petrobey, with some adroitness.

The Prince was silent a moment.

"The Senate will therefore vote as to whether Monemvasia is to be occupied in the name of the Senate or in my name," he said, shortly.

For once there was unanimity between the two parties, and it was decided that Monemvasia was to be occupied in the name of the Senate. The discussion about the terms of the capitulation was then renewed, but as it was felt that the commander of the blockading force had more voice in the matter than any one else, Germanos, with the available desire of perhaps thwarting Nicholas, whose proposal had been more moderate than his own, suggested that this point should be settled on the arrival of the Prince there, between himself and the commander, for it was absurd that commanders of a force which was besieging Tripoli should have a voice in the matter. Nicholas, knowing that Petrobey would be there too, and that he had more influence with the Prince than any one, acquiesced with a smile, saying that Germanos's sage reflection applied equally to primates who were not in command of anything.

So for a time the centre of the war, like some slow-moving stream, shifted to Monemvasia, and during the whole of August half the army lay idle on the hills round Tripoli, and with the departure of the Prince the tale of scandalous slander was again taken up by the primates, the result of which was to appear later. Germanos, though he must have known what was going on, held aloof, and did not mix up in the affairs of the camp, though, to his shame be it said, he appears to have made no effort to check the outrageous intrigues.

To Nicholas, however, the month was full of work, and he at once put in hand arrangements for the regular supply of the camp, and was occupied with drilling the men, and under that wise yet severe rule the unorganized troops began slowly to take shape, and his example shamed many of the idle and irresponsible captains into following his lead, though, having little knowledge of military matters themselves, it must be concluded that their men were not able to advance to a high degree of efficiency. Meantime among the men themselves, the utter inability of the Prince either to check abuses or to enforce discipline had become apparent, and from the time of his departure to Monemvasia his power may be said to have ceased altogether. And when the news of what had taken place at that town came to hand, from being a nonentity he became a laughing stock.

The slightly mild council, for all the cultivated land round Tripoli was already devastated, and neither within the town nor in the camp was any particular vigilance observed. The Turks knew it was hopeless to attack Tripolitza, and the Greeks had no thoughts till the return of Petrobey to attempt to storm the town, and Mitsos heading inward by one night on the rough wall where he and Yanni used often to sit, had an idea which arose from this question.

For several weeks after the adventure of the fire ship he had been quite peaceful in his mind with regard to Saleina, for that escape seemed to him as heaven sent that, with childlike faith, he had no manner of doubt but that the saints watched over her, and though at times his heart went scourging for her absence, yet he trusted an unreasoning conviction that at the time appointed he would see her again. The strong probability that she was in the besieged town did not at first weigh on him at all. Some day, when provisions ran short, it would capitulate, and there would be a repetition of the scene at Kalamata, or they would storm it, and there would be fighting inside. But the women would all be in the houses and, even if the houses were attacked, she would remember what he had told her, and cry out to them in Greek, saying she was of their blood, and all would be well.

But when the excitement of that skirmish—now nearly two months ago—and the rows in Tripolitza, with all the delightful night raiding, was over, and was succeeded by an inaction sickened by the odious intrigues of the primates, he began to worry sore for her, and then to be filled with panic fears as unfounded as his first security. Safety in a siege! There was no such thing. A chance bullet, an angry Greek, and a repetition of that infernal butchery of women and children on board the ship bound for Egypt. What was more horribly possible? A burning house, a falling wall, and then a mass of pulped bodies.

On this particular night his fears grew like creatures in a hag ridden nightmare. A hundred terrible scenes loomed enormous before him, and in each Saleina, with white, inspiring face, was struck out of life, now by a bullet, now by a sword. Below, in the part of the town nearest him, were five or six big houses built on the wall; there gleamed rows of lights from narrow, barred windows; and from each Saleina's face looked out from a room burning within, while she shook the iron bars with impotent hand as the flames flickered and rose behind her!

The thing became intolerable, he rose and walked about, but found no rest. Thirty yards away the soldiers' huts began, and he could hear sounds of singing from the big stonily-built café a little further on. The sentry had just been on his rounds, and Mitsos exchanged a word or two with him as he passed, he would be back again in half an hour. The wall inside was only six feet high, outside, perhaps ten or twelve, but with plenty of hand-hold for an agile lad, and next moment, almost without thinking where or why, he had clambered up and dropped down on the other side.

Did he not know where he was going? Ah, but his heart told him! Somewhere in that fiery eyed town, into which entrance was impossible, was she for whom he was made—she with the eyes of night and the history of his soul written on the curves of her lips. And inasmuch as she was there, the rekindled fever of his love drew him near, neither willing nor unwilling, but steel to the magnet to the star north.

He had taken off his shoes in order to climb over the wall with more ease and less noise, and went down over the basalt rocks, all white with dew, barefooted. The moon had strayed westward beyond the zenith, casting his shadow a little in front of him, and round his head as he walked moved an opaline halo. Then he crossed the mountain stream, and stood in it for a moment for the coolness of the moon and the eternal youth of night had entered into its waters, making them vigorous and bracing. A little wind drawing down its course was full of the scent of water and green things, and streamed downwards to renovate the hot air of the plain. Then on again through a little belt of vineyard, still close to the camp and not destroyed, where the stream talked less easily in the soft earth, with a whiff from the ripening bunches, and a scuttle of some disturbed hare come down to feed on the leaves. Then he crossed the stream again, which lay in an elbow southwards, pushing through a clump of oleanders, which rose above his head, and out into the plain. The earth was warm underfoot after the cold rocks, and he ran plunging across it, till, getting within a stone's throw of the wall, he crept more slowly, and finally lay down in the shadow of a felled olive tree, and looked to see if there was aught stirring.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PENNSYLVANIA'S NEW CAPITOL.

THE commission appointed by act of Legislature to select a plan for a new Capitol invited architects in any part of the country to submit designs. The commission then appointed a number of architects to act as a board of experts to aid them in selecting a plan. Many excellent designs were submitted, and the board of experts finally made a selection, which, however, the commission would not accept, on the ground that the building, according to the design selected, could not be made sufficiently complete for the use of the General Assembly for $500,000, the amount appropriated by the last General Assembly. Instead, they accepted the plans submitted by Mr. H. L. Cobb. The central or main part, for the use of the Legislature, can be erected in one year for the amount of the appropriation. To complete the scheme an additional $1,000,000 will be required, which it is anticipated will be voted by the next Legislature. The architect expects to finish his working plans in five weeks, after which two weeks will be allowed to contractors to bid on the construction, and work will be commenced in January, 1898.

It will be built on the site of the old Capitol, crowning a high hill, the slopes of which are covered with noble trees. The material suggested for the exterior is Pennsylvania granite, with a frame work of steel and iron, and the interior walls, partitions, and floors of brick and hollow tile. The interior is to be finished in marble, stucco, and hard woods.

THE NEW PENNSYLVANIA STATE CAPITOL AT HARRISBURG.—HENRY IVES COBB, ARCHITECT.

MUSIC.

An important addition to the aerial concerts of the winter comes in the way of the re-entrance into concert-giving of the ancient and honorable house of Chickering & Sons. In their local hall will be offered two orchestral evenings and four afternoon ones, under Mr. Anton Seidl's direction. The dates of the matinées—just begun—are November 9, December 7, January 4, and February 1, and the evening concerts are set for March 1 and April 5. The programmes will be of a classic and popular adjustment. Soloists announced are Mr. Richard Hoffman, Mr. Franz Rummel, and Mr. Xaver Scharwenka.

The editor of this department of HARPER'S WEEKLY has received the bound volume of the programmes of the Chicago Orchestra for last season's twenty-two concerts, between October, 1896, and May in 1897. The excellent analyses of the more unfamiliar or important compositions are from Mr. Arthur Meers. A complete and certainly an interesting table of the complete selection of music performed by Mr. Thomas's band since the orchestra's work was inaugurated is added, and a list of the soloists that have taken part. With regard to last season's music, which amounts to an admirably broad representation, as a whole, it may be noted by a New York concert-goer that a considerable number of works have been brought forward in Chicago which, though not necessarily new at all, are yet to be publicly played for the first time in this city. A partial assortment only includes Gilson's "Fanfare Inaugurale"; Balakirf's "Thamar," a symphonic poem; Glazounof's "Cortège Solennel"; Guilmant's "Adoration and Allegro," for organ and orchestra; Camille Saint-Saëns's great organ Fantasia, Opus 101; Berlioz's "Corsair" overture, Dvorshák's "Golden Spinning-wheel," symphonic poem; Chadwick's Third Symphony; Beuckner's "Romantic Symphony", Smetana's "Moldau," symphonic poem; Grieg's "Olaf Tryggvason" music, Dupore's "Lenore", and that terrible "poem" "Thus spake Zarathustra," of Richard Strauss.

Supplementary to his special course of lectures on "The Chamber Music of Beethoven and of other Modern Masters," to be delivered by Professor John K. Paine before his students in Harvard College, an arrangement has been made with the Kneisel Quartet, of Boston, for ten chamber music evenings in the Sanders Theatre. The prospectus, as sent out by Mr. F. H. Comins, of the class of '75, who has the practical arrangements in his care, is one of extraordinary richness in the repertory of Haydn, Mozart, Hummel, Beethoven, Schumann, and Schubert, with a modern complement of carefully representative choice. The series will be open to an outside subscription in Cambridge and Boston.

The Pittsburg Orchestra, under the auspices of the Art Society of the city, and installed in the superb concert hall given by Mr. Carnegie, enters on its third year with this autumn. Mr. Frederic Archer, the conductor of the orchestra, has made changes in the band likely to improve its *ensemble* work, including the engagement, as concert-master, of Mr. Frederic Völker. The prospectus of the afternoon and evening concerts is a varied and peculiarly modern and progressive one, ranging from Mozart and Beethoven up to Cui, Dvorshák, Dupont, Hauchecorne, Silas—whose Symphony in A will then be given for the first time in this country—Tinel, and Foote. Perhaps it is a list a bit too progressive and up to date inasmuch as, so far, neither Bach, Haydn, Gluck, Brahms, Schubert, nor Schumann is to be foreseen by it. The Art Society of Pittsburg, whose work is a broad and judicious one in letters and the fine arts in general, has attained its twenty-fifth year of organization.

At the Odéon in Paris last spring the performance of Racine's *Athalie*, with all of Mendelssohn's music, was such a popular success that the director of the important national theatre in question purposes several repetitions of the classic Biblical masterpiece during the coming winter. Mendelssohn's score has naturally received only concert recognition in New York, long and intimately as it has become known to Americans, nor is it likely to be heard under its dramatic conditions, that greatly enhance it, until a local French Theatre is an established fact. The Symphony Society here has just opened its season's work with a memorial concert to Mendelssohn, who died in November, 1847.

The People's Singing Classes, organized and directed by Mr. Frank Damrosch and a group of assistants in 1892, now among the most successful and interesting of our local choral interests, has begun this autumn its sixth season, with eight separate corps, in various neighborhoods of the city, and with a larger attendance than ever before in the history of the work. The combined choirs of these classes last spring gave an astonishingly firm and symmetrical exhibition of their material and training when the *Messiah* was sung as it seldom has been sung in New York. It was of this people's choir that a writer in a New York journal lately said: "It is not of the rich; many, many of its singers are, pathetically, of the very poor. See its ranks. Note countenances and clothing. Hear the members talk during a recess. Nobody is too well dressed, in a later sometimes many women and men are not too warmly dressed. There are rough hands and hard-working bodies and a work-sobered faces. It means the East Side and the West Side, that works all week, singing of a Sunday afternoon. It means the practical nurture of art among the masses of the city's people, as from not one of the conservatories and such like institutions of all the town, but all the ordinary and luxurious musical machinery running between our October and June."

The National Conservatory of Music of America announces a series of fine orchestral concerts to be given at the Madison Square Concert Hall during the months of January, February, March, and April, 1898. They are to be under the conductorship of Mr. Gustave Hinrichs, the orchestra being composed of pupils recruited from the orchestral classes of the institution and their teachers. Soloists will be selected from the faculty and pupils. These concerts are to be given under the auspices of the subscribers to the Permanent Orchestral Fund of the National Conservatory, and therefore will be free. The dates will be announced later.

Verdi's eighty-fourth birthday has been the signal for an almost national demonstration all over Italy, and, as to that matter, for a complimentary notice from nearly each musical corner of Europe. Scarcely a composer of note failed to write or telegraph to Verdi or of him. The congratulations from artists came by dozens, from Australia, India, and Liberia, as well as from America and Europe. Meantime Verdi says modestly, "I have done my best, but I cannot do what Mozart did." And in one splendid reference he exhorts all music-students towards more Palestrina and Bach.

A new Shakespearian opera on *The Taming of the Shrew*, entitled *La Mégère Apprivoisée*, the adaptation of the play being by Emile Deshayes and the music by Frédéric Le Rey, was lately brought out in Paris as a forerunner of the music season, though not at the Opéra. The Porte St.-Martin's autumn venture into a musical repertory included it. The success was but moderate. It is curious to note that out of a dozen notices by eminent Parisian critics, not one seemed to have any acquaintance with the masterpiece on the same subject by the late Hermann Goetz, though numerous other lyric treatments of the play were noted. Goetz's opera was sung in New York at the time of the American Opera Company, as an experiment, under the direction of Theodore Thomas. A more recent novelty has been a four-act score, *Le Spahi*, drawn from Loti's story, composed by Lucien Lambert, a young and important man in French music. It is described as excelling in its instrumentation.

The European tour of the King of Siam has elicited the fact that there is a Siamese national air, not to say anthem. A great scrambling for its score, under various arrangements, began among the Continental and British band masters and orchestra leaders in general, as soon as the King and his suite were fairly on their travels. One band-master informed the writer of this note that he was

AUCTION-SALE OF THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD AT OMAHA, NEBRASKA, NOVEMBER 1, 1897.—[See Page 1168.]

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obliged to copy the parts for his men in great haste from a scrawled French manuscript, and that when the air was played, without rehearsal, "it sounded queerer than it looked"—so much queerer that he was somewhat taken aback at its Oriental intervals, although the King and his suite showed no signs of dismay. He discovered presently that he had confused two or three measures and given their contents to the wrong wind-instruments! The air was written by a wandering Italian musician, unwillingly a visitor to Bangkok many years ago, who took a good native tune as the basis of his melody.

Camille Saint-Saëns has written a formal denial to the French press as to the report that he is writing a new opera. "No misfortune of that sort is to be apprehended," he says in his letter. He is occupied with an edition of Rameau's complete works, including several unpublished scores. After superintending at Lyons a production of his *Ascanio*, M Saint Saëns will pass the winter in his usual hermitage nowadays, the tales "off" which the sentimental gentleman of the popular college song smoked his last cigar.

The death of Henri Meilhac, dramatist and librettist, author of the text of the *Grand Duchess of Gerolstein*, *Vie Parisienne*, *Blue-beard*, *Belle Hélène*, *La Périchole*, and so many more of Offenbach's masterpieces in opera-bouffe, elicited from the veteran Francisque Sarcey one of those spontaneous, sincere, and straightforward tributes, with the note of personal feeling in it, which the dean of French stage critics seems to pay more and more frequently in these later years of his feuilletons. In M. Sarcey's judgment, Meilhac felt that his brilliant success as Offenbach's libretto-maker impaired his recognition as a playwright in such dramas as his *Froufrou*, and as the creator of certain types that he more or less individualized on the Parisian stage M. Sarcey justly characterizes the best Meilhac libretti as little works of genius in their wit, their grouping of personages, their truth to nature and to caricature, and that decency of actual diction which makes tolerable all sorts of situations in themselves more than equivocal.

The week past has offered a succession of concerts that indicate of what good musical stuff the season will grow. Of the soloists at them who are new comers a further opportunity to speak will be a fairer compliment. Madame Dyna Beumer, a highly accomplished florid soprano, Mr. Paolo Galleo, a pianist of the Liszian school, at least in his virile audacity, and Mr. Emilio de Gogorza, a French baryton with a particularly pleasing voice and style—all were heard in the Astoria ball-room on Tuesday evening Mr. Herbert Hoffman's exquisite pianism of the old school graced the first of the Chickering Hall series of matinée concerts above mentioned. The Boston Symphony's opening concert presented Mr. Rafael Joseffy, second to no living artist at the piano, and with few equals. The Philharmonics offered Mr. Ysaye, a violinist whose individuality with this venture is as strong as of old. There will be many such weeks to come, and fortunately many even as interesting.

E. IRENÆUS STEVENSON.

THE NATIONAL HORSE SHOW.

THAT the National Horse Show Association's annual exhibition is a great social function an person who has participated therein, either as providing a part of the spectacle or as one of those who went to see the show, can ever be in doubt.

Indeed, its cosmopolitan character in this respect grows each year. Gus has let to read the list of those who buy the boxes, where they may see and be seen, to feel assured that New York, Boston, Philadelphia, as well as the cities of the West, contribute to the social features of the great gathering, which thus justifies, upon this side, the name of the National Horse Show.

Whether, as an exhibition of horses and their accompanying paraphernalia of harness and carriages, it is a national show, or a New York show wherein the influence of European fashions and ideas is pre-eminent—perhaps because nearer to their source than any other of our American cities—is certainly a subject upon to debate.

It is quite possible to take the narrower view, and still n criticize the Madison Square Show unkindly. The day when the New York Horse Show was easily first is some lost behind us. Boston, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Kansas City, Detroit, Cleveland, all have great gatherings of the same kind, besides the many smaller shown in the open air; and the greatest of all ever held in this country was probably the Chicago exhibition just brought to so successful a consummation under the able management of Mr John A Logan Jr

In some of these, features have been introduced that the managers of the New York show must copy if they would not fall behind the others, and would maintain their right to be known as a national association

To do this they should increase the number of their classes, so covering ground recognized as of interest by others.

It is a source of satisfaction, in looking over the prize list before the show, to see that they have followed Boston in making classes for polo ponies. The polo and riding pony classes are recognized by all the great British shows, thanks to the establishment of the Polo Pony Stud-Book, whose sponsors count among their number nearly all the most prominent names socially, and of world wide reputation for horse knowledge, in the tight little island

The judging of these intelligent and highly bred little horses in the ring will certainly be one of the most interesting spectacles of the whole show.

It would seem, however, as though a mistake was made in demanding that entry to the polo-pony classes should be subject to the requirement "must have been used for polo with some recognized polo club." Polo is an expensive game to play, and can only be indulged in by our wealthy leisure class. But supposing some young man, or some breeder who wishes to supply the demand for polo ponies, takes the pains thoroughly to educate a good pony, so adding greatly to his values, hell he not be permitted to show the result of his labors and skill in breeding and training, because, forsooth, he cannot afford to join a polo club, or is not near enough to any if he could afford the expense? Surely this is a hardship, and is short-sighted on the part of polo players, if they are responsible for the rule, since they need a continuous supply of good ponies, and should encourage any one who is trying to furnish it. If they are afraid outsiders will carry off the prizes, they acknowledge their own weakness Certainly an experienced pony should win over a green one, and in this should be all needed protection

It would seem, then, that these should be open classes, that ponies should be shown with mallet and ball, be asked to start, turn, stop, change feet at a gallop—all to be done with mallet in right hand of rider, pony guided and controlled entirely with the left hand and legs. Make the conditions in the ring such as would try out the class, but let any one in who thinks he can win.

Another matter in regard to polo ponies. The limit of height in this country is 14.1. In England it is 14.2 Lately the game has developed so that great speed is a most important factor, and the competition for animals with speed enough to win games has caused men to ride horses above the limits set by the rules All are guilty of the same fault, so no one complains of another, nor demands that his neighbor's mount conform to the rules. This violation of rule became so flagrant in England a couple of years ago that the Hurlingham Club, as representing all the polo clubs of England, got a new rule passed that all agreed to. Under this regulation every pony playing in England must be measured by officials appointed to do this work, and receive a certificate showing his registration as an eligible before he can play in any match. The only exception to this is that ponies that played in championship matches previous to July, 1896, may get certificates without being measured. Every new comer since that time must get a life certificate if five years old, a certificate good for one year if below that age. No person interested in the pony can be present when the pony is measured, and the rules governing the measurement are carefully compiled with by the official detailed to their duty This matter is here mentioned because ponies above 14.1 are shown in this class, and no competitor should be expected to make himself obnoxious to his fellows by demanding that the other man's pony be measured

In every class where a limit of height is set, every horse should be measured by judges or other competent person *before he comes into the ring*. In the case of polo ponies the English rule should be observed, each bringing a certificate if the Polo Association here measured him, or else he should be measured by the horse-show officials before being admitted in the ring.

In the pony breeding classes, also, stallions kept for producing saddle ponies should not be put in competition with those intended to get harness-ponies. This class is shown "in hand"—*i. e.*, led by a groom. The harness-pony stallions, with their harness holding them in perfect form, their heavy shoes, and their training to trot with the greatest amount of display possible, yet not to break, produce a spectacle that catches the public and influences the judges With an animal intended for saddle purposes this high knee and hock action is very undesirable Every authority in England cries against it; the Hills (father and son, most influential in the Polo Pony Stud-Book Society), Miller, and Dale ("Stonecliffe"), whose books are the best utterances on the game of polo and saddle ponies—all are on record advising, "Avoid hackney blood in a saddle pony," because hackney blood makes high action certain. So it is quite improper to ask judges to choose between a high acting pony and one bred for quite a different purpose, and equally good, in one class.

To go back to the matter of additional classes. It seems a great pity that the public cannot see any more at Madison Square Garden the "gaited" saddle horse, cultivated by the National Saddle Horse Association.

General Castleman has shown some of these in former years, as have others. Certainly those who remember Emily, Lou Chief, and some of the others that have represented the class, and more especially those who have attended the Kansas City, St. Louis, and Chicago shows of this year, regret that they cannot see some of the magnificent horses shown in those cities. No Arab can be more beautiful than they, and their high breeding ensures their endurance. No finer cavalry mounts than they could be imagined, their smooth gaits making them especially desirable because of their saving fatigue to the rider, and permitting free use of a trooper's arms and hands. Besides all else, this is a typical American horse, one of the few found in no other country, and certainly an animal of whom we need not be ashamed For park-riding, a square "walk, trot, and canter" horse is preferred by most riders in the East. Still the Kentucky and Tennessee saddle-horse has his place, and should be shown. Nearly all our saddle-horses are docked and otherwise trimmed. They look better that way. A man who would dock a horse that can carry his tail after the fashion of the animals under discussion should be put in prison. It is well to let the public see beauty of this kind as well as that which conforms entirely to foreign types and fashions.

Another class that has once or twice been on the prize list is the old fashioned Morgan. Because sometimes these classes did not fill well is no good reason for leaving them off the list. The association always has ample protection for itself in the rule applied to all other classes—that too few candidates for honors in any class, or the quality not being up to standard, awards of prizes may be withheld. The Morgan is manifestly the best all-around horse we ever had in this country The craze for extreme speed for a while caused these beautiful and hardy horses to be nearly swamped in the cold blood of the long gaited, big headed, slab-sided Hambletonian, so that it seemed at one time that the breed of Morgan horses must almost be extinct.

There were some few, however, who plainly said "they would not bow down to the [new] idol" These saved a remnant of the old blood pure, this has been carefully nursed, and to-day there are very live and healthy organizations devoted to the interests of the Morgan horse. Mr. Joseph Battell, of Vermont, is high priest of the cult, and there are Morgan horse associations in two or three of the Western States. It is certain that worthy representatives of the best Morgan blood, through Woodburn, the Green Mountain Morgan, and other notable animals of fifty years ago, could be shown some would have been this year had there been any class, descendants from the Peters Morgan, also Lambertis, strengthened on the dam's side, and taking their Lambert blood through re-enforced Morgan lines in Aristos, Abraham, St Julian, Lambert Chief, or sires of the Highland Grey line, one of the best sons of that gallant old horse now standing on Long Island.

When, in the high stepping classes at the Garden, you see some horse of unknown breeding, make up your mind that he has the old Morgan blood in him, or that of the kindred family of Henry Clay. If men would but cultivate and preserve these old American types, we need not go to England to get action from the hackney, and would avoid the bull necks and heavy heads that generally go with hackney blood Indeed, the best hackneys in the whole English stud book are those who got their trotting quality from the old Morgan horse Shepard F. Knapp, who went to England thirty years ago

Right here is where the English are very strong. They are the most scientific breeders in the world They see a good thing, and know it when they see it. They make up their minds what type of animal they wish to produce, and never allow their attention to be diverted from their objective point, carefully eliminating every antagonistic influence, and concentrating, by careful selection, those that they find forwarding their interests. They made certain that Shepard F Knapp was what they wanted before they used him; the ordinary long striding trotting horse does not interest them.

The old controversy whether there should be one or more judges to each class need not be gone over at this time. It would seem, though, that if the right man were obtained, one would be better than three, then the public would know where to place the responsibility for mistaken judgments, and know whom to ask for his reasons for certain decisions. Certainly when an English expert was brought over in 1894 to judge the hackney classes they never were judged so well, nor was there as good judgment of any other classes in that show. As an instance of his intelligence, his decision in one class, yearling stallions, was questioned. The most showy colt was placed third; two others, whose conformation was no better and action not as good, were given first and second. When asked for his reason he gave it very frankly. "Why," said he, "this is a class for young stallions. It is undoubtedly the intention of their owners to keep them for breeding. The colt I gave first is a handsome chestnut, the second is a rich brown, the third is a roan. He will get roan colts in the end, and the market price of whole-colored horses is, and always will be, higher than broken colors." Here was a good reason. Could a town-meeting discussion of the merits of the class have reached a better decision? Would there not have been a chance that two men who did not know would nullyate one who did?

One matter that might be changed, however, is important. If a man is judge one year, he should be ineligible for the two years next following, and the same men should not be allowed to judge more than one of the big shows in one year.

A man is judge—we will suppose—at Chicago, the next week following the Cleveland show; the week after that comes New York. The same horses are apt to be shown, at least some of the same—in all three. There are professional show horses as well as professional riders and professional drivers. They go from one show to another, for what can be added to the funds of owners. If a horse is given first at Chicago, is he not very apt to get the same at Cleveland and New York, competing with practically the same horses in his class, and judged by the same judge? Or if two or three horses that have "been in the business" long enough to know how to please judges one year, is it not quite certain that when the same judges meet the same horses next year, they will have an advantage of being old friends? Will not the old winner have to "go off" in condition terribly, or meet a phenomenon in the class, for a judge to fail of seeing the same perfection a second or third time that he saw at first?

This matter of professional show horses is one needing attention outside of that indicated, of changing judges every year It discourages people, who have really good horses that they would enter, to know that they must go up against a lot of horses that do nothing else but pass from show to show, hunting prizes and purses. With each public appearance the professional show horses gain experience, get used to the sights, their drivers or riders study idiosyncrasies of judges before whom they have passed in review, are known to the judges. No fault can be found with this as adding interest and instruction to the horse show public. Nothing should be done that will prevent their being shown.

But—*they should be shown together*. In dog shows, after any animal has won first prize at two or three of the more important bench shows, he must go into a "championship" class. He can no longer compete in open classes. So in justice to the men who spend time and money for which they get no return, the men who keep trying but get no prizes—really the man who make horse shows—no horse that has won more than two blue ribbons should be allowed in an open class. He should be shown for what he is, as a "champion," among and in competition with other champions It is all very well for owners of old winners to hang a bouquet of ribbons his horses have won, in a glass case on velvet background, near his stalls at the horse show. It does not, however, induce others to enter new horses. The practice is a gratification of laudable pride on the part of the professional exhibitor. It also stamps him a professional, and takes off the fine amateur flavor which some people consider the most valuable adjunct of success in lines outside their means of livelihood. It makes the difference between the professional jockey and the gentleman rider, nay in it snobbishness for a man to prefer to be in the second class rather than the first, any more than for him to prefer to be an amateur oarsman rather than a professional sculler.

SPENCER BORDEN.

THE CHICAGO HORSE SHOW.

HAMPERED by the records of previous Chicago horse shows, which failed to meet their obligations for premiums, having less than six weeks in which to arrange and prepare for such a gigantic enterprise, those in charge of the recent show may congratulate themselves upon having held one of the greatest exhibitions of the kind this country has ever known Not only in the number of and class of its entries, but also in its daily attendance, the perfection of the arrangements, the size of its ring, and other essentials, the show has never been surpassed in America.

Before proceeding to the exhibition itself, a few words as to its origin may not be out of place, and that now famous body, the Illinois State Board of Agriculture, should receive its just measure of praise. When the

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idea of holding a horse show in 1897 was first broached, there were few in Chicago of sufficient faith to believe that such a gigantic scheme could be carried through successfully, as all previous horse shows had been financial as well as sporting failures. At this juncture the Illinois State Board was appealed to, came to the rescue, and assumed the financial responsibility of the undertaking. But here ended the real usefulness of this body; for having appointed a capable manager in the person of Mr John A. Logan, Jr., its every effort thereafter should have been to assist him in making the show a success, whereas, through a short-sighted and narrow-minded policy of economy, much was done by it, preceding the show and during the first days, that was detrimental to its best interests. The board showed itself unwilling to co-operate with the manager of the show until a crisis was reached which threatened to end the show most ingloriously. Then Manager Logan rose to the occasion, and forced the board to reinstate him as manager in fact as well as in name, and to apologize to the exhibitors, judges, and officials. His judgment and his arbitrary action were vindicated by the enormous attendance and enthusiasm of the public, as well as the approval of the press, exhibitors, and judges.

The Chicago Horse Show embraced many features that a similar exhibition in the East does not—a fat stock show and a fruit show. Two troops of United States cavalry gave daily interesting and exciting exhibitions of rough-riding, and the Marine Band was present by order of the Secretary of the Navy.

As a social function, the horse show has not yet assumed in Chicago the position and dignity it has held in New York for several years. Many of the most prominent people in Chicago society bought boxes and were present each evening, but the visiting between boxes and the display of gowns were not as noticeable as they are in the East.

A novel and popular annex was the Bit and Spur Club, where ladies and gentlemen assembled in the evening to discuss over supper the events of the day. An argument between one of Chicago's most prominent society and coaching men, and a well-known expert from New York, known as the "Father of Tandems" in this country, upon that most important and serious question whether a basket for umbrellas should be carried on a park drag, was prolonged for two days and two nights without reaching any conclusion. The Chicagoan contended that a basket was a necessity, alleging that even in New York fine weather did not always prevail, but the New-Yorker firmly held to his tenets, claiming that no gentleman would ask ladies to drive upon a park drag if the weather conditions were threatening.

The exhibits, numbering 1200 in all, divided into 267 classes, have never been surpassed, as a whole, in this country, and only by judging several classes at the same time was each day's programme completed. While the breeders and owners of trotters, the typical American horse, were not represented as largely as one would have expected, the show was a triumph for the trotter from first to last. Not that the trotting classes were as remarkable, or that the trotters entered as such carried off many of the greatest honors of the show, but by reason of the fact that the harness horse classes were composed almost exclusively of animals bred in trotting lines. Not only in the high-stepping classes, but even in the pony classes trotting blood was to the front. Mr. Arthur J. Caton's Cald 2 11 was *facile princeps* among the trotters, proving himself a grand show horse as well as a race horse of the best type.

The hackney exhibit, while not remarkably large, contained high-class representatives from the most famous studs. Royal Standard, a stallion that has been champion of Canada for the two past seasons, Langton Performer, and Lady Sutton were deserved prize winners in their classes. Cadet, Mr. A. J. Cassatt's great hackney, was also a blue-ribbon winner through his get. Nearly all the honors in the classes for horses in harness were divided between New York and Chicago. Dr. George S. Gagnon, of the former city, and M. H. Tichenor & Co., of the latter, captured sixteen and six blue ribbons, respectively, which fairly represented the proportion of prizes won by Eastern and Western exhibitors. A curious fact in connection with Dr. Gagnon's and the Tichenor stables is that every horse in each is trotting bred.

The prize-winning tandems Challenger and Chancellor are bred in the stoutest trotting lines. These two, with Larkspur and Howard, won the four-in-hand prize to coach, whereupon a prominent New-Yorker offered $7500 for the four, which was declined. Challenger also won the $1000 championship in the harness class, mare or gelding, any age or length.

Strange to say, as Chicago is so far distant from all hunting centres, the hunter classes were among the best at the show. Stranger still, many former prize-winners were defeated by comparative new-comers. Mr C. Randolph Snowden's Richmond, Messrs B. F. and T. Clyde's Kathleen, and Mr P. F. Collier's Irish Gray Friar being among the most successful.

Next to the hunters, the gaited saddle horses attracted most attention, and in these classes General John B. Castleman, of Lexington, Kentucky, and his charming daughter, deservedly captured the majority of the blue ribbons.

The exhibition of the brightest lights of the light-harness world—Star Pointer, 1 59¼, the first pacer to break the two-minute limit, Joe Patchen 2 01¼; Ellorce, 2 06¼, and Caid, 2 11—was greatly appreciated by the public. Wee Wee, the smallest horse in the world, who, though perfectly formed and a four-year-old, weighs only forty-six pounds, was a popular favorite. Another strong point was the show of draught horses, in which the general public interested themselves but little, though the exhibit was the finest ever seen in this country.

One of the strongest and best features of the show was the evident desire of the management to add strength to the amateur classes, and to encourage them in every way possible. If this policy is continued, as it will be, most undoubtedly, the Chicago horse show will become the national horse show of the country, as all the Eastern shows cater too much to the professional element.

A permanent organization having already been completed, supported by the wealthiest and most influential citizens, pledged to the encouragement of the amateur as against the professional, the Chicago Horse Show of 1898 should be the greatest in the history of the country.

H. A. BUCK.

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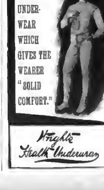

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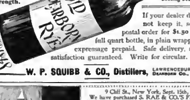

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INEBRIETY—A DISEASE.

Physicians who have given the subject careful thought, and psychologists who are now studying mind as the product of a tangible something called the brain, and not as a thing disembodied and apart, as did the old metaphysicians, are firmly of the opinion that many of the habits known as "vices," have their origin in diseased functions or structures of the nervous system.

The study of nervous pathology has now so far advanced that, in the minds of thinking men, alcoholism, like insanity, is believed to depend on a diseased condition of the nervous system. Inebriety produces an acute insanity that may become chronic by a frequent repetition of its exciting cause. The record of drunkenness is as old as the flood, and from the days of Noah and Lot to the present time the heaviest curse mankind staggers under is this disease of inebriety.

The bad consequences of fermented wine have been coeval with its discovery. In those ungenial lands where the vine did not grow other products served as substitutes.

The Northern races, in their barbaric days, drank heavy beers, and the pleasures of beer drinking became the inspiring theme for their poetry, as wine inspired the Southern Anacreon and Hafiz. In the drowsy lands of the vine and olive, inebriety took the form of occasional habit; among the Northern Europeans it had taken on the garb of disease when history first records their doings; and, back of that, their own traditions are full of heroes distinguished for their capacity for drink quite as much as for their valor in battle.

In the land of cold winters drunkenness flourishes. This can be verified by contrasting Glasgow and Lisbon, Moscow and Rome, Dublin and Naples, Edinburgh and Athens. A Southern Frenchman will treat his friend to sweetened water or lemonade, while the Englishman, looking on with contempt, orders a brandy-and-soda.

Drinking men may be divided into two classes. The every-day or habitual drunkard and the periodical drunkard, or dipsomaniac; but whether the disease manifests itself in habitual or periodical excesses is of no consequence, for it is now definitely ascertained that the underlying cause is the same in either case, and the results, in both cases, disastrous both to the inebriate and those near to him. Men of undoubted courage and bravery, of high honor and honesty and principle, controlled by an alcoholic impelling power that is irresistible, are sure to be under its influence most at the very times when it is of the greatest importance that they should have their minds clear.

The victim of the disease again and again puts forth the most heroic efforts to reform, but his disease is too absolutely overpowering to be conquered by resolutions, however sacred their circumstances. The will power he would exercise if he could is no longer supreme. Alcoholic stimulants have so congested the delicate nerve cells that they can not respond to the performance of their functional duties, and the helplessness of the victim's condition is as inexplicable to himself as it seems inexcusable to his friends.

What is to be done? Evidently nothing can restore this man to the full enjoyment of life while disease holds him in its grip. What, then, but cure the disease. "Can it be done?" you ask. Fortunately that very thing can be done—the diseased nerve cells restored to health, and the appetite for alcoholic stimulant completely destroyed.

The treatment is the discovery of Leslie E. Keeley, M.D., LL.D., and is the first and only scientific method ever offered to the world for curing diseases of the nervous system produced by stimulants or narcotics for their factors. The medical profession, up to the time of Dr. Keeley's discovery, prescribed the strait-jacket and padded cell for the unfortunate victim; the courts passed judgment of fine or imprisonment; while the Church advised, remonstrated, disciplined, and finally expelled the alleged offender; all these means and instrumentalities accomplishing little or nothing in the direction of suppressing the so-called "vice."

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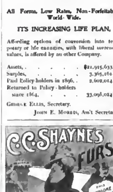

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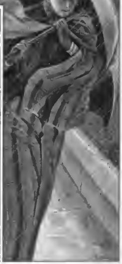

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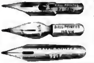

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AMATEUR SPORT

Mr. Caspar Whitney will be absent several months on a sporting tour around the world, including a tour of observation in the West and in Europe and a hunting expedition for big game in Siam, which he has undertaken for Harper's Weekly.

During Mr. Whitney's absence this Department will publish contributions from well known writers upon special subjects relating to Amateur Sport.

GOLF NOTES.

The amount of newspaper space that the golf reporter succeeds in monopolizing nowadays is significant in that it indicates a steadily growing popular interest in the game. There was never anything like it in the days of archery or croquet, and tennis, even at the height of its popularity, received but a grudging recognition at the hands of the sporting editors. The annual event at Newport used to be honored with a triple head, largely through its prominence as a social function, but the minor club meetings were dismissed with a stickful of small type, if they were noticed at all. And yet tennis in its day was quite as much of a social fad as golf is now, and its development was much more rapid and universal. It is true that golf has hitherto been kept almost entirely within the hands of the well to do, it is as expensive and consequently an exclusive form of amusement, but its social prominence is not enough to account for the leading position that it occupies upon the sporting page of almost every daily newspaper. It must be something in the game itself, and that something is unquestionably the chance of athletic distinction that it offers to the man in middle life. The ex football player, the "back number" at tennis and baseball, tries his hand at golf, and is astonished and immeverably delighted to find that here is a game, confessedly of the first rank, in which he may still make progress and even attain unto supremacy. It is a new lease of life to the man who loves sport for sport's sake, and though he may regret the wasted years of his youth, when he knew not golf, he may still look forward with pleasurable anticipation to the days that are to come. Herein is the true secret of the game's fascination for all who take it up in earnest, and its present social *cachet* is merely an incident in its history, and not the foundation upon which it rests.

In the three important events of the last two weeks the winners have all been drawn from the ranks of the oldsters. Tyng won his fifth open event for the season of 1897 by taking the Governor's cup at the Essex County Club tournament. Travis of Oakland was drawn against Tyng in the second round, and as it was the first time that the two had met in a match, there was an interested "gallery" to follow the players. Tyng played winning golf from the start, and won by five up and four to play. With the brilliant young Oakland golfer out of the way, the semi-finals and finals were easy for the Morris County champion. W. H. Sands continued the good work for the veterans by winning the tenth annual medal championship of the St. Andrews Club, his score being nine strokes lower than that of S. D. Bowers, who made the best showing of the younger players. And finally A. H. Fenn fairly ran away from Findlay Douglas in the final round for the Archbold cup at Knollwood. Douglas has not only the advantage in years, but in actual experience gained upon the famous Scottish links. He had beaten Fenn at Chicago rather easily, and as the latter's strength was supposed to lie in medal rather than in match play, the result was indeed unexpected. Fenn added to his laurels by timing in the excellent gross score of 166 in the final handicap (36 holes), and in one of the earlier match play rounds he broke the record (held by himself) with a beautifully compiled 76. The veterans are evidently determined not to be retired to the back benches without a struggle. But where is H. P. Toler?

Fenn's easy win of the Willmount cup at the Westchester meeting, W. H. Sands's fine score of 81 in the preliminary medal round of the same tournament, and Converse's victory over M. R. Wright in the finals of the Ocean County Hunt and Country Club meeting at Lakewood, may be counted as additional evidence that the veterans are more than holding their own. It is really surprising that the younger generation of players have not been more in evidence this season, for at least half a dozen of them seemed to be coming on very rapidly at this time a year ago. L. P. Bayard, H. B. Hollins, Jr., W. Bayard Cutting, R. H. Dickson, Beverly Ward, Jr., John Reid, Jr., R. Terry, Jr., and the Smith boys were all classed as promising players, but with the exception of Reid, who did well at Chicago and Onwentsia, none of them has shown first-class form this season. Bayard of Princeton started off well by winning the inter college gate singles and the spring tournament at Baltimore. He did not enter at Chicago, and has played but little throughout the summer. William Sauppen, of Morris County, beat him in a team match, and a few days ago he was put out of the Princeton Club tournament, in the semi finals, by a freshman named Childs. Bayard plays a very pretty game, and it ought to be an effective one. W. R. Betts, John Reid, Jr., M. R. Wright, of Philadelphia, and A. M. Robinson and S. D. Bowers, of St. Andrews, are about the only ones of the younger contingent to make their mark this year.

Ignorance of the code is no more valid an excuse in golf than it is in law, and after the exhaustive report of the U. S. G. A. committee upon the rules, one would suppose that there could be no possible difference of opinion upon essential points of the game. And yet misunderstandings and disputes constantly occur through the mental inability of some men to comprehend plain English. Take, for example, Rule 35, regarding the removal of the flag stick when the player is approaching the hole. The original rule provides that either side is entitled to have the flag removed, and this option plainly refers to match play alone. The U. S. G. A. annotated the rule so that a player may be disqualified who puts in the hole when the flag is in it, and in doing so strikes the stick. But this disqualification only obtains in medal play, and then only when the ball strikes the flag. There is no penalty for the offence in match play, for in that kind of a game the opponents are supposed to look after their own interests, and either side may exercise the right of removal. In a medal competition it is necessary to protect the rights of the other contestants by a general rule. Now, curiously enough, some players, while recognizing the obligation in medal play of removing the flag, are yet inclined to consider themselves injured if their opponents in matches desires to exercise the option given him under the original rule. Since there is no penalty imposed for the offence in match play, they contend that they are entitled to what ever advantage there may be in having the flag stick left in the hole. Of course this ridiculous claim has never been put forward in open tournaments and by golfers who know their business, but it is advanced very frequently in private matches.

At the open tournament held by the Morris County Club all the contestants were provided with a printed copy of the local ground rules, one of which provided that a ball driven from any tee and striking a telegraph wire might be teed and played again without penalty. The rule was an entirely proper one, since hazards in the air are essentially unfair, and it did not seem possible that there could be any misunderstanding of its meaning and limitation. And yet in the preliminary medal round a player who had had the misfortune to strike the wire in driving from the fourteenth tee found his ball in the field short of the railway track. Instead of going back to the teeing-ground, he construed the rule to mean that he might tee his ball (without penalty) where it lay. He played, and again his ball was stopped by the wires. Again he teed up, and again the wires were in the way. Finally he got across, but when the matter was brought to the attention of the Green Committee he was very properly penalized two strokes for each time that he had teed up his ball outside of the teeing limits. The rule was plain enough; it was framed to prevent the tee shot from being unfairly treated, and only that.

An error of judgment is one thing, but what shall be said of the following which occurred during the preliminary medal round of a big open tournament two or three weeks ago? Two of the contestants, who were playing as partners, deliberately used their hands for the final holing out of the ball, and this happened not once, but two or three times, and was noticed by several spectators. It is true that the balls were lying within a few inches of the cup when the offence was committed, but what is the game of golf? Mr. H. S. C. Everard, in his hand book of the game, tells of a short putt that he saw missed in a medal competition, and that, too, by a player of the first rank. Mr. Everard had the curiosity to measure the distance, and it was a shade under six inches. In a match game the opponent may give up the hole whenever he pleases, but no rule of medal play is more imperative than that which directs that all putts must be holed out. Pushing a ball into the cup with the hand is not holing-out in the golfing sense.

W. G. van T. Sutphen.

FOOTBALL AT THE COLLEGES.

One of the most remarkable facts connected with the history of football has been the development of certain positions at the various universities. A man of great capabilities comes to the front and practically makes a position for several years—that is, he plays it so well that he develops its hidden possibilities. The man who plays opposite him on the "scrub" side learns from him and in time, when the master graduates, his understudy comes up and takes his place. The position becomes almost a possession of that university, and is handed down through successive players, until the new blood becomes too thin or the other universities gradually live up to the standard set. Princeton developed the position of tackle through Hector Cowan. When the strain became thin, Lea built it up again, and Church followed. Peters made the position of centre at Yale, Corbin followed him, and Sullivan renewed it by sheer hard work. From the days of Bowser down to Wharton and Woodruff, Pennsylvania's imprint is left upon the position of guard. Newell at Harvard led the position of tackle up wonderfully, and was nobly followed by Waters. Wrenn brought up the position of quarter at Cambridge, and Butterworth that of full back at Yale. Team play has more or less replaced individual superiority, but we shall have some good men out of this year's lot yet.

Cornell has this year relied upon home talent for developing her team, and it should give the athletic committee great satisfaction to be able to point to such good results. Cornell has not, in the past, carried her football up to the pitch that it deserved. Her record in boating, and her position there, should be supplemented by a similar high standard in other sports. Then, too, it is especially refreshing to see a team take up a policy of defensive play—a policy founded upon a careful study of what the emergencies are that it has to meet—and by sticking to that policy, and training the men to that one end, reach such a point of success as to do more stopping of a strong offence than Princeton's team has any other team this year, or, one might almost say, last year.

The sport of football can be congratulated upon the accession of such an official as Mr. Wrenn, who acts for the mere love of the sport, and whose handling of a game is masterly. He shows conclusively that the game can be played sharply, smoothly, and with a certainty of fair results.

It was in the nature of a fitting climax to the victorious and phenomenal record of Pennsylvania against the teams of the second class that she should annihilate Brown, the eleven which played Yale to a virtual tie. Pennsylvania had some of the luck of it, and Brown made some very foolish blunders, but for all that the kind of football exhibited by the team from Philadelphia was a revelation to many, and, had it been played upon a field nearer New York, would have opened the eyes of the many as to what a power for battering out scores the modern game can be made. But in taking up the consideration of a list will be the result of next Saturday's contest between Pennsylvania and Harvard, there is much more than this entering into the equation. Had it not been for the fact that Pennsylvania has so markedly fallen off in life and dash, upon which her game so essentially depends, it would seem as though there was no question as to her eventual triumph over Harvard. But the radically tame work in the Indian game—the lack of former speed—leads one to become sceptical regarding that most important point, the physical condition of the team. Has it, as predicted by many, gone stale through a too long period of training? Pennsylvania would have easily beaten the last football Brown has shown in any of her matches, but it was a good thing for Brown football to see the style of play upon which she is just entering carried out to its perfection and legitimate success, and the beating was taken with pluck. If both Foltz and Gammons are in good shape, Brown will still show good football. Pennsylvania should also, if in the same condition as in the Brown game, have smothered the Indians. To tell the truth, the Pennsylvania team has had plenty of work, and its keen edge will turn if it be not eased up a bit. It has shown it two or three times lately, but it is a problem for the coaches.

But in this swamping the Indians they failed, and in such a pronounced manner that the confidence of their adherents was considerably shaken, and many who were wavering upon the very question of whether Pennsylvania or Princeton were kings of the gridiron rushed precipitately over to Princeton. This has its effect upon not alone the partisans, but the team itself, and will tend to reduce the confidence of the team in its own ability. Hence I cannot help feeling that the coming game will be a better one than was earlier in the season anticipated, and more like the struggles of the last two years. Harvard's game is a more varied one than Pennsylvania's. It has in it the possibility of longer runs, but not of such constant short gains. Pennsylvania has made and will make more of strategic kicking and the placing of punts. The effect of the Yale game upon the Harvard players will be twofold. It will help them greatly in experience, but it will have taken considerable nervous energy out of them. To sum up this situation, it looks like Pennsylvania's game, but by a smaller score than any one would have named two weeks ago.

In speaking of the policy adopted this year of Cambridge, of selecting the team at the outset of the season, the question was raised as to whether, even with all the care that was to be bestowed upon the physical condition of the men, a team could be carried anything like intact through the year. It is hard to say in September what men will make the best players in November, and it is impossible, with all the care in the world, to provide against accidents on the football field. There is this much to be added, however, that many of the Harvard hospital list will round to before the end of the week, and then it will be a question of playing ability between the new and the old.

There never was a more heroic struggle to accomplish in the short space of two months the education of a football team than that at New Haven this fall. There was that spirit of facing the situation that leads men to do great things, and there cannot be too much of it instilled into every man's mind and heart. In spite of probable defeat, it is a gain to the game that the effort has been so sincere and so plucky. When one sees the way in which the Yale team goes into the line, one is filled with admiration of its spirit. The first score in the Chicago game, each succeeding score in the Brown game, the latter part of its work in the Harvard game, were instances of this grim determination, not to be denied, which characterizes the Yale team. But how can it, when it comes to the 20th, be equipped in all the various points of the game like its veteran rival? Here is a team that took the first honors last year, that has never so far this season allowed any team to reach its goal line or make any score upon it, whose men have had the unquestioned advantage of seeing their rivals in a game where every possible effort has been made, every play exhibited, and every weakness disclosed only a few days before their own contest to be beaten. And when one looks over the various departments of play and positions, it is impossible not to be impressed with the equipment of Princeton. In punting, Wheeler is the equal in distance of McBride, and, in addition, his kicks are more nearly of an average length, while he is far more accurate in his direction. Baird is a drop kicker whose match one most needs go to the Indians to find. Surely there is no man on the Yale team who, on public form, or indeed in private performance, can hope to approach him. As for the running game, that was Princeton's strongest card last year, and judging from the way in which ten days ago, she ripped up, overthrew, and overwhelmed the strong Lafayette team, that part of her play is beyond last year's standard. In ends—that most dangerous point in the modern game—she has her captain and stand by at one point, while at the other is a man comparatively untried in a big match, but who has kept close to his captain in execution during the last two weeks. At tackles she carries one veteran who proved himself competent to stop Yale last year, and the other is a man who has been a guard on a first-class Harvard team, had a year's practice and experience on top of that in the Princeton school, and who, some even go so far as to say, is the equal of Church. But in the middle of the line, if anywhere in this aggregation, there is a chance for Yale. The centre trio have not given the coaches entire satisfaction. The loss of Armstrong has been greatly felt, and so has that of the reliable Galley. Princeton's aggressive plays at the guards have not worked as well as they should, and on the defence there have been holes made between centre and guards. It is the weakest part of a wonderfully strong team, but with the rest of her advantages Princeton can afford to have some weaknesses. In her set

"A PRIMER OF COLLEGE FOOTBALL."—By W. H. Lewis.—Illustrated.—16mo, Paper, 75 Cents.—Harper & Brothers.

of plunging half-backs, regulars and substitutes, Princeton has the most telling engine of scoring of any team on the gridiron to-day. They run with the dash shown by the Yale halves in the Chicago game, but have better physique to back them. There are no men in the Yale squad to equal them in ruggedness.

This, then, is the whole situation—a team of veterans against a team of novices. But the novices are as certain, and as much to be relied upon, so far as their metal goes, as the veterans. The veterans are better built for the peculiar style of play that seems, under the present rules, to be so effective. But the veterans have not built up the middle of their line so that it may help out the tackles, and it is probable that the youngsters will take such advantage as they can of this. But in the long pounding work of two thirty-five-minute halves, after the hard strain of the Harvard game only a week ago, it looks reasonable to believe that the Yale team must be gradually worn down and defeated. Should it succeed in doing anything else, it will have accomplished more than any green team ever did before.

It was Springfield come again. Many of us had fancied that those grand old days when all Harvard and all Yale, past, present, and to come, assembled in one intense crowd, divided only into two parts by the striped gridiron, would never come again. But they have—only the crimson crowd were as the sands of the sea, while the blues were a small but devoted band, drawn the closer together by the feeling that they were in the minority.

There was a howling wind coming down the field, and when Yale won the toss it meant much to her hopes. But the first half ebbed away minute by minute, and still Harvard held the ball out of the danger zone. At last, from the centre of the field, Yale started her running game. It was evident in a moment, from the way her men went at it, that the time had been selected to go for the goal line if they could reach it. Plunge after plunge they went along, two to three yards only at a time, but still netting the necessary five with regularity, until they had passed Harvard's fifteen yard line, where a missed signal stopped them and let Harvard out of danger. Never again was the Harvard goal menaced, and the crimson players had fought out in safety what was considered by every one as their bad half. Behind the cheers of the Yale crowd one could detect something of a shiver as the wearers of the blue thought of their team facing that wind, and in the stern faces of the Yale coaches and players as they trooped into their tent for the brief intermission one could see that they too realized that the hardest part of it was yet to come.

The strain came, and came very quickly, for within a few minutes after the opening of the second half Harvard was pounding down the field, and almost before the Yale men realized it the ball was inside their ten-yard line. Then they literally tore the Harvard line open, and forced the runners back so that at the third down Harvard had ten yards to gain. She failed, and Yale put the ball out of danger. The Harvard coaches seem to be agreed in their belief that the proper plays were not used by the Harvard team at this juncture. That is a matter of speculation, certainly, and they are easily the best judges of what each particular play might have been worth. This was Harvard's only chance, and in a moment it was gone. In the interchange of kicks that followed, Yale so gained that in three transfers of the ball twenty-five yards had been netted, and McBride was punting from Yale's thirty-five yard line instead of under the goal. From that time on there was never a moment when either side looked like scoring. Harvard, toward the latter part of the play, exhibited some signs of exhaustion, and was manifestly going off in the quality of her play. After her failure to score she seemed to lack the earlier dash that characterized her end runs especially, and the slowness of the interference permitted Yale to easily prevent gains.

The most marked feature of Yale's play was the cleverness of the entire team in quickly adapting themselves to the play of their opponents. At first the Harvard plays came off with considerable success, but with each succeeding moment of play Yale seemed to be acquiring experience and making the most of it. It was an excellent illustration of football sense, for the Yale team grew better and better in meeting Harvard's plays, and was fully twenty-five per cent. stronger in defence the second half from this very quality.

The style of play of the two teams exhibited a marked contrast. While in the early part of the second half Harvard played fast football, that period of perhaps ten minutes was the only time when the Cambridge men appeared anxious to have the ball move. It may have been due to the ill luck of frequently occurring injuries, but the effect upon the mind of the spectator was such as to make him at once conclude that Yale was the eager, energetic team, and Harvard the slow one. With two exceptions, whenever time was taken out it was for a Harvard player, and the result of almost every scrimmage at one time in the game was a pause while a Harvard man was being attended to by the assistants. Yale played the entire game through with the same eleven, no change being made, and every man seemed fit to play longer. Harvard replaced five men during the game, thus using sixteen players. Toward the end of the game Harvard apparently grew even slower both in executing her own plays and in handling McBride's punts. The Yale ends had little trouble in securing the distance McBride's punts gained, while De Saulles ran back several of Haughton's with marked advantage.

The game was one to do much for the cause of football in that it was so entirely free from objectionable features, under the excellent ruling and guidance of Mr. Dashiell and Mr McClung. The former stated, after the play was over, that he never officiated in an important game where so much was at stake that was so absolutely free from all sorts of fouls. The first game after the long separation of the two rivals—Harvard and Yale—was one to be especially watched and subject to the most extreme scrutiny, not only by the opponents of the sport, but also by those interested in its welfare, and the exhibition reflected nothing but credit upon players and coaches.

The other Saturday games must go over for fuller comment until next week. Brown, with Fultz and Gammons, wrested a hard-fought victory from the Indians, while Pennsylvania ran up but twenty-two points against Wesleyan. Cornell and Dartmouth took their matches without difficulty.

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EVOLUTION IN SMOKING METHODS.

The study of evolution has caused particular attention to be paid to the steps by which man has advanced from the stage when he was a naked savage, living in rocky caves, to that degree of progress which is embodied in the cosmopolitan dweller along the boulevards of Paris or the other equivalent avenues in any great civilized capital of the world. Every step upward has appeared, at first, as the daring innovation of an individual adopted by imitators who appreciated the advantages following its use. The adage that history repeats itself may be quoted in regard to the appearance of each novelty. In every case, the improvement has had to meet an organization of spontaneous opposition springing from some disposition in the human mind, and probably implanted to keep a love of novelty from leading to wild and erratic extravagance. Of course, history does not go back far enough to inform us as to the reception accorded to such devices as chairs and tables, when it was proposed to substitute these for the primitive rocks found by the cave-dweller quite good enough to support him and his bill of fare. In regard to more recent inventions, however, history fully informs us as to how they were received. We have, for instance, a record of the period which looked upon forks as being a finical and fussy method for raising food from the dish to the mouth. In regard to umbrellas, also, we know that Mr Jonas Hanway, who first walked the streets of London under a spread umbrella, had to endure the scoffs and jeers of a populace that looked upon him as a dainty and fussy man, afraid of being melted by the harmless shower of rain. Neither is it very long ago when to ride in carriages was the privilege accorded only to royalty or to the finest of fine ladies. From such instances as these we may readily understand the feeling towards the introducer of those very luxurious inventions, carpets, when all the world was quite well satisfied if the mess of rushes underfoot was occasionally covered with a new layer, or removed at rarest intervals.

It is not strange, then, that in the progress from the ancient days when tobacco leaves were thrown upon a smouldering fire, and the smoke caught under a blanket that enveloped the smoker's head, the lover of tobacco smoke has been an object of continual criticism. Next to the smouldering fire-and-blanket method came that by which a nose tube—a long, hollow cane—was used for snuffing up the tobacco fumes. This was followed by the clever invention of the tobacco-pipe, in the bowl of which the dry leaf could be burned without the necessity of a bonfire. The next step in the evolution of neat smoking saw the abandonment of the pipe and its replacement by a leaf of the tobacco plant, forming the cigar.

There can be no question that every improvement along the smoker's path of progress was successively regarded as an affected and effeminate addition to the "good old methods" known to the smokers' fathers. It happens, only, that we did not live in those days. Consequently, the universal spirit of opposition to change and improvement takes, in our own day, the form of antagonism to the substitution of a paper wrapper for the accustomed tobacco leaf. No doubt the kindly old gentleman who is inclined to resent his son's preference for "little paper cigars" would be surprised to be included in the same category with the ragged gamins who found pleasure in jeering at the very sensible proceeding of Jonas Hanway when he proved that there was comfort and convenience in carrying an umbrella to avoid a wetting. But there is little doubt that, in each case, the criticism has sprung from the same motive, a distrust of novelty and the blindness created by habit. The cigar smoker has learned to like a particular kind of smoking. He prefers to wait until he has sufficient leisure to enjoy a "good long smoke," as he expresses it. This he may find after his midday lunch, or the cigar may seem to him a necessary wind up to his leisurely course dinner. It is hard for him to understand that smoking may have to his son or perhaps to his neighbor, an entirely different meaning. If he has read the history of the use of tobacco understandingly, he must have discovered a constant progress in the direction of a diminution in the amount of tobacco used, in the time given to it, and in the effect produced. This will be readily seen by a comparison of the two extremes of the chain. To the savage, a satisfactory smoke once meant partial stupefaction produced by copious inhalations of stifling smoke rising from the damp leaf pressed down and smouldering upon hot coals. Come now to the latest method of smoking and we shall find something of a contrast. We shall see a man coming from the opera, taking a few whiffs of light tobacco rolled into a tiny cigarette, and throwing it away when but one third consumed. Yet, in both cases the smoker has been satisfied. The result for which he desired to smoke has been accomplished.

It is not necessary to compare this later, most æsthetic method of enjoying tobacco with that of the savage in order to be convinced that evolution has brought about what may be called *a spiritualizing* of smoking. Something of the same advance, though in lesser degree, must be admitted in the change from the short, blackened "cutty" of the laborer to the light, quickly consumed, neat, and delicate cigarette. In fact, even in the cigarette itself there has been a continual advance in the same direction of increasing delicacy and refinement. New methods of manufacture have steadily made of the paper a more evanescent film, and of its filling a more exquisite blending of flavor. Undoubtedly in each case there are many smokers who rest satisfied with a less advanced stage of progress. Having cultivated the taste for a particular sort of gratification, they remain where they have brought themselves.

To argue that there are many advantages in cigarettes over pipes and cigars is not to issue a mandate that all smokers should at once forswear their briarwoods and perfectos. The unenlightened cigarette smoker pleads only for tolerance. Because the form of smoking which he prefers is of more recent date than those preferred by others is no reason that it should be sneered at and contemned. And since he makes this plea for freedom of choice, he is equally bound to allow others free exercise of their own tastes.

But to the man or woman of the old school who cannot see a cigarette produced without an immediate desire to put its owner into the stocks for public opprobrium is recommended the thoughtful consideration of the early writer who sneeringly commented upon the hyperdelicacy of all who first used a "bifurcated dagger" at the table. No doubt this critic would have scoffed at the prophet who might have foretold the general use of forks, and the too zealous critic of cigarettes may profit by their example. If this be treason, make the most of it.

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It will be of interest to the many of our readers who have been carefully following the progress of this monumental work to know that its completion is near at hand. Two-thirds of the volumes are now ready for delivery, and the entire Library will be in a few weeks. Then, as our readers are aware, the extremely low introductory price just now available through Harper's Weekly Club, for the purpose of acquainting the public with the high character and value of the Library, will be withdrawn. The price will be advanced on December 1st, and we feel that there are few who can afford not to investigate the present opportunity to secure this extraordinary work upon the easiest possible terms. A postal card addressed to the Harper's Weekly Club, at 93 Fifth Ave., New York, will secure full particulars regarding the Library, and the exceptionally advantageous offer which, for the month of November only, the Club is able to make to those who become members.

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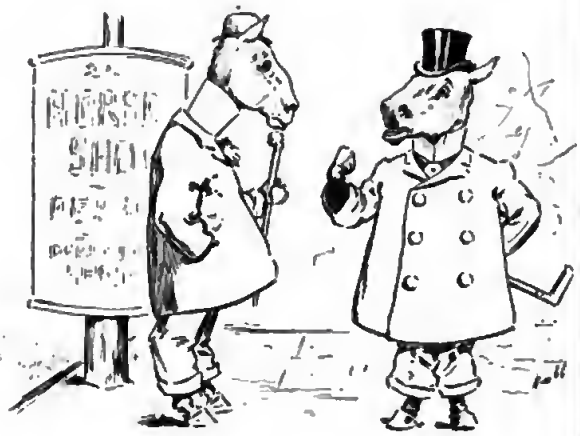

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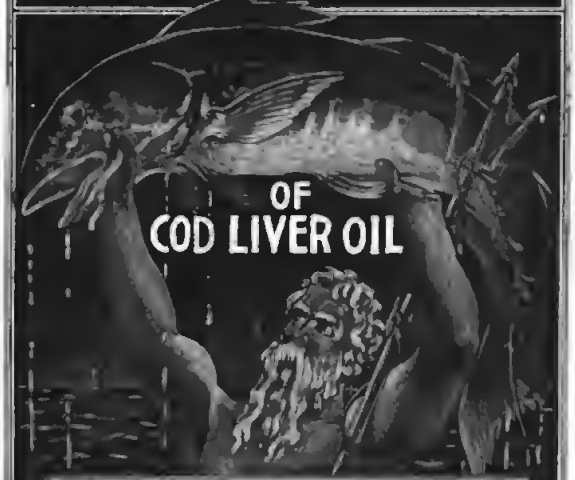
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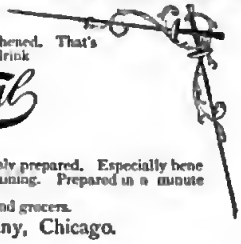

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Vol. XLI.—No. 2130

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1897.

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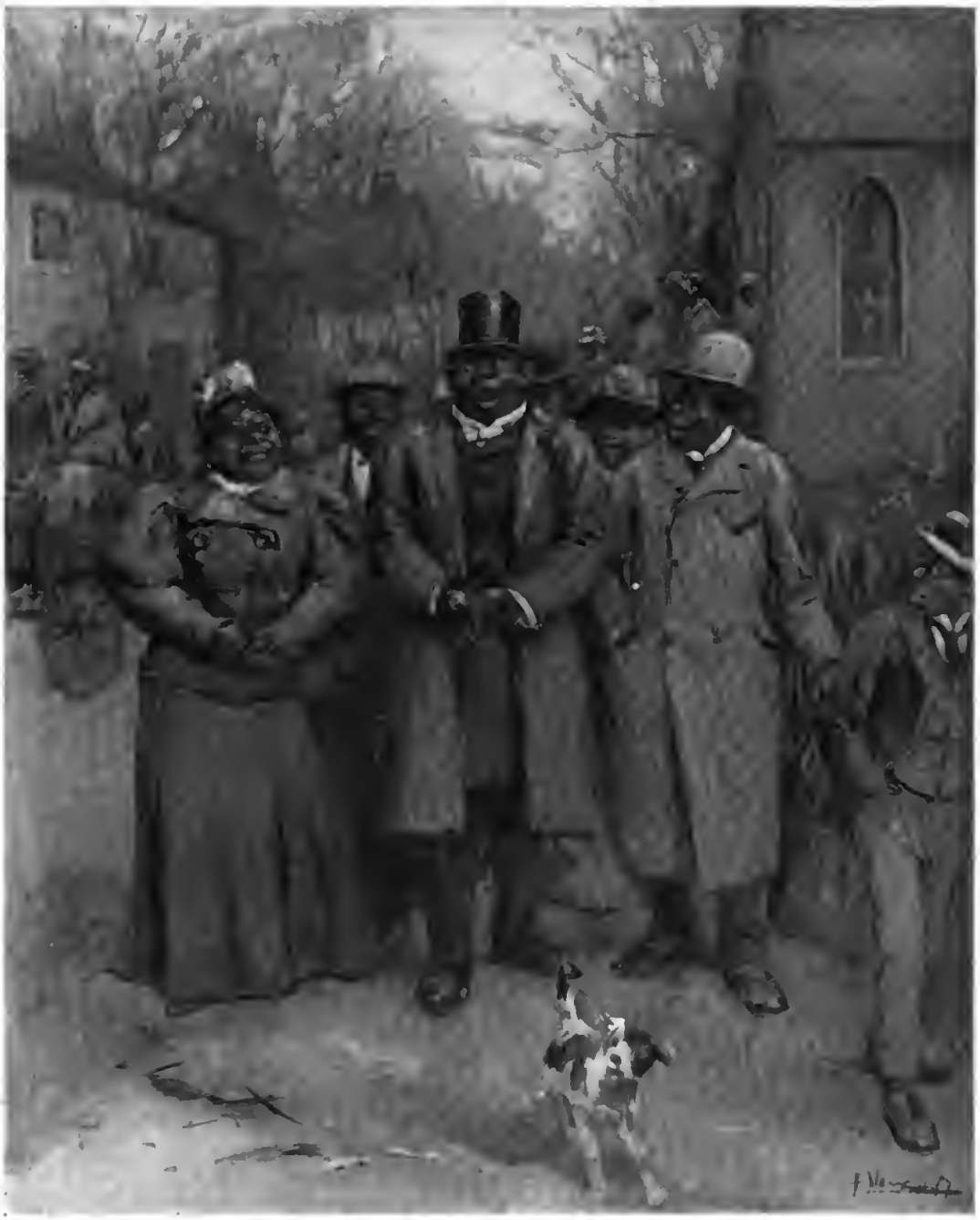

AFTER THE THANKSGIVING SERVICE—TAKING THE NEW MINISTER HOME TO DINNER.
DRAWN BY P. S. NEWELL.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, NOVEMBER 27, 1897

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HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

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THE Circuit Court of Appeals has rendered a decision that boycotts against trade are illegal. In the case under consideration certain members of Coopers' Union No. 18 of Kansas City ordered a boycott against a stave company because it had introduced into its shop a machine for hooping barrels. The court believed that this constituted a conspiracy against trade, and that it was also hostile to progress. The decision seems just—quite as just as would be a decision, for example, against the Tobacco Trust on the ground that the use of its powers to drive rivals out of business is contrary to public policy.

MR. PLATT has begun making explanations of his defeat. There is only one explanation. He controlled the State Republican machine. He made BLACK Governor. He authorized the fraudulent attempted evasion of the civil service provision of the State Constitution. He is a member of the United States Senate, and Mr. MCKINLEY has permitted him to control the patronage of the State. He wassed remains the Republican party of the State and city of New York, and therefore it was as improper to permit him to dictate the Citizens' Union nominations as it would have been to permit CROKER to dictate them. PLATT being the Republican party of this State, and having added to all his other sins the sin of nominating TRACY to help VAN WYCK, New York beat the Republican candidates. The only hope of any success for PLATT in the future lies in the character of his opponent.

SENATOR WOLCOTT has made the official report of his ineffective wanderings through Europe in search of a bimetallic agreement. Apparently the report contains nothing new beyond making it still more clear that the necessary stiffening of the British cabinet's backbone came from the government of India. While Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH was pushed off his pedestal, where he had stood as a typical sound English financier, by the metaphysical Mr. BALFOUR, the Indian government was making ready to declare that it was not the time to encourage bimetallists, for India would lose money by returning to the silver standard, and was prepared to consider plans for frankly establishing the gold standard. On the whole, the information obtained by the WOLCOTT mission, and that which comes from other sources, not only destroy the value of bimetallism as a game for shifty politicians, but strengthen the case for gold in adding new testimony as to the folly of supposing that silver is ever again to attain to full legal-tender value in any great commercial nation, and, further, as to the movement against silver both in India and in China.

Sir WILFRID LAURIER has gone home, the Bering Sea conference having reached no conclusion. Nor is there reason to expect any agreement between the British and the United States governments on the subjects that were considered at Washington. The British government has now frankly confessed that it cannot protect the London people who are interested in the seal-fisheries, being dressers of all the skins, and that it must abandon all pretence of willingness to preserve the seal herd. The conference, while really therefore between Great Britain and the United States, was so simply because Great Britain is the diplomatic guardian of Canada. Canada is the real party in interest, and, on the seal question, under existing conditions, the Dominion government must stand by the pelagic sealers of the Northwest, who are opposed to any limitations on their pursuit. If, however, the United States will agree to a general reciprocity treaty, by which Canadian agricultural products may be profitably exchanged for American manufactures, Sir WILFRID LAURIER will probably be justified, in his own estimation and in that of his constituents, in throwing over the pelagic sealers, and in consenting that Great Britain may enforce the Paris award in spirit and in letter. But there is little reason to hope for an extradition treaty. We wish devoutly that the difference between the two countries might be so wisely settled as the Canadian premier suggests; but Congress will, we fear, have some of it, even should Mr. MCKINLEY agree.

CONGRESS will assemble the week after next, and until then there will probably be no new development as to what is to be expected in the future relations between Spain and this country. There seems to be great excitement in Spain which presages trouble for the SAGASTA government. In the first place, WEYLER is likely to turn out an elephant on its hands. He started home with a seditious speech insinuating that the new government had promised autonomy to Cuba at the dictation of the United States. This aroused the ire of the government, which threatens to court-martial the late Captain-General; but the speech finds an echo at home. WEYLER reached Spain on Thursday, the 18th, and while there was little excitement at first, there promises to be counter demonstrations of a grave character, especially if a movement is made to punish him. Already some Conservative leaders have announced that they are WEYLER's friends, and purpose to force an opposition based on support of WEYLER's methods in Cuba. Some of the populace are also declaring that they will rise against the monarchy if autonomy is granted to Cuba, and the Carlists are said to be arming. Moreover, Spain's financial difficulties are increasing. A few days ago the government defaulted on a large contract. If Congress be wise, nothing will happen until the Spanish plan of reform in Cuba shall be given a fair trial. An outline of the plan has been made public, and a promise has been made to declare it on Friday, December 3. The plan gives to the Cubans full control of legislation for the island, and makes the Captain-General responsible to the island legislature. There are some reservations of power to Spain, and there is always reason to doubt Spanish grants of popular liberty and self government, because Spain herself has little understanding of such things, but the plan cannot be discussed until we have all its details.

NEXT month there will be held in New York a meeting of men interested in securing good government, for the purpose of presenting a plan for government control of primaries. It has been objected that the primary is itself discredited and ought to be abolished, and that all nominations ought to be made, as Mr. LOW's was, by petition. We fancy that CROKER and PLATT would be glad of an opportunity that would enable them to effect their purpose by ordering a sufficient number of healers to sign petitions. It would save publicity and expense, and greatly simplify matters. The primary, or something like it, is certain to be a feature of American politics for many years to come. In other words, candidates will represent political parties, and will be either chosen by a majority of the voters of the party or will be decreed by a boss. It is true that good men and independent men do not now attend primaries, but that is because the boss dominates, and opposition is useless. The end to accomplish is the enfranchisement of the party. We believe that good and independent citizens would attend the primaries if they knew that there was a chance to beat the boss, that votes in opposition to him would be received and counted, and that none but duly registered members of the party were to be permitted to vote. The only way to reach such an end would be through the intervention of the State. The State is as much concerned in regulating and overseeing the making of nominations as it is in guarding the purity of elections. State officers should supervise and control registration, should preside at primaries, and should count the votes. It may be true that we should have corruption then, but we should have at least the satisfaction of knowing that our primaries were as good as we deserved, while one of our bitterest reflections at present is that we cannot possibly deserve such primaries as PLATT and CROKER give us.

WE are glad to see that Postmaster-General GARY is to continue the effort, so vigorously made by his predecessor, to put an end to the fraud committed upon the law and the postal service through the abuse of the privilege of cheap postage charged for the transmission of second class mail matter. As the Postmaster-General points out, it was the intention of Congress, in granting this privilege, to benefit the public by permitting the carrying of periodical literature at a loss to the government. County newspapers are carried free, under this privilege, to county subscribers, and all newspapers and weekly and monthly publications are carried through the mails at the rate of one cent a pound. The cost to the government of this service is eight cents a pound, and the loss, therefore, is seven cents a pound. The Postmaster-General points out, as Mr. WILSON was wont to point out, that the increase of second class mail matter has been enormous. In 1888 the government carried 143,000,000 pounds of second class matter, and in 1897 it has carried 365,000,000 pounds. This year, therefore, the government has expended $29,000,000 in distributing periodicals, and has received only $3,000,000 for the service. It has therefore lost $26,000,000—more than enough to account for the whole of the postal deficiency. It is perfectly well understood that the amount of second class matter carried is thus enormously increased by abuses of the law—abuses which have, indeed, grown up under the interpretations of the government, but which are abuses, nevertheless, because they are contrary to the intention of the law. The publishers of books and of advertising papers, and others, take advantage of a rate never intended to aid them in their private business, and if they alone were excluded from the privilege so much money would be saved that the Post office Department would be self-sustaining. The House of Representatives of the last Congress passed a bill which would have accomplished this reform, but the measure was killed in the Senate. If such a bill should become a law, the saving to the government would be $10,000,000 a year at least.

THE ORGANIZATION, AND THE NEWSPAPERS.

THERE were two conclusions arrived at by the man who "sums it all up in a word," at about ten o'clock of the night of the municipal election in New York. One was that the success of the Tammany ticket showed mere organization to be invincible, and the other was that the newspapers have no influence. As usual, the hasty man is wrong, and calm reflection will so quicken his memory that he must admit that the election in New York of 1894 demonstrated that organization is not invincible, and, furthermore, will open his eyes to the significance of 168,000 votes in favor of good government.

In 1894 the vote for Tammany's candidate for Mayor of what is now the Borough of Manhattan was 109,000, and the opposition vote was 162,000. This vote included the Republican vote, or the virtuous majority of it. This year the Tammany city ticket polled 138,000 votes in the Borough of Manhattan, and 229,000 in the whole of the enlarged city, while the opposition that was contending for good government, voting for LOW and GEORGE, polled 168,000. In order to determine the real strength of the opposition to Tammany this vote must be increased by a large, although unknown, fraction of the Republican vote, for many thousands of the Republicans who voted for Mr. TRACY were really in favor of good government, but were deluded this year by the absurd pretence of PLATT that the defeat of the Republican candidate in the city of New York would be a blow at the cause of sound money. The Tammany ticket, with that part of PLATT's following which is for Tammany government added, is in a minority in the city of New York, and the importance of organization, as shown in the late election, consisted clearly and solely in the fact that the bad elements of the community possessed the advantage over decent citizens of an old and well-trained organization, while the good elements were disorganized or disunited. And yet the friends of good government who voted for Mr. LOW, with an organization recently formed and temporary in its character, numbered 168,000 votes. What Mr. GEORGE's vote would have been, if he had lived to command it all, can, of course, never be known.

The lessons of this municipal election are of the utmost importance in every municipality in the country, and especially to large cities like Philadelphia, Cincinnati, and Chicago, which have been preyed upon and disgraced by scheming politicians and by corrupt rings and bosses. Instead of being discouraging, the late election stimulates hope that better times are coming, and that the virtuous elements of American municipalities are eventually to gain their own. In the first place, let it be remembered that the largest city of the country had been governed for years by a band of robbers, controlling the oldest political organization in the country—an organization as strong in tradition and in the tricks of management and wire-pulling as it is corrupt and knavish, an organization that has the sustaining power of regularity, the recognition of the national organization, and the concerted support of the criminal and vicious classes of a great city. In 1894 this organization was overthrown by a hastily formed combination between various groups of opposition, including some bad

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men who were driven into the combination by stress of circumstances, or tempted into it by the expectation of being able to control Mayor STRONG if he should be elected. Then came the three years of Mayor STRONG's administration, partly bad and partly good, marred somewhat by spoils politics, but distinguished, especially in the Street-Cleaning Department, by businesslike efforts to manage city affairs on business principles. Notwithstanding the defects of the experiment, defects due entirely to the proneness of Mayor STRONG towards machine methods, they having been really the only political methods with which he had been familiar, the majority of the people of New York found that they liked good government. In fact, the only feature of the STRONG administration which gave Tammany its chance of success was the enforcement of the liquor law. But this issue was adventitious, and was not one that was inherent in the administration itself. On the contrary, the liquor law was enacted by Republican law-makers, and, so far as it applied to New York, it was intended to focus the basis of corrupt rules by Tammany and Republican police officials of the privilege of violating it—In other words, it was part of a scheme of blackmailing for the profit of the two trading organizations; and the senseless revolt of the people of this city against the liquor legislation of the State has simply restored the old partnership, for the benefit of which the law was first enacted, and whose interest consists in maintaining and strengthening it.

And yet, notwithstanding the large accession to Tammany by reason of the so-called assault upon "personal liberty," Tammany polled only about 2500 more votes than BRYAN received in the old New York city, and it polled less than BRYAN received in Kings and Queens. If the Republicans and the GEORGE men had supported Mr. LOW, Tammany would have been defeated in the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx, except for the aid given to the VAN WYCK ticket by the candidacy of SANIAL, the Socialist-Labor nominee, while in the whole greater city the opposition to Tammany would have had a plurality of 40,000 votes. The election demonstrates that the real opposition to Tammany, the enemies of thievish politics, and the friends of good government, are in a majority in this city; and as the purpose of PLATT's opposition to union is now clearly revealed to the most obtuse and obsessed partisan to have been in aid of Tammany, it is to be hoped that hereafter the men who are strong Republicans in national politics and good citizens in New York will frankly join the movement for non-partisan, efficient, and honest administration of municipal business.

In order that the movement may not stop in its growth, the interest of the citizens must be maintained. The work of educating public sentiment must go on. The organization that commanded 468,000 votes must be continued. Tammany must be watched. Every act of bad government must be made public. Every dirty street must be reported. Every job or suspected job must be exposed. The record of every criminal appointed to office must be explained to the public. The police must feel that public opinion is more to be dreaded than the wrath of the captain or the ward man. The vicious classes, the gamblers, and the dive keepers must learn that the expected plenty which they celebrated so riotously on election night is likely to lead them into even greater troubles than they have ever yet experienced. It must be realized that a democracy can govern a city, and that under its rule this city cannot be barbarous and depraved, but that it must be, and will be, civilized and Christian.

The great factor in this work of education and in demonstration will be, as it has always been, the daily press. Every one connected with the business of making newspapers must be proud of the part played by the New York daily press in this campaign for decency and efficiency. The newspapers were the most effective of all the instrumentalities employed that induced 468,000 voters to turn their backs upon their national parties and to vote for Mr. LOW and Mr. GEORGE. The result of the election, instead of demonstrating that the newspapers had no influence in the campaign, shows that they were most powerful factors in the effort to secure good government, for it is mainly, as we have said, by reason of their exposures of the vices of Tammany and of the combination between PLATT and CROKER, and by their intelligent discussion of municipal issues, that this great body of citizens were brought together to vote for Low and GEORGE, despite the fact that the old organizations, to one or the other of which most of them belong, were directly and indirectly for VAN WYCK. If the newspapers will keep up the good work in which they have enlisted, if they will continue to insist, as they have long insisted, on good government for the city, they will eventually bring about the triumph of the cause for which Mr. LOW stood in the last election, and in doing that they will confer a benefit on every municipality in the country. So far, we owe to the newspapers most of what we have attained in municipal reform, and the country is likely to continue to be their debtor in this respect.

HAWAII AND SEA-POWER.

THE constant growth of this republic in all the essential elements of power is causing in Europe a vague uneasiness, which occasionally finds voice in the press, as well as in the utterances of public men. Of late the proposed annexation of the Hawaiian Islands to the United States has been interpreted as a symptom of an aggressive spirit threatening to play an arrogant part in the affairs of the world. However that may be, the alarmists on the other side of the ocean need not fear that this annexation would prove a material addition to our strength, unless at the same time we increase our naval and military establishments to an extent hitherto not thought of. A rapid survey of the situation will make this clear.

It is a well-known fact that in our intercourse with foreign nations we occasionally say or do things which, if they were done or said by any other government, would be quickly resented by the powers interested, but which, coming from this republic, are submitted to with remarkable meekness. We hear sometimes of sullen growls, and even of schemes of hostile combinations against us, but such things regularly pass over without serious consequences and are soon forgotten. We should certainly have no reason to be proud of it if we were simply permitted to play among the nations of the world the pranks of a raw youth, whose conduct, however provoking, did not in fact mean much offence. We should, however, on various occasions, have met with a more resentful and even defiant spirit, did not foreign powers see peculiar reasons for avoiding a quarrel with the United States with especial care. It cannot be that they are afraid of our standing army or navy, for, excepting the period of our civil war, our military and naval establishments have never been considerable. But whenever a foreign power considers the chances of a serious conflict with the United States, it finds this state of things: We are a people of seventy millions or more, intelligent, energetic, vigorous, and intensely patriotic. We occupy a part of the American continent capable of sustaining with its products a much larger population. We have no neighbors strong enough to do us much harm, even if they were hostile. We are in some respects the richest nation in the world, with vast resources still untouched, and would therefore in a conflict have a very superior staying power. If a great naval force attacked us to-day, unprepared as we are, it might bombard some of our seaboard towns, ravage some of our coasts, and sweep our merchant fleet off the sea. Such harassments would, indeed, be very vexatious, but they would by no means disable us. They would only fire the temper of our people and excite them to greater efforts. It would soon become evident that the enemy could not strike at a vital point. He could not get a foothold on any important part of our continent and keep it, for on land the immense superiority of our forces would quickly overwhelm him. In order to take and hold any valuable point on our territory he would have to fight where we are strongest. He could therefore not expect to achieve, through his superior readiness at the beginning of the war, a quick success of importance sufficiently great to give him a lasting advantage that might be of decisive benefit to him in the eventual peace arrangements.

Thus a war with the United States must, under present circumstances, appear to foreign powers as one in which quick decisions cannot be achieved—aye, in which not even advantages of great consequence can quickly be won; in other words, as a war of resources in men, material, and money, a long and exhaustive war, in which the power capable of holding out longest will have by far the best chance of final success. And during such a long war not only would the enemy's maritime commerce suffer its share too, but he would also be exposed to the probability of unfriendly neighbors seizing the opportunity presented by his embarrassments to kindle a fire in his rear in co-operation with us—a consideration which the jealousies existing between European nations make a very cogent one. It is no wonder that, under such circumstances, European powers not only do not seek quarrels with this republic, but rather go to the extreme of polite forbearance to avoid them; and nothing could be more preposterous than the hysterical outcries of our Jingoes that foreign enemies are constantly lurking in ambush to insult our flag, or to deprive us of our rights, or to interfere with our commerce, and that we can baffle them only by standing sleeplessly on guard, armed to the teeth.

How would the annexation of Hawaii affect this situation? It could not make us more secure than we are now. It would rather be apt to present to hostile powers a vulnerable point which we do not now present, and the absence of which is so discouraging to the foreigner who may wish ill to us. The Hawaiian Islands are 2000 miles distant from our nearest coast. If we acquire them, we cannot let them go again without great humiliation, for, after all that has happened, they will appear as an especial object of our desire, to be held at any cost. In their present unfortified condition they would be an easy prey to any hostile power superior to us in naval force. But even if well fortified, their defence would oblige us to fight on a field of operations where the superiority of our land forces would be of no avail, unless we had a navy strong enough to protect the communication between our western coast and Hawaii against any interruption. Our situation would be somewhat like that of Russia during the Crimean war. The allied armies would have had little, if any, chance of final success had they attempted to invade the interior of Russia. But, forcing Russia to a fight at an exposed point, the communications of which with the interior of the empire were at that time so imperfect as seriously to impede the use of Russia's vast resources, they succeeded in forcing Russia to submit to a humiliating peace. For similar reasons the possession of the Hawaiian Islands by the United States would not serve to deter a foreign power from attacking us, but rather be calculated to invite attack, for it would offer to a foreign enemy the possibility, not now existing, of forcing us to a fight on ground on which we cannot bring the superiority of our resources into play, and of gaining by a rapid stroke at the beginning of a war an advantage extremely embarrassing to us. In this respect we shall by annexing Hawaii simply acquire a vulnerable point.

It may, indeed, be said that, if annexed, Hawaii would not remain in an unfortified state. That is true. But, as the history of our harbor and coast defences shows, it will require years to put those distant islands into a reasonably secure condition. And then it will require a big war fleet to make those fortifications really tenable, and to keep the communication between Hawaii and our continent safely open in case of war. Such a big fleet we can build, too. We can do all these things. If the people are willing to pay the bills and to endure the effects of that sort of policy, we can do this, and much more. But is not the really important question whether as a sensible people we *should* do it? Should we adopt a policy *obliging* us to do it, instead of maintaining the safe ground on which we now stand?

So far it has been our proud distinction and our boast, not that we had big armies and navies, but that we did not need them. And we uttered that boast, pitying the heavily burdened nations of the Old World that do need them. Do we need them now? It is admitted that we should have a navy sufficient to do our share of the police of the seas. For this purpose our navy is very nearly, if not entirely, large enough now. We are told that we need many more war-ships to protect our commerce. Our merchant marine on the high seas is small. When it was largest, our navy was almost ridiculously insignificant compared with those of other powers. Was our commerce not safe then? Is it not safe to-day? Is there the slightest reason for thinking that it will not be safe in the future? Can a big fleet make it safer than it has been, the period of our civil war excepted, since the war of 1812? Mr. ROOSEVELT, the most bellicose of our public men, who advocates a big navy "in the interest of peace," recently said that three times we had come near getting into a war because our fleet was not large enough. Do not such instances prove that without a large fleet peace with honor can be maintained if things are wisely managed? And is it not probable that in those instances peaceable arrangements would have been less assured if we had really had a big fleet at hand ready for a fight?

Thus we are to throw away that invaluable privilege of being secure without wasteful armaments, and of being powerful without risk or cost, in order to acquire a group of far-away islands, with a most undesirable population, while every well-informed person knows that the benefits for which we are to pay such an incalculable price—commercial advantages, coaling stations, and all that—may be had without annexation and the tremendous responsibilities it involves just as well as with it. Are we to descend to the condition of the heavily burdened nations of Europe without the slightest necessity, and even without a real inducement?

CARL SCHURZ

THE NEW TRAINING-VESSEL FOR THE UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY.—Drawn by R. G. Skerrett.

THE NEW TRAINING-VESSEL FOR THE NAVAL ACADEMY.

There is not an old "sea dog" in the service, nor a civilian interested in the welfare of the navy, who is not glad to know that the Naval Academy is to have a thoroughly efficient sailing training ship for the cadets. By the last session of Congress a provision of $125,000 was made for the building of such a vessel, and last Saturday bids were opened for the construction of the craft.

In many ways the Bureau of Construction has lavished as much thought upon the vessel's design as upon the planning of a battle ship, and it is the earnest desire of Chief Constructor Hichborn that the craft will be all that the cadets have so sadly lacked of recent years, while bettered by the advantages of the most recent practices.

The ship will have a water line length of 175 feet, a maximum beam of 37 feet, and, upon a displacement of 1174 tons, will have a mean draught of 16½ feet of water. The hull will be entirely of steel, sheathed with wood, and coppered from the bottom up to a general height of two feet above the water line. This is done both to give the craft added strength and to make her proof against the retarding accumulations of barnacles and sea grass. She will be ship-rigged, and will carry 19,968 square feet of canvas—spread enough, in fact, to drive her along at a good round pace of twelve knots and more an hour.

She will have a long flush main or spar deck, admirably suited for handling sail, for unhampered instruction, and for the purposes of exercise and deck drills. There will be accommodations for 11 commissioned officers, 2 warrant officers, 180 cadets, and a working crew of 90 bluejackets. The ship will be lighted by electricity, and two small boilers will supply steam for heating and steam for the dynamos, blowers, windlass, and the distilling and the refrigerating apparatus.

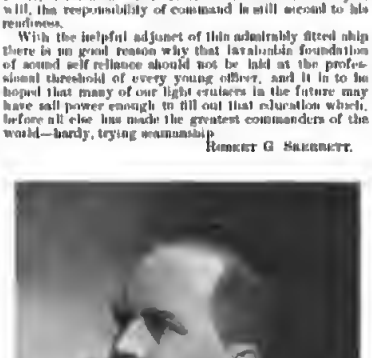
The main battery, housed on the gun-deck will consist of six 4-inch rapid fire guns, while a secondary force of four 6 pounders and two 1 pounders will be placed on the hammock berthing and taffrail wherever promising the best range of fire. There will be magazine space for 900 rounds for each of the 4 inch guns, and for a liberal allowance for the smaller pieces. The lightness of the batteries has been purposely studied, to the end of easy handling for the cadets, while giving them all the practice needful for the management of heavier ordnance.

Compared with the older training vessels, this new craft will prove a great advance, and with the addition of the few mechanical facilities will have a very materially widened scope of application. The quarters will be comfortable and healthful under any stress of weather, while the electric lights will do much to facilitate study. The refrigerating plant and the distilling apparatus will greatly lengthen the number of days that may be spent at sea in practical work; and the sick bay arrangements will be easily ample for the sick of the whole complement. Nothing has been overlooked that might add to the efficiency of the craft or to her ease of handling by the cadets.

In itself a training ship is not necessarily of military importance, but as a school for the men that may command our ships in battle the practice vessel becomes a factor of moment. The duty of the officer is not alone to direct his men, but to inspire them as well, and to breed in them that unquestioning trust which comes only by proved efficiency. Even though his ship be without sail power, still there may be times when he must respond in an emergency with all of that self reliance and quickness born only of experience bred in the face of storm and in bending the raging elements to his own will. He must have confidence in himself to face the changing forces of wind and wave and tide, and must also have that instant grasp of situation and knowledge of remedy that comes only from constant battling with the restless sea. Breed in him that shifty self possession first, and then see how unfalteringly he leads in the hour of storm, the stress of battle, or the moment of accident. Place him where you will, the responsibility of command is still second to his readiness.

With the helpful adjunct of this admirably fitted ship there is no good reason why that invaluable foundation of sound self reliance should not be laid at the professional threshold of every young officer, and it is to be hoped that many of our light cruisers in the future may have sail power enough to fill out that education which, before all else, has made the greatest commanders of the world—hardy, trying seamanship.

Robert G. Skerrett.



CHARLES PAGE BRYAN.

THE NEW MINISTER TO CHINA.

The newly appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to China, Colonel Charles Page Bryan, of Chicago, is a native of that city, and has been intimately connected with Illinois politics, though hitherto in no way a prominent public figure. He supersedes Mr. Denby, who has discharged the duties of the Chinese mission ably for the last twelve years. He is forty-two years old, and has gained, aside from his legal and political training, such further equipment for diplomatic work as may be derived from a considerable knowledge of European languages and foreign travel. Colonel Bryan is a graduate of the University of Virginia, and of the law department of Columbia College, New York, and was admitted to the bar in 1878 at Washington, D.C. He immediately afterward went to Colorado, and was made editor of the Denver *Inter Ocean*, and at a later period of the *Colorado Mining Gazette*. He was elected to the Legislature, and became a notable member, but at the end of his term decided to return to his native State. Seven years later he was elected to the General Assembly, and he has served four terms, with great prominence as an effective debater and a wise law maker, having been a very notable factor in all questions involved in labor legislation, in which he has always been keenly interested.

He was a salient figure in the hotly contested fight at Springfield, Illinois, which sent General Palmer to the United States Senate, and was no less prominent in his battle for the election of Palmer's successor, the present Senator Mason. It is said to be owing to the determined support of Secretary Gage and of Mr. Mason that his appointment as minister to China has been made in a candidature contested by more widely known rivals. It is much to Colonel Bryan's credit the has his title from the fact that he has served on the staff of three successive Governors with this rank) that, though a consistent and ardent Republican, he has so far preserved his independence as to have been an obstinate opponent of the party machine in all matters of less than national import.

In 1890 the ambassador elect canvassed England, France, Germany, and Scandinavia in the interest of the Columbian Fair, and he enjoyed a similar experience in 1891-2 as secretary of the commission of which his father, Hon. Thomas P. Bryan, was president, travelling then extensively through southern Europe. In the last Presidential canvass Colonel Bryan was a personage of confidential importance at Republican national headquarters, and became personally intimate with Senator Hanna and President McKinley. Though young for so important a trust, he is said to be well equipped by native talent and scholarly acquirement for its duties. The issues which are likely to arise, in the main dealing with the expansion of commercial relations, and problems of immigration which run close with labor questions at home, are matters to which the new diplomat, as asserted by his friends, has given special study.

THE GLOUCESTER DEATH LIST.

The ancient ballad that appeals to gentlemen "who live at home at ease" without reflecting on the dangers of the seafaring life in its unromantic conditions especially, is suggested forcibly by the annual death list of Gloucester (Massachusetts) fishermen. There is tragedy as well as salt in the homely barrel of mackerel, and every cask of herring may have a sad tale in pickle. For the year ending September 30 last the town's record states eleven vessels and fifty-nine lives as lost. Out of this roll eighteen fishermen were swept overboard from their craft by high seas, fifteen were drowned in capsized smacks, five fell overboard, four died in their berths at sea, and a direful shipful of eighteen were never heard from after their sailing—the crew of the smack *Lizzie J. Greenleaf*.

THE COMTESSE ANNOUNCES THAT SHE IS TO ATTEND THE MASKED BALL—ACT II.

THE DRAMA.

Mr. Sidney Grundy deserves credit for an extremely clever piece of craftsmanship in his adaptation from the French of the elder Dumas, recently presented at the Empire Theatre by Mr John Drew. *A Marriage of Convenience* is a delightful comedy of manners, simply constructed on the interplay of very few characters, and maintaining interest chiefly through the vigor and charm with which the two leading figures are delineated, and through the sparkle and polish of the dialogue. It is seldom that so artistic a work is seen on our stage, and the completeness with which it is presented makes the production exceptionally meritorious.

The action of the piece transpires in Paris during the time of Louis XV. The Comte de Candale contracts a marriage of convenience with a charming girl, fresh from the convent. He takes the marriage so lightly that on his wedding-day he makes an engagement to dine with a lady who is considerably more experienced and presumably older than his wife. Before he leaves, the Comtesse explains that she has a confession to make, and she tells him of a foolish love-affair she has had with the brother of one of her friends at the convent. He is greatly amused, but he departs with some reluctance. He is amused, too, when, by a happy chance, he discovers his wife's adorer in his friend the Chevalier de Valclos, who is still devoted, and with his bantering wit he contrives to make the Chevalier utterly ridiculous. The Comtesse, for her part, hears of the fascinating lady whom her husband admires, and the misunderstandings between the two lead to plans for divorce, though it is plain enough they are falling in love with each other. In reckless defiance of her husband, the Comtesse goes with the Chevalier to a masked ball, where she becomes the innocent cause of a duel, which the Chevalier proposes to fight in her behalf. By a clever contrivance, however, his place is gloriously taken by the Comte, and the marriage of convenience develops into a marriage of love.

Since Dumas treated this theme we have seen it in many forms, but rarely has it been handled so cleverly as in Mr Grundy's adaptation. The first act is so brilliantly achieved that one almost forgets the absurdity of the Comte's leaving his wife to dine alone on her wedding-day, and thinks with delight of the charmingly natural development of the other episodes, and of the sparkle of the dialogue. In spite of its cleverness, the second act suffers by comparison. The scene in which the Comte turns the tables on the Chevalier, however, is quite up to the level of the earlier act. Indeed, the Chevalier displays such weakness here that one cannot take him seriously during the rest of the play, in which he continues to be an important factor. In the third and fourth acts the piece deteriorates; perhaps it would be too much to expect Mr Grundy to maintain the high standard that he set himself. At any rate, the third act, with its introduction of the General, the Comte's old fashioned uncle, who runs at once to the king to take the first steps for the securing of a divorce, approaches dangerously near the farcical; but it may find some excuse through preparing the way for the pretty scene where husband and wife broken-heartedly sign the petition signifying their desire to be torn apart. The last act plays briskly enough, and sustains the interest, though one can hardly admire the serene selfishness of the married lovers, who allow the Chevalier to be arrested for taking part in a duel which he was prevented from fighting, so that they may leave for their honey moon.

It is thankless, however, to pick flaws in a play of so many admirable qualities, especially when the flaws are so skilfully concealed by the excellence of the acting. The piece had evidently been rehearsed with minute care, and it moved as easily and naturally as a performance by one of the best French companies. The actors gave to it an effect of harmony that one rarely finds on our stage. It is true that Mr Drew, as the Comte, stood out from the picture by the exquisite finish of his performance, yet all of the actors played well. Mr Drew's interpretation left nothing to criticise; it was finely poised, vigorous, polished, full of nice contrasts, and lightened by a delicious humor. Our younger actors might take many profitable lessons from him, among others, in the importance and the charm of a clear enunciation. As the Comtesse, Miss Isabel Irving offered fresh evidence of the remarkable progress that she has made during the past few years. She played with great intelligence, with sympathy and skill, bringing out all the sweetness

MARTON AND JASMIN DANCE A MINUET—ACT I.

THE COMTE DETECTS MARTON CARRYING THE CHEVALIER'S LETTER TO THE COMTESSE—ACT III.

THE SIGNING OF THE PETITION FOR DIVORCE—ACT III.

THE GENERAL (MR MARKINS) RETURNS FROM HIS AUDIENCE WITH THE KING—ACT III.

"A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE" AS PERFORMED BY MR JOHN DREW AND HIS COMPANY AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE, NEW YORK.

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and fineness of one of the most attractive characters presented on the stage in several years. As the Chevalier, Mr. Arthur Byron acted with considerable force, but in a manner that made an almost painful contrast with Mr. Drew's distinction of speech and bearing. Mr. D. H. Harkins was thoroughly competent in his characterization of the rather tiresome uncle from the provinces; Mr. Graham Henderson showed exceptional cleverness as Jasmin; and in the rôle of Marton, the maid, Miss Elsie de Wolfe acted with vivacity and looked very charming. With the exception of Mr. Drew, all the actors butchered the French words they had occasion to use. It is amusing to note the varieties on the stage in the pronunciation of *Monsieur*, one of the commonest words in the language, and altogether the most difficult. Only one scene was used in the piece, and that was thoroughly characteristic of a French *salon* of the period. The costumes were all marvels of richness and beauty, notably those displayed by Miss Irving, who made a series of lovely pictures, and by Mr. Drew, who wore them with grace.

The managers of the Criterion Independent Theatre, recently established in New York, showed poor judgment in their choice of play to inaugurate their series of performances during the present season. *John Gabriel Borkman*, produced on the afternoon of Thursday, November 18, at Hoyt's Theatre, is not only one of the least worthy of Ibsen's dramas, but absolutely unsuited to stage production. Like Ibsen's previous works, it places undue insistence on the darker phases of life, and for this reason it has received a great deal of criticism, severe enough, but having the effect of ignoring its inherent faults. Even if we accept the point of view of the dramatist, and judge the play by the standard of the results he aimed at, it must be regarded as a conspicuous disappointment. Far from being a triumph of realism, it is in many places as romantic as the work of some of our popular novelists of adventure.

John Gabriel Borkman is plainly designed as a study of the devastating effects of a colossal egotism. Though Borkman is not revealed to us until the second act, the shadow of his presence is on the scene from the rise of the curtain at the opening of the play, and the spectators can actually hear the sound of his footsteps as he paces up and down the gallery above. Those footsteps furnish the only dramatic material in the act, and they make a weird accompaniment to the story of his career, related by his wife and her sister, who have no love for each other because they have both loved him. Years before Borkman had robbed the bank in which he held a position of power, and since his release from prison he has kept himself confined in the house, eating his heart out. The second act really begins the drama, all that has gone before being merely explanatory, and reveals the spasmodic effort of Borkman to overcome his lethargy and to start the world afresh, ending in his death shortly after he has crossed the threshold of his home. Among the few redeeming features in the drama, which is chiefly developed through tedious situations distorted from nature, are the scenes in which Borkman's old friend, Vilhelm Foldal, figures, delightful in their simplicity and truth, and the death of Borkman at the close, which is strongly dramatic. In this last scene Ibsen offers evidence of that poetic genius which his Scandinavian admirers like to glorify; the description of his imaginary mines by Borkman, who has plainly been on the verge of mania from his first appearance, and is now stark mad, is a superb bit of writing, and in marked contrast with the slow-moving scenes that have gone before. The episodes introducing Borkman's cub of a son and the woman of dubious character whom he loved are not only ineffective dramatically, but wholly unconvincing. The piece was unevenly played, but Mr. E. J. Henley distinguished himself by a strong impersonation of the title part, Miss Carrie Keeler was delightfully natural as the dubious widow, and Mr. Albert Bruning gave a thoroughly lifelike characterization of Foldal.

At the Bijou Theatre last week Miss May Irwin appeared in a new farce, *The Swell Miss Fitzwell*, by Mr. H. A. Du Souchet. The piece, which was in many ways quite as preposterous as its title, would hardly deserve comment if it did not typify a certain kind of drama that has lately come into vogue in this country. It is founded on an impossible idea, through which impossible situations are achieved; yet, in spite of its vulgarity, much of its humor is extremely clever, and here and there are to be found many delightful touches of character. Such a piece would of course be received with utter bewilderment in a country like France, where the most turbulent forces are built so ingeniously on the foibles of human nature. This very fact, however, may be regarded as almost complimentary to Mr. Du Souchet's play, and to the many others like it which now decorate our stage. It calls attention to the absolutely original and native quality of the work, which appeals almost wholly for the creation of its humor to our American delight in the incongruous. It gives promise, moreover, of developing among our playwrights skill in the making of genuine comedies of American life. If Mr. Du Souchet, for example, were to undertake a comedy, and were to put into it the skill in devising amusing episodes and bits of character that he has shown in his latest work, he might succeed in doing something altogether creditable.

The Swell Miss Fitzwell, however, is chiefly interesting for exploiting the abilities of an actress of unique talents, who during the past few seasons has won an important and a curious position on the stage. When Miss May Irwin appears before the footlights she adopts none of the tricks and the affectations by which so many performers strive to be attractive; on the contrary, she is natural. This is her charm, and in watching her you wonder why all actresses are not clever enough to be natural too. Miss Irwin, moreover, possesses an attractive presence, an agreeable voice, and an apparently spontaneous humor. She gives every one who sees her the impression that she is enjoying herself as well as the most amused spectator. It is not until you think how certain other actresses would play her part that you realize how fine her art is. She never seems to strive for effect, yet she is always effective. In her most delicious asides, in those little turns of speech that most actors spoil by over-emphasis, she succeeds in conveying the exact impression. She certainly deserves to be recognized as one of the cleverest artists on our stage. If she could not sing, she would probably be more justly appreciated as an actress; and yet it is her singing that seems to give most pleasure to her audiences. Indeed, her rendering of negro songs should be treated as a talent apart, and a rare talent it is.

For the plot of *Miss Francis of Yale* Mr. Michael Morton, a new American playwright, has taken the unpleasant idea of a young man's being mistaken for a young woman, and he has devised a great many noisy situations, which are remarkable for their absurdity and lack of humor. As you follow the play you wonder why it fails so utterly to amuse. It is complicated, ingenious, and the characters, by various indirect means, keep telling the spectators that they ought to be laughing loudly, and these suggestions have the curious effect of deepening the gloom. As a matter of fact, in order to secure his situations, Mr. Morton has sacrificed every other consideration, and the result is a play, to be sure, but a play without life. Yet this first work shows that he has skill in construction, and if he will undertake to write on simpler lines, without placing reliance on noise and horse-play, he may retrieve his present failure.

The performers had the pitiful task of trying to make people of flesh and blood out of Mr. Morton's puppets, and if they failed the fault can hardly be laid at their door. Mr. Etienne Girardot, famous as Charley's Aunt, tried very hard to make the title part interesting, and under the circumstances he succeeded in displaying a surprising amount of vivacity.

Mr. Henry E. Dixey's début as a magician at the Garden Theatre last week calls attention to an unfortunate change in the career of one of the cleverest of our performers. Even if Mr. Dixey succeeds in his new undertaking, in which he certainly shows proficiency, his turning from the work he is best fitted for is still deplorable. While a member of Augustin Daly's stock company he displayed a talent for light comedy that placed him among the leading American actors, and if he had remained in this work he would undoubtedly have added to the reputation a few years ago by his performances in burlesque. At present he offers the unpleasant spectacle of a misdirected talent.

JOHN D. BARRY.

BAIREUTH ECHOES.

THE autumnal winds are whistling keenly among the Bavarian fir trees that look down on Baireuth and the Wagner Theatre. The town has returned to its unmusical and industrious life, with the last of the recent festivals' foreign pilgrims and artists safe at home with his or her souvenirs and criticisms on which to ruminate. The German newspapers, however, are not yet silent as to the general effect of the performances, at least nominally in Wagner's honor, and much to the benefit of his family in 1897. Things are heard and said that are by no means feeble echoes of impressions and convictions, even when Baireuth is relinquished once more to desuetude and the Wagner family.

Of this year's cosmopolitan audiences, according to the industrious German statisticians of the Festival, the United States representation was, as usual, in generous proportion. Mr. Anton Seidl's share in the conducting quickened the interest of our countrymen and countrywomen. One of the cast in the Niebelung's Ring was Miss Weed, an American young lady. Our compatriots were generous in applause as well as subscriptions. Next in proportion of attendance were the English, and after them the French guests. The German and Austrian publics were least represented. As to the performances themselves, but little praise from those who really are intelligent in Wagner and his ideals can be extracted. The German critics of the best authority are cold, as recent years have left them, to the existing state of things at the Wagner Theatre or else severe. The performances included the Niebelungen Tetralogy and *Parsifal*. The cast of the latter included Marie Brema, who made her first attempt at the strong part of Kundry in *Parsifal* (perhaps Wagner's most subtle and appealing rôle, certainly one in which much is left dramatically to an artist's intellect and temperament), and with marked success. Singers in the full series were the Old Guard of Wagnerism, and some yet undetermined new recruits—the venerable Vogl, Van Dyk, Grüning, Burgstaller, Perron, Grengg, and Plaek among the men, and among the women artists were most important Mesdames Brema and Gulbranson and Heinck Schumann. The casts were by no means suitably filled up by drawing on sundry of Madame Wagner's other favorites. Neither Materna, Malten, Sucher, Alvary, Reichmann, Winkelmann, Gudehus, Lieban nor a dozen other ancient share takers in the Festivals would or could be called to work this year. Siegfried Wagner made himself useful during most of the Festival directorially. Mr. Seidl is reported as saying kind things of his abilities.

What, pray, may have been the exact diction and the exact meaning of those hot words that Siegfried Wagner is reported to have uttered, scolding Germany for its stand-off attitude nowadays toward these Baireuth performances? Did young Herr Wagner mean his remarks not only for rebuke of the very justifiable sentiment in his own country as to the expediency of troubling one's head about the Festival? Or did he intend to remind us staunch patrons of *outre mer* of how much less discrimination are the hosts of "French, American, and British" patrons annually and lately found in their posts at the Fest? Here is Herr Wagner's language, at second or third hand reporting:

The French have always been our most zealous adherents. Now, as always, the principal supporters of Baireuth are French, Americans, and British. Moreover, the English almost in every way the Germans, who are supine, while the German press is antagonistic. But it can continue to be so, for the more it abuses us the greater our success.

You can also see now what a miserable state German music and German musicians are in. What are our national high-schools of music doing for us and our cause, and what have they done? Nothing. If they ever occupied themselves with the works of my Father, they did it not out of conviction, but because they had to, for they would have disgraced themselves if they had stuck to their craziness in spitefulness.

Get along with your Germans and Germanism! If it depended on them the existence of our *Festspiele* would long since have been endangered.

In other words, Wagnerism, at least under Baireuth conditions, is no longer supremely interesting to intelligent musical Germany. And worse to conclude, Wagnerism under such conditions is interesting to unintelligent and miscellaneous "French, Americans, and British."

Of Madame Wagner's Festival diplomatics, and her firmness in carrying them out, a fresh bundle of tales is in lively movement. One well-known French critic of them (the French now are in the van of sensitiveness as to what concerns Wagnerian tradition and ideals) describes the system of private concessions as: "Why is Vogl allowed to sing youthful rôles? He is sixty. Why, because he will not sing Loge in *Das Rheingold* unless allowed other parts. Why does Madame Brema assume Kundry in *Parsifal* when her type and voice oppose? Because she will not undertake Fricka in the Ring unless promised Kundry. How comes it that Burgstaller is permitted to take Siegfried when he is not suited to it? Because Madame Wagner has promised Siegfried to Burgstaller, on condition that he will be ready to act as Van Dyk's or Grüning's alternative in *Parsifal* if necessary. Why should Miss Weed, a promising and pleasing singer, but not adapted at all to the part of Freia, be especially designated for that? Because Madame Wagner thinks it a good concession toward the American patrons. Why is such and such a weak or worn-out singer engaged and re-engaged, or a scene mounted wrong, or a bit of action of the drama totally misinterpreted? Because Madame Wagner insists that she holds the only true theory and construction of precedents for it from her husband's own instructions and wishes." All this is unpleasant criticism, but it is in close relation to truth. It is said that Mr. Seidl had those shrewd tilts with his eminent employer that were expected.

Madame Cosima Wagner, beyond a doubt, is a stage-manager *par excellence*. She shows the gift both when she is right and when—as unfortunately occurs often—she is quite wrong. At seventy she has an eye and a sense of picturesqueness and of color that few male managers can rival. But what Madame Wagner asserts as tradition, as Wagner's own ideas handed over to her as his vicegerent, too often is the fantasy of the hour and the suggestion of the moment. Unluckily, too, her sense of knowing all that is to be known does not remain restricted to costumes, groupings, and stage business. It reaches to the musical contents of the works, to phrasing, tempo, and much else. The artist who thinks to carry out his or her conception of a Wagnerian rôle is in for a hard time. There will be a battle—there will be many battles—and sooner or later it is apt to be Cosima Victrix. One of the shrewdest and most eminent of American singers, an artist to whom a Baireuth engagement and a Baireuth success were desirable as of the first value in a career of narrower scope, won her engagement and the desired triumph only by promising—not to say promising—that the artist would be "as wax" in Madame Cosima's hands. She was so, or seemed so, and by combining the wisdom of the serpent with the mild-mannered demeanor of a dove, the Baireuth triumph and *réclame* were achieved.

As to Madame Emma Gulbranson, who has been singing with good commendations at the last two or three Festivals, she appears to have a real Wagnerian future before her. She is a Norwegian of high family, and much more an amateur than a professional singer, so far as her living by and on the stage is concerned. She sings scarcely anywhere except at the Baireuth performances, being the wife of a Scandinavian officer; and her passion for Wagner and for Wagner only, with its consequent visits to Baireuth, gradually induced her to study Wagner's works seriously. Presently she attracted the attention of Madame Wagner, and—almost before she knew it—Madame Gulbranson was a Baireuth dramatic soprano. She is a stately and beautiful woman and a hard student.

Even the chorus of this year's Festival was ungraciously received—at least, so far as the looks of its membership were in criticism. Writes one guest: "The flower girls in *Parsifal* surrounded the coy hero with a knot of old nurses and of Don Quixotic inn-servants. There was small temptation in such a spectacle, that reminded me of the famous defile of vegetables in the ballet of Offenbach's *Le Roi Carotte*."

Apropos of the Wagner Theatre doings for 1897, the *Gazzetta Musicale* of Milan, a prominent Italian journal as to musical matters in general, and as to the interests of the notable firm of publishers Ricordi & Lucca in particular, is authority for the statement that Mr. Walter Damrosch made to the heirs of Richard Wagner a new and unaccepted offer for the American rights of *Parsifal*. The announcement speaks definitely of the price as $250,000. At the same time crops up again the announcement that Mr. Maurice Grau has been negotiating the same score for performance under Mr. Seidl in 1898–9, with either Ernest van Dyk or Jean de Reszke in the title part, and that Madame Wagner is favorably inclined to the arrangement. Unless the Wagnerian family are going out of the business of Baireuth Festivals, it would seem a curiously unwise concession to sell for America production the work that draws to Baireuth in its declining prestige more Americans than does any other Wagner drama. Unless, too, a new view of the matter has been taken at Munich, and fresh arrangements are put into black and white, however soon *Parsifal* shall be imported into America, it cannot legally be performed anywhere except at Baireuth until it has been given a certain number of representations at the Munich Opera-house. An agreement of long standing adjusted this matter with the Wagner heirs in days when Baireuth and Munich were not fighting-centres of Wagnerietic cult.

The announcement is already made that there will be no reproductions at the Wagner Theatre until 1899. This declaration, and its withdrawal, say in the month of January, are almost as periodic press statements as used to be the news that Boito had finished his *Nero* for performance or that Verdi was completing a *King Lear*. On this occasion, however, there would seem to be a chance that the Festival will be intermitted. There are ungracious memoirs enough of the Festival of 1897.

E. IRENAEUS STEVENSON.

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THIS BUSY WORLD

The impression that there was something to smile at in the success of Dr Evans, the famous American dentist of Paris, got very little support in the newspaper notices which followed the doctor's death on November 14. Dr. Evans was the Fortunatus of dentists. Every one has heard of him, and knows that he set up shop in Paris, formed a friendship with Napoleon III., and presently with Eugénie, and in due time became familiar with the inside of almost every crowned head in Europe. That he grew rich is also matter of public knowledge, especially since he visited this country about a year ago, when estimates of the size of his fortune were very generally printed in the newspapers. It will be understood that he was a good dentist, or he would not have done such an excellent business, but outside of that he must have been a great deal of a man, shrewd, kind, faithful, and very interesting and agreeable. His biography, so far as it has transpired, is full of stories of opportunities grasped, emergencies met, and friendships with royalties and notable people. All the back stairs of Europe, and pretty much all the front stairs too, seem to have been accessible to Dr. Evans, yet he appears not to have been a bit of a snob, but companionable with all sorts of people, and very ready to spend for the poor the money he made among the rich. It is notable, too that though he spent most of his life in Europe, he held steadfastly to his birthright as an American citizen. It is stated that he wrote his memoirs, and if so, they ought to make a very entertaining book.

DR. THOMAS W. EVANS.
Photo. by Gutekunst.

It is said that he inherited a friendship for the Bonaparte family from his father, Major William M. Evans, of Philadelphia, who had been a friend of Joseph Bonaparte during his residence in this country.

Dr. Evans was born in 1823, in Philadelphia. His professional education included a short apprenticeship to a silversmith and a course of instruction in medicine. He distinguished himself very early by his skill in dentistry, and took a gold medal when he was eighteen years old, for artistic filling of teeth with gold. After several years of practice he went to Paris with his wife, to take part in a convention of dentists, and finding good opportunities there, he stuck there. Louis Napoleon, then the new Prince President, came to hire; Eugénie was his patient before she married the Emperor, and it was not long before he had charge of the teeth of most of the reigning families of Europe. To have the ear of royalty has often been profitable, much more so to have the mouth. Dr. Evans's patients seemed all to become his friends. His fees were enormous, and his investments were successful, and he made a fortune, though whether it was as great a one as rumor says ($25,000,000) is yet to be seen.

Among his exploits, those most familiar are his service in getting the Empress out of Paris when the empire fell in, and his sitting up all night to make the silver tube for the tracheotomy operation which Sir Morell Mackenzie performed on the Emperor Frederick.

He did an important service to this country during the civil war, when he came over to report the state of things to Louis Napoleon. The Emperor was inclined to recognize the South, but Dr. Evans's representations are believed to have prevented it. While in Philadelphia at that time Dr. Evans was active in the work of the Sanitary Commission.

He is said to have been very charitable with his left hand while his right was otherwise occupied. He established the Lafayette Home for American girl students in Paris. His visit here last year was to bury his wife in American soil, and it was reported that at that time he arranged that much of his fortune should be devoted to educational uses in this country.

One has to go back to the story of Count Rumford to find a career of an American in Europe to compare with that of Dr. Evans's, and of the two Dr Evans's is the more satisfactory, as having no tinge of Tory taint about it. Dr Evans had a remarkable collection of decorations which had been bestowed upon him by grateful sovereigns. It is even said that Napoleon III made him a peer of France, but if that is so he never used his title. His body will be brought to this country for burial.

News comes from Cambridge that the big red Harvard "H's" have been stripped off the sweaters of the Harvard football team as a reminder (*locus à non lucendo*) to the players that they should have won the game with Yale. The expediency of this sort of discipline was probably considered by the football authorities before action was taken but it strikes a layman as adapted to induce a sort of desperation that may impair the self restraint which is indispensable to the prosperity of the game. There seem to be voices in Cambridge which intimate that the scalping or lynching of a coacher might be a more effectual organ of getting the requisite "ginger" into Harvard's play, but that is a matter on to which the doctors of football should be best qualified to judge, and the doctors and coachers being identical, self-discipline does not seem to attract them. Meanwhile the *Evening Sun* reports that the Harvard players have received the sabled condolences of Li Hung Chang.

These three names of players are conspicuous in the accounts of the Yale-Harvard game: Bouvé, Doucette, De Saulles. All were men of note in that game, the first being especially active for Harvard, the last for Yale. All three names are French, and probably imply French descent, yet we have been used to think of football as the game of all games that called for Anglo-Saxon qualities.

M. Brunetière, douce man, has begun to write in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* his impressions of America, and reports that the unexpected which he had been taught to expect did not happen to him, and that he found what he saw of the United States not unlike what he had been used to see at home and in other civilized countries. But, alas! our friends in Europe will remind him that he came to New York before the great Tammany victory, and that it is only a matter of a month or two now before barbarism in its most obtrusive forms will abound in the American metropolis, and more or less over all America. There are really more evidences of despair in London over the Tammany victory than in New York.

It has been a great month for Carrère & Hastings, architects. They won, on November 12, in the competition of designs for the new Public Library on the reservoir site at Forty-second Street, and again, a few days later, in the competition for the new building of the National Academy of Design on Amsterdam Avenue at 110th Street. Both of these competitions were notable and highly satisfactory. The conditions of that for the Public Library building have been heretofore recorded in the WEEKLY. Of the contestants who entered the final competition, the three whose plans were preferred by the jury of award were Carrère & Hastings, Howard & Cauldwell, and McKim, Mead, & White. Of the accepted design the jury said: "It is distinctly the best of the designs submitted, and of very exceptional merit in every respect. It would give the city of New York an entirely satisfactory and practical working library, and at the same time a beautiful and monumental building."

As to the competition between six firms of architects for the Academy of Design building Mr J. Carroll Beckwith, secretary of the council of the academy said, "In my estimation, and in the estimation of the council, this was the finest competition of the sort that ever took place in this country, and the highest standard of beauty and excellence has been attained."

It is proposed to raise a fund as a memorial of Henry George. A circular has been issued, signed by Mayor Strong, Messrs. Seth Low, Charles Stewart Smith, T. L. Johnson, William Lloyd Garrison, and others, which alludes to Mr. George's death, "directly caused by his self-sacrificing exertions for the public good," and to his unselfish sacrifice of his personal interests for twenty-five years past for the sake of what he believed to be the highest good of his fellow men. It proposes, as the fittest memorial, a provision by public subscription to put his widow in such a position of comfort as she would have enjoyed if her husband had devoted his powers to the interests of his family instead of to humanity at large. George F. Peabody, 27 Pine Street, New York, is treasurer of the fund, and receives subscriptions.

Dr George H Houghton, of New York, who died on November 17, was very widely and affectionately known as the rector of the Little Church Around the Corner. The story of how his church (the Church of the Transfiguration) came to have that name is told in Joseph Jefferson's Memoirs. In 1870, when George Holland, the actor, died, Mr. Jefferson, who had charge of his funeral, went to the rector of a church on Madison Avenue and asked him to conduct the services. The clergyman declined to put himself to trouble to bury a stranger, and an actor at that, and being asked who would be a proper person for Mr. Jefferson to apply to, said, "There is a little church around the corner where they do such things." It was Dr. Houghton's church, and from it was buried George Holland, and in the course of time thereafter many other actors and writers whose friends, though often not attached to any church, appreciated Christian burial.

REV. G. H HOUGHTON.
Photo. by Rockwood.

Dr Houghton was born in Deerfield, Massachusetts, in 1820, was graduated from the University of New York, and ordained a priest in 1846. Two years later he organized the Church of the Transfiguration, which settled on its present site in East Twenty-ninth Street in 1850. From his earliest service in the ministry Dr. Houghton became known for his readiness to respond to any call that was made upon him in his capacity as a priest. In his younger days he was often called to visit the sick in Bellevue Hospital, and in the cast-side districts near his church. When the war broke out he was chaplain, without pay, of the first military hospital in New York, and during the draft riots he was bold and efficient in protecting the negroes. His notion of his calling was that there was no sinner so sinful as to be shut out from his ministry in time of need, and no place too unhallowed to be visited on a priestly errand. He was greatly beloved and respected as a clergyman devoted to his faith and his calling, of sincere and unpretentious piety, and of a charity broad enough to cover a multitude of other people's sins.

With him in his ministry has of late been associated his nephew, the Rev. George C. Houghton, who will doubtless be his successor.

The American cigarette smokers are putting themselves to trouble and expense to deny that any poison, other than tobacco, is used in their cigarettes. Cigarettes make so much mischief in some cases as to encourage credulity as to the devilish ingredients that they contain. Possibly some cigarettes are drugged, but there are good common sense reasons for believing that almost all of them have nothing worse in them than mild Virginia tobacco. The reason why they have an effect different from that of cigars is because they are differently used. Most smokers of cigarettes inhale the smoke from them, but cigar smoke is seldom inhaled by any smoker. It is too strong to inhale, and it produces a sufficient effect without being taken into the lungs.

When cigarettes do most of their mischief is with young boys. They are poisonous to little boys, deleterious to big boys, ruinous to weak boys, and disadvantageous to all boys. Maybe they are disadvantageous to men also, but the men are tougher, and as compared with boys have better judgment about smoking. If cigarettes are to be damned, it is mere efficacious to damn them with faint praise than with untruths. It is matter of common observation that the moderate use of them by adult persons is not inconsistent with an appearance of fair health and with a considerable measure of mental activity.

Arnold Boecklin, Swiss artist, had the happiness last month to have his seventieth birthday celebrated as a high festival in his native city of Basel by his fellow-townsmen, who were proud of the pictures he had painted, and the fame they had brought to him, and through him to the town of Basel. Basel, in 1827, when Boecklin was born there, was a little old mediæval walled town given over to conservatism, and governed under republican forms by an aristocracy. Now it has burled over its ramparts and is a modern city, with 100,000 inhabitants, electric cars, boulevards, parks, and all appropriate embellishments.

Boecklin showed early talent in drawing, but he was one of a large family, and his father, poor and very practical, was little disposed to encourage art. But when, at seventeen, the young painter left school with an thought of doing anything but learn to paint, friends helped him, and the father let him go to Dusseldorf to be a pupil of the landscape painter Schirmer. Thence he managed in 1847 to get to Brussels, Antwerp, and Geneva, and the next year to Paris, supporting life somehow by his art. Then back an foot to Basel, and in 1850 across the Alps to Italy, where, three years later, he married an Italian lady.

In 1857 a prospect of better times brought him and his family back to Basel, thence to Hanover, where he had a commission, and presently to Munich, when the King of Bavaria became him patron. For two years he was a professor in Weimar Academy. Then back to Rome, until, in 1866, bad times sent him home to Basel again, and from there to Munich. Later he spent ten years in Florence, then seven years in Zurich, and finally, his health being somewhat broken, he returned in 1892 to Italy, and settled in Florence to end his days.

He was too infirm to come from there to the celebration of his birthday in Basel, but his son represented him, and the occasion was as rapturously improved as though he had been part of it. There was an exhibition in the Kunsthalle of as many of his pictures as could be collected, a play in his honor was acted in the theatre, and after that a great banquet was followed by speeches and by tableaux and living pictures from Boecklin's paintings. A gold medal was conferred, and received by the son in his father's stead. The President of the republic and many distinguished strangers were there, and all in praise of a painter who had done credit to his birthplace. A painter, it seems, is not without honor even in his own country, provided that country is Switzerland. Still, it was slow work for Boecklin to win Basel. His friends there were always his friends, but the doubters doubted until his talent and his success were past all question. Then probably they died. It was his advantage that he survived them.

At the meeting of the trustees of Columbia, on November 14, the resignation of President Low, offered in consequence of his running for Mayor, was withdrawn at the request of the trustees. It's an ill wind that has nothing in it for Columbia.

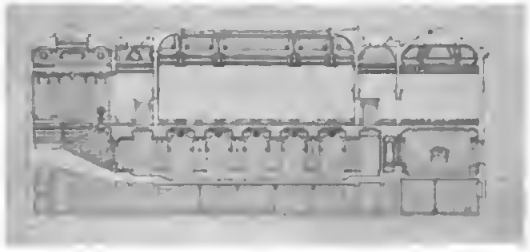
It is of course rash to comment on anything that any preacher is reported to have said in the pulpit unless one has some sort of affidavit that the report is accurate. No such affidavit comes with the report of Dr Felix Adler's observations at Carnegie Hall on Sunday morning, November 15, but they sound as if Dr Adler might have said them. He offered as a substitute for religions whose vital force is in a personal God, a religion in which the place of God is taken by the state. He thinks men are gradually passing from their belief in a personal God, and that the religions based on that belief are losing vitality. So he says:

"In the state let us find the personal deity which is passing out of men's lives. Let the state be the object of our worship. Let us make it sacred, and when we have done so the state will have taken the place of the personification. Let the state be that personification."

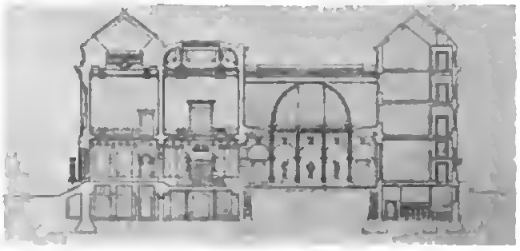
That may be a suitable religion for some persons who live within easy reach of Carnegie Hall and have plenty of state within sight to pray to, but any individual of them who was cast on a desert island where the entire state was himself would be embarrassed. Somehow there seems to be a suggestion of getting to heaven by pulling at one's boot straps about Dr. Adler's plan. It is quite true that we cannot love God without loving our neighbor, and that we cannot show our love for God so well in any way as by giving evidence of our love for our neighbor. It is also true that when we love and serve the state intelligently we do our neighbor a most important service. Yet the deification of the state seems hardly likely to appeal to many Americans, if for no other reason, for this, that though the idea of God has perhaps in some measure taken new form in the minds of modern men, for most of us its vital force remains, and seems likely to remain as long as men do.

Intending travellers who begin to think of a winter migration to Italy will find a new show in Rome in the Borgia rooms in the Vatican, which, according to the New York *Herald*, have lately been opened to the public after being tight closed for four centuries. It will be remembered that the Borgias started a sort of Tammany Hall at Rome, the father being Pope and the children the rest of the government. Many of their public works were good, but their personal shortcomings in private life are parallel to all readers. The apartments lately opened were

FRONT ELEVATION, ONE HUNDRED AND TENTH STREET.



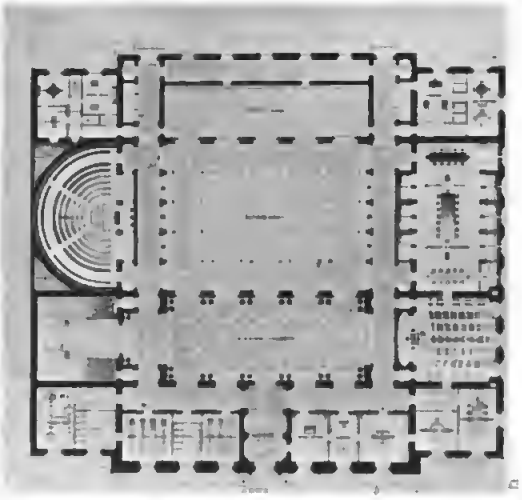
LONGITUDINAL SECTION.



TRANSVERSE SECTION.

built and decorated for Lucretia Borgia. There are six rooms, and the frescoes in them by Pinturicchio kept that artist busy for six years. Cæsar Borgia posed to him for male saints, Lucretia, and Julia Farnese for "lady saints." The pictures were beautiful, but after the Borgias had all been poisoned off or otherwise dispersed, it was felt that the rooms were not a credit, morally, to the Vatican and the Church which has its headquarters there. Now, four centuries later, they have been opened, on the ground, perhaps, that they have done penance long enough, and that the world is wise enough now to make allowances.

Hamilton College, at Clinton, New York, celebrated, on November 16, the dedication of two new halls, built for the college by two lawyers of New York. The giver of the Root Hall of Science is Mr Elihu Root, and Mr Henry Harper Benedict gave the Benedict Hall of Languages. The cost of these halls was about $30,000 each, and both donors expressed themselves as highly gratified with their investments. President Stryker, with timely forethought, mentioned a golf course, a swimming-tank, a bowling alley, and "a splendid campanile-tower," with a chime of bells in it, as proper-



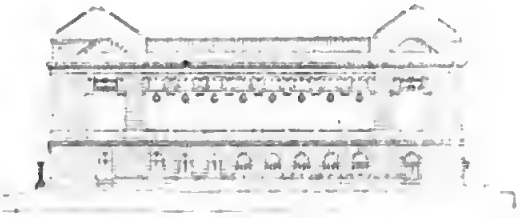
PLAN OF FIRST FLOOR

ties conducive to education of which the college could make advantageous use.

Mr. F. Marion Crawford has high hopes of the future of American literature. He has been lecturing in Chicago on "Italian Life in the Middle Ages." At a dinner given to him a fortnight ago by the Chicago Press Club he proclaimed his conviction that "we have just begun to feel what we may do in letters, in art, in all that is the aim of the higher man," and that we are justified in expecting "a civilization, a literature, an art broader in purpose and deeper in meaning than any that has gone before."

The holiday-book counters are to have this year some excellent picture-books by American artists—among them Mr. R. F. Zogbaum's *All Hands* (Harpers), which includes many of his pictures of the war ships of the American navy, and life and times aboard them. Mr Zogbaum gives us the navy in peace from close and accurate observation and war scenes by the help of an instructed imagination. His book abounds in lively and important documents, and gives one a better notion of our navy than much printed language and many figures.

E. S. Martin



SIDE ELEVATION.

ONE HUNDRED AND NINTH STREET ELEVATION.

THE NEW BUILDING FOR THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN ON MORNINGSIDE HEIGHTS, NEW YORK.

CARRÈRE & HASTINGS, ARCHITECTS.—[See Page 1182.]

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A LOYAL USURPER.

BY EVA WILDER BRODHEAD.

THE house was old, with a well kept air about its flowery front yard and neatly painted shutters and shining brass door plate. The dull blue shades were all drawn precisely to the sill. At the sides of the narrow walk grass grew smooth as velvet. It was plain that children's feet never trod those crisp green blades. On either side of the trim garden space brand new cottages lifted their smart walls in the cheap bravery of buff and lavender stains and tiny decorative porches. Their yards were unwarded, and the sallow tone of the fresh sod seemed to fix the color scheme of the general landscape. Everywhere were buildings in various stages of completion. Some, already roofed, slanted golden reaches of shingles against the late afternoon sky. Others barred the outlook with trellises of russet-hued beams. The very fields skirting the old Indiana town were ploughed up in definite strips of dense yellow—the primitive stage of what in a few more weeks would be new streets.

Wherever these fleeting moleslike tracks crossed each other rose an iron stand-ard. Every pole, though the sun had not yet gone below the level horizon, already flamed with a pale violet tuft of natural gas, which fluttered upward like a great spectral iris. Here and there the view disclosed the skeleton out-works of a gas well, the tall breathless chimneys of one of the numerous factories which cheap fuel had brought to the place.

A middle-aged woman, coming hurriedly up the old brick pavement, paused suddenly as a sound like a clap of underground thunder rumbled forth upon the silence.

"They're letting off one of the new wells," she decided. "I suppose there's a party of Eastern capitalists about, and they're being shown the town. Seems as if I'll never get used to the noise and to-doings that's been going on here since gas was discovered." She sighed, and laid her hand on the gate of the old house.

A subdued and almost reverential air appeared to descend upon her as she went up the garden path. She glanced at the front door and the drawn blinds.

"I guess I better go round to the side," she muttered. "I don't believe they use this door since—" She broke off short. The white panel had swung back a little, and the opening revealed a small spare figure of a woman in black. A face of gentle aspect, with mouse-like tones of hair and skin, peered from the dark hallway.

"I saw you open the gate," said a flat full voice from within. "Come this way, Mrs. Haynes. Might as well. I was sitting in the parlor looking at Nellie's picture, and thinking how different things were last fall when she was with us. Oh me!—"

Mrs. Haynes advanced into the shaded room, from the darkness of which her hostess's quivering tones issued with the sighing intonations of a passionless despair. The place was full of dense indigo shadows, which made the stiff lace curtains look as if woven of heavy blue cotton. This same cheerless color touched on the polished sides of the closed piano, and lingered in a ghastly way about a knot of white ribbon with which the key was tied. About the slant case a wreath of white flowers glimmered from the glass of a deep walnut frame. Mrs. Haynes regarded it respectfully. She remembered that the Chautauqua circle, of which Nellie was a member, had sent that garland of immortelles on the day of the funeral.

"How well they've kept!" she said.

"They have so," acquiesced the other, with sad resignation, as if she felt a certain incongruity in the fact.

"I look at 'em every day. It's about all the comfort I get, except from her picture. We've had it done in crayon. Over the mantel there."

The two women rose and tiptoed across the soft carpet. The plump smiling face of a young woman with tightly braided black hair and a square, determined kind of chin, regarded them from the gilt-papered wall.

"It's the very image of her at sixteen," said Mrs. Green, in a hysterical key. "Seems like I can't realize that she'll never walk in here no more and open the piano and play 'Love's Dream.' Seems like I can not I'd get to depend on her so it's like I don't know how to tie my own bonnet strings even. Dear oh!"

"You've nothing to regret," consoled the other. "Nellie had everything. She took music and china painting. You couldn't of humored her more if she'd been your own child."

"I felt like she was," broke in Mrs. Green. "I felt so ever since the day me and Mr. Green went to the Methodist church to see the children that Boston orphan asylum had brought West to find homes for. The very minute I laid eyes on Nellie I says to Green, 'Mike,' says I, 'my heart fairly goes out to that little black-eyed girl third from the end.' We'd none of our own, and we took Nellie. Oh me! She was nineteen when she died, Mrs. Haynes, and just beginning to have company. And pneumonia took her off in less than a week!"

"There now, Mrs. Green! don't you give way so. She'd of married—"

"She wasn't engaged, Mrs Haynes."

"I thought her and Floyd Monk had it settled?"

"No, 'm. He thought heaps of her and all that, but 'two'n't exactly settled. We was pleased to have her take up with Floyd. He's such a good man. Nellie was very winning. There was George Stickney—dissipated young scamp he is—he had a fancy for her too. But Mr Green just put his foot down. He said Stickney shouldn't come to the house. And Nellie, she gave right in. She was real good about obeying her father when he spoke firm. And Stickney went out to Idyllo, and Monk began to call in of Friday nights. Oh it does seem as if things wasn't always ordered just right. It does—it—"

"Mrs. Green—"

"I can't help it!"

"You ought to go out more and see folks. Or have some cheerful young person— Look here, Mrs. Green! I was never no hand to beat round the bush. I come here this afternoon of an errand." She paused impressively. "Yes, 'm, I did. I said to my daughter this morning that it wouldn't do no hurt to broach the subject. It's like this. You've done nothing this last year but shut yourself up and mourn. You've alone too much. You need company. Mr. Green is only home of nights. And there's Stasia Ball sewing herself to a shadow—poor little soul!—and I don't see why you shouldn't give Stasia a home—"

"Mrs. Haynes—"

"You just wait. Stasia's seventeen, and sweet as a peach blossom. She's been on her own resources since old Ball died. And those Hesters she lives with are reg'lar drivers. She's fairly washing away."

"It's no use talking. I wouldn't hear to any one's taking Nellie's place. I wouldn't put such a slight on her. I've nothing against Stasia Ball. I remember her as a child playing round that ramshackle house where the Balls lived. She was a pretty little thing but sort of cold and quiet and shy. I never liked shy children. Nellie was so affectionate, and as open as the day. She never kept a thought from me in her life."

"If you'd think over—"

"No, Mrs. Haynes. I've no call to think it over. I know my mind."

The neighbor woman rose with dignity. She cast a glance toward the crayon portrait. Nellie's eyes seemed to observe her with amused scorn. In the pictured features was a comfortable complacency, as if Nellie considered the gloom and silence of the place a fitting tribute to her absence. It was only meet that sunshine and music should have ceased with her; that the curtains should be forever drawn, the piano forever locked. Nellie had always borne herself with this air of assured desert. She had swayed a despotic sceptre in the house of her adoption. She had worn the purple with such dignity as those only can assume who are not born to it.

"I will say good day," remarked Mrs. Haynes, in remote accents of injury.

She had started forth with a great warmth of philanthropy in her bosom, and she felt as a personal grievance Mrs. Green's rejection of her benevolent idea. As she plodded down the walk she heard the door shut behind her. It was something darker now, and the falling blue flames of the gas poles had changed to bright scarlet, which sheered out in the summer breeze, or turbaned the posts in silken red, or broke into rosy strands and whirled downward like the twisting ribbons of a May-pole. The distant sky blazed with what resembled a row of great crimson suns swinging at the verge of the flat black meadows.

Men were coming up the street from the business part of the town. One of these, a big man with a grizzling beard, stopped at the gate which Mrs. Haynes was unlatching.

"That you, Mr Green?" she asked. "I just been calling on your wife. What say? Yes, she seemed pretty lonely. Well, it's her own fault. I had a plan—" She touched his sleeve and poured forth the story. "It would of been the very thing. But she cut me off short. I d' know but I'd ought to of expressed myself real strong."

"I wish she'd of taken to the notion," sighed Green. He had been fond of Nellie. In her lifetime he had shaved much oftener than seemed to him at all necessary. But his first sharp sense of sorrow had lapsed to a moderated sentiment of regret, and his wife's persistent loyalty of sorrow disturbed and oppressed him.

"Miles Green," pealed the voice of his neighbor, "if I was you I'd go and bring Stasia Ball right home. Your wife'd think everything of her in a month. You go and ask Stasia to make her home with you for six months."

"I d' know's I'd like to risk it."

"You go on. You get Stasia, and see how the plan works."

Green, as he sat at tea that night, kept turning Mrs. Haynes's suggestion in his mind. He glanced furtively at his wife's pale cheeks and lax eyelids.

"She needs company," he considered. And then a sudden resolve printed itself on his face. "I'll do it," he said, and he looked as he had looked on the occasion when he forbade young Stickney the house.

The next day, as the countless factory whistles of the town were blowing the hour of noon, Mrs. Green, who was setting forth the table for dinner, heard voices in the side entry. In a moment her husband came into the room.

"Annie," he said, "Stasia Ball's in the sitting room."

"Stasia Ball?"

"Look here, Annie." He caught her objections on the breath. "She's in there. I've asked her to stay for six months. If we all get on well, why, all right. If not—" He spread his hands.

Mrs. Green stood staring. She looked rigid as granite.

"'OH, DON'T LOOK AT IT!' SHE SOBBED; 'DON'T!'"

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Then she started and passed her husband and went into the next room.

Stasia Ball rose at her entrance from the edge of a chair. She was a slight young girl, with scared brown eyes and a lot of very light hair. Her childlike lips trembled a little. Her hands were shaking also, and she a rapped them in an end of the drapery on her poor gown.

Mrs Green looked over the girl's head.

"You've been asked to make your home here for the present," she signified. "We'll have to try to get on as well as we can."

Stasia drew a quivering breath.

"I don't want to stay unless you like to have me," she murmured.

Mrs. Green regarded her as if she were a part of the distant landscape.

"I'll show you to a room," she said. But her eyes flooded as she went up the stairs. If Nellie only knew that this strange girl were being conducted to the very chamber which had been hers! There were her bookshelves, her tidies, the green bedroom furniture decorated with a conceit of cherries which Nellie had herself selected. There was, however, no other room to give Stasia, and Mrs Green, mute with tears, waved the girl across the threshold. She watched Stasia take off her shabby little hat, but as the pale pretty face mirrored itself in the glass which had so often given back Nellie's round rosy visage, Nellie's foster mother felt the sight to be too much for her, and she turned and fled.

"How's things working?" anxiously asked Mrs Haynes, waylaying Green one morning along in July. Green assumed a serious aspect.

"I'm afraid it won't be a go," he deliberated. "Stasia's a real sweet little thing, but m' wife she's steeled against her. She thinks the poor child aims to take Nellie's place."

"Hah! I hoped everything was working well. Mrs. Green's got Stasia fixed up real tasty—a new hat and all."

"M—yes. She won't see her want for anything." But he shook his head. He had heard Stasie thank his wife for some articles of attire, and Mrs. Green had replied coldly that she hoped she knew her duty. Stasia had drawn a quick breath as she turned hastily away. There was a blue ribbon in her yellow hair, and Mrs Green, looking after her, had noted its effect with something like approbation.

"Blue's your color Stasia," she remarked. "I guess I'll get you a blue cashmere dress this fall. A dark one," she added, severely, as Stasia's eyes brightened, "so's it'll be useful to you when you leave us." Stasia's cheeks paled.

"I've been real happy here," she said, slowly. "I'll never forget your kindness to me when I— Oh I know how I must seem to you!—taking Nellie's room and—and—" She wheeled round and shut the door of the chamber in question.

Mrs Green listened for a moment. She felt herself the victim of an unnatural desire to turn the knob and go in and comfort Stasia. But something which she called reason came to her aid, and she went instead to the parlor and sat down and looked at the crayon portrait. She had a guilty sense that Nellie's eyes regarded her reproachfully. And, indeed, she was aware of having been quite pleased when the new minister's wife said to her, as the preceding Sunday, "How sweet-looking your daughter is, Mrs Green!"

She had been pleased also when Stasia was asked to sing in the choir, and still more pleased at the girl's looks as she stood singing with the others, straight and fair and almost angelic in her white muslin gown and flowery hat.

"She is kind of soft and still," said Mrs Green to herself—"one of the sort that hasn't much feeling for any one, and somehow slip through the world easy and turn everything to their own advantage. Not much like you, Nellie—frank and that you were, and warm hearted! Oh, my daughter! my Nellie!"

But notwithstanding this analysis of Stasia's character Mrs. Green grew aware as fall came round, that she would miss the girl when the last of the six months should end. This fact dawned accurately upon her one night as she sat by herself awaiting Stasia's return from choir-meeting. She was homesome, yet she felt vexed to find herself listening for Stasia's step on the walk. Presently she heard the gate swing open. Some one was talking just outside the window.

"It's early yet," said a man's voice. "May I come in a little while?"

"I'd rather you wouldn't," replied Stasia, hastily. "I—well, good night, Mr Mook."

Mrs. Green's heart leaped high, and then stood quite still. It was Floyd Mook—that man outside, who had brought Stasia from choir-meeting. Not only Nellie's place, but Nellie's lover also, this girl had taken. The woman had a sense of suffocation. Stasia came lightly in. Her cheeks were flushed. Some strands of bright hair defined the bisquelike texture of her white forehead.

"I hurried—" she began, and then she paused, aghast at the inflexible lines of Mrs. Green's face. Mrs Green's stony eyes raved from the living beauty of the bright young face in the doorway to the glassed immortelles above the piano and the white knot upon the piano key. The roar of the gas in the shining mixer of the hall stove seemed to her like the rush and riot of stormy wings beating around her in a wild tumult of helpless reprobation.

"It was Floyd Mook who came home with you?"

"Yes."

"He used to come here to see my daughter."

"He told me he did," said Stasia, gently.

"He gave her Tennyson's poems once and a bangle for her bracelet."

"He and he and—Nellie—were always good friends."

"Friends"

"That's what he said. And to-night—oh, Mrs Green!—you know we've sung together in the choir all summer—to-night he asked me to marry him—"

"What?—and Nellie—oh!—"

"Mrs Green! He says he never cared for any girl but me. But I don't want to marry him—at least not for a long, long time."

Mrs. Green held up a silencing hand. "I ask nothing about your plans, Stasia. You've got two more months to stay in my house. I've never put any rules on you before. But I do ask you this. I ask you to respect my feelings. I can't have him come here. And, for your own sake, I ask you to think long before taking him. He isn't an honest man. He don't tell the truth when he says he wasn't courting Nellie. She's told me things he's said."

Stasia's eyes were down. "Mrs Green," she said, suddenly, "perhaps if—" her eyes went up appealingly to Nellie's picture, as if she besought her for some permission. Nellie's smile seemed to strike her like a blow. "She's dead," she murmured, abasing her head. Then she set her lips and breathed long. "I will do whatever you tell me," she said.

Mrs. Green spent the night in a hideous effort to wrest from her mind the image of young Mook as she had hitherto regarded him, and to replace this semblance of honest young manhood with a black and sinister aspect of villany. And in the burning resentment which she felt for the disloyal lover who had so soon forgotten and forsworn she managed also to implicate the girl who had won his recreant fancy.

Stasia's waning bloom and pensive eyes and sorrowful lips—Stasia's whole meekly pathetic presence hurt and exasperated Mrs. Green. She tried to be decently kind to her, however, and as she passed Stasia's room one morning and noticed the girl standing in the drenight of the open window, she paused to say, "Stasia, you'd better put something over your head if you're going to stay in here while the room's airing."

Stasia turned with a sudden surprised movement. The embarrassment in the girl's face aroused a quick suspicion in Mrs. Green's mind.

"What are you holding behind you?" she asked. Stasia's hand stole into view. "A letter!" cried Mrs. Green. "So you're corresponding with Floyd Mook?"

"No!" broke forth Stasia. But even as she spoke she bit her lips, as if she regretted saying that. "I mean," she stammered—"I mean—"

Stasia, you are deceiving me. No use denying it. Who is that letter from?"

"I can't tell you," said Stasia. "I'm sorry—but—I can't."

"You are in my charge, Stasia, and I'm responsible for you. I have a right to know what's going on. I've never had to do with underhand proceedings before this. Everything under my roof has been open and above board till now. Let me see that letter."

Stasia held the envelope against her bosom.

"No, Mrs Green," she said, steadily. "I—hate to have you think— But no matter." There were tears in her eyes, and she closed them suddenly, as if to hide the trouble in their swimming depths. And as she did so, turning her head momentarily aside, Mrs. Green reached out suddenly and took the white enclosure from the girl's protesting hands. Stasia gave a sharp cry. She clasped Mrs Green about the knees.

"Oh, don't look at it!" she sobbed, "don't!"

"It is my duty," said Mrs Green. "I regret this. There've been times lately when I'd really begin to think considerable of you. I—" Her eyes were riveted upon the envelope. What new, incomprehensible perfidy was this? Was it a trick of vision? Was her sight playing her false, that she seemed to read upon that square white thing the name of the young reprobate for whom Nellie had had a passing fancy? And the writing—that bold square hand! Could she be mistaken in Nellie's characters?

"Where did this come from?" asked Mrs Green, with motionless lips.

"It fell out of one of her books just now, as I was dusting the shelf."

"Stasia," murmured Mrs Green, "you—I see your reason for not wanting me to see this. She probably wrote it long ago, before Mr Green told her she must not speak to Stickney again. I'm going to open it, to prove—to prove to you—that—" Her voice died. There was an utter silence in the room.

"Mrs Green!" faltered Stasia, drawing more closely to the rigid figure, and staring up at the set face above her as she knelt on the floor. "Mrs Green!" But Mrs Green did not hear. The date of the letter was that of the very day on which Nellie had been taken sick, and Mrs. Green kept reading over and over, in a vain attempt to recall their first meeting, both this date and the words which told her that Nellie had consented to an elopement with young Stickney.

"They will forgive us," so the lines ran, "when we are married. You have said this often, and I believe it myself. Besides I think they are too hard on you. I do hate to grieve them, but when it comes to marrying people must decide for themselves. And though Mrs Green especially has been awfully good to me, at a time like this I can't help remembering that she isn't really my own mother, after all." There was much more, but Mrs Green's vision had failed. Looming blackness spread before her—a dense gloom which blotted out the daylight, the blue skies, the sallow fields, the lurid flaming of a gas-jet near by, wanly and wastefully battling in the autumnal sunshine. The world seemed to be dissolving with a dizzy murmur and a sickening motion. It was Stasia's voice, Stasia's clasp, that recalled the lapsing universe. Through the mist dimness Stasia's little white frightened face shone with the silvery lustre of a star that takes form in the night sky and stays the eye with a steady radiance.

"You know that Nellie—the she—"

"Floyd told me that she loved Stickney. And when I found the letter addressed to him I thought you would be happier not to know about it—not to know she hadn't really given him up."

Mrs Green laid her cold hand on the yellow head. "Stasia," she said a little brokenly, "I haven't deserved to have you thoughtful of me." She drew the girl with her into the darkened parlor, and having drawn up the shade she turned and took the white ribbon from the piano key. Nellie beamed placidly down on these proceedings. She retained her usual amiability when Mrs Green said to Stasia: "This is your home, dear, and I want it to be just as bright and pleasant as possible. I hope—oh, Stasia, I hope you won't leave me for a long, long time!" And in a sobbing undertone she added, "I want to try to make you forget that I'm not your own mother!"

THE EIGHTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE WATER-COLOR CLUB.

VERY welcome is this opening exhibition of the season, where the artists, fresh from country life, offer the first fruits of their gleanings. One seems to catch the fragrance of woods and fields and water, the cheers of breezy uplands and wide open skies, of light and air and color; all expressed with a simple sincerity of purpose to record with love what has touched the heart.

Perhaps because of bad weather conditions during part of the summer there seems to be a lack of sunshine in the pictures. True, there is sunshine suspended in the hot mist that clings to sea and cliffs in E. M. Bicknell's beautiful coast scene "Iron Bound" (No. 44) and Miss K. M. Huger's strikingly clever "A Hot Day in Virginia" (No. 51) is bathed in sunshine. It plays, too, with dainty radiance on Walter L. Palmer's snow scene (No 34), lingers on some of Howard Russell Butler's Long Island sea pieces, and burns upon the sumach in No 83 (Charles W. Eaton), and in George H. Clements's stirring sketches of "Ranch Life in California." But for the most part the sentiment of the pictures is in the minor key, and it is the sob in nature to which the artist has responded. It may be going too far to say that this is a characteristic of modern American landscape generally, but it certainly seems to be the phase of nature which our artists paint best. Is it because of the *storm and drang* of American life that they fly for relief, not in the joyous or stirring moods of nature, but to that still small voice which can only be caught by listening long and quietly? Perhaps it is so, for on analyzing one's own pleasure in these pictures one finds that their sweet sadness brings to light all sorts of little fragments of memory of younger days long stowed away in nooks and crannies of the mind, dusty and forgotten. I am thinking now of such a group of paintings as the following, chosen somewhat at random: Charles Warren Eaton's "December" (No 49) and "The Path" (No. 134), W. L. Lathrop's "An Ohio Intervale" (No 50); Miss Curtis's "Low Tide" (No 82); Arthur Parton's "The Woods" (No 99), Ben Foster's "Growing Dusk" (No. 122), and F. K. M. Rehn's "The New Moon" (No 12).

But, after all, there is pleasure in energy. It does one good to turn to John La Farge's "A Rishi Calling Up a Storm" (No. 339). The swirl of elements is glorious, the very coloring a tonic. Or turn to the grim barrenness of the landscape and the energy of the Indian checking his horse in Ernest L. Blumenschein's "Scenting Danger" (No 51), or to the splendor of Henry B. Snell's "Sunset" (No 107).

Joyousness, too, is good, and for this reason many will prefer Albert Herter's pastels—for example, Nos 213 and 232, to his more affected Japanesque and quasi Greek panels. In these he is too clearly posing. They are very clever and beautiful too, but the artist is sampling impressions; he has not yet learned *himself*. It is quite refreshing to look at the exquisite trifle by Miss Mildred Howells, "The Veil" (No. 211), so artless in motive and frank and sensitive in drawing. Hard by are some charming miniatures by Mrs Parrish and Miss Alice Ilsen and a decorative panel by Miss Alice A. Sewall, "The Musicians" (No 197). The latter is a little self conscious, but very ornamental in composition and lustrous in color.

There are several child pictures, perhaps the most pleasing, "Brothers" (No 64), by Mrs Rosina E. Sherwood—the baby very babyiike and the elder child so earnest in the responsibilities of guardianship. Miss Sarah C. Sears's No 73 is a very interesting portrait, but her sketch (No 81) is more gracious in its simplicity. Of other figure compositions one recollects with pleasure E. C. Earle's sturdy fisherman, "A Sea-weed" (No 22); Mrs. Parrish's spiritual representation of the three Maries, "While it was yet dark" (No 6), Miss Florence Snell's delicate sketch of a girl upon a seat (No 180); Miss Anna Klumpke's "Grandmother Spinning" (No. 286); Miss Ashley's "Mistress Molly" (No 300); Mrs Bush-Brown's "Lydia" (No 317), and Mrs McChesney's "Polishing Brasses" (No. 133), the last as harmonious in its quiet, rich tones.

There are three very clever pastel landscapes by Harvey Ellis drawn in flat colors and bold outlines, the latter, especially in the case of "The Riffle" (No. 139), being full of meaning. Something of the same effort to obtain constructional value appears in Miss Longstreth's "Tunnel Mountain" (No 20). If it is a protest against the tendency to lose the solid qualities of a landscape in the eagerness to obtain light and atmosphere, it may serve in turn, but one may be allowed the hope that the lady's sincerity will not rest content with such materialistic facts.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

AN AUTUMN SONG.

THE last leaf trembles on the vine;
No south wind whispers in the pine;
The field is still,
The sky is drear,
The air is chill,
The wood is sere.
But on the hearth the ruddy spark
Flies upward on its fitful way,
The flame creeps the white birch bark,
And warms the pensive, purple clay,
And She is near
To glad and cheer,
Till all my fancies joyous wing,
Like blossom flakes wind tossed in spring.

The last bird wanders down the sky;
The brown fern rustles crisp and dry;
The cricket calls
Along the way,
And twilight falls
A sombre gray
But still the logs burn brisk and bright,
Whose flames fantastic rise and fall,
And shadows play like roses white
Upon Max's brightest garden wall,
For She is near,
And birds I hear
Love songs among the lilacs sing
In this rose-haunted nest of spring.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

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A MODERN RAILROAD SYSTEM FOR CHINA.

A NEW star of the first magnitude is now seen in the political skies of China. So vast has his power become, so perfect his net-work of commanding influence in court and commercial circles, that he has already cast the great Li Hung Chang into partial eclipse. This formidable luminary is doubly interesting. Not only is his wonderful career full of peculiar and dramatic features that never could be duplicated outside of China, but he stands to-day at the very forefront of China's march to the goal of modern enterprise and development.

This remarkable leader is Sheng Ta-Jen, who is better known in his own land as Sheng Taotai, because for many years he held the position of Taotai, or governor of customs, at the great city of Tien tsin. Curiously enough, too, the name of Sheng has been closely linked during his whole career with the name of Li Hung Chang, whom he now menaces with his prestige. During the Tai ping rebellion, when Li Hung Chang was Governor of Soo chow, and commanded its military forces, he was materially aided in a financial way by a wealthy banker of that city named Sheng. Some time later, when Li was advanced to the powerful post of Satrap of Tien tsin, and became Grand Secretary and Premier of the Empire, he gratefully remembered his Soo chow benefactor, and took the banker's son, now known as Sheng Ta Jen, under his protecting wing.

The young man was quick, competent, ambitious, not heavily handicapped with scruples, and rose rapidly through the lower grades of public life until, twelve years ago, he captured the lucrative post of Taotai of the province of Chee foo. All these positions in China go to the highest bidder, and it is generally understood that Lady

SHENG TA-JEN,
Director-General of Chinese Railroads.

Li in this emergency befriended Sheng by a handsome loan, which he soon repaid. No sooner was he safely intrenched as Taotai than he began to extend his power at a rapid gait. He sent his deputies forth to relieve distress during a famine, paying little attention to the boundaries of his own section in his practical benevolence. He bettered the sanitary conditions by clearing out streams that parallel the Yellow River, and pursued such a general crusade on new lines that rivals looked upon him with alarm and hatred, the more so because the powerful Li Hung-Chang was known to be his backer. Undismayed by enemies, the young reformer extended his lines of power in commercial directions. He bought a silk factory, rose to the head of the Imperial Telegraph Company, next to Li himself, and the death of Tong King Sing placed him in the management of that influential lever the China Merchants' Steamship Company. Then he rose to the still richer post of customs Taotai in Tien tsin, grew rapidly as the favored *protégé* of the great Chancellor, and came into close relations with the foreign affairs of the empire. Foreign diplomats liked him, for Sheng was always brilliant, adroit, obliging in manner, contrasting favorably with the dictatorial, bumpy era of his old superior.

It was thought Sheng had surely reached a fatal crisis in his career during the calamitous war with Japan. Power drifted temporarily from the hands of Li Hung Chang, and his close friends and allies were regarded as doomed to go down in the crash. But the enemy reckoned without a knowledge of Sheng's versatile power to "hedge" and feather his nest. Despite some rather malodorous military speculations in the matter of guns and ammunition, which the censors traced to Sheng's office door, the agile diplomat weathered the storm in a most mysterious way. His wonderful luck remained a riddle until it was learned that he had two powerful strings to his official bow. While an ally of Li Hung Chang, he had also worked into the good graces of Li's formidable rival, Weng Tung Ho. This august personage was formerly tutor of the Emperor, and is now the most powerful influence at court. Weng and Sheng were natives of the same city Soo chow, and to this convenient friendship Sheng owed his political salvation in these cloudy days. Finding it extremely profitable to "make unto himself friends of the mammon" of Li's old adversaries, Sheng proceeded next to entry favor with another of Li's long standing rivals, the great Viceroy Chang Chih-Tung, to whom all the development of central China is chiefly due. This granite fortress was captured by Sheng's adroit methods of approach. He seems by instinct to know the weak points in every big Chinaman's armor, and aims with a keen pair of eyes.

AMERICAN-CHINESE EXPOSITION BUILDING TO BE ERECTED AT SHANGHAI—FROM APPROVED DESIGN.
W. W. Boyington & Co., Chicago, Architects.

It as happened that Chang Chih-Tung had a troublesome elephant on his vice-regal hands in the shape of some iron mines and a foundry near Han kow. He wanted to unload, and here was the arm in his armor. The opportune moment for Sheng to play his cards at that game arrived while Li Hung Chang was on his pleasure junket around the globe. He went to Chang and magnanimously offered to buy the iron elephant at a fat sum, and the only slight favor he had to ask by way of return was that Chang would recommend him to be director-general of all the railroads of China included in the new schemes of development. Sheng was artistically diplomatic in accepting Chang's well known views about railroad-building, such as exclusive Chinese shares and no foreign money except by way of loans. The compact was made. With the warm support of the Imperial tutor and the powerful patronage of the influential Viceroy, Sheng lost no time in besieging the court at Peking. He went, he saw, he conquered. Obstacles melted away before the magic of his combination of diplomacy and cash. He captured the director-generalship prize, was advanced to a position where he can memorialize the throne direct, secured sanction for starting an imperial bank, and obtained the fullest authority to raise funds for the great railroad plans, chiefly from the Chinese.

Sheng Ta Jen, therefore, now firmly intrenched in power, in the prime of life, about fifty years old, rich, keen, fiercely ambitious, and a Talleyrand in his methods, is the embodiment of China's progressive policy. Absolutely in control of the empire's telegraph and steamship lines, he now becomes autocrat of her railroad destiny as well. He confronts the problem of railway construction under conditions that would dishearten any man of less herculean nerve and self assurance. He was obliged to promise the Emperor that he would build the Han kow road with Chinese money and Chinese labor, provided the government would advance 10,000,000 taels. In order to understand this peculiar Chinese puzzle it will be necessary to first take a brief glance at the railroad programme, and then mention the unique conditions under which Sheng has this miracle to perform.

The first railway China ever saw was a short one of eighteen miles from Shanghai to the port of Woo-sung. It was the work of Englishmen, who got tired of lighterling their cargoes to Shanghai over the Yang tse bar at an expense greater than the cost of transportation from London or New York. They asked no charter, built the road in 1876, and ran it without government leave. It was short-lived. A very powerful influence in China is exercised by the fung shuy, or spirits of the dead, and that abominable new railroad, it was discovered by the natives, interfered seriously with the movements and freedom of them worthy spirits. The authorities were notified of this sacrilege on the part of the English residents, and the rails were torn up. Just what sort of compromise was made with the spirits of the dead is not known, but the spirit of modern idea is creeping into power now, and under a recent proclamation by the Viceroy of the Liang kiang provinces, this old railroad between Shanghai and Woo-sung is to be rebuilt, and the natives are solemnly enjoined to place no obstruction in the way.

The railways now in operation in the vast Celestial Empire are three in number, and all short. One, seventy miles in length, runs from Tien tsin to the coal mines at Shanghai kuan, near the point where the Great Wall dips into the Yellow Sea, and on to Kirin; another, about eighteen miles long, runs to Han kow from the rich iron mine in the large domain; while the third, now nearly done, will connect Peking and Tien tsin a distance of about one hundred and twenty miles. This is the modest egg from which Sheng has undertaken to hatch a modern railroad system for the kingdom. The plans under immediate consideration involve the construction of a road from Peking, the capital, to Han kow, about 800 miles. From that point as a centre a line will be extended to Canton, some 1500 miles, and due east to Hang chow and the sea, while another line is planned to run from Shanghai northwest through Nankin to a junction with the line

A THANKSGIVING TRAGEDY.—From the Painting by Winfield S Lukens.

FROM THE EIGHTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE NEW YORK WATER-COLOR CLUB.—[See Page 1174]

1. "The Last Guest," by Charles C. Curran. 2. "The Temple," by Albert Herter. 3. "Brothers," by Rosina E. Sherwood. 4. "Portrait," by Sarah C. Sears. 5. "Tunnel Mountain," by Margaret Longstreth. 6. "The Saw Mill," by Harvey Ellis. 7. "The Strange Thing Little Kunai saw floating in the River," by John La Farge. 8. "At the Florist's," by Carroll Butler Brown.

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south from Peking at Kai-fong. These finished, connections will be made along the extreme southern belt of the empire, with the Bangkok railroad of Siam, at Bhamo, on the border of Manchuria.

All these plans are carefully outlined on the accompanying map, which has been specially made for the Department of State at Washington by Colonel M. R. Jefferds, of Fulton, New York, an American civil engineer of large experience in China. It gives the first correct outline of the proposed railroad developments.

These roads will pass through rich, alluvial country, densely populous, producing silk, tea, and other staples. There is really no limit apparent to the productive capacity of this immense region when labor, now chiefly idle, can have ready markets at command, and easy access to the great ports of shipment. The transformation, when completed, will mould China into totally new industrial and commercial forms. Side by side too, with these monster innovations, China's northern tier of provinces will be awakened by the branch of the great Siberian railway through Manchuria, under construction by the Czar. The camel routes by which tea, silks, and other products of the empire now reach Russia, Persia, Turkey, and all interior states will be superseded by rail transportation, effecting a development of unlimited scope and value.

The railway task upon which China is entering would be thought colossal enough for a country equipped with the most complete modern appliances and alert public spirit, but to a man with Sheng Te Jen's local and industrial handicaps it will prove appalling, almost certainly impossible, unless methods and systems are radically changed. Already this resourceful Chinaman finds himself floundering in a bog. It is financial. The money for his great designs must come from foreign countries, or China itself, or both. The government distrusts all foreigners, while all natives distrust the government. Investors are not scrambling for shares. Capital from other countries cannot be secured, it seems, because China insists on complete Chinese control and management of the roads, foreign money to be a silent partner at the mercy of maldowed mandarin methods, which are not notoriously honest at best. For example, Chinese never select officials for any special qualification. The man recently chosen to develop the mineral resources of the empire never saw a mine in his life. The personage picked out to manage the Imperial Bank and provide a currency system has never been out of rural Manchuria. The fierce mariner who commanded the naval fleet in the war with Japan got the appointment not because he was a known expert in navigation and naval warfare, but because he passed the top-notch examination in the maxims of Confucius. Even at the present time Sheng has a German architect locating the railway from Shanghai to Woo sung, on the same principle which led Chang Chih Tung to employ a doctor to build an arsenal, a successful contractor to run a man-of-war, and a school teacher to erect blast furnaces. Foreign investors will fight shy of Chinese railroads if their management is to be absolutely in charge of men with no earthly qualification for their duties. Even the great Sheng himself, director general of all these proposed railroads, who has undertaken to build a system of 3000 miles in the next two or three years, has never seen any but the toy railways now going in China. Under these conditions, it is easy to understand why Sheng finds great difficulty in securing the $10,000,000 allotment of capital which he is allowed to get from abroad. His latest overtures to a Belgian syndicate have not produced a shower of gold.

An obstacle equally serious exists in China itself. The country presents sharp contrasts in the very rich and the very poor. Mandarins are not rushing to invest their millions, because they know what dreadful consequents the mandarins are, and Sheng is one of that class. The poor people who can boast of any nest-eggs at all show no disposition to embark in a government enterprise so long as the principle maintains that all property belongs to the Emperor, and may be confiscated at will. The thrifty Chinaman melts his silver savings, and hides them in a hole beneath his house, and only the most gilt-edged investment will lure them from that primitive safety vault. He would be far more ready to take the railroad shares if foreigners were in control in the management and the capital, for there would be no confiscation in that case. The government would not dare.

As to the Chinamen in this country who are called upon for loyal subscriptions, Sheng has managed to incur the enmity and distrust of the wealthy Six Companies in San Francisco by his treatment of Hsi Ta Jen. Before Sheng became director general, a contract to build the road from Peking to Hankow (and ultimately to Canton) had been awarded to Hsi, of Canton, by the princes Kung and Ching, at the request of the Emperor. This arrangement Sheng managed in some way to brush aside. Now the wealthy China merchants of San Francisco are nearly all Cantonese, and they want nothing to do with the man who beat one of the most prominent and honorable of their own townsmen out of control of the line.

It must be clear enough, in view of all these facts, that Sheng Ta Jen will find it an uphill job to pour the new wine of modern progress into the old cobwebbed bottles of China. He cannot dispense with the wine, and he dare not attempt to change the bottles in any high handed, radical way. As a further sample of the rocks ahead, largely placed there by himself, Sheng has led his countrymen actually to believe that he can swing China into the modern railroad column on her own manufacturing, engineering and mechanical resources. He has assured them that China can make her own rails, although there is but one iron foundry, feeding one lonesome smelter, in the entire empire; and in the matter of locomotives, he is only willing to concede that China will accept a few samples from abroad. By these extravagant claims he has worked the pride of China to such a pitch that it will trouble both China and himself to go through the shrinking process. Sheng is secure enough for the present at least, because the mighty celestials of royal rank have never even seen a locomotive, never been outside of the sacred capital of Peking. They are more than ready to swallow any statement that glorifies the powers and possessions of the empire. How long can he throw this perfumed dust in their eyes?

How soon his Excellency Sheng will overcome all the obstacles presented, and how he can reconcile China's mechanical poverty with the actual facts, are interesting problems for speculation. But as the Chinese mind has resolved on modern development, it will come in some way before long. Meanwhile the foreign trade of the empire, under present crude facilities, has doubled within ten years. This trade, a large share of which might be diverted to the United States, now goes to the nations of Europe by an overwhelming majority. Europe gets the cow, and this country the hide.

It is now proposed, with a novel style of commercial campaign, to see whether a heavy increase cannot be made in our trade with the empire. The latest American method of a permanent exposition is to be applied at the great city of Shanghai. Our celestial cousins are so steeped in the superstitions of centuries that they will not believe the marvels of modern machinery unless they see them. Hence they cannot be induced to buy from circulars or pictures. In order to meet and overcome this prejudice, American merchants of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, and San Francisco have united in the establishment of an American Chinese chamber of commerce at Shanghai. Plans have been completed by George S. Bowen, well known for his connection with the exposition at Chicago, ground has been secured at a convenient point in the American reservation of Shanghai, building designs of a Chicago architect have been adopted, and enough subscriptions to the enterprise have been secured to insure interest payments on the required sum. Manufacturers' associations of the four cities named have heartily endorsed the plan.

The proposed structure is to be 400 feet long, 200 wide, and will cost about $200,000. It will be divided into sections similar to the World's Fair buildings. In it are to be permanently displayed, for the inspection of unbelieving Orientals, a wide assortment of the latest American machinery, electrical apparatus, and exclusively American manufactured products and material. Chinamen will have the chance they demand of seeing all this vaunted machinery in operation. It is confidently assumed that this eye-opening process will loosen their purse strings, and divert a large part, if not the lion's share, of China's trade to the United States when the new development gets fairly under way.

One feature in this enterprise will commend itself to all interested parties. It is to be thoroughly American in management and methods. Those of our merchants who have connections in China are represented almost exclusively by foreign agents there, and the results have not been satisfactory. These men are fettered by their own national prejudice and methods. They lack that patriotic devotion to American interests which native Americans would show. Not only are the officers of the new Shanghai chamber to be Americans throughout, but all exhibitors are urgently requested to send their own trusted representatives to control their interests in China.

S. P. Butler.

A SONG OF THANKSGIVING.

Thanksgiving for the men who braved
The yet scarce furrowed sea,
Rather than cringe, with soul enslaved,
To kingly tyranny;
Who sought upon this virgin soil
"Freedom to worship God!"

Thanksgiving for the men who broke
And smoothed the stubborn soil,
Who bowed unmurmuring to the yoke
Of unaccustomed toil,
Who bade, for years of coming need,
The girdling wood recede!

Thanksgiving for the men who met
The stormy brunt of war,
Who yielded life without regret
Lest wrong be conqueror;
For those who fought and lived to see
Triumphant Liberty!

Thanksgiving for their children's sons
Who, when the land again
Rocked with the roar of thundering guns
From mountain crest to main,
Rose patriotic in their place
And disentrailed a race!

Thanksgiving that the olden scene
By time are hid and healed,
That now our flag's close-clustering stars
Shine on no gory field,
But year by year a rich increase
Springs from the arts of peace!

Thanksgiving that our honor still
Stands unassoiled and pure,
A beacon light to guide from ill,—
The wide earth's exposure,
That we have not enlinked our name
With infamy or shame!

Thanksgiving for a past that gleams
With light so fair to see,
Thanksgiving for the glorious dreams
Of triumphs yet to be;
Thanksgiving, all, with one accord,
Unto our father's Lord!

Clinton Scollard.

"THE VINTAGE."*

A STORY OF THE GREEK WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY E. F. BENSON,

Author of "Dodo," "Limitations," "The Judgment House," etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The battlemented line of the wall opposite him stood up clear cut between the moon and the lights of the town, twenty feet above him and ran on southwards into vague shadow unintended. Fifty yards to the left it was uninterrupted, or rather crowned, by half a dozen big houses built flush with the wall, pierced by a quantity of rather narrow windows, the lower of which were barred, the upper from their height, needing no such defence. As he crept up alongside of these he heard the subdued murmur of women's voices from within the first, the house, perhaps, of some Turkish captain and his harem, and the sound of women's voices made mirth to him, and he listened for a while, smiling to himself. From the next house came like music, and once a woman came to the window and stood looking out for a minute, or perhaps two, unveiled, and playing with the tassel of the blind-cord, and then from within some one called her by a purring Turkish name, and she turned into the house again.

He crept slowly on to the end of the line of houses, where the battlemented wall began again, and feeling closer to her in the sound of women's voices, came back and lay down again in the shadow of a tall toothed rock. It was something to be alone, away from the jarring camp, and to be even for once more. His portentous nightmare beset him no longer, and his thoughts dozed quietly. One by one the lights went out in the windows opposite, and the houses became darkness; the shadow of his rock moved a little forward in the setting moon, and he shifted to be in the shade again. Another half-hour went by, and the mountain ridge hid the moon.

Presently afterwards a man appeared on the top of the wall to the right. Mitsos, perhaps, would not have noticed him but that he waved a handkerchief up and down once or twice, and then waited again, and after a time uttered some impatient exclamation. Mitsos watched him, puzzled to know what this should mean, when suddenly a possible solution dawned upon him, and he crept up, still in the shadow, to below where the Turk was standing, and whistled softly.

Then from above:

"You are late. Here is the paper signed," and a white thing fluttered down. This done, the Turk turned, and without waiting for a reply, went southwards down the wall.

The paper, whatever it was, was in Mitsos's possession, and putting it into his pocket for it was too dark to read it, he crept back to his old place, to wait there a few minutes more before going back to the camp. Lights showed only in one house now, and before long they too were quenched, and the black mass of houses rose against the sky silent and asleep. Then suddenly and softly from out of that blackness, like a bird flying in the desert, came the sound of a voice singing, and at those notes Mitsos thought his heart would have burst. For it sang,

"Die we deep among the vines,
Give the sweet spring showers a home,
Rise the fairest sun that shines—"

It stopped as suddenly, dying like a deep drawn breath, and looking up, he saw framed in one of the dark windows the upper part of a girl's figure, dressed in white. And without a pause the boy's voice answered,

"Leads no lustre to our vines,
Leads no sparkle to the foam."

The prattle of the stream above alone whispered in the stillness. Then—

"Mitsos!"

"I am here, and, oh! dearest one, is it you?"

A little tinkle of laughter from above, ending in a sad deep quick-drawn breath.

"At last I see you again," she said, softly; "but I don't see you at all. Mitsos! Little Mitsos, is it well with you?"

Mitsos crept silently out of the shadow, and stretched out his arms to her.

"It is well in all but the great thing, that we are not together. But that will be soon, dearest. Oh, please God, it will be soon!"

Suleime leaned forward from the window.

"You must not wait here, nor must I. I am at a passage window, and though the house is dark, one never knows. So go, beloved, it will be before very long, will it not?"

"Before long it must be, and when the end comes, run to meet your enemy as your deliverer, crying, 'I am of your blood.'"

Suleime turned quickly, bracing some sound within, and whispering "Good night," was gone again, leaving Mitsos alone.

The heavens had opened, and, walking on air, he went back to the camp, and waiting below the wall till the sentry had gone by, climbed in again where he had got out. For the most part the men were gone to bed, but he passed a few on his way back to the little hut he shared with Yanni and two Moniotes—all of whom had gone with Petrobey—and undressing quickly, lay down on his bed to feast alone on his great happiness. With the irreproachable happiness of youth, his fears had vanished before the sight of the one he loved as if they had never been, and he set himself to tell over, like a rosary of hallowed beads, the moments of the night.

Not till then did he recollect the mysterious paper which he had received, and then, getting up hastily, he struck a light on his tinder-box and lit a small oil-fed wick. The illumination was dim and flickering, but the handwriting was large and clear, and by holding it close to the light he could easily read it. It was very short, and written in Greek:

"Abdul Achmet promises to pay to Constantinos Poulopoulos the sum of two hundred Turkish pounds on condition that he and his harem are, on the termination of the siege of Tripoli, insured security from outrage or massacre. For the transport and expenses of travelling to a place of safety for each person ten pounds in addition will be paid.

[Signed] Abdul Achmet Bey, ex Governor of the City of Argos."

Mitsos read it through once without taking in the meaning far less the full bearing of it, and then putting it back in his pocket, blew out his light, and lay with wide-open eyes staring at the darkness, while the full meaning of the words slowly dawned on him.

First came the indignation. A Greek captain at the head of five hundred men was privately trafficking with the besieged for his private gains. But close on the heels of his anger came fierce, overwhelming temptation. Abdul Achmet was the owner of Suleima, and to Mitsos this paper meant not safe conduct to him, but to her. Had it been in his power, he would have doubled the bribe to the farther side of possibility to secure that, and throw e his own soul into the bargain. Suleima safe, no more fear

Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 2103.

for her, nor any chance blow upsetting a too sanguine security. And because he loved her with a true and honest heart all thought of himself was absent; he would have paid the demand of angels, men, and devils to secure her from hurt or death, even though—and he ground his teeth at the thought—security meant only to go on living in the harem of Abdul. All the nightmares of the day before the expedition of the fire-ship he lived through again, feeling at first that there was no question of choice before him, that somehow or other he must let his note go to Poulopoulos. For this was the more insidious temptation, for it could be managed so that no one, or, at the worst, the man for whom it was intended, should know his share in it. Yet here again was the choice between two impossibilities, but slowly as before, aching and bruised in spirit, he struggled back to choose the honorable.

Yet here a new difficulty stood in his way. It was his clear duty to let Nicholas know of his clandestine traffic, and in so doing Mitsos would have to tell him of his own absence by night from the camp without leave. Nicholas would ask the reason, and probably be very angry with him, though as he had not been detected, but confessed it himself, the offence would be mitigated. But how came he to be waiting under the walls of Tripoli?

Mitsos thought this over for some little time before he arrived at the best and most obvious solution, namely, to tell Nicholas everything. The taking of Tripoli could not be far off, and he knew when that came near he would let others know the prize the town held for him, for her greater safety, and a week or two sooner or later did not make much difference. So not wishing to delay and risk a hot reunion, he put on his clothes again to go to Nicholas's quarters. He had just got outside his hut when he heard the voice of the sentry challenging some one outside, and "but for the grace of God," thought he, "there goes Mitsos."

"Who goes?" called the sentry again. "Speak, or I fire."

Mitsos did not hear the reply, but the sentry stood still, while a man clambered over the wall and spoke a few words to him. Standing in the shadow of his doorway, not thirty yards off, Mitsos could see who both of these were, and recognized Poulopoulos and the burly Christos.

"Fifty pounds is my nothing of this," he heard Poulopoulos say.

There was a short silence, and Mitsos longed to hear the offer refused. But the greed of the country Greek was too strong.

"Fifty pounds?" answered Christos. "When do you pay me?"

"On the day Tripoli falls."

Again there was a pause, and Mitsos suddenly made up his mind to interfere, and he strode out of the shadow to where the two were standing. They stood sauntier a few paces as Mitsos came up and took Christos by the arm.

"For the love of God say 'No,' Christos," he said. "Ask him first what his business was outside."

Poulopoulos came a step nearer.

"You young cub!" he said, below his breath, "what business is it of yours?"

Christos looked from one to the other.

"He has promised me fifty pounds," he said.

"Oh, fool!" said Mitsos. "There will be a fight between you and me that will cost you the best part of a tumbled in blood and bruises if you don't listen to me. Besides, I don't want to get you into trouble."

Poulopoulos looked thunder at the boy, but inwardly he was disquieted.

"Go to your kennel, you cub," he said; "or I report you to morrow morning for insubordination."

Mitsos gave a short laugh. "Very good," he said; "and now let me be. Look you, Christos, there will be trouble if you do not listen to me. That is all."

He turned back to his hut in order to give Poulopoulos time to get away and leave the coast clear—for he wished to get to Nicholas without making a disturbance in the camp—and, shutting the door, waited for five minutes till he heard Poulopoulos walk off one way and Christos continue his rounds. Then, going out again, he went straight to Nicholas's quarters and knocked at the door.

Nicholas was asleep, but awakened at once at the sound, and called out to know who was there.

"It is I—Mitsos," said the boy, "and I want to see you at once, Uncle Nicholas."

"Wait a minute, then." And from within came the sounds of the striking of tinder. "I can't light this," said Nicholas, "come in, though."

Mitsos entered, feeling, if anything, rather glad that there was no light, for it made his story easier to tell.

"Find a chair, little Mitsos," said Nicholas, "or sit on the end of the bed. Now what brings you here?"

Mitsos felt in his pocket and found the paper. "This which I am holding out to you," he said. "On it is written that Poulopoulos, for the sum of two hundred pounds, will insure safety to Abdul Achmet and his house when Tripoli falls."

There was a moment's silence.

"The black devil!" said Nicholas. Then, suddenly, "How came you by this, Mitsos?"

"That is what I am going to tell you."

Mitsos found it rather hard to begin, and after a moment Nicholas spoke again, kindly but gravely.

"I am listening, Mitsos," he said. "Hush! there is some one coming. Keep quite quiet." In a moment a knock came at the door, and Nicholas let it be repeated before he answered. "Who is it?" he asked.

"Christos Chermaïs," said the voice, "the sentry for the last two hours."

"Well?"

"Half an hour ago, sir, the Captain Poulopoulos climbed in over the camp wall. I thought best to tell you at once."

"Did he explain where he had been?"

"No, sir."

"Open the door, Christos," said Nicholas. "There is one question more. Did he offer you money not to say anything about it?"

Christos shifted from one foot to the other.

"No, sir," he said at length.

"You did quite right to tell me," said Nicholas. "You can go. Now, Mitsos," said Nicholas, when the footsteps died away, "you can begin and tell me how you got this."

Then Mitsos, with many pauses, told him all that had taken place between him and Suleima from the time he had first heard the voice out of the darkness down to this night, when again it had come to him lying outside the walls of Tripoli, and Nicholas heard him in absolute silence.

"And oh, uncle, if it be possible," cried Mitsos, "let her be safe when the end of the time comes! For there is no one like her and it has been hard for me."

Nicholas heard it in wonder and amazement, but he had one more question to ask.

"But when you blew up the Turkish ship, Mitsos," he said, "did it not occur to you that she might be on board?"

"I thought she certainly was there," said Mitsos, "and it was not till it was all over I heard she was not."

Nicholas reached out in the darkness and took Mitsos's smooth hand in his.

"God forgive me all, Mitsos!" he said; "and do you forgive me?"

The pain and relief of telling all this story to a man whom he trusted and loved had been too much for the boy, and he choked in trying to find his voice.

"There, there!" he said, soothingly, "but what is the matter with the young wolf? He has had good news to night, has he not? and has he not seen the one he loves? There is no cause for this, little Mitsos. But this will I do, by the oath of the clan I swear to you that nothing shall stay me, not fever nor wounds nor booty nor glory, only honor alone, from doing what in me lies to save her from all peril. Will that do, little one?"

Mitsos pressed his hand, but could not speak.

"But this you must promise," said on Nicholas, "that never again will you go out of the camp by night without leave. It leads with other men to ugly things, and to-morrow there will be one man the less in the army. The treacherous villain! But to-morrow he leaves the camp with disgrace and kissing, for he has made true the false slander of the primates, and brought shame on us all. And now get to bed, Mitsos. The service you have done in discovering this stones for your fault. Poor little cub! but it has been a hard time for you."

Next day Poulopoulos was publicly expelled from the camp, and afterwards Mitsos sought out Christos, and in private told him that he was a better fellow than he had supposed, and that the lie he had told Nicholas to screen the captain found favor in his eyes. Christos was reasonably surprised that Mitsos knew, and relieved to find he was not disposed to quarrel with it, and the two went off and put away a quart or two of raisiné wine, which Mitsos had paid for.

The news that Monemvasia had surrendered, and the details of its surrender, were bitter and sweet, and tragic and absurd. Prince Demetrius, it appeared, defying the Senate in a fit of impotent rage against its perfectly proper opposition to his wishes, had insisted on signing the treaty of capitulation with his own name as Viceroy of the Country, Effendi, or Lord of the Country, and what not, and the Turks, opening the gates in order to go down to the ships and take their promised departure, found themselves met by a crowd of angry Maïnotes, who considered that the treaty signed by the Prince, and not by the Senate, was null and void. A riot took place, and several Turks were killed on the point of embarking, but the better part of the Greek officers, seeing that the capitulation had been signed, and thus whoever was to blame, the Turks were not, soon stopped it, and let the embarkation proceed, but not before five men had been killed and several houses sacked. Monemvasia had surrendered; so much was good, but all the rest was bad. The fleet and the army both distrusted each other, and the soldiers distrusted their commanders, who, thanks to the primates, were represented to them as having made private treaties with the wealthier Turks and there was a fine quarrel as to who should set up the Greek standard on the fallen town. In one thing only was there unanimity, and that was in the feeling towards the Prince. He had shown himself weak and indecisive before, and that had been forgiven him, he had shown himself dilatory and incapable, and the commanders under him bore the blame, but now he showed himself, though with characteristic futility, evading and tampering with the recorded vote of the Senate, in which he had acquiesced at the last meeting in Tripoli. The futility of his act was outside; his motive was warped and crooked. In a word, in that moment all the rags of the authority which he had brought from the Hetairia were torn from him, and for all practical purposes his connection with the revolution may be said to have been over.

Without doubt the capitulation was hopelessly mismanaged, and the Turks got off without paying a penny towards the expenses of the siege, and if the same terms were given to every fortified place in the Morea, the national treasury and the funds of the Hetairia would certainly be drained dry before half the country was evacuated; and though morally nothing can excuse the scenes of horror which were about to take place, yet palliation may be found in those two things, that without plunder gained from the Turk the war was impossible, and that the nation was a nation of slaves long ground down by cruelty of all kinds, now in the first hour of their freedom. The despised but long dominant race was underfoot, and they stamped it down.

The Maïnote corps was still at Monemvasia, where Petrobey was raising fresh recruits for the siege of Tripoli, and the Prince occupying his leisure time, of which he had twenty four hours every day, in trying to festoon the walls of the town with red tape, when news came of the fall of the town of Navarin a port on the west coast. Ypsilantes had sent there a civilian from his suite to represent the shadow of nothingness, and the Senate one of the worst types of men, who, under the guise of patriotism, had got together a large band of freebooters to plunder and seize all they can lay hands on. Before the capitulation, which granted the besieged their lives and safe transport to Egypt or Tunis, had been concluded, many of the Turks had, under the stress of hunger, escaped from the town, and thrown themselves on the mercy of the Greeks with whom they had lived on friendly terms. But the town itself refused to capitulate till starvation compelled; already for four days nothing could be bought, for a couple of aparrowa or a half starved cat were worth a few hours life, whereas a bushel of gold was worth nothing. One man, the day before the surrender, was found with a secret supply of food on which he had subsisted for some days, the remains of which were seized from him by two starving men and devoured before his eyes, after which, feeling in better spirits from the effects of the food, they pelted him with all the money they had about them. Perhaps some strange premonition of their fate induced the garrison to hold out, perhaps tales had reached them of what had been the fate of those who had thrown themselves on the mercy of the besieging army; and it was not till August 19, just a fortnight after Monemvasia was taken, that the capitulation was signed.

On that day an eternal blot of infamy is black against the Greeks. Hardly had the garrison evacuated, giving up their arms, when the representatives of the Peloponnesian Senate thrust into the fire the treaty of capitulation, so that all evidence against him might be destroyed, and himself gave the signal for the massacre to begin. A pretext was easily found, and a blow given to a Greek by a Turk for insisting on searching the person of one of his wives for treasure concealed about her was enough, and in an hour no Mussulman was left alive. Women were stripped of their clothing, and rushing into the sea to hide their shame, were shot from the shore, babies were snatched out of their mothers' arms and flung in their faces, others, remembering the fate of the patriarch, hung men and women from the hinges of their own doors, some, it is said, were tortured before some one of their persecutors, more humane than his fellows, despatched them. Others, in mockery of the Turkish atrocities, were offered the choice between Christianity and death, and when they chose the former, were "baptized with steel" or crucified, a dozen or more were burnt alive in a house where they had run for refuge. In a couple of hours it was all over, and then arose quarrelling over the booty. Knives and rifles were brought in to settle the disputes, while to the mean time two Spezziot ships quietly went off with a greater part of the spoils.

Thus ended the day, the disgrace of which will only be forgotten when the glory of men like Nicholas has faded too. Dark and horrible in part as were the deeds which were to follow, no cruelty so cold blooded and preconcerted stains the other pages of the war. Cruelties there were, and many shameful deeds, but deeds wrought in hot blood and in the drunkenness of revenge, and happily the massacre of Navarin is unapproached and unparalleled.

By the beginning of September the Maïnotes corps, with Petrobey and the Prince, were back at Tripoli. This course events had taken at Monemvasia had inclined the latter again to the side of the primates, for he interpreted the line the army had taken with regard to the capitulation of the place as an insult levelled at him. Germanos soon found this out, but being acute enough to perceive that the Prince's authority was just now worth nothing, saw that his friendship was equally valueless unless he could manage to rescue for him a few rags of the authority he had been stripped of. In any case, the support of the primates was something, and as the power of the primates varied in inverse ratio to that of the military commanders, he set to work again to discredit them with the troops. There it was that the strength of the revolution was beginning to lie, not in the Prince, who could not command others nor in the Senate, which was unable to command itself, but in the people and the soldiers, who now for more than four months had waited for the fall of the city, still obedient to many utterly incompetent captains, and still steadfast in their posts on the hills. And Germanos's subtle brain, spinning threads out of itself, like a spider, set itself to catch the army, while at the end the army, like some great blundering bee, burst unheeding through his palace of silk, and left him hungry and in ruins.

The talea of slander went on, and another captain was detected in his infamous traffic with the besieged. It was certain also that provisions were being sold to the men within the walls, for one night a Turk was captured outside, and, to save his life, confessed that the besieged were supplied at starvation rates with bread and fresh meat. Upon this second detection Petrobey gave notice that if another case occurred the offender would be shot, and the night sentries were doubled. But whether the treason was more widespread than they feared, and the sentries were bribed, or whether the traitors were cunning enough to elude them, never came to light, but more evidence was found that the traffic still went on, and one day, at a meeting of the Senate, Germanos rose and denounced the whole body of officers.

"The siege still drags on," he said, "and no preparations are made for bringing it to a conclusion. In the name of patriotism, I ask why? To whose advantage is it that all these men are kept here from their homes and their work when the grapes are already growing ripe for the gathering, and there is none to gather them but only the birds? Is it the men who prefer to stop here in these kennels, roasted under the midday sun, and dolor hours of drill? Is it to the advantage of the primates that we remain here while our churches stand empty and the tithes are resisted? Is it the most noble Prince Demetrius who detains the army on this impassable mountain? The reason is not far to seek. Who was it who was found trafficking with Abdul Achmet for the safety of the Turk and his harem, if not one of these captains? Who was it who last week only was detected in the same treasonable business but another of his class? Who is it now who is selling, as you all very well know, provisions to the best bid at rates which make a man soon rich? To whose advantage is it that we linger here, while within the town the Turk lies at ease, knowing no attack will be made, and only waiting till these infamous men are satisfied? The siege of Tripoli is this called? There has never been any such thing. This is the market-place of Tripoli, and the men who bring their country produce for sale are none other than the captains of the army. In particular, there is one among them who might have brought it to an end six weeks ago, had he willed. While the most noble Prince—whose eyes I feel it my duty to open on this point—was and is with us, they have the excuse that his authority is over them, that without his command they can do nothing. Very strenuous, no doubt, are their efforts to obtain his consent. Yet there is a spectacuness about such an excuse, and we will leave it. But during the whole month of August the Prince Demetrius was not with us, and Nicholas Vidaïs was superior here. I ask him, therefore, before you all, why, if he is an honest man, he did not attempt to take the town?"

Several times during this speech an angry murmur went up from the military section of the Senate, and Nicholas more than once rose to his feet and quoted Homer with a

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"UNBUCKLING HIS OFFICER'S SWORD, HE LAID IT ON THE TABLE."

wave of his hand. He himself listened attentively, with a smile on his face, and when Germanos alluded to his honesty he laughed aloud. For ever since Mitsos had told him the story of his own part in the war, unsuspected by all, and only told when necessity drove—his silent heroism, his elimination of self—Nicholas had been faced with a secret shame at his own part. To withstand the primates in so far as they injured the cause was well, but was it seemly to brawl, to throw ineffectual words about—to waste, as he called it, "good anger"? What fruit had his angry gibes and sneers borne? Were the primates wagging their unnamable tongues less zealously? Were they not even speaking bitter truth when they said now that nefarious traffic was going on between the captains of the army and the besieged? If the evil was to be checked it must be checked another way, and not by sprinkling the scandalmongers with insults. For a long time he had contemplated taking a certain step, and now that the opportunity offered itself as fitly, he took it with as light a heart as that which a tired man bears homeward. At the same time, the openness of the accusation prompted an equal openness. Germanos should be answered as he had spoken, and then for the highest trump card to take the boastfulness trick.

So Nicholas, still smiling courteously, asked permission from the Prince, and in dead silence made his reply.

"We have open dealings at length from the Archbishop," he said, "and though I have dealt very openly with him from the first, yet never before has he favored me thus. He has told us that no preparations are being made for bringing the siege to a conclusion. That, with the permission of all present, I declare to be a deliberate lie. Ah! I must ask you to sit down," he said to Germanos, as he rose angrily to his feet. "You have had a fair hearing, and I expect the same. A lie," he continued, "because I can tell him it is untrue, a deliberate lie, as there is no need for me to tell him. He was here throughout the month of August, a month to which he alluded again later, and he knows that during that month I was drilling successive companies of men all day, and if he knew anything of military matters he would be well aware that it was my pleasure to see them improve considerably, so that now the greater part of them are efficient soldiers. He told us that it was not to the advantage of the soldiers to remain here, and that was in a sense true, though not wholly, for if it is to the advantage of these men that Greece becomes a free country, and it is their duty to help in securing its freedom, it is to their advantage that they remain here, for here they can acquire that knowledge which will enable them to fight successfully. He went on to tell us that it was not to the advantage of the primates to remain here. Then why in the name of God do they do so? for it is not to the advantage of the soldiers that they cause division and dissension among us. Let them go home and gather in the tithes their hearts desire. No one, not even I, will try to stop them. Yet they do not go, and we must suppose it is for some one's advantage that they stop. Can it be that some of them have an idea of getting possession of even a considerable part of the booty we shall take? Can it be that one of them—yes, no other than the Archbishop—came here in the name of his Master and asked certain men, no other than Petrobey and myself, for half the spoils which would be taken, giving half to the national treasury, and to the men, the soldiers who had fought and bled for it, the rest? These spoils were to be devoted to the glory of God, and who but his priests, the primates and bishops, were to be trustees? And on that chance, of getting not half the spoils, but still enough to make it worth while to wait, we shall find the reason of their stopping here." Nicholas looked across at Germanos, who sat white and shaking with anger, and for a moment his passion flamed up. "Sit there and hate me," he cried, "for that will not harm me. If your motives were honest, why should I not tell them? and if not, there is more cause for them to be known."

Germanos suddenly started up.

"It is an infamous slander!" he exclaimed. But Petrobey, without moving from his seat, turned to the Prince, speaking loud enough to be heard by all.

"What my cousin has said is perfectly true," he remarked. "I was present myself."

"Please to sit down, Archbishop," said the Prince. "Nicholas Vlahos is speaking to us."

"This man has told us," continued Nicholas, "that an infamous traffic is going on between the Turks and the captains of this army. We all know, unhappily, that there is some truth in that. Two months ago he was saying the same thing, and he and others hinted themselves in spreading reports that it was so. Was that the part of an honorable man to spread those infamous lies about us to slander and defame us to our troops? Is not the motive as clear as the moonlight? By sowing discord and dissension and mistrust in our ranks, he hoped to see his grand scheme realized, to have the army flocking to him, pouring gold and treasure for the glory of God into the hands of his trustees. No great success has attended these efforts, and when the Prince Demetrius left the camp I do not know that the primates found themselves popular men. Finally an attack has been made on me personally. You have been told that at any time during the month of August I might have stormed the town had I wished. That is a black falsehood, though perhaps not deliberate, since the Archbishop knows nothing of military affairs. For, in the first place my lines were full, it was necessary to bring a mere disorderly rabble to military efficiency, and that, to the best of my power, I did, and in the second place, though I was in command of these troops, I had agreed with my superior in command not to make any attempt while the army was weakened by the withdrawal of the Maïnote division. I appeal to him to know whether this is or is not true?"

"It is true," said Petrobey.

"As to my having profited by these delays," continued Nicholas, "you have only my word against the word of another, but if he has any evidence to bring on that, I should be glad to hear it. I wait for his reply."

There was a dead silence. Germanos sat with his eyes on the floor, beaten and voiceless.

"If he is thinking over the evidence in his mind," said Nicholas, "fitting it together, as a witness and accuser should, let him say so, and I will wait."

Still there was silence, and Germanos, still proud and full of hate, sat speechless.

"So it is even as I told you," said Nicholas, "and these are malicious and lying words he has spoken against me. I am a man easily provoked, and, to my shame I speak it, one to whom forgiveness is a hard matter, but that—or so I think it—is a thing for which I ask pardon not of man, but of God. Here in this assembly I have been accused of the blackest offences, but the accusations was so black still, for it was the fruit of malice and falsehood. This is no matter for words of regret from me or of pardon from the other, for there is in my heart no pardon, and in his, I am very sure, no regret. Yet can I rid myself of the seed of bitter. My heart is sick of intrigue and dissension, accusations and slander answering accusation, and I will have no more of them. As I stand in the presence of God, I have only one thought, and that is the freedom of my country, and I do not serve it by spending my time throwing words at men whose salt I would not eat. It is not so very long since another said his voice would be heard no more here, yet since then it has not been silent. To-day those words are mine. But before I go, one word. For the love of God if any who sit here suspect me of treachery, treason, or any of those things of which I have been accused, as he hopes to be forgiven at the last day, let him stand out and say so." Again there was a dead silence, and Nicholas's face brightened, for the silence was sweet to him. "So be it," he said. "I go hence untouched by slander." Then unbuckling his officer's sword, he laid it on the table in front of the Prince. "My seat in the Senate, sir, I resign," he said; "my commission as an officer I resign also. By birth I am a Maïnote, and, with your Highness's permission, I wish to be enrolled among the private soldiers of the corps." Then turning to Petrobey, "Old friend," he said, "once more we are together in the clan," and with a step as light as a boy's, and a heart springing upwards like a lark, rid at last of the burden of personal condition, he left the room and went straight to where the corps was quartered.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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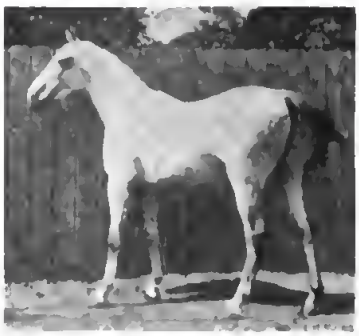


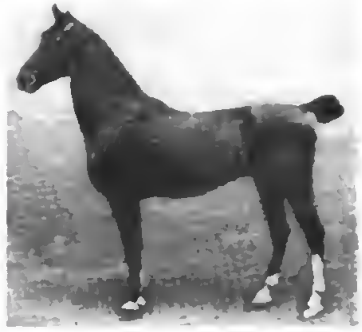
HASHI—PONY STALLION.

CUPID—WELSH PONY.

HELPIE—SHETLAND PONY STALLION.

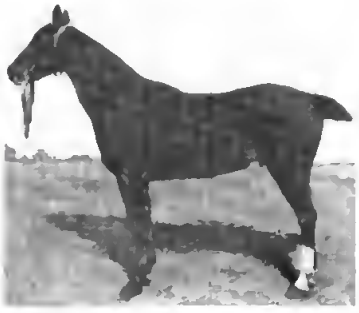
CLIPTON II.—HACKNEY STALLION.

LADY SUTTON—HACKNEY.



VON HARDINGHI—HACKNEY.

MORNINGTON CANNON—SADDLE HORSE.



PEANUTS—SADDLE PONY.

EMOLETA—ROADSTER.

THE HORSE SHOW.

PERHAPS no exhibition ever held by the National Horse Show Association has taught so many lessons as that just closed. Surprises have been so frequent that the show has been interesting, the prizes have not fallen all in the old places, and people have been shown that we need not go to England for hackney blood to help our harness horses. We have something better right at home, if we will but look for and preserve it.

The decadence of the hackney is one of the marked features of the Horse Show of 1897. Mr. Widener of Philadelphia, a most enthusiastic amateur, has not spared money to get the best, and has owned many hackneys. But he has a very cute Irishman in his employ who knows a good thing when he sees it, and, better than all, knows where to look for the good things when they are needed to pull off the prizes. When Jack Lyons started to hunt for prize winning horses for the Widener stable, he has for years turned his face to the "Dirigo" State of Maine. Many is the good horse he has brought from the Pine Tree State, but when, this year, he brought home Von Harbinger, he discovered a diamond of the first water. This chestnut geldling is certainly the sensational horse of the show. Even that grand horse Coxey had to take second place when he came against the great horse from Maine, Cairnsmoor, a grand little horse, getting third place, the English crack Storm King, said to have won 300 first prizes before coming to America, and old Leader the Scotchman, under a new name, being so fairly outclassed that they were not to be mentioned the same day. The way Von Harbinger can fold his knees, bend his hocks, and shoot along without breaking or hitching in his gait, is worth going far to see. Storm King and Leader the Scotchman can bend their knees and climb very high, but they cannot bend their hocks or get over the ground like this descendant of Almont and the Old Eaton horse of Maine. It is doubtful if his equal has ever been seen in Madison Square Garden, certainly not outside it on either side of the ocean. He also swept the deck in the Waldorf-Astoria cup competition Cairnsworth and Holly also deserving special commendation for their fine showing.

This unexpected competitor for the truly great and only Coxey must have been a great surprise to Mr Bates, though his American standard bred trotting horse had other good things fall to his lot that should save Mr Bates from inconsolable grief. Coxey and Brown Donna won first in Classes 49 and 50 for doubles; Coxey and Whirl of the Town won first in Tandem Class 60; Coxey and Brown Donna also being in Mr Bates's four in hand team that won the blue ribbon. They had no right to the award in Class 60. Mr. A J Nutting's team Duke and Holly fairly won in that class, outfooting and outacting both the Bates and Gagnon teams that were put before them by the judges. In the Waldorf-Astoria Cup contest the improvement in this class of horses in the last few years was shown by the wretched spectacle old Walsingham made of himself, as compared with the later comers—Walsingham, who aforetime has caused the roof of Madison Square Garden to ring as he pulled off the laurel wreaths of victory.

Among other decisions that caused much criticism was giving a blue ribbon to old Sundown and Hurlingham. The first should have gotten "the gate" as an unsound old hack, and Hurlingham, too, has seen better days.

It was good to see Colonel Kip win once more with Emoleta in single roadster class, and with Emoleta and Mambrino Belle in the doubles. These two mares, in breeding, conformation, manners, action, are absolute perfection. Doubtless there may be others, but they have never been shown in public, while Colonel Kip's road rigs are also of the highest order. The writer stood by the side of Mr. Harry Livesey, of Rotherfield, England, who came to judge the hackney classes of the 1894 show, when Colonel Kip's buggy was examined by the judges that year, to see what the Colonel considered a proper road out fit. When all had been taken out, he remarked —"By jove! I think the only thing lacking there is a box of Beecham's pills!"

Among the visitors at the Garden this year is Mr Vero Shaw, who manages the horse shows in Crystal Palace, London. It is said that he is seeking to organize an international show, and that he has secured the co-operation of Mr Henry Field, secretary of the Boston Horse Show Association, also manager of the Newport and Pittsburg shows. Mr Field already has the promise of a number of American entries to such an enterprise. If classes are

COXEY—HACKNEY.

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made to fit the types, by all means have Colonel Kip's Emoleta and Mambrino Belle represent the American trotting roadster, Von Barblinger and Coxey the American high-stepper.

Other classes that filled well and showed excellent quality were the trotters. As usual, Village Farm was well to the fore in these classes, and carried off many first prizes. Their black stallion Dare Devil (2.09¾) is a star of the first magnitude, not only winning the blue ribbon in every class where shown, but also showing some remarkable youngsters among his offspring. Their American Belle won also in the three-year-old filly class, and Chimes in the class of stallions shown, with four of his get. These are but a part of their winnings, but they show that the Hamlins are still in the front rank in the quality of their stock. The Quartermasters are always good, but alf had to take back seat in the two-year-old stallion class to that great young horse Amby, 2.16¾.

The Shetland pony classes were very strong—the best ever seen at the Garden. Mr T. L. Wall made a clean sweep of these. Kelpie has always been invincible, and that other son of old Montreal, Monte Carlo, makes with the old horse himself a combination such as probably no other breeder in the world, even the Earl of Londonderry, could equal.

Other ponies deserve attention, but only a few can be mentioned. Mr T. C. Patterson's beautiful Welsh pony Cupid got his vindication this year for unjust treatment in 1894. He certainly is the very highest type to be found anywhere of his breed. In the pony class one size larger, for stallions above 12 hands and not over 14.1, Imp. Eclipse took the blue ribbon—a judgment open to question because of the deficiency in his hind action. Kasim, who got second, is a much better horse. The three-quarter bred Arabian, Imp. Beau, got no attention, a marked illustration of the proposition put forward last week, that no judge should be asked to pass upon the merits of different types of horses in the same class. Saddle animals and harness nags should each be in a class by themselves. If the pony stallion class means harness ponies, and harness action is to win the prize, it should be distinctly stated in the conditions of entry.

The fact that Kasim won the red ribbon in this class was particularly gratifying to the friends of Mr Randolph Huntington, breeder of the little gray. Kasim is a sample of Mr Huntington's Clay Arabian horses, and completely outshowed all the hackneys in the class.

Speaking of Mr Huntington and his horses, it is a pity some class could not be arranged at Madison Square Garden which would induce him to show his pure Arab horses. It would be worth a long journey to New York to see them. Naomi, the foundation of his herd, now twenty years old, looks not more than seven or eight. She is undoubtedly the best Arab mare that ever came out of the desert, and is so recognized by experts the world over. It is said to have cost Hon Henry Chaplin and M. Sandeman $60,000 to land Haidee and Yataghan, dam and sire of Naomi, besides years of time by Major Upton, and Mr Skene, her Majesty's Consul General at Aleppo. These two men knew more about Arabian horses than any white men who ever studied the question; they spoke the language and lived for months in the tents of the Bedouins. Naomi is of the Maneghi Hedruj family (the long necks), the same family as the Darley Arabian, whose blood made the English thoroughbred race-horse what he is to-day. There also came to England two stallions of the same blood, Kismet and Mokhan, and Mr Huntington's Arabians represent the interbreeding of these three animals. Those who think of all Arabians as ponies in size have a surprise in store for them when they see these animals. He can show six females and five males, all a beautiful red chestnut, alike as peas in a pod, and all the mature ones over fifteen hands high, some of them nearly sixteen hands. No breeder outside Arabia can make such an exhibition; it is doubtful if any tribe of Bedouins in the desert can equal it.

Such a class might be put in place of "Heavy Draught Stallions, any breed." This class would better be dropped. At the Garden this year it brought out two animals, one of them an elephantine shire horse, with a bushel of hair falling to the ground like pantalets about each foot, and so lame that he almost fell into the ring. He should have been sent out without any award, as an unsound horse. Mr H. L. Herbert, the judge, gave him, most charitably, a red ribbon, gave a big white horse the blue; then Mr Herbert took the next Long Island train for a hunt with the Meadowbrook hounds, doubtless to get the bad taste out of his mouth.

One could not help asking, on seeing Mr Herbert waste his time on such trash (he had three elephants to judge last year), why did not the Horse Show managers get a man like him to judge the saddle classes instead of the three gentlemen who made such a mess of the judging in those classes? Mr Herbert is president of the American Polo Association, one of the best 'cross country riders in America, an all round horseman, especially in the saddle classes, one who was sent for to Chicago to judge those classes in the great show just closed in that city. He lives in New York, but instead of availing of the services of so skilled a judge, the management commit the saddle classes to three gentlemen two of whom are known as harness horse experts, though not distinguished as riding or being interested in riding horses.

The judgments in these classes have been most adversely criticised. Those old hacks Milady and Chester, given blue and red ribbons, Patsy McCord, a yellow; Toulouse, most beautifully ridden by Mrs Gladding of Providence, and Joseph E. Widener's gray gelding No. 530 turned out of the ring! Shades of Alexander the Great and Bucephalus! These judgments were only equalled when Mornington Cannon was thrown down by the same men. To quote from Francis Trevelyan, in commenting on this judgment in the New York *Journal*:

> Mornington Cannon proved himself a horse of length, scope, and quality, up to carrying more than the weight prescribed (160 pounds), and at that as handy as a polo-pony; but, outside of Mr Carey, the judges never gave him a second consideration. They were apparently looking for dray-horses, and it was to this class that the winner, W. B., a brown gelding, catalogued as being for sale, and owned by the professional dealer Charles T. Freeman, really belongs. Among the cognoscenti this decision was more heartily condemned than any decision that has been rendered in recent years.

Thank you, Mr Trevelyan. Let us say no more about those saddle horse decisions. No honor attaches to the ribbons awarded in these classes.

The jumping was good, the classes well weeded out before the final competitions came off. In the high jumping the good Virginia horse Chappie did 6 ft. 6 in. in clean style, Perfection and Lady Roseberry doing nearly as well. American Beauty set them all an example of fine work up to 6 ft. 3 in., where she met her limit. The great Canadian horse Desmond, owned by Mr. Coghlin, president of the Montreal Hunt Club, did not do himself justice, though ridden by a first-class man, Collier. Desmond was a winner in Toronto, and is one of the most reliable hunters in the Dominion. Probably his late arrival—Tuesday of Horse Show week—with his long car journey, prevented him doing himself justice.

The hackney classes were called very good ones, and Clifton II. carried off the stallion honors again. In the cup competition for hackney mares, Lady Sutton was most unjustly deprived of first prize, the mare winning over her being lacking in pace, and well fitted, by her shape, for a dray horse.

The way these hackney classes are shown, with yelling grooms, and a gang of shouting and clapping heelers at the ring-side, is most offensive to well-bred people. It should not be permitted.

In the space given to this review of the Horse Show many points of interest to horsey people have failed of attention, from necessity. That some things will call for criticism is to be expected of all functions of this magnitude. However, let no one carry away the idea, from what has been written, that there has ever been in New York a better show, all things considered, than the thirteenth annual exhibition of the National Horse Show Association of America.

SPENCER BORDEN.

PHILADELPHIA'S NEW LOAN.

At the election of November 2 the citizens of Philadelphia, by a majority of 17,475, approved a proposition to increase the indebtedness of the city by an issue of bonds to the amount of $12,200,000. The circumstances which made necessary the submission of the loan question to popular vote were unusual, and interesting in themselves apart from the general attention which must be attracted by the proposed expenditure of over $12,000,000 for permanent municipal improvements.

The approximate debt of the city of Philadelphia is now $32,000,000. The Constitution of Pennsylvania, adopted in 1878, provides that in no case shall the debt of any city within the commonwealth exceed seven per cent. of the assessed valuation of its taxable property; and that there shall be no increase of debt over two per cent. of the same unless sanctioned by a vote of the people.

At the time of the adoption of the Constitution the net debt of the city of Philadelphia greatly exceeded the higher constitutional limit; but it was gradually reduced, until quite recently it had fallen below the two per cent. limit fixed. This decrease was somewhat accelerated by a decision from the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, which declared that the real debt of a city, for all practical purposes, is the difference between the face debt and the amount in the sinking fund created for the discharge of municipal obligations as they fall due.

The city debt having fallen far below the seven per cent. limit, the Philadelphia Councils early this year passed ordinances authorizing the Mayor to issue a series of loans amounting in the aggregate to $11,000,000 for needed improvements. These loans were in process of negotiation, when certain citizens, doubting the city's right, under the fundamental law, to contract any further indebtedness, began a friendly suit in the Common Pleas Court of Philadelphia County to determine the question.

The loans were sustained by the court below, but the plaintiffs appealed the case to the Supreme Court of the State, and this court on May 31 reversed the decision of the lower court, Chief-Justice Sterrett, for the whole court, ruling that Philadelphia, in common with every other city in the commonwealth, must be held to a strict observance of the two per cent. clause, and that the proposed loans, greatly exceeding that limit, albeit keeping within the seven per cent. restriction, would not be legal unless sanctioned by popular vote.

This decision called a halt on every municipal improvement under consideration. It prevented the proposed steps to do away with grade crossings within the city limits, to establish filtration plants at the water works, to provide adequate public-school accommodations, to improve the streets, to furnish the city with an art gallery for housing its valuable collections, and a building of size and proportion for its free public library, which enjoys a greater circulation than any other institution of its kind in the country.

City officials and public spirited citizens were dismayed at the outlook, but after the consternation created by the adverse decision had somewhat died out the Mayor, and a committee of representative citizens whom he called to his assistance in the emergency, decided to make use of the alternative pointed out by the Supreme Court, and appeal to the people to sanction the proposed loans.

The Councils took hold of the question once more, and a new ordinance was framed providing for a series of loans to the amount of $12,200,000. The several items of the new loan were made up of the sums for all of the improvements which the former loan bills had authorized, and in this shape the question was submitted to the people at the beginning of the recent campaign.

It was not intended to make the loan bill a political question, but the Democratic City Committee, shortly before the election, adopted resolutions against the loan, on the grounds of extravagance, and then the Republican City Committee adopted resolutions favoring the proposition, and asking the Republican voters to give it their support.

Results prove that the people refused to consider politics in connection with the loans, for while the entire Republican city ticket was elected by pluralities averaging 65,000, the loans were approved by 17,475 majority, showing how closely the whole body of voters were divided upon the question. It is the opinion of prominent leaders that the present agitation against the proposed lease of the city gas plant, and therefore distrust of the present city administration and Councils, was responsible for the heavy vote against the loans more than any feeling that the sum should not be borrowed and the needed improvements made. Since the proposition has been approved, however, there is general congratulation on all sides.

It is to be noted that the approval of these loans by the people does not necessarily insure their issue, either immediately or in the future. It merely authorizes Councils and the Mayor, should they deem it advisable, to contract the increased indebtedness, and furnishes them with the legal authority necessary to proceed. Loans can be created only for the purposes named, and to the amounts stated; and before they can be issued Councils must pass ordinances covering each loan, and these ordinances must be approved by the Mayor. It is extremely likely, however, that all of the loans will be negotiated and placed and the improvements be begun within a reasonable period of time.

WILLIAM JOHNSEN HOSTER.

THE NEW SOUTHERN SOCIAL LIFE.

WHEN the Secretary of State for India was recently interrogated in the House of Commons on the propriety of government purchases of steel produced in the Southern States of America, he answered that in the case under consideration the lowest British bid was much above that of the successful American bidder.

From the English stand point the answer was conclusive, and there was nothing more to be said. The Secretary's reply, however, forces on American attention the extent of the revolution in social as well as in industrial life which has taken place in the Southern States.

In the spring of 1867 the late William D. (Pig Iron) Kelley, of Pennsylvania, made a tour through Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Georgia, North Carolina, and Virginia. He described this part of the South as "a country on which the Almighty has bestowed his richest gifts, abounding in coal, iron, copper, and lead," but he saw everywhere "mansions abandoned and going to ruin," and "fields growing up in sedge grass."

His language does not exaggerate what was then the ruinous condition of what are now the most prosperous States of the South. This condition, universally attributed at that time to "the desolation of war," was really the beginning of a new social era, as is now unmistakably apparent.

The deserted mansions seen by Congressman Kelley marked the passing of the old South and the coming of the new. In New England, and as far south as Maryland, the Colonial American had the social habits of the English villager. The key to his social life is still to be seen in New Jersey villages, where Colonial houses are standing. They are generally built with their doors opening almost, if not quite, into the street, while at the South twenty-five years ago the typical house was set as far back from the street or the country road as possible. The ideal Southern home of that period was that seen by Congressman Kelley—an imitation of the English manor house, surrounded by an estate generally of several hundred and sometimes of several thousand acres.

These conditions still exist in parts of Kentucky and Virginia, but they are no longer the rule of Southern life. By a social revolution more radical, perhaps, than ever took place elsewhere in the same length of time, the educated class of the South has become industrial and commercial. The wealthy planters began abandoning their manor-houses immediately after the war, and the movement has gone steadily on, until town and village life is becoming as characteristic of the South as of New England. The movement in Tennessee and Alabama is now at its height, and though some are beginning to wonder how the towns and villages are to be supported when the country has been abandoned, the movement into them does not stop on that account. The reply to all such questions is that "something will have to be done about it after a while." Cheap Southern iron, exported to Europe and sold there at figures below the lowest European prices, is one of the things already done. The doing of others will be forced by the same causes which forced this.

The new South is not always as attractive to the eye as the old. It is painful to the æsthetic sense to see the hospitable mansion of what was once a Tennessee barony of a thousand acres deserted and the land given over to prosaic immigrants from Illinois who cut it into fifty-acre tracts and surround it with the ugliest possible wire fences. But the new South takes these things philosophically. It has been revolutionized, and it knows it. It takes the present as it comes. The past has become wholly unreal. The future may give opportunities for renewed attention to the beautiful, but just now the South is too busy with reduction works, cotton-factories, cotton-oil mills, coal mines, and the like, to try to be as attractive as it was before it came to a knowledge of the advantages possible under a new social and industrial dispensation.

NEW YORK'S NEW ART-ACADEMY BUILDING.

WHEN the Academicians of New York succumbed to the pressure of their city's needs, which is driving the great schools and other public institutions of New York city from the shifting centres of the old town to the freer spaces of what was once the village of Harlem, there were many who regretted this inevitable solution of a growing difficulty. The older artists, as well as New-Yorkers in general, had become attached to the exotic little building near Madison Square, which, with its striped façade, brightly colored awnings, and hospitable outer stairway, seemed to call for the splendors of Venice and the purple skies of Italy amidst the uncongenial surroundings of towering office buildings, clanging cable-cars, and all the other ultra modern accessories of so busy a thoroughfare as Twenty-third Street in New York city. Others of the artists, who were not so loath to quit the field before the encroaching hordes of downtown commerce, and who rejoiced at the promise of rich proceeds from the sale of land unsuited to their purpose, looked forward with doubt and apprehension to the proposed long flight to the Morningside Heights of North New York, into the trying vicinity of such architectural monuments as the Episcopal Cathedral, Columbia University, and Grant's Tomb.

In one respect at least these doubts have been dispelled. The outcome of the recent competition of prominent architects for the erection of a new Academy building, with the final award by a jury of eminent architects and Academicians to the accompanying design of Messrs. C

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& Hastings, has convinced those most interested in the project that the National Academy of Design, on its new site near the old battle-field of Harlem, will be a worthy compeer of the stateliest of its neighbors on the heights misnamed by some "The Acropolis of New York."

Of all the plans that were submitted, so it would appear, this design was the most modern in character. Such, at least, was the opinion of the jury of selection, which was composed of William H. Hart, J. Carroll Beckwith, Edwin H. Blashfield, and Frederick Dielman, with an advisory committee of architects composed of Charles F. McKim, John G. Howard, and Robert Peabody of Boston. The other architects who competed were George B. Post, Ernest Flagg, Henry J. Hardenbergh, Babb, Cook, & Willard, and Edward Pearce Casey. The decision awarding the palm to the design of Thomas Hastings and John M. Carrère is understood to have been unanimous.

As designed, the new Academy will be of monumental character, and markedly simple. In its modern treatment of the most tangible expressions of the latest real architectural era in the reign of Louis XVI., the design, in its central portion at least, recalls the beautiful museum of Nantes, in France, a masterpiece by M. Josso.

The monumental features of the design may be surmised from the dimensions called for by the specifications, which aimed to cover the ample limits of an entire avenue block, so that the building as projected will present a front measuring 200 feet, with a side width of 170 feet, and a height of 70 feet. The front, facing the future Cathedral of St. John the Divine, and the intervening street, which marks the northern boundary of Central Park, rises two stories high, while the rear, looking out upon 109th Street, will have four stories, the larger part of this section being intended for the use of the students and working artists in the Academy.

The structure is to be of white marble, and will probably cost more than a half-million dollars, $300,000 of which has already been secured by the proceeds of the sale of the former site of the Academy. The ground upon which the new building is to stand is sloping, and it is hoped that when the first excavations are made, this coming spring, no such difficulties may be encountered in the rocky sub-stratum of ground as those that have puzzled the builders of the massive cathedral opposite.

The front of the building, as indicated on the upper story in the illustration, is to be adorned with original statues representing the arts, standing in seven niches between six sets of double columns with simple Ionic capitals, surmounted by a row of consoles extending along the entire front of the building, and joining the roof-line of the two receding side wings. Above the statues, near the roof, in corresponding spaces reserved by tablets, will be carved the names of Phidias, Giotto, Raphael, Angelo, Titian, Dürer, and Velasquez. These tablets, ranged between dwarf columns corresponding in position to the double columns below, will extend along the whole upper front of the building. On the ground floor, just above the level of the street, runs a row of Renaissance windows with balustrades. In the centre is a single entrance-door, the stone steps of which are flanked by two massive bronze lamp-posts. The door, the actual width of which is twelve feet, appears almost small because of the heroic proportions of the general plan. Other doors, in the rear, serve as entrances and exits for the students and for those whose duties require a daily attendance at the Academy.

After passing through the main entrance, the visitor crosses a corridor leading to a large sculpture hall. By traversing this through the centre at right angles he will enter a colonnade, which bounds three sides of a square central court with a fountain and foliage, covered, like *la cour vitrée* of the École des Beaux Arts in Paris, by a large glass dome. The rear of this court opens into a row of studios, which intervene between the colonnaded court and the rear wall of the building. To the west of the open court with its colonnade lies the amphitheatre, the dome of which rises through the upper stories to a skylight of its own, after the manner of the amphitheatre of the Academy of Fine Arts in Paris, which harbors the magnificent wall painting portraying the history of the arts by Delaroche. In the space left between the west end of the sculpture hall and the rotunda of the amphitheatre rises a monumental stairway, which divides at the second story to ascend by two flights to the story above that. The space left at each end of the sculpture hall in the front of the building and on the sub-east of the open court, opposite the amphitheatre, is reserved for a large library, administration offices, and various council and committee-rooms, while the large front rooms are set apart for public exhibitions. Above, on the second floor, are found the picture-galleries, in spaces corresponding to that of the sculpture hall on the first floor, a historical room just above the library, and a host of smaller studios and lecture-rooms in the rear, deriving their north light from the interior court, as is the case on the floor above.

Apart from the essentially artistic purposes for which this building is primarily designed, its most interesting feature, as above indicated, is the distinctly modern character of the design as such. In this respect it may be considered as the first important exponent of the theory of its creators, which was but lately expressed by Mr. Thomas Hastings in an article published in Harper's Monthly in February of this year, where he wrote as follows:

> Let us always endeavor to do new work without mere copying and adapting, yet studying applicable precedents, especially from classic and Renaissance times. This natural method of dealing with new work will settle for us this entire question of a modern and national style of architecture.
>
> Originality is a spontaneous effort to do work in the simplest and most natural way. The conditions are never twice alike; each case is new. The true artist leaves his temperament and individuality to take care of themselves.

In this case, as in so many others, the artist's peculiar execution of his pet theory is of more value than the theory itself, and this must account in part for the lively interest evoked among American architects by his recent successes and by those of his fellow-workers who hold the same views with him.

Edwin Emerson, Jr.

THE GOVERNMENT BUILDING AT THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI EXPOSITION.

The extraordinary architectural beauty of the "White City," at Chicago, was seriously marred by the very bad designs of the United States Government Building and the Illinois State Building. Since then a decided change for the better has taken place in the character of the supervising architect's office at Washington, and this has borne fruit in the designs for the United States Government buildings for the Tennessee Centennial Exhibition at Nashville, and the Trans-Mississippi Exhibition at Omaha. At Nashville—barring the reproduction of the Parthenon for the Fine Arts Building—the National Government Building was the architectural masterpiece of the exhibition, while at Omaha the noble design for the United States edifice makes it thoroughly worthy of the place of honor assigned to it in the magnificent central group. This new spirit is so gratifying that those who have been instrumental in effecting the change deserve recognition for their share in the work, from Mr. William Martin Aiken, the recent supervising architect, to the talented designers who have given realization to his ideas. In our recent article on the Trans-Mississippi exhibition, the fact that Mr. Edward A. Crane was the personal representative at Omaha of the office at Washington caused the credit for the design to be given to him. It appears, however, that the design originated with Mr. G. O. Totten, Jr., the chief designer in the office at Washington, who furnished the preliminary sketches, which, after Mr. Aiken's resignation, were placed in Mr. Crane's hands by the acting supervising architect, with instructions to re-study the building as he might desire, and he has since had charge of the work. Mr. Crane feels that Mr. Totten's authorship should receive full recognition, which is here cordially given.

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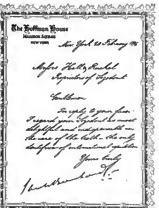

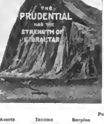

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THE FOUR FASTEST PACERS IN THE WORLD.

In the East, especially near New York, the light harness meetings do not attract the general public as do those of the thoroughbreds. Hence pacing races are comparatively unknown events to the great majority of the sport-loving community. In the West, however—though even there the pacer has come into great popularity only recently—enormous crowds assemble to witness a meeting between two or more of these equine champions at the gait. This season these crowds have, as a rule, been well rewarded for their interest, the records in many of the small events having been lowered, while the two-minute limit has finally been passed by Star Pointer, one of the four great pacers of the day.

But to attain this marvellous speed required a period of sixty years of gradual progression towards the two-minute limit, the original pacer being the Tennessee saddler, or that type bred in the middle Southwest. The authentic record of the pacing horse driven to wagon does not extend further back than 1839—when a gelding named Drover did a mile over the famous Beacon course in New Jersey in 2.28—all previous pacing records having been to saddle. This was then considered as remarkable time, and it was not until five years later that the famous mare Fanny Ellsler clipped off half a second. From that date till the present the record has been reduced by seconds and half seconds until 2.06 was reached by Johnston, in 1883, to a high-wheeled sulky. After Johnston came champions of a more recent date, mostly to the bicycle sulky, among them being Direct, Mascot, Flying Jib, Robert J., and John R. Gentry. The last two, photographs of whom are reproduced here, came close to the seemingly impossible limit. Star Pointer, however, was the long hoped for two-minute horse.

Indeed, this must be considered the pacing year *par excellence* in light-harness sport, as not only have four

STAR POINTER.
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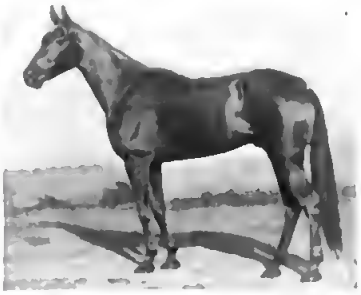
great pacers—Star Pointer, John R. Gentry, Joe Patchen, and Robert J.—been before the public the entire season, but Star Pointer, the greatest of them all, has performed a feat which for many years has been considered impossible. This supposed impossible task was the breaking of the two-minute limit for the mile, which this king of pacers accomplished at Readville, Massachusetts, in August last, by finishing in 1.59¾. Moreover, during the season Star Pointer placed the time, race, and stallion records to his credit; but his choicest glory will always remain in the fact that he was the first two-minute horse. The marvellous character of the performance cannot be grasped at once by the general public, but when the student of speed examines the records of the past, then, and then only, can he realize the greatness of the unparalleled achievement. Moreover, to the lover of blood lines, and to the believer in the breeding theory that like begets like, the signal victory of speed *across* time caused but he highly gratifying, for Star Pointer represents in his lines the acme of pacing breeding. This great horse was foaled in 1889, and was bred by H. P. Pointer, of Spring Hill, Tennessee, his sire being that prince of pacing speed, Brown Hal, dam Sweepstakes (dam of Hal Pointer, 2.04¼), by Knight's Snow Heels; 3d dam Kit, by McMeekin's Traveller. Sold as a yearling, as a two and a three year old he gave no promise of future greatness, and it was not till 1894 that he showed any indications of extreme speed, and or that only competed in two races. The following year told a different story. He started in only six races, and won them all, meeting and defeating all the speediest flyers of the year under the skilful driving and able generalship of E. S. Geers, who stands at the head of his profession as trainer and driver. When returned to his Tennessee owner, he was thought to be lame, and the following May was sold for $5000 to E. Mills, of Boston.

Star Pointer did not open the campaign of 1896 under very flattering auspices, as on August 8, at Combination Park, Boston, Joe Patchen defeated him in 2.13¾, 2.08¾, and 2.05¼. Star Pointer being distanced in the second heat. On September 2, at Fleetwood Park, he did no better, as he was last in the first heat and was distanced in the second in the free-for-all, won by John R. Gentry in 2.03¾, 2.03¾, and 2.03¼, at that time the fastest race on record. Frank Agan was second and Robert J. third, and it was a whirlwind race between the trio. On September 18 Star Pointer, at Mystic Park, Boston, established a new record, and though he did not beat John R. Gentry's time record in a race, 2.01¼, he made the fastest three heats in a race, defeating Frank Agan and Robert J. in 2.02¾, 2.03¼, and 2.03¾. This was his crowning victory for the year, though he won other creditable races later in the season, defeating Joe Patchen, Frank Agan, and Robert J. At the Pacing mile at Madison Square Garden, last March, he was again sold at auction, and was bought by James A. Murphy, of Chicago, for $16,000, and with one exception this year his career has been a series of brilliant victories. He opened the campaign of 1897 at Charter Oak Park, Hartford, on July 5, defeating John R. Gentry and Frank



ROBERT J.
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Agan. Later on, at Washington Park, Chicago, he defeated Joe Patchen, and repeated the performance at Cleveland. At Columbus, Joe Patchen was in great form, and defeated Star Pointer in straight heats, winning the second in 2.01¼, thus equalling the champion race record. At the Fort Erie (Buffalo) meeting Star Pointer paced a mile against time in 2.01¾, and a week later he defeated Joe Patchen a return match, at Washington Park again, his best time being 2.02. His final and greatest triumph was at Readville, Massachusetts, August 27, when he paced in 1.59¾, and became the first horse to go below two minutes.

While there was little hope that day that Star Pointer would break the record, the weather conditions were perfect for such an effort, and, as in other affairs of life, it is the unexpected that always happens. The air was still and warm, and the track as perfect as the skill of man could make it. After the usual preliminary warming up Star Pointer was sent a mile in 2.12, and then, at the third attempt, was given the word for his record breaking trial. The first furlong was done in 0.15, the quarter in 0.30, and unbelievers said "he will never hold the clip," but with the courage of a lion and the speed of a locomotive he shot to the half in 0.59¾, and the public began to realize that they were watching the speed event of the century. Could he last? In response he reeled off another quarter in 0.29¾, and then the suspense was almost painful, but it was soon over, as without a faltering the great horse gamely responded and came home, the last quarter in 0.30¼, or a mile in 1.59¾. The crowd cheered again and again; McCleary, the driver, was carried by his enthusiastic confrères to the judges' stand, and the seeming ly unbreakable two-minute limit was a thing of the past. Star Pointer's claim to the title of champion cannot well be disputed, as in one short season he has become a triple-crowned king, being the world's time champion, the race champion, and the stallion champion.

Star Pointer is the only great pacer of recent years bred upon pacing lines, his rivals of to-day all deriving their blood from trotting families. In this particular Joe Patchen is probably the most notable of the "big four"—as this quartet is known in the West—as his ancestors are representatives of the four great trotting families—Hambletonian, Mambrino Chief, Andrew Jackson, and Vermont Black Hawk. While not as yet having been able to enter the magic two minute circle, Joe Patchen has a grand career behind him, and may yet wrest the laurels from his great rival. Owing to his great gameness, Joe Patchen is even more popular than Star Pointer in the West, the fact that even to-day he holds the world's record, defeating Star Pointer in a race, 2.01¼ endearing him above his record-breaking antagonist in the hearts of many. His first appearance in public occurred in 1893 in a three minute "pace or trot," which he captured with ease; his two other starts that year were defeats, his great

JOE PATCHEN.
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speed having not then attained its full development. In 1894 and 1895 Joe Patchen was a very busy campaigner, starting nineteen times each year, reducing several track and the half mile track racing record to 2.08. The last two years most of Joe Patchen's efforts were made against the watch, but, as stated above, he still holds the race record, 2.01¼, and has to his credit the best performance to wagon, 2.04¾. This year, however, his four contests against Star Pointer were grand performances, though he won only one of the four.

Neither John R. Gentry nor Robert J., the former of whom is only half a second behind the dividing line which means greatness, has this season had a fair opportunity to test his powers to the best advantage. Both have been touring the country in a special car giving exhibitions, breaking track records, of course, and generally hippodroming, their present owner, a prominent Wall Street broker, having determined upon this lucrative if not as glorious a method of utilizing their great speed.

At the beginning of the season John R. Gentry held the world's time champion record of 2.00¼, the race championship with a record of 2.01¼, and the stallion championship. He was in truth a champion, and the public looked to him to cut the mark to two minutes. John R. Gentry has, we believe, as much speed as ever he had, as his mile in 2.03¾, over the slow Poughkeepsie track, at the meeting of the New York State Trotting Horse Breeders' Association proved. It was, in the opinion of many good judges who saw it, as good as a mile in 2.00 over a first-class track. But his mode of management militated against his being at his best.

The same statement applies to Robert J., who, however, has unquestionably passed his prime, though he still retains his marvellous speed for a half or three quarters of a mile.

Next season, if different methods are employed in their management, there is no reason why the present record of 1.59¾ should not be lowered by use of this great quartet of pacing kings. Star Pointer in particular, the present champion, having shown ability to still further reduce it.

H. A. Buck.

JOHN R. GENTRY.
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AMATEUR SPORT

MR. CASPAR WHITNEY *will be absent several months on a sporting tour around the world, including a tour of observation in the West and in Europe, and a hunting expedition for big game in Siam, which he has undertaken for* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

During MR. WHITNEY'S *absence this Department will publish contributions from well known writers upon special subjects relating to Amateur Sport.*

COLLEGE FOOTBALL.

THE annals of athletics contain many odd chapters, but hardly one more remarkable than that devoted to the aftermath of the Harvard-Yale football game at Cambridge. If the rewards are as at present depicted in the columns of the press, one is prone to ask what in the name of all that is reasonable could possibly tempt a man in his senses to become the coach, the captain, the quarter back, the full back, or even a member of a promising football team?

If a man works faithfully he may get on the team, he may become a full back, and be accredited with losing the game, or a quarter, and misdirecting it; or a captain, and sacrificing college to selfish ambition, or, finally, after years of service to the university, he may, by devoting all his days and most of his nights to the problems of coaching, reach the acme of having pig headedly disregarded the advice and knowledge of every friend of his university, and plunged what might have been a winning team into the slough of sure defeat by imperfect and injudicious methods.

It is impossible for me to believe one half the stories that are vouched for regarding the freedom of criticism indulged in and directed upon those in one way or another connected with the football interests at Cambridge. I fancy that if such rumor were really run to earth the whole would be found to have but a small amount of warrant in the facts, and the matter slumber down to a rather natural reaction following upon a condition of over-confidence. One of the Yale coaches said to me last week that the only time he ever felt really confident of winning was last year, and he was then beaten 24 to 6. As to the taking away of the emblematic "H" from the front of the sweaters of the Harvard team, such action, if it be true, would hardly have been without either the authority of the Athletic Association or else the tacit consent of the team, for the province of the coaches would not extend to such a limit.

There are just two ways of bringing up a football team: *Criticise them for their good or good them by praise.* No

"A PRIMER OF COLLEGE FOOTBALL."—BY W. H. LEWIS.—ILLUSTRATED.—16MO. PAPER, 75 CENTS.—HARPER & BROTHERS.

team will keep always extending itself save under the whip and spur of continual, and many times extremely severe, criticism. The criticism should be true; and owing to the difficulty of attaining perfection in this sport, it is no very great problem to find the faults. As soon as a team is praised—and this does not apply to a kind word here and there for any good conscientious individual effort, but to the quality of the work as a team—and told that if it keeps at its present standard it will win, that team will never make another particle of progress, but will surely fall off. The rock upon which most coaches and teams have gone down is that of "keep the team just where it is now!" A team goes up or goes back; it never stands still. Would not Princeton's coaches and trainer have done everything possible to keep the Princeton team just where it was when it met Lafayette? The Yale game was only two weeks away. All that could be embodied in their highest wishes was to "keep the team just where it is." It did not seem to be difficult, but it cannot be done. A team must be on the road always. It is either coming or going, and no year ever gave such a practical demonstration of the fact as has the season of 1897. Princeton and Pennsylvania both furnished the most marked instances of being ready before they were needed and paying the penalty, though Pennsylvania's did not happen to be as severe as that of Princeton.

Another point which the Harvard-Yale game seemed to bring out with unusual force was the difficulty of calculating exactly the effect of interference and the problem of resistance. Harvard was unfortunate in never having had, during the entire season, a chance to use her men against anything like the rugged resistance they were certain to encounter in the Yale game. It was not so much the fault of Harvard's schedule that this became true as it was the fault of the schedules of her opponents. Harvard should have secured just what she wanted out of the Brown and Cornell games. But Brown's schedule brought her against Yale only a few days before her match with Harvard, and Cornell's schedule contained a Princeton game the Saturday before the Harvard match. Thus, instead of meeting these two teams when they were fresh and strong, Harvard met them when in their most weakened condition, and when neither of them was able to give a practical demonstration of what strong and eager opponents would do in the face of Harvard's plays. Yale was getting exactly the opposite experience. Yale was on the very edge of being tried out too far, to the extent of being defeated. Every weakness was brought out to its greatest prominence, every effort was directed toward remedying those weaknesses. The men who went to Cambridge knew that their play had been steadily improving every moment, but they also knew that if they did not play the very best game of their lives they were going to be beaten, for they had seen their team tested and strained and put to its limit not only in daily practice, but in at least two matches.

The plays with which the Harvard team was equipped worked well in practice against the "scrub" eleven. The two teams were not equally matched, and it was impossible to judge just what the position of each man in the play would become when the interference and the line were against desperate men. When the plays were put against the weakened elevens already named their operation was similarly satisfactory. For the first two or three times at the beginning of the Yale game the interference was all right, but after that the ripping charge of the Yale line was upsetting, and save for a short period at the opening of the second half Harvard's offence was not productive of gains, and to the observer had an entirely different appearance from that presented on those other occasions. The same thing was true in the Pennsylvania game.

That Brown with two such backs as Fultz and Gammons should have beaten the Indians was not extraordinary. In fact, the Carlisle men played a remarkably strong, hard game, when everything is taken into consideration. It is to their credit. But it was not entirely to the credit of either team that the game should have exhibited certain of the old objectionable features. They can be and are being stamped out of the game, and when Harvard and Yale can play such a match as that of the 13th, Princeton and Yale such a game as theirs of the 20th, it is possible for others to do the sport justice. But speaking of the actual play, neither of her star half-backs availed Brown much at West Point. The cadets rounded out their season's work by simply burying, past all hope of resurrection this season the remnants of Brown's team. Dartmouth did the same by Williams, and in doing it settled the championship of their league. Lafayette used Wesleyan as the target for all sorts of play; the triple pass at the opening, by which Walbridge ran the length of the field, being the most remarkable, although this doughty hero made several other runs of length during the afternoon.

Cornell seems to be getting her second wind, and, in spite of the drubbing Harvard gave her, may pull into shape so as to put up a respectable game against Pennsylvania. This she certainly managed to do last year.

There is no one point in football ruling that seems so little understood throughout the country generally as that the referee's decision is final in all points not covered by the umpire. It makes no difference how much divergence of opinion may exist between the teams, no difference how many of the audience may think the referee wrong. There is no court of appeal from his decision, and the only satisfaction those who think him wrong can have is to "have their opinion of his ruling." In the days of the old Inter-collegiate Association the law was that the referee was absolute in questions of fact, but that an appeal might be made to the annual meeting of the association in case the point involved was one of the interpretation of a rule. But with the dissolution of the old Association vanished all hope of any appeal, and unless the two competing teams are members of an association whose constitution provides specifically for a court of appeal, the referee's decision is final. It may be in the minds of many that after the last Springfield game there was considerable newspaper discussion as to the decisions of the officials, but nothing was accomplished by that discussion. The score stands. There was also this year an amount of discussion regarding the decisions of the officials in the Yale Indian game, but it did not in any way alter the facts or the score. To tell the truth, when two teams agree upon an umpire and a referee, they agree to something specific—they agree to the decisions of these officials as provided for in the rules, and must abide by those decisions, no matter "whose ox is gored." And, on the whole, this is probably far more satisfactory in the long run than it would be if the audience were the arbiters, or if the decision depended upon who could secure the most opinions upon his side. The officials are provided with the best positions to watch the play, they are selected with an especial regard to their fairness and freedom from partisan bias, and, finally, they are the choice of both teams, or else they would not be on the field. Football is preferably played on the gridiron, and not in fruitless discussion. To secure the best officials obtainable and then abide by their decisions is the best advice that can be given any team.

At New Haven, on Saturday, Yale put the crowning triumph to her most remarkable football record. Mr. Butterworth, with Captain Rodgers and his men, performed the marvellous by defeating Princeton and sending her off the field completely vanquished. The Yale team, slow to develop, as are all Yale teams, three weeks ago could hardly walk alone, and the only thing of which one could be sure was that in the team there was the "Yale spirit," or "sand," or "pluck," or whatever one chooses to call it. That was the one great possession of the Yale team, and it was upon that its future depended. The original selection had been based upon that belief, and even in its most mediocre games the team showed its birthright. In addition to this the physical condition of the team when it came to its final contests was simply perfect. Keene Fitzpatrick, its trainer, put it into and through a Harvard and a Princeton game without a man leaving the field, and with but a single call of time for an injured player. Such a triumph of training has never before been equalled. In both games the Yale team had the appearance of being able to easily play another hour. There was a life and increasing vigor about its play that was especially disheartening to its opponents. The Yale captain and his companion tackle Chamberlain were impassable, while the centre trio and the ends grew steadily superior to their opponents.

Princeton came confident, and rightfully so. The Yale partisans could feel more assured of the stuff there was in their team since the match with Harvard had tried them out, but the odds looked too great for more than a glimmer of reasonable hope. After the snow-storm of the morning, from which the ground had been protected by a covering of straw, a northwesterly wind had sprung up, and by the time the two captains tossed for choice there was a very marked advantage in the northerly goal. Captain Cochran won the toss and took that advantage. In the first few minutes the two teams seemed to be trying their strength in both kicking and running. In the former Princeton showed up the stronger, and this superiority was increased as the ball rose above the crowd, where the wind had full sweep. Baird understood this, and cleverly lifted his punts well up in the air. Yale did not handle them well, and her own kicking was not up to the mark. But the stiffness and strength of her line were brought out most vividly after the first few plays, and the two lines of forwards never met without an almost imperceptible yielding on the part of Princeton. This was the case in the Harvard game as well, and it boded ill for the promised success of Princeton's plays, which depended supremely upon a stiff line for her gains.

The advantage gained by Baird's kicks was growing less as the half went on. McBride was punting faster, but especially was the Yale team showing itself quite equal to stopping any attempts at continued ground-gaining in the running line by Princeton. So the half wore away, the hearts of the Yale sympathizers being now and then given great jumps by some fumble of a kick retrieved by Hall, but beating more and more calmly as the strength of the Yale team in defence became more apparent. Then suddenly De Saulles, the dangerous De Saulles, as both Harvard and Princeton must have learned to consider him, found his chance of a broken-up field, and came flying down, dancing to the right or left, eluding or throwing off the Princeton men, until he was finally brought to earth with but five white lines between him and the Princeton goal. The Yale stands went crazy with delight, but a fumble on the very first down brought quiet more quickly than could a cordon of police, and Princeton punted back out of danger.

The second half found Yale stronger and more dashing than ever, and after a close call for Princeton for a safety, inside of ten minutes Dudley was propelled over the line for a touch-down, which Cadwalader easily converted into a goal. During the rest of that half McBride's punting increased in vigor and became better in direction. When poor Baird, who had entered the game a sick man, and could no longer combat exhausted nature, was dragged from the field, the Princeton punting became more erratic. But with the odds increasing against them, the Princeton players and partisans would not give up or weaken. The cheers rang out as vigorously and the players went at it nobly. For a brief five minutes the line-plunging of the Princeton backs was almost superhuman in its energy, and the ball was carried steadily up the field until well into Yale's territory. Then a disastrous fumble took away the last gleam of hope, and Yale plunged irresistibly down until, on the very edge of the Princeton goal, the call of time put an end to the struggle.

Harvard went down to Philadelphia determined to do or die. Cabot, the captain, was forced to add his name to the long list of Harvard captains who have been unable to play in one of her big games. But his team made a stubborn fight, and, especially in its stand on its very goal-line, showed that there is the right stuff in the men who carried the crimson colors. The hammering of the guards-back plays wore them steadily down, as it did last year, and they were unable to stop the play from making repeated gains. Minds's punting was also a marked factor in the result. A kick of his, which the Harvard full-back was unable to handle, so well was it placed, transferred the play from the danger quarters of Pennsylvania down into Harvard territory.

Parker's run in the first half was the striking feature of that period, and yielded Harvard her only score of the game. Garrison staid with him on the run, and interfered most cleverly. Dibblee again showed himself a remarkably able man in a broken-up field, and his running back of Minds's punts aided Harvard in keeping down the score. Pennsylvania's play was less individual in character, but stronger far in the use of concentrated plays. Hare, under this system, and with the aid of his comrades, showed himself to be a plunging ground-gainer of the greatest value. The general play of Pennsylvania was much more rapid than that of Harvard, though not so like a whirlwind as it has been at times this season. One or two fumbles were also especially expensive for Pennsylvania.

The game opened with Harvard kicking off and by hard work, aided by a weak punt of Minds's, Harvard soon had a chance to use her running game, with the ball in her possession, inside Pennsylvania's thirty-five-yard line. After two gains through the centre, netting six yards, a fumble lost the ball to Pennsylvania, and a punt of Minds's, which passed Haughton, carried the ball well down to Harvard's goal. The first score was made by the new place-kick. The second score was led up to by Minds's punting the ball just to the edge of Harvard's goal. Haughton punted over to the twenty-yard line, where a penalty and a series of runs, mostly by Minds, gave Pennsylvania a touch-down which Minds converted into a goal. From this time on the result was not in doubt, and the final score left Pennsylvania ahead by nine points.

WALTER CAMP.

THE ALL-PHILADELPHIA CRICKET ELEVEN'S TOUR.

ALTHOUGH the number of victories was somewhat less than we had hoped for, and with good reason, we thought, yet, after all, a careful study of the work of the all-Philadelphia Cricket eleven, after its return from its English tour, revealed considerable cause for pride in its showing. In comparing the '97 tour with those of '84 and '89, which resulted in more victories, one is apt to ignore the fact that the teams Philadelphia met on the first two trips were in no way comparable with the elevens on its '97 schedule. In fact, Philadelphia did not meet first-class cricket in either '84 or '89, professionals being barred by agreement. This year, however, Philadelphia played the very strongest teams England could put into the field; and how important a factor is the professional in English county "amateur" cricket may be judged by the statement that 70 of the 100 bowlers who opposed Philadelphia's batsmen were professionals.

J. A. LESTER.

Taking also into consideration the further facts that cricket may be called England's national game, that Englishmen are the most expert players in the world, while there is no first-class native cricket in America outside of Philadelphia—and I think we may say that the all-Philadelphia eleven did very well.

As a matter of record, we publish the results of the matches and averages of the American players:

Oxford University, 303; Philadelphians, 188 (7 wickets)—draw. Lancashire, 149-64 (3 wickets); Philadelphians, 108-[illegible]—lost, 4 runs and 7 wickets. Cambridge University, 412; Philadelphians, 149-[illegible]—lost, [illegible] runs and 1 innings. Philadelphians, 216-[illegible] (2 wickets); Sussex, 46-[illegible]—won, 1 run and 8 wickets. Middlesex, 204-184 (3 wickets); Philadelphians, 117-270—lost, 1 run and 7 wickets. Oxford Past and Present, [illegible] (3 wickets); Philadelphians, 120-[illegible]—lost, 4 runs and 7 wickets. Philadelphians, [illegible]; Yorkshire, 204 (4 wickets)—draw. Hampshire, [illegible] (5 wickets); Philadelphians, [illegible]—lost, 4 runs and 8 wickets. Warwickshire, [illegible]; Philadelphians, [illegible] (5 wickets)—won, 3 runs and 5 wickets. Philadelphians, 461; Notts, [illegible] (9 wickets)—draw. Gloucestershire, [illegible]; Philadelphians, 181-[illegible]—lost, [illegible] runs and 1 innings. Somerset, [illegible]; Philadelphians, 171 (5 wickets)—draw. M. C. C. and Ground, [illegible] (5 wickets); Philadelphians, 170-[illegible]—lost, [illegible] runs. Kent, 484; Philadelphians, 168-[illegible]—lost, 8 runs and 1 innings. Surrey, [illegible]; Philadelphians, [illegible]—lost, by 104 runs.

The individual work of the eleven seemed to be stronger than the team work, although the tour shows unmistakably that in all Philadelphia, as represented by the '97 team, there are not above half a dozen cricketers of the first class. Lester proved invaluable to his team and was the most consistent performer on it. Captain Patterson was badly off form during the early part of the tour, but subsequently, and until a split hand necessitated his retirement near the end of the schedule, did strong work at bat. King provided the strength of the bowling, and made a splendid record.

	Runs.	Inn.	Not out.	Av.
J. A. Lester	891	[illegible]	[illegible]	37.10
G. S. Patterson	560	17	1	[illegible]
A. M. Wood	[illegible]	[illegible]	1	[illegible]
F. H. Bohlen	[illegible]	18	[illegible]	[illegible]
J. B. King	441	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
C. Coates, Jr.	243	16	0	[illegible]
H. P. Thayer	290	16	0	[illegible]
P. H. Clark	194	22	10	[illegible]
E. M. Cregar	[illegible]	[illegible]	1	[illegible]
L. Biddle	149	14	[illegible]	13.54
H. L. Clark	[illegible]	[illegible]	0	[illegible]
F. W. Ralston	[illegible]	16	0	[illegible]
H. P. Baily	177	[illegible]	1	[illegible]
F. H. Bates	[illegible]	21	0	[illegible]
J. H. Scattergood	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

Even had it accomplished no other end, the tour must be regarded valuable in having demonstrated beyond question that the only way for Philadelphia to add to its present small list of first-class cricketers is to play first-class teams. Defeats so convincing are good investments.

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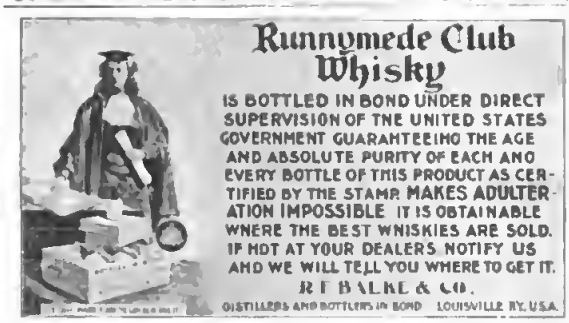

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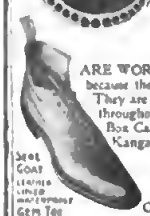

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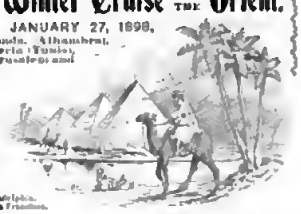

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XLI.—No. 2132.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1897.

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ON THE WAY TO THE KLONDIKE—THE PACK-TRAIN BETWEEN DYEA AND SHEEP CAMP

DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TAPPAN ADNEY, THE SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY"—(SEE PAGE 1190.)

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, DECEMBER 4, 1897

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MANITOBA protestants and their government are certain not to be coerced by the Pope, since they refused to obey the orders of their own general government on the matter of supporting church schools with public moneys. The Pope has directed his followers in Canada to stand by the Church on this subject, but the Manitobans protest so strongly, and have already shown themselves to be so courageous, that we fancy that Sir WILFRID LAURIER and his associates will disobey the Pope, or at least will not make themselves objectionably active in endeavoring to obey him.

A RUMOR that negotiations were in progress for a new arbitration treaty between Great Britain and the United States has been denied. A treaty has been drafted, it is true, in our State Department, which is intended apparently to be so nearly meaningless that the Senate will not have the heart to amend it. We hope that the draft may be the beginning of a negotiation. Perhaps by making a treaty of this kind, confirmation could be coaxed, and any arbitration treaty is better than none; for any arbitration treaty, no matter how vague and indefinite, will compel the two countries to pause and consider peaceful measures whenever they get into a dispute that looks towards war.

MR TAPPAN ADNEY, who is making his way to the Klondike as the special correspondent of the WEEKLY, at last accounts had reached Lake Laberge. That is, he was at last safely over the mountains, and by this time must be in winter quarters at the gold-diggings. His adventurous trials of the various passes from Dyea and Skagway have been fully described in our columns in letter-press and in illustrations sent by him. Photographs have already been received from him of Lake Lindeman and the country on the other side of the summit, so that we are assured that he is safely over after his arduous toils; but, for some reason not yet explained, the manuscript that should have accompanied the photographs has not yet reached us. It is probable, however, that we shall soon be able to give our readers the first account of the passage of the Chilkoot by one who has actually made the perilous journey.

SECRETARY ALGER's report is an interesting document mainly on account of the extravagance of the appropriations suggested by it, although not all of them are recommended. This is especially true of the estimates of General CRAIGHILL, the chief of engineers, for river and harbor improvements. The total amount of the suggested appropriations is $96,238,446, an excess of more than $43,000,000 over last year's estimates, and $47,000,000 more than the actual expenditures of last year. Mr ALGER justly says that the estimates for river and harbor improvements, which amount to $48,728 169, against $23,278,028 expended during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1897, are "largely in excess of what they ought to be." Considering that to this time the deficiency for the fiscal year is $45,000,000, it would seem as though any expenditure for this object beyond what is actually required for the preservation of existing work would be wanton extravagance. In fact, the government has not a single dollar for anything that is not absolutely necessary, including not only river and harbor improvements, but public buildings, and ships, forts, and ordnance.

IT seems to be settled that Mr McKINLEY is to make some recognition of the need of money reform in his forth-coming message, and that he is at least to recommend the adoption of Mr. GAGE's proposed plan for destroying the "endless chain" which has been so successfully dragging the gold out of the Treasury. Whether or not he is to go any farther than this appears not to be known. The destruction of the "endless chain" is to be accomplished, if Congress agrees to Mr. McKINLEY's proposal, by prohibiting the reissue of greenbacks except in return for gold. This would be an exceedingly valuable step in the right direction, but so long as the greenbacks exist they will be a hinderance to the adoption of a sound banking law, and a temptation to unsound-money men to agitate for government paper alone. Already the greenbackers are taking advantage of the rumored recommendation to begin an agitation for the replacement of National bank notes with greenbacks. What the country wants, however, is a banking system that shall supply all the paper money, leaving to the government the duty of coining metal money, and to the Treasury Department the duty of collecting and disbursing the revenues, and of holding the securities and the safety-fund for the assurance of bank-notes. We trust that the House—which may if Mr. REED will—will pass a proper bill providing for the retirement and destruction of government paper, for the substitution for it of bank paper, and for a liberal banking law, under which remote communities with small capital can enjoy banking facilities of which they are now deprived. In other words, let the House pass the measure that is needed, and perhaps something may be obtained from the Senate if the sound-money men of that body make a determined and intelligent push for it.

REPUBLICANS of New York are greatly agitated about PLATT. He presents an interesting problem and an important one. He is the head of the Republican machines of the State and the city, and he uses both for his own profit. He has often led the party to defeat when he has scored a victory for himself. In the recent election his leadership brought about the overthrow of his party, and yet PLATT himself is not wholly disconsolate. He still has the power to sell CROKER what he wants, and CROKER has the price to pay for it. The future of PLATT rests wholly with the Republican party, and the future of the party depends largely upon what the party does with PLATT. There are movements against him in New York and Brooklyn, but they will not make much headway if those who are engaged in them are not prepared for a hard and earnest fight; are not prepared, indeed, to bolt the machine's nominations when PLATT makes them from his own followers; for there is no friend or follower of PLATT, no matter what his character as a private citizen may be, who is fit to hold a public office. Republicans who do not believe in corruption and knavery in politics must treat PLATT as the independent Democrats of New York have treated HILL and MURPHY. These Democrats have made it impossible for HILL or MURPHY to carry any election in this State except against PLATT or Plattism. If PLATT should be retired from its leadership, the Republican party could probably carry New York at every election against the party that is under the control of the old Democratic machine. If PLATT remains at the head of the Republican party the voters will oscillate between it and the other evil, until the Democrats cease to follow their present bosses. But the dethronement of PLATT will require courage, intelligence, and persistency. Are the Republicans angry enough to acquire these virtues?

THERE is no question as to the first duty of Congress with respect to Cuba and to Spain. No honest man will deny that the promise of Mr. CLEVELAND to aid Spain to secure the assent of Cuba to a reasonable plan of autonomy is binding on us, for he had the right to make the promise in our name. Happily, it seems that Mr McKINLEY is of the same mind, and that he is inclined to give the Spaniards a chance to succeed by peaceable methods in the effort in which they have failed by means of war and cruelty. The Spaniards themselves seem to be sincere in their assurance that they are trying to change their methods. They have given the victims of the concentration order liberty to cultivate the land. Captain-General BLANCO is endeavoring to restore industry. The *Competitor's* crew has at length been released. Every request that Mr. McKINLEY has made has been met in a spirit which indicates that the Spanish government is determined to do all in its power to win the regard and respect of the United States, at least up to the point of granting Cuba its independence. Under all these circumstances, hostile or unfriendly action by Congress at the beginning of the session would amount to a brutal disregard of all the obligations under which we undoubtedly are to a nation for which we still profess friendship. Of course it may be said that the Spaniards are incapable of administering free government, and such home-rule as seems to be offered the Cubans to induce them to remain under Spanish rule, but under the laws of nations Spain is regarded as a civilized power, and for the United States to treat her promises as worthless would be an inexcusable denial to her of the rights of a civilized power. The situation is very bad for Spain, and it seems to be getting worse for her at home, where WEYLER now looms up as a possible agent for the destruction of the government or of the dynasty, against both of which Carlists, Republicans, Socialists, Protectionists, and Conservatives are ranging themselves in a hostile medley. But this country must abide by its obligations of friendship, until, as we have said, Spain demonstrates that she cannot succeed by peaceable methods.

SHALL WE BE COLONIZERS?

THE annexation of Hawaii will mean the adoption by this country of the colonial policy. That this is a change from the traditional principle that has existed since the formation of the republic will not be denied even by the most ardent and enthusiastic advocates of coaling-stations. It is true that we have been informed again and again of the strategic value of the Hawaiian Islands, and we are aware that steam-vessels cannot progress without coal. But to go abroad for strategic positions is to go abroad for war, while, as to coaling-stations, they may be had and held quite as well for the hiring as for the buying or annexation. There are some Jingoes frank enough to admit that they want war for war's sake, and they and others assert that we have certain responsibilities in the world which it is our duty to fulfil by force of arms. They do not define these responsibilities, but in a general way it is to be inferred from their writings and speeches that they are of a moral character, and that we are bound, in some way, to protect distant people from the rule of European monarchies or from the excesses of their own barbarous people—to forbid the establishment of governments, for example, like those which England has established in Australia and South Africa, or to set up such governments as we permit in Alaska or Oklahoma. This PETER the-Hermit philosophy, this Crusader sentimentality, is perhaps the most absurd of all the fancies which have supplied the advocates of colonial extension with the talk with which they respond to the arguments of their opponents.

The persons, however, who are talking most volubly about the necessity of coaling-stations and about the value of strategic positions are not wholly just to themselves. Most of them know that we do not need to scatter coal-yards about the Pacific and the Atlantic oceans; and most all of them, we fancy, if they will think seriously of their position, will realize that we are not strongly called upon to bless the outlying islands of the seas with the peculiar political morality which so greatly distinguishes, say, the United States Senate and the governments of the States of New York and Pennsylvania, and of the cities of New York and Philadelphia. Then, if we do not need strategic points for the expansion of our own ethics at the point of the bayonet, it must be that the strategic points are needed for the protection of possible future colonial possessions. And this is the crux of the whole matter. Those who are eager for the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands, and who are now, or who will be soon, in favor of the annexation of Cuba, are really desirous that the United States shall take part in the business of the world, in the feverish movement which has brought the frontiers of Europe into dangerous contact in Africa and in the East, and out of which, at different times within the last few years, have come threats of war between Russia and England, between France and England, between Germany and England, between Russia and Italy. Indeed, at the very threshold of our own proposed experiment we have signs of enmity from Japan.

It is clear that in acquiring Hawaii we shall become a colonizing power, extending our frontiers, and vastly increasing the chances for hostile complications. In a word, we shall, as Mr. SCHURZ said in the last issue of the WEEKLY, "simply acquire a vulnerable point." Before finally adopting the colonial policy, those who have the power to commit the nation to it ought to reflect seriously on the colonial problem as it presents itself to-day throughout the world. It will be evident to them, from such a survey, that colonies must be governed either by a control exerted from without or by the people of the colonies themselves. In other words, there must be either a foreign despotism or self-government. In these days the

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control of the colonial government from without is demonstrably a failure, and Russia is possibly the only European power capable of administering the affairs of a colony to its own satisfaction. But what satisfies Russia and the Asiatic peasant does not satisfy Germany, or France, or England, and it will not satisfy the American at home or the American of the Sandwich Islands. After England had learned the lesson taught her by the loss of this country, she adopted the only colonial policy that has ever been completely successful. She has extended the blessings of free government to remote corners of the earth, and has built up a great empire by opening homes for the enterprising and adventurous of her own people, where their enterprise and their rights have been protected by that just administration of the law which is an English political habit. The result has been the building up of great nations in Australia and in Canada—nations in every respect except one: the mother-country charges herself with the duty and cost of their defence, and their thrift is therefore not burdened with the charge which is disturbing and unsettling the industry and politics of more than one European state. These independent and self-governing colonies are the only successful colonies in the world at present. Do our own colonizers imagine that Hawaii would or could be such a colony if the islands were annexed to the United States? Do they want to begin at the point which Great Britain has reached? Do they want a colony in the Pacific which will trade with any commercial power at its will; which will have the right to discriminate against the products of this country, or which may refuse to admit our products free while taxing the products of other countries? Which will be merely an expense to us in compelling us to maintain a fleet large enough to defend the islands and our own coasts against the assaults of any enemy which either our colony or ourselves may provoke?

The answer to this is doubtless that Hawaii is not to be a colony, but a Territory; but what is a Territory at the distance of two thousand miles from the mother-country but a colony? Moreover, it will be a colony of the kind which does not succeed in the nineteenth century. It will be a colony governed on the principle—modified of course by the softening influences of time and of modern life—that obtained from the fourteenth century down to the early part of the present century, and which still obtains in the government of India, and of the German and French colonies. To all intents and purposes Algiers, and the other French colonies on the north and west coasts of Africa, and the German colonies on the east and west coasts of the continent, are governed very much as Hawaii must be governed by the United States. It is true that we will call the islands a Territory instead of a colony; we will promise to appoint its governors and judges from inhabitants of the islands, and we will give it a local legislature; nevertheless, the controlling government will be at Washington, and the laws that will affect the most important interests of Hawaiians will be made there; while as to the promise to select the governors and judges from the natives, it will be kept if convenient at the moment. The same promise has been made to our Territories nearer home, and it has probably been broken at least double the number of times that it has been respected. Hawaii would be a colony something like India, and like the German and French colonies. India is hardly a successful colony now. Its people are discontented. Some of them are rebellious. Its financial and economic problems are a burden to England. Its government is harassed by politics at home. It is not necessary to read Lord ROBERTS's book to gain a comprehension of the troubles that politicians at a distance can work in the plans of colonial authorities. Germans will not go to German colonies. The French colonies are an expensive attachment to the French Republic, mainly beneficial to impecunious French politicians. Every one of these colonies furnishes abundant evidence that modern governments in whose management the people have a share are incapable of governing distant provinces well. The colonial policy, which begun in grand dreams and schemes of plundering savage peoples and in discovering the fountain of eternal youth, is in its decrepitude. Its activity is the spasmodic nervous movement of a stricken body. The only colonies that are healthy have really ceased to be colonies, the only real colonies are causes of bickerings among mother-countries, threatening to disturb the peace of nations, and are themselves political solecisms. Our colonizing friends are dreaming of a time that is passed. They are proposing that we shall enter into colonizing schemes at too late a day. They are inviting us to fresh troubles, to a foreordained failure, and the Hawaiians themselves to bitter disappointment.

MORE ABOUT THE MUNICIPAL PROBLEM.

WHILE the example set by the Citizens' Union in New York has been thought worthy of imitation by a number of public-spirited citizens of Philadelphia, discouraging voices are heard elsewhere, and some of them are weighty enough to demand consideration. According to an interview published by a Chicago newspaper, Mr. FRANKLIN MACVEAGH, a gentleman of high standing, whose opinions command respect, has, although warmly sympathizing with the objects pursued by our Citizens' Union, been confirmed by the victory of Tammany Hall in the belief that "citizens' movements are necessarily doomed to failure," and that "national party government should be the force in municipal government uninterruptedly." Had he said that national party government *will* be the ruling force in municipal government, his utterance might be taken as merely a symptom of that pusillanimity which submits to an evil because that evil is very deeply rooted, or which pronounces a thing impossible because it is difficult—a weakness of which Mr. MACVEAGH cannot be suspected. But when he says that it *should* be so, then he either sees in municipal government by national parties the possibility of a solution of the great problem of good government in our large municipalities, or he gives up that problem as incapable of solution.

Nothing could be more obvious, theoretically, than that if the officers charged with the conduct of a municipal government are regularly elected or appointed for reasons and purposes other than the honest and efficient management of municipal affairs, that municipal government must, in the course of time, drift into inefficiency and corruption. And no theory has ever been more strikingly justified by experience. Here we have two great cities side by side, New York and Philadelphia, one being largely Democratic, the other largely Republican in politics. The "regular" Democratic organization in New York is Tammany Hall. The Tammany Society was originally the *bona fide* representative of certain political principles, and as such gained prestige and power. It won in the city of New York the support of a large party majority. The long possession of power, as is always the case with such organizations, brought to the front the selfish elements, and these gradually obtained control. The enjoyment of the municipal spoil became more and more its principal object, and it used its connection with the Democratic party in its State and national capacity to the end of maintaining itself as the ruler of the city for its own benefit. The result was the most corrupt and rapacious municipal government ever known. What happened in New York under the name of Democracy happened in Philadelphia, substantially at least, if not to the same extent, in the name of Republicanism. While the Republican party had originally been virtuous enough, rings of Republican politicians gradually formed themselves, obtained control of the municipal offices, and plundered the city without remorse. In each case the workers of the party machine were regularly quartered upon the municipal government. In each case national party spirit was invoked to sustain the plunderers lest the party in its national capacity suffer injury. In neither case could the plunderers have maintained themselves in power had not that party spirit stood by them.

The experience of New York and of Philadelphia has in its essential features been repeated in all our great cities in which one or the other of our national parties had a large and steady majority, and where municipal elections were run on national party lines. The interruptions of this rule consisted only in occasional popular uprisings against intolerable outrage, or in the accidental appearance in office of a man of public spirit and intrepidity. Where the two parties nearly balanced one another in strength, the abuses were, of course, usually less great; but even there those that existed were mostly traceable to the circumstance that the municipal offices were held by men who had been put into power not solely to serve the city, but to serve their party, and who, when serving their party, might expect to be sustained by it in serving themselves.

It is, of course, not pretended that the running of municipal elections on national party lines is the only source of the abuses prevailing in our municipal governments, but it is certainly the source of very many, and of the worst of them, and it is at the same time the most troublesome obstacle to an effective prevention or correction of them. Of this the recent municipal election in New York has again furnished a striking proof. With all the elements of strength Tammany possesses among certain classes of the population, it could not have been victorious had it not been supported by many thousands of Democrats who, although at heart opposed to Tammany practices, voted for the Tammany candidates merely because they bore the Democratic party label, and had not many thousands of Republicans, although at heart desirous of giving the city good government, withheld their votes from Mr. Low simply because they thought they had in this municipal contest to stand by the national Republican party organization. We have witnessed similar things in New York several times before, and, *mutatis mutandis*, in Philadelphia likewise.

How utterly blind and unprincipled this party spirit is appears in the case of Tammany in a very curious manner. Mr FRANKLIN MACVEAGH makes the singular mistake of consoling himself with the impression that "the victory of Tammany means a victory for the conservative Democratic party." This is a fantastic misconception of Tammany's being. Tammany cannot be regarded as representing any principle of national politics at all. Last year, some time before the Democratic National Convention, Tammany passed a set of strong sound money resolutions. As soon as the Chicago convention had pronounced for free silver and nominated BRYAN, Tammany supported BRYAN and free silver, with all the enormities of the Chicago platform. It did this in order to remain the "regular Democratic organization." This year, having only the spoils of New York city in view, and knowing that free silver and the Chicago platform were very unpopular in New York, Tammany ignored free silver and the Chicago platform altogether. But nothing can be more certain than that, if the next Democratic National Convention pronounces for free silver and Bryanism, Tammany will, no city spoils being then at stake, shout again for Bryanism and all it implies. If the Democratic national platform should endorse the DINGLEY tariff, Tammany would accept that too in order to remain "regular." And then, when the next municipal election in New York approaches, it will either endorse or ignore that platform, as it may believe that this or that course will secure the most votes for keeping the organization in the enjoyment of the municipal spoil. The recent victory of Tammany Hall does, therefore, not "mean a victory for the conservative Democratic party," nor for any other sort of Democracy. It means simply the victory of a thoroughly unprincipled band of spoilsmen who are Democrats only in name, and who use that name to allure to their support in municipal elections those Democrats whose party spirit is indiscriminating enough to accept anything that calls itself Democratic.

Tammany Hall—that is, an organization looking only for municipal spoil, and wearing the colors of a national party merely for the purpose of securing the votes of partisans who otherwise would not support it—is the natural evolution of the mixing up of national politics with municipal concerns. Similar organizations in more or less advanced perfection exist in all our cities where the municipal spoil is rich. They are strongest where one or the other national party has a large majority. Tammany is the most powerful of them all, because it is the oldest, the most systematic in its methods, and the most favored by local conditions. It is the model upon which similar organizations elsewhere will shape themselves. If we in New York accept the principle that our municipal contests *should* be run on national party lines, then we must also accept the fact that our city elections will always be fights—sometimes perhaps mere sham-battles—between a CROKER on one and a PLATT on the other side, interrupted at long intervals by popular uprisings against especially revolting abuses, which will have a short lived effect, and then make room again for the regular order of things. And so elsewhere. This would mean the utter breaking down of democracy in municipal government.

The other question, whether national party politics can be eliminated from municipal concerns, is certainly not answered in the negative by the recent election in New York. After having at the first onset, against both party machines, polled nearly one-third of the whole vote, the Citizens' Union, profiting from the lessons taught by the first failure, and summoning all its courage and tenacity of purpose for a long campaign, will in due time be able to prove to the country that what must be done can be done. The prospect is surely no more hopeless than was that of the anti-slavery cause after FREMONT's defeat in 1856.

CARL SCHURZ.

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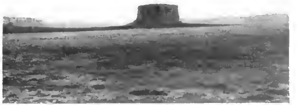

THE MESA ENCANTADA AS SEEN FROM THE NORTH.

THE VINDICATION OF THE CLIFF.

BY CHARLES F. LUMMIS.

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MODERN science, it is well known, has taken a very respectful attitude toward aboriginal tradition ever since competent field work began to show what such tradition actually is. It is not by any means the odds and ends picked up by careless tourists from post traders or from superior and uncurious people who have lived in a country where there are Indians. It is not the nursery myths in which nearly all Indian tribes are so surprisingly prolific—though many of these even have historical significance, as all have high anthropologic value. For instance, an adventure of the rabbit, in one of these fairy-tales, proves to have been in fact the ancient exploit of a hero of the Rabbit Clan. Actual Indian tradition, of migration or other tribal episode, is precisely as dignified as the average of what we popularly call "history." It is never invented. It may contain allegory, or show the Indian's limits of knowledge, but it is never false and never foolish. Properly authenticated as to its derivation from Indians, it is received by experts with as much faith as the reports of an intelligent and honest traveller. It is never derided except by the inexpert. It brings us down to about the unit of simple, sincere human testimony—and ethnology did not become a science till our tardy discovery that Indians are full human. An original record of fact, handed down with the solemnity of fact among simple natures, it outlives the centuries with full as little change as has befallen the Bible since King James. It is printed only upon that wonderful memory of man who has no books except memory, and its fixed, metrical shape is rigid as a stereotype. How accurate are these unlettered proof-readers every student knows. In some of the Navajo rites, for instance, recorded by Dr. Washington Matthews, one ritual has upward of two hundred songs, specific to that rite, impossible to any other. Many of these songs are mostly made up of meaningless but fixed vocables. The error of a syllable in rendering one of these occult chants—even on the eighth and last day of the ceremony—is pounced upon by the listeners, and nullifies the whole long, arduous, costly rite. No wise man will question the accuracy of Dr. Matthews, the foremost authority on the Navajos; and other investigators have proved that the Navajos have just the usual Indian memory—a faculty almost incomprehensible to us who have atrophied our memories with note-books, reading, and easy reference. I have recorded the well-known Pueblo woman of the Tigua village where I lived five years, who carried a large business in no other ledgers than her head. She has a threshing machine, scores of vehicles of all sorts, great flocks of sheep, cattle, and horses, gardens and grain-fields and a store. The last alone involved transactions of many thousands a year, largely credit, and in five and ten cent amounts, but she was never known to make a blunder in her mental bookkeeping. It was her husband (also a Pueblo Indian) who early in our civil war lent $17,000 gold to pay off the Union troops in New Mexico, and after long trouble and expense got back the face of his loan to the United States—in greenbacks, when gold was highest.

With such memory, it can be understood how the Indian has kept his prescriptural chronicles safely. He had no "closet historian" guessing at long range. He told only what he knew, and as straightforwardly as he could. His son learned it word for word, and his son's son; and word for word it stepped down the generations. The whole political organization of these quaint people is based on this education. A man becomes a *principal* (member of the *Junta*, or Congress) only if and because he is wise in these traditions, which are of enormous volume. The training of a boy up to membership in one of the orders requires as much time and application as frequently gain the degree of Ph.D. among us; and this narrow but long course of study ends only with the death of the student.

I have never discovered, in many intimate years among Indian tribes scattered from Colorado to Bolivia, that the aborigine is a congenital liar. Simple people have less need of falsehood than complicated peoples have, therefore they use it less. Any one who has studied the cohesions of the social organizations knows why this must be so.

The Indian does sometimes cut off impertinent curiosity (especially in strangers) by saying "I don't know"—as we do—or by a genial "Oh yes"—as we do. Occasionally a civilized renegade of the tribe will even "fill" a predestined tourist, though nowhere near so often as humorous Americans do. But I wish to say deliberately that human speech was never more honest than that of the aborigine "telling down" the traditions which are his history and the precedents of his law.

The tradition of Katzimo, the "Enchanted Mesa," has recently acquired such prominence that it need not be rehearsed in detail. Most briefly the case is thus: Katzimo is a great table rock, 431 feet high, half a mile long, with perpendicular sides and a flat top. It is in western New Mexico, three miles north of the historic Quéres pueblo of Ácoma, which occupies a similar "cliff island," roomier, but only 357 feet high. Ácoma was visited by Coronado in 1540. The Ácoma tradition—ancient and universal in the tribe—is that their forefathers, far back of the conquest of 1540, occupied a pueblo on the summit of Katzimo; that once, when the people were at their fields in the plain, a cloudburst undermined a huge leaning rock at the foot of the cliff, up which they used to clamber to a greater crevice, whence steps were carved in the rock to the summit, that the fall of this "ladder rock" left their trail far above the reach of ladders there; that three women left in the pueblo perished; and that the people, thus strangely cut off from home, finally built the present Ácoma, which is reached by trails almost as dizzy, though it now has one good path.

THE MESA ENCANTADA FROM A TRAIL TO ÁCOMA.

In all probability the first white man who ever learned this ancient legend was Don Salomon Bibo, an educated German, who married an Ácoma wife (a very noble and womanly one, too), and has been several times Governor of that quaint Indian republic. He gave me an inkling of it when I was exploring New Mexico on foot in 1884. A few months later, with much difficulty, I began to get confirmation from the Indians. In 1885 it was definitive enough, so that I published it in a newspaper way, though it still took long to secure the full ceremonial form—indeed, it was six years before it was in such shape that I cared to put it in a book. In that time, slowly surmounting the barriers of language and of distrust, I came so far at last that every *principal* of Ácoma had confided to me more or less of the story, and several the full of it. Particularly Bautista Garcia, oldest of the Quéres, and Faustino, the herculean war captain, and quiet Juanico; and, above all, brave old Martin Valle, *principal Mayor*, and seven times Governor. I am not ashamed to say that I came to love these old men. Possibly they cared for me. In the same month of his death, and with the writing upon his face, Martin, past his ninety years, rode his pony sixty miles across the desert to spend three days with me, and to return as he had come. There were no axes to grind; it was to chat with a friend and say good-by. I was packing for South America, and both knew we should never meet again. We talked of many things we had known together, and of the days of the old. And that last night, when I asked him, my *amo* (grandfather) retold his "little brother," for the last time and without the lapse of a word, the tradition of Katzimo.

Certainly frontier life does not breed credulity. But I would not envy any man who could have watched that fine old face or weighed that reverent voice and then said in his heart that all men are liars.

Students will understand the weight of a tradition thus traced and corroborated. I had longings to climb the Enchanted Mesa, not for confirmation of a legend which no one of authority in ethnology would doubt, but for romance and curiosity's sake. Unfortunately, during those years in New Mexico I was a cripple, paralyzed on the left side—not precisely a baby, nor to be halted by four-foot crevices, as many wild horses and wild places could testify. But the climbing of Katzimo needs two hands, at least, even now that it is so much easier to get from the talus to the foot of the trail than it was then, the talus being built up by thousands of tons of rocks, so recently fallen that their corners are not yet smoothed by erosion.

But the top was not essential. The story was complete in the talus itself, which I did explore many times. In that vast heap of earth and stone, transferred by erosion from the summit and walls, I dug and gathered all-sufficient proof; not only fragments of stone artefacts, not only the most ancient potsherds (and no student could any more confound the various stages of Pueblo pottery one with another than he could mistake any of them for anything else on earth)—not only that, but one piece of still more deeply significant pottery. Any expert will bear me out in saying that that pottery was made in a distant region whose youngest pueblo was already a forgotten ruin in 1540. It is a trace from the proved prehistoric trading between tribes.

A dozen years ago Ácoma Indians showed me where the "ladder rock" once stood, and pointed out the gorge up which the trail had led from it. They did not doubt; neither did I; but none of us dreamed how wonderfully their immemorial legend was to be verified in detail some day. Yet it may appear now why I had no hesitation in disputing promptly, and in type (August 1), the confident and widely bruited declaration that the mesa had been "disenchanted."

Mr. F. W. Hodge, of the Bureau of Ethnology, had, in 1895, visited the foot of Katzimo and explored the talus. He was familiar with the tradition as recorded by me, and he now received corroboration from the Indians. Being a trained field student, he had confidence in the legend—this is not the first Indian "myth" he had proved historically true. Naturally he understood the talus and its lessons. He did not fail to realize that this vast heap, 224 feet high and over a mile in periphery, had come from the cliff top, and that the presence of innumerable artefacts in the pile proved that a village of the Pueblos had once stood upon the summit. He had not appliances for

ÁCOMA, WITH THE ENCHANTED MESA IN THE DISTANCE.

AN AERIAL RAILWAY TO THE KLONDIKE—PROPOSED METHOD OF OVERCOMING THE DIFFICULTIES OF THE CHILKOOT TRAIL.

scaling the cliff, but the proof was already conclusive—as it would have been to any scientist familiar with the field.

Then came this summer, and the confident "disenchantment" of the Enchanted Mesa. A scientist had climbed the rock by the appliances of the life-saving service. He had "thoroughly explored every portion of the top." There was "not the slightest trace that human foot had ever before passed over the summit of that famous rock." Emphatically there were no fragments even of anything ever made by the hand of man.

To the general public this seemed to settle it, and for forty one days the mesa was very widely disenchanted. To trained students of the Southwest, however, the outlook was very different. Mr. Hodge chanced to be in New Mexico on other archæologic work. Reading the official reports of the disenchanting expedition, he saw instantly, as did others, that exploration so incapert carried no weight. He went up himself, with expert companions, with a thirty six-foot ladder and some rope. On the summit he found absolute confirmation of ancient human occupancy. Potsherds, stone axes, and other artefacts, a cairn of stones unmistakably reared by man, and other evidence, whose finality no student of the Southwest can for a moment doubt, had escaped the wholesale denudation of the summit. The adobe walls of the prehistoric pueblo, melted by the rains of at least five centuries, have washed down the cliff along with the soil. Since that town was deserted, ancient junipers have sprouted and grown gray and died as the earth has been stripped away by erosion. The trees, perished by the disappearance of the soil they once had, the talus, heaped to a mountain by the accession of that waste—these tell what has happened to the top of Katzimo.

Above all, Mr. Hodge found in the gorge above the highest point of the talus the actual steps, here and there, of the prehistoric trail—precisely where the councillors of Acoma told me, a decade ago, that we would find the trail

MARTIN VALLE,
Seven times Governor of Acoma.

JUANICO,
A Councillor of Acoma.

if we could only get up to it. These steps are carved in the living rock, exactly like those on the oldest trails to the Acoma of to-day, and are so plain that they can be identified even in a good photograph. If nothing else had been found, this trail alone would prove, in any expert court, the truth of the Acoma legend. So would the contents of the talus alone. So would the artefacts found on the summit.

The ethnologist's faith in aboriginal tradition is generic and does not rest on any one case. The Enchanted Mesa might have been "exploded" for good without in the least affecting the general rule. But instead of proving an exception, Katzimo will hereafter be remembered as the most diagrammatic example of the rule. No archæologic sail in North America was ever before driven home so conclusively before so large an audience.

To the stranger it may seem remarkable that such mistakes could be made as those of the "disenchantment", yet we should not be puzzled if ever so intelligent a man, who had never looked into a chemistry, were to blunder in attempting a difficult assay. If there is an esoteric subject on earth it is Southwestern archæology, and in more familiar paths there are pitfalls. The very meteorology and landscapes are recondite to the man from humid lands. The people who make shipwreck here in mines, ranching, cattle, are precisely those who know all about those things before they come, and in ethnology no less. The most extraordinary genius that was ever bent upon our archæology needed eleven years of monumental study and of real hardship to learn what Bandelier learned of New Mexico. He lived as an Indian among Indians, trudged on foot thousands of desert miles, lay alone in the snow with small pox, and braved innumerable other things that he might know. Dr. Matthews began a work he would not yet call finished while many of his successors were still schoolboys. Mr. Cushing bore years of deprivation before even his most rare talent as an archæologic detective made him an authority on the Southwest. Mr. Hodge, whose patient, prudent, competent work has gained him substantial reputation wherever there are scientists, earned it by years of arduous experience in the field, on top of all the study required. Not has any man learned of that mysterious land anything seriously worth knowing at less expense of time and labor than a college course implies, not to mention hardships quite unknown to ordinary scholarships. In New Mexico, as elsewhere—and much more pointedly than in some other fields—the only way to know is to have learned.

RAILWAY TO THE KLONDIKE.

Last summer and fall upwards of seven thousand people were massed in Dyea and Skagway on the Klondike trails, divided by twenty seven miles of rugged mountains from El Dorado. Most of them were daunted by the terrible difficulties facing them, and turned back. A few, after undergoing great trials, got through successfully.

RAMIRE GARCIA,
Oldest of the Queres.

It is now proposed to conquer this mountain barrier by means of an aerial tramway, which the promoters promise to install by February 1, 1898, and which they claim will make the way to the new gold-fields not only speedy, but comfortable.

A company has been recently organized at Tacoma, and has selected the Dyea Trail as the most practicable mountain route. An engineering survey was made by an Eastern iron company, who contracted to span the range with an aerial cable tramway, and to have it ready for operation by January 15, 1898.

Cable tramways of this kind are operated successfully in various parts of the world, especially for mountain mining. A double five-eighth-inch steel-wire cable, supported by cross-arms on iron standards, constitutes the track on which the cars run, each one of the capacity of a ton burden. The cars are suspended from the cable by a stout frame, carrying two grooved wheels running on the cable. Propulsion is by another continuous cable, driven from a central power-house. It is proposed to construct the Dyea cable line in two sections, four miles and three and one-half miles long, with a fifty horse-power engine at Sheep Camp, where fuel is plentiful, as the source of power. Over the comparatively level route the standards supporting the main carrying cable, thirteen feet high, will be 100 feet apart. The longest stretch over canyons where the cars will needs make an aerial flight, will be 600 feet.

The cars are attached and detached from the cable by an automatic device at the ends of the line. They return by a cable at the opposite end of the cross-arms from that which brings them, and the operation is continuous. This aerial line will cross Chilkoot Pass at 3500 feet above the sea-level. The first eight miles of the twenty-seven from Dyea to Fort Lindeman are to be made by a narrow-gauge railway, and then will come the cable. The steepest incline will be made by the second cable, which will land passengers and freight on the other side of the mountain. There, for the present at least, the gold-hunters will have to look after their own transportation, but in distance and difficulty the remaining route offers no great discouragement.

When in August last the first gold-hunters reached Dyea, the Indians and other freight packers charged twenty cents a pound to Fort Lindeman. This quickly advanced to double, with no certainty that the time contract would be kept, or even that the goods would not be stolen or abandoned. In other words, $800 per ton, with no guarantee at that, was the price paid. The estimated capacity of the new tramway is 120 tons per day, and the rate suggested is ten cents a pound. As at full capacity this would produce a gross income of $720,000 a month, it is not unlikely that several other similar lines will shortly be put in operation if the first one proves to be a success.

From Tacoma to Dawson, *via* Dyea, is 1400 miles. By St. Michael and the lower Yukon it is 4500 miles. This trip requires fifty days and can only be made for two months of the year at most. By the aerial cable and the Dyea route, it is believed that the time will be shortened to fifteen days, and the way will be open for from seven to eight months a year.

LIFE AND LETTERS

The chance of seeing an American play on the French stage is so rare, not to say so unique, that I seized it the other night and went to Mr. Gillette's *Secret Service* at the Renaissance Theatre. I was the more eager to go because I am not in Paris more than three or four times in a century, and I did not know how late it might be in the nineteen hundreds before I was here again.

I.

The Renaissance is a pretty ugly little theatre, with an expression of dinginess which I should hardly be able to account for by the fact, and it was not quite full, that night, though it was by no means empty. Perhaps it was three-fourths full, as to all parts of the house, which rounds itself upon the stage in a succession of galleries, with a box at either end of each, in the American fashion. It is like a small New York theatre, but not so cheerful and not so tasteful. The chairs, I think, are almost as bad as ours, and if I had not been in the midst of some vacant ones, I think I should have been cramped in my seat. Most of the people about me were French; but though it is imperative at the Renaissance for ladies to take their hats off, all the ladies kept their hats on, and in losing a good third of the spectacle behind the umbrageous head-gear of a row of *jeunes filles* in front of me, I felt quite at home in spite of the prevailing nationality. Besides, I distinguished two elderly Americans near me, of the dreary type of willing or unwilling expatriates who abound in Paris, and of whom these had imaginably come there to refresh themselves with a native play as with a mixed drink of their lost country. Presently two young Englishmen took places beside me, and contributed by their somewhat exacting indifference to a certain depression which I felt throughout. This was not relieved by the enthusiasm of an admiring German who explained the dramatic situation to the ladies with him. It was not relieved by the applause which the house broke into at times, as if from an authoritative leading, and I did not find it cheering, though I found it amusing, to have the upper gallery signify its impatience with the delay of the curtain by stamping and groaning as in county shows with us.

II.

Neither was the behavior of the people on the stage such as to counteract my dejection. It seemed to me that with a certain constancy to their artistic training, they were less concerned than they might have been with the piece in hand. It seemed to me that this might have been an error; that they patronized and tolerated rather than respected that really uncommon material.

I do not think they played well. They played evenly, but, with a few exceptions, lifelessly and not very intelligently. The chief exception to the general dulness, voluntary and involuntary, was M. Courtès in the part of Jonas, who gave it with the utmost conscience and fidelity, and with a perfect sense, not only of the author's intention, but of the negro's stolidly heroic character. Next to this was the playing of M. Brûlé in Wilfred Barney, which was full of imagination and sympathy, and then Mlle. Clary in Caroline Mitford meant extremely well, and did extremely well, within the impossibilities of the part. She had to render in terms more or less *jeunes filles* a notion of a young Southern girl triumphant in the chivalric tenderness which Americans feel for the very caprices and excesses of femininity. I think she must have failed with her French audience, but one who was to the manner born could be aware of her intention. When one had seen Miss Odette Tyler *live* that character, however, and realize it to the last tint and touch, one could do little with Mlle. Clary's performance beyond a respectful homage to her desire of doing it well.

Mlle. Cerny as Edith Barney was what the stage, and especially the French stage, has long wished a heroine to be. She was not more, and she was not less; and in so far as art is superior to nature she was admirable; but I prefer the inferiority of nature. Her part was curiously bad and good; it was very decoratively done; and perhaps it was my misfortune to sit so near that I could see the brush-work of the picture too plainly.

As for the Maxwell of M. Guitry, it was built so closely upon the lines of Mr. Gillette's Maxwell that there were moments of it when Mr. Gillette seemed there. I suppose M. Guitry may have seen and studied Mr. Gillette in London; but a Frenchman could never, or never for long, give the part with the phlegm native and proper to it; and perhaps if he could, other Frenchmen would not stand it. M. Guitry shortened and cramped the scene at the telegraph-office which Mr. Gillette fills with such effective detail, so that the loss was only less lamentable than one experienced in Mlle. Clary's failure to recall Miss Tyler's Caroline in the same act. The innocence, the audacity, of the American girl could not be literally translated, and Mlle. Clary here briefly paraphrased it, as the French are apt to do with baffling foreign material.

I feared for what they would do with that absolute fact of a telegraph-operator whom Maxwell replaces in this scene, and I was not disappointed. They did nothing with him, and could not; his character was utterly beyond the scope of their art, fine as it goes on its own ground. It was so with the orderlies coming in and out with despatches, they who were only less English, with their cap-bands under their chins, than the two Confederate officers who wore coats of bloody British red. These aberrations were the more notable because most of the Confederate rank and file were extremely accurate in their reproduction of the Southern originals; and several of them were so good that I heard with confusion and incredulity the French that came from their lips instead of the American accents which the excellent illusion had taught me to expect.

III.

I am tempted to let you reprint the cast of the piece in the hope that it may give your readers some sense of the familiar strangeness, the strange familiarity, of the whole affair.

THÉÂTRE DE LA RENAISSANCE

Mercredi 13 Octobre 1897

SERVICE SECRET

PIÈCE EN QUATRE ACTES

D'APRÈS L'ORIGINAL AMÉRICAIN DE M. W. GILLETTE PAR M. PIERRE DECOURCELLE

MM.	GUITRY	*Capitaine Maxwell.*
	COURTÈS	*Jonas.*
	MAURICE LUGUET	*Arrelsford.*
	LAROCHE	*Henri Lewis.*
	BRÛLÉ	*Wilfred Barney.*
	LEFRANÇAIS	*Lieutenant Forster.*
	JAHAN	*Brigadier-général Nelson.*
	FONTANES	*Capitaine Robertson.*
	CALBOT	*Randolph.*
	LARMANDY	*Lieutenant Ensing.*
	JOURDA	*Lieutenant Brown.*
	YVES MARTEL	*Lieutenant Tyrrell.*
	GIRARD	*Sergent Ellington.*
	GRIGNON	*Sergent Wilson.*
	BERTHAUD	*Sergent Parker.*
	DELISLE	*Matson.*
Mmes	BERTHE CERNY	*Edith Barney.*
	ANTONIA LAURENT	*Madame Barney.*
	CLARY (Début)	*Caroline Mitford.*
	BOYER	*Miss Kittridge.*
	CAUCHE	*Martha.*

Les autres rôles par MM. Thomas, Rocoom, Thomas, Wolf, Chéramy, Chambord, Saint-Aubain, G. Rosenval.

You will see by this that the play was written in American rather than English; and that fact may account for the persistence of some of its strong native qualities in defiance of the translator or adapter. I wondered and I still wonder, what the neat French mind did with these, as they reached it in that audience. We at home have such a hospitable digestion that we assimilate almost any sort of foreign substance, but it is different with the stomachs of more homogeneous civilizations. I suspected the French spectators at the Renaissance of having received something into their systems that would disorder them for days, and send them to *tisanes* for relief, and perhaps lay some of them up. It seemed to me that they listened, not so much in a critical as in a diffident mood, and that they were often silent for this reason when they really liked what was going on. Some of the younger and easier of them laughed of their own initiative at the amusing passages of the play, but I fancied that the elders distrusted the humor even more than the pathos. Indeed, of the two pathos is always the more portable, and it conveyed itself in this instance, I dare say, to intelligences that gave no outward response.

The audience was not so much cold as dazed in effect, not so much displeased as puzzled. The French stage will never take to our flirtations as our stage has taken to its *liaisons*; and I am afraid that the most of our motives and emotions would be lost upon it. So far, our really native drama is essentially unliterary; it does not speak the language which is common to all drama elsewhere, and which makes Ibsen, or Sudermann, or Pinero, or Bernard Shaw, or Oscar Wilde appreciable to the whole world. It is the more intimately ours for this reason, but for this reason we must have the less hope of imparting it readily.

To be sure, there is no telling what effect such a play as *Secret Service* would have with the artistic French nature if it could be given it at first hand: if Mr. Gillette, say, and especially if Miss Odette Tyler could be translated into French, as well as their rôles, a Parisian audience might have some notion of what the dramatist meant. I do not deny that as it is they receive an impression of his intention. Except for those one or two red coats and those cap-bands under the chin, the exterior of the play as we had it at home was preserved with surprising success. Sometimes, if it had not been for the dialogue, I could have supposed myself sitting before the same scene in the Garrick in New York. But this illusion was of as imperfect and fleeting quality as those intimations of Broadway which offered themselves to me when I left the theatre, and went out upon the Boulevard.

IV.

After all, however, and with all the drawbacks, the event is very interesting. It is no mean triumph for us that in little more than a century of national life we have been able to evolve a drama so potent in certain things that the most dramatilized audiences of the Old World receive it with curiosity, with a degree of unmistakable respect, and with a certain conviction of its excellence. I should not predict a very long run for *Secret Service* at the Renaissance, but that does not matter. The significance of the fact that it is there at all is that we are nothing except as we are American in the expression of human nature and character. We are the crooked stick among nations, perhaps, but it is not by lying straight, or trying for it, that we shall have their attention, or their admiration. It is our affair rather to turn our crookedness into lines of beauty without warping or rending the native grain, and then to let the result take care of itself. It is not because *Secret Service* is like the French drama that it is now appealing to the French public.

W. D. HOWELLS.

RIVERSIDE HEIGHTS.

The mystic, melancholy autumn lights,
  Pink, saffron, golden, sifted through dim haze,
Fall on these lofty and alluring heights
  Which tempted lately the midsummer's blaze.

Their grass-grown slopes are quickly yellowing now,
  And presages of winter are foreseen;
Some towering rock shows its denuded brow,
  Stray garden spots have lost their dewy green;

Below our tranquil, legendary stream,
  The silvery and sequestered Hudson, glides,
Bearing its past of passionate hope and dream,
  Bearing the future on its fluent tides;

The thunder of the city echoes here
  With softened diapason, and the fire
Of life is mellowed as the world grows sere,
  And breezes chant in a quiescent quire;

Where are the skies more blue, the air more filled
  With exquisite sense of fresh and nurturing time?
Where is the fancy more divinely thrilled,
  The soul more quickened to a joy sublime?

For here the new world trumpets all its song,
  Its song of liberty and glorious trust,
Here men may feel their manhood and grow strong,
  Here patriots stand unbowed by tyrannous lust....

Death lies behind: life in the present brings
  Its eager progress to some noble end—
We have our burdens and our sorrowings,
  But love leaps upward in a joyous trend.

Here in a grander future men shall see
  A vast cathedral with irradiant spires,
And palaces whose splendid halls shall be
  Lyric with life and masterful desires;

Here one should be devout: here one should cry
  His loyal thought, here he should bravely plant
The sacred seed of truth beneath a sky
  That smiles upon the white Greek tomb of Grant—

Here Art and Science, with supreme intent,
  Shall raise their schools and glittering flags unfurled
Shall float above each mighty monument
  On this Acropolis of our Western world.

GEORGE EDGAR MONTGOMERY.

LOST IN LONDON.

The phrase suggests a melodrama, with virtue and poverty in distress. But it seems that people are not the only things lost and found in the metropolis. According to the official report, the street-sweepers of the city, in a term of one year recently defined, have found about twenty-two thousand dollars in gold, silver, or copper current money, checks to the amount of about six hundred dollars, and nearly ten thousand dollars' worth of bank-notes. One hundred thousand dollars' worth of securities does not reach the measure of stock findings. Besides this were swept up sixty-eight ladies' watches, six men's watches, two hundred and twelve rings, one hundred and thirty-four jewelled pins, six hundred and eighteen bracelets, ninety-eight opera-glasses, and six sets of—false teeth. These last seem to be classed (judging from the above list) as British articles of luxury.

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THIS BUSY WORLD

No news of Andrée. The steamer *Victoria*, which started on November 3 to look for him, came back three weeks later from Spitzbergen without finding any trace of him. The *Victoria* was provisioned for eight months, but doubtless found extended searchings in the north impracticable so late in the year.

The purchase of the Sewall collection of prints for the Boston Art Museum is, in some measure, a case of the return of bread cast upon the waters. It was bought with the bequest of Harvey D Parker, the well-known innkeeper of School Street. When we remember for how many years Harvard College supplied continuous patronage to Mr Parker's house of entertainment, his gift of $100,000 to the Art Museum seems like a graceful recognition of his obligations to contemporary culture. The Sewall collection of 23,000 prints was gathered by the late Henry F Sewall, of New York, and bequeathed by him to his son. It has been for sale for several years, and its value was appraised at $78,000. The Boston Art Museum is understood to have bought it for a price considerably less than that. It is strong in Rembrandts and Dürers, very strong in works by fifteenth-century Italians, and remarkably strong in portraits, while it does not appear to be weak in anything. It was offered to the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the Smithsonian Institution, but neither of them could afford to buy it. Boston art-lovers hug themselves with satisfaction that so rare a treasure should have come to their town.

It is narrated (by a graduate of Princeton) that when the Harvard football team went to West Point, and the struggle with the cadet eleven reached a point of extreme intensity, the West Point coachers ran back and forth on the side-lines, bellowing, "Whoop it up West Point!" "Tear 'em up, West Point!" "Now, boys, go through em'!" "Go for 'em, West Point!" and the like. But the Harvard coachers, alert but self-respectful, cried, in Boston accents, "Fiercely, Harvard! fiercely!"

Another tale of kindred aim ascribes the recent dropping of "ff's" by the Harvard football team to consideration for Harvard's English coach.

Such are the labored and despicable calumnies by which the partisans of mushroom institutions, jealous of Harvard's prestige, seek to make her very distinctions detract from her fame.

Here is the list of twelve gentlemen whose names are signed to a new appeal in behalf of the fund for the Lowell Memorial Park at Cambridge: Lyman Abbot, D.D., Grover Cleveland, John Fisk, Richard Watson Gilder, T. W. Higginson, W. D. Howells, Henry Cabot Lodge, John D. Long, Seth Low, Richard Olney, Theodore Roosevelt, Roger Wolcott.

To find so many famous men alive and in America at one time is great good luck. To get them all to agree to want and ask for the same thing is a marvel of good fortune. Merely to read such a list brings rhymes to the point of one's pen, and suggests descriptive pæans, *e.g.*:

A man who doubts if Jonah ever occupied the whale;
The doughty pair who twisted so the B—h l—n's t—l;
One poet—two of them, some think (a penny let them toss);
The First Assistant Ruler of the Navy, and his boss;
Not less than three historians—more likely four than not
(So softly strings these authors twang you can't tell which is what);
A Senator, an essayist, a Governor, Seth Low—
Who may withstand so stanch a band, or who shall say them No?

The Lowell Memorial Park in Cambridge, in which the distinguished gentlemen above described have interested themselves, will cost $35,000. Of that sum the Metropolitan Park Board of Boston will furnish one-third, provided the rest can be raised by subscription. Of this balance about $7300 has been already subscribed, leaving $16,000 or thereabouts still to be raised. The committee says that the rumor which was started last summer by a New York newspaper that a rich New York gentleman had subscribed the needed balance had a bad effect for a time on contributions, but now that that untruthful report has been thoroughly contradicted, they begin to flow in again. Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co., of New York, receive subscriptions to this fund.

A remarkable college memorial is the bell-tower to contain a chime of eleven bells which is being built on the grounds of the Iowa Agricultural College at Ames. It is in memory of Margaret McDonald Stanton, wife of the Professor of Political Economy in the college. The tower is being built by the State in appreciation of Mrs. Stanton's services as an educator and as a founder of the college. The bells are to be the gift of Professor Stanton. Woman's title to official appreciation seems to be frankly recognized in Iowa.

The immense commotion in France over the case of Captain Dreyfus is an example of the evil results of too much privacy. It has been doubted before whether the administration of justice was included among the things which are better done in France, but certainly it would appear that the accomplishment of military justice at least is not in that list. It may be said of Dreyfus,

They've taken of his buttons off
an' cut his stripes away,

and sent him to languish on a sandy island under a surveillance that seems nicely adapted to upset his reason within a very limited time, but whatever moral effect it was hoped to produce by such punishment must be effectually destroyed. It cannot promote patriotism to know that an officer is an outcast from the living world while so many intelligent and influential persons proclaim their profound belief in his innocence. So far as appears, Captain Dreyfus's conviction rested on the opinion of experts that certain scraps of doubtful handwriting were written by him, but the whole case is what fearless and unrestricted writers term "shrouded in mystery," and if it is ever to have the shroud pulled off it the French must somehow contrive to do it themselves. Some persons in Germany know whether Dreyfus is guilty or not. Their private comments on the case would make very interesting reading, but they are not likely to be read by the present generation. One of the interesting reports that have come over the cable represents that at the time of the Dreyfus trial Emperor William sent private assurance to President Casimir Périer that the accused was not guilty, and offered to publish his assurances to that effect. But nothing came of it (if it ever happened), and Casimir-Périer soon afterwards resigned.

The Washington correspondent of the *Evening Post* is at some pains to correct what seems to him a mistaken impression that the appointment of Mr Taylor, the new Supervising Architect of the Treasury, was in any sense a political appointment. The appointment was made after a civil service examination, in which there were many competitors. Mr. Taylor was one of the three leading contestants from whom the Secretary had to choose. He was preferred to his companions in merit as being familiar with the work of the office and of demonstrated efficiency in that work. The *Post's* informant says that Mr. Taylor made no effort to have the Secretary's choice influenced in any way, and though since his appointment he has been described as "a good Republican," he had of late years exercised so much personal discrimination in voting that it is hard to say to which party he belongs. The efforts of Secretary Gage to make architectural considerations exclusively influential in the Supervising Architect's office has excited so much satisfaction that it is a pleasure to believe that Mr. Taylor's appointment is as nearly ideal as the imperfection of human affairs admits.

The report that the Nobel prize of $60,000 or thereabouts, to the person who has done most to promote peace, is to be awarded this year to Vereschagin, the painter, tends to make thoughtful persons wonder once more whether the great Nobel prizes will ever do any particular good. The basis of the award to Vereschagin is that his pictures are bloody and unpleasant, and put the observer out of conceit with battles. Vereschagin, when last heard from, was sketching the turbulent scenes in the Austrian Parliament, with a view to getting increased "ginger" into his next war scenes. If his paintings are really such promoters of peace, it would pay the Chamber of Commerce of New York to import, at its own cost, a complete set of them, to be presented to the people of the United States and hung as conspicuously as possible in the halls of government at Washington. That might be as effectual a safeguard for Gotham as more defences and defenders at Sandy Hook.

Persons who find that their credulity begins to creak for lack of exercise are offered a choice of two interesting tales, over either of which they may limber up their faith. One story, which the newspapers give us from time to time, alleges that there is little doubt now about the ability of Dr Emmens to turn silver into gold by mechanical means. It seems that he puts his silver under an enormous pressure, and that it comes out golden. When we recall the pressure used in Congress two or three years ago to make silver and gold interchangeable, and remember that it didn't work, of course we are inclined to believe that Dr. Emmens, or some one, is fibbing, but if there should turn out to be something in his method, it would greatly simplify bimetallism.

The other good story is about the Cocos Island treasure. Cocos Island is in the Pacific Ocean, about five hundred miles west of Panama. Thither, we are told, a notable aggregation of gold, silver, and jewels was carried, about 1875, and hidden away in a safe place out of reach of the revolutionists, who were active at that time in the Spanish colonies of South America. The British war-ship *Impérieuse* was at Cocos Island early in October, and the public has been invited to suspect that her errand was connected with the mythical treasure, and that she either found it and brought it back, or brought part of it back (one ship load perhaps), or found reason to believe that she could have found it if her engagements had permitted. The traditional reticence of persons who have unearthed immense hoards makes it difficult to ascertain the exact truth about this Cocos Island story, but any reader of the WEEKLY who unexpectedly finds old Spanish-American gold pieces in his loose change will please remember that the assessed valuation of the treasure was $30,000,000.

This year, in Missouri, the school children, at the request of the State Superintendent of Schools, kept November 4 as "Eugene Field day." It is the anniversary of Field's death. It was observed, it seems, in all the public schools by reading of essays and the recitation of his poems. In Missouri they call Field "the Missouri poet," and though in most minds he is associated more with Chicago than with Missouri, it is true that he was born in St. Louis. Missouri even feels so strong a proprietary interest in him that it is proposed to build a monument in memory of him at the State University at Columbia, and collections for it are to be taken up yearly on his day in the schools.

Most men of letters, even those who have a true gift of verse-making, find the exercise of that talent comparatively unremunerative. If they persist in writing verse when they might be writing marketable prose, it is usually because they have a true love for poetry, and the fascination of developing the relation between rhymes and ideas overcomes their more sordid propensities. It is notorious that Tennyson, in the course of years, found poetry very lucrative; and so doubtless does Kipling, but most poets don't. Of Kipling, by the way, it is related that he declined payment from the London *Times* for the poem called "Recessional." That poem, it seems, he preferred should go out as a purely disinterested expression of feeling, and he had the same sentiment—so goes the tale—about his other recent patriotic poem, "Our Lady of Snows." "Recessional" was a poem beyond price, and it is pleasant to believe that no price was put upon it.

President Eliot, in addressing the Unitarian ministers of Massachusetts on November 22, told them what an advantageous place the Harvard Divinity School was for intending ministers to study in, and mentioned it as strange but true that now almost every year Unitarian students find themselves in a minority in that school. The school, he said, needed help from the Unitarian churches in recruiting for the ministry, and he noted it as a matter worthy of comment that while lawyers and doctors usually sent their sons to the school they had been to themselves, and brought them up to their own profession, it seemed not to be so with Unitarian ministers. They are not generally disposed, it seems, to make Unitarian ministers of their sons. Dr. Eliot may with entirely good grace express his surprise at this shortcoming, for his own opinion of the Unitarian ministry as a profession is indicated by the fact that one of his sons has already won distinction in it. There are those who think that the Unitarian Church has done its work so effectually as to stop its own growth and make its future somewhat doubtful. All the other churches have become so much more liberal since the Unitarian movement began that zealous young men with liberal ideas of theology are more comfortable in any of them than they could have been in the Unitarian Church if it had made no progress since it started. Consider that Theodore Parker was dropped from Unitarian fellowship because he disbelieved in the verbal inspiration of the Bible! What an immense modification of theological requirements there has been since then. People who want religion usually want just as much belief as they can assimilate. It may be that the contemporary young theologian feels able to assimilate somewhat more of positive belief than the Unitarian Church at present offers, and is therefore attracted to other churches.

The Parliament of Canada is to be invited this winter to guarantee $15,000,000 worth of bonds for the Georgian Bay Canal. The canal, if it be ever built, will connect Georgian Bay with the Ottawa River, and so form a direct route from the western lakes to Montreal and the sea. It would shorten the voyage from Lake Michigan and Lake Superior to the sea by about four hundred miles, and would provide for Canada a safe route in case of war, from Montreal to the lakes. The cost of this luxury is estimated at about $25,000,000, and we are told that there is now a serious purpose to begin the work.

During the year ending November 1 the Children's Aid Society of New York spent $390,466. It conducted twenty industrial schools in the crowded tenement districts, where immigrants find their first shelter, at a cost of $141,925. The average daily attendance at these schools during the year was 6546, making the annual cost for each child $21 68. In its lodging houses 5848 boys and girls were fed, sheltered, and taught. They paid $24,864, and in addition to that sum cost the society $52,139. At the society's Farm School 436 boys were tried, and 260, being found fit, were placed in country homes. The average cost of training was $96 69. For 1998 children, in all, homes and employment were found, nearly two-thirds of them being sent to the country.

There are many more figures than these in the society's report, which includes statistics of work done in the Sick Children's Mission; the Summer Home at Bath Beach, where 5271 children went, the Health Home at Coney Island, where 5222 mothers took sick infants, and the Elizabeth Home for Girls. Here, however, are statistics enough to give an idea of the scope and magnitude of the work. A better work it would be hard to imagine, and its execution seems to be as admirable as its aims. The treasurer's report shows a deficit at the end of this fiscal year of $435 as against a deficit at the beginning of the year of $21,620. The society is proud of the careful economy which enables it to maintain a remarkable ratio between its expenditures and the work it accomplishes. Only experts in organized charity can appreciate how far it makes its money go.

Mr W. T. Stead has written a book about New York and named it *Satan's Invisible World Displayed; or, Despairing Democracy*. He borrowed the first clause of his title from Hopkins's *Treatise on Witch-finding*, and the sub-title is the expression of his feeling that in the new charter for Greater New York, with the enlarged powers it gives the Mayor, all attempt at democratic government is given up.

The investigations of the Lexow committee afford him very important material for his deliverance, and of course the information he obtained from them is not adapted for use in picturing Gotham as an earthly paradise. The book has not reached New York yet, and if, when it comes, it is found to hold up the American metropolis as a horrible example of what a city ought not to be, we shall have to hide our desperation, and find what comfort we can in remembering that Mr Stead has found much in London that seemed to him amiss, and also much in Chicago. Mr Stead makes a pretty good end-of-the-century Jeremiah, and he has the advantage of his Hebrew prototype in having oceans of printer's ink at his command.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller's newest educational investment is Rockefeller Hall at Vassar College, a recitation building which cost about $100,000, and was dedicated on November 19. The donor was kept away from the dedication ceremonies by business engagements, but President Hall of Clark University was there and made the principal address, in which he set forth the obligation of every one who hopes to be truly useful to cultivate health and maintain the best possible physical condition.

A year ago last October Dr Frederick Temple, Bishop of London, was appointed Archbishop of Canterbury. Now rumor says he is about to retire, partly on account of the deterioration in his eyesight. The report seems not improbable, for the Archbishop is well on in years, and celebrated his seventy-sixth birthday on November 30. He has held many considerable places. From 1858 to 1869 he was head master of Rugby School, for sixteen years following he was Bishop of Exeter, and for eleven years Bishop of London. His start in life was such as he could have got nowhere but in England, for he was the son of an army officer, got his schooling at Tiverton Grammar School, was Scholar of Balliol College at Oxford, took his B.A. degree there in 1842 as double first class, was elected Fellow and Tutor of his college, and held two other appointments between the year of his ordination (1846) and 1858, when he was called to Rugby. For the right man the English educational system is ideal, profiting both the man, who benefits by the system, and the country, which benefits by the man.

E. S. MARTIN.

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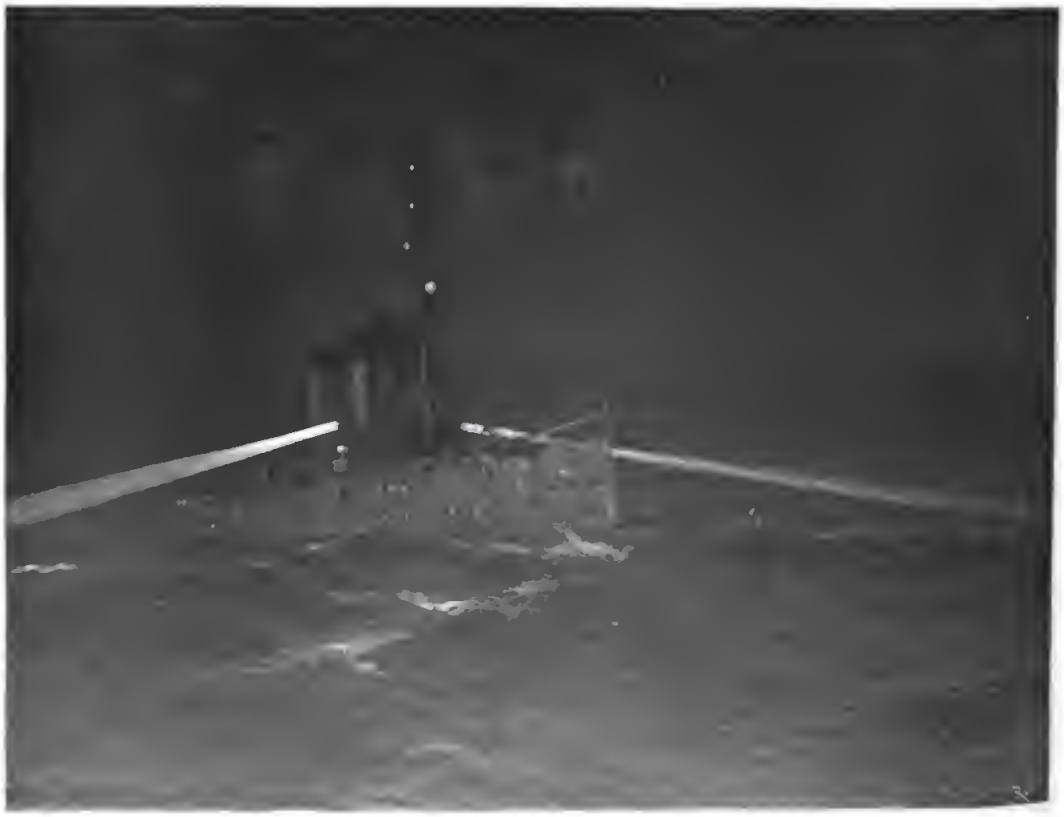
THE CAPTURE OF THE "DAUNTLESS" BY THE UNITED STATES STEAMER "MARBLEHEAD" OFF COOKS INLET, COAST OF FLORIDA.



THE CRUISER "MONTGOMERY" AND THE GUNBOAT "ANNAPOLIS" PATROLLING CUBAN WATERS IN SEARCH OF THE FILIBUSTERING SCHOONER "SILVER HEELS."

THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE NEUTRALITY LAWS WITH SPAIN.—DRAWN BY H. RUTTERDAHL.—[SEE PAGE 1206.]

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LEOPOLD GODOWSKY

JOSEF HOFMANN

ALBERTO JONAS

PAOLO GALLICO

MADAME FANNY BLOOMFIELD-ZEISLER

MARTINUS SIEVEKING

EDWARD MACDOWELL

ALEXANDRE SILOTI

RAOUL PUGNO

PROMINENT PIANISTS —[See Page 1202.]

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"THE VINTAGE."*

A STORY OF THE GREEK WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY E. F. BENSON,

AUTHOR OF "DODO," "LIMITATIONS," "THE JUDGMENT BOOKS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

NICHOLAS found Mitsos and Yanni sitting on the wall of the camp near the Mainote quarters, lecturing a small audience on the use and value of fire-ships—for another attempt had been made on a vessel of the cruising Turkish squadron, with the result of first half-roasting its navigator and then completely drowning him—but the men, seeing an officer approach, got up and saluted.

Nicholas, still with a singing heart, told them to be seated, and lighting a pipe, drew in the smoke in long, contented breaths.

"This is the first tobacco I have enjoyed since we came here," he said, "for tobacco is tasted by the heart. Never again, lads, need you jump up when I come, for I am no longer an officer, but just a private like yourselves. Number 230, or thereabouts."

Mitsos stared aghast. "Uncle Nicholas, what do you mean?" he gasped, wrinkling his eyebrows. "Is this Germanos's doing?"

"Not so, little Mitsos, for neither Germanos nor another could do that, but only myself. I have resigned my place in the Senate, I have resigned my commission, and all that is left of me is plain Nicholas, but a man as happy as a king, instead of a bundle of malice and a bag of bad words which squirted out like new must. Eh, but I am happy, and it is God's own morning!" And he puffed out a great cloud of smoke, and laughed with a mouth full of laughter.

"But what has happened?" cried Mitsos, still feeling that the world was upside down.

"This has happened, little one," said Nicholas, "that a foul-tempered man has made up his mind to be foul-tempered no more; and as the thing was an impossibility when he had to sit cocked up on a chair opposite the proud primates, why, he has been sensible enough to refuse to sit there any longer. And as he was tired of tripping up on his fine tin sword, he has given it back to the fine tin Prince. And may that man never do anything which he regrets less. Halt! here come my superior officers. There will be talking to do, but little of it will I lay tongue to." And he sprang up and saluted Petrobey.

Petrobey came up quickly, followed by two or three of the other officers, among whom was the Prince, smiling at Nicholas through his annoyance, as the man stood at attention, comely and erect.

"Drop that nonsense, dear cousin," he said, "and come to my tent for a talk. We have all come to fetch you."

Nicholas looked at him radiantly. "I have had a set of good minutes since I left you," he said. "Say your say, cousin, but little talking will I do."

The Prince came forward with a fine courteous air. "We have come," he said, "to beg you to reconsider this step. I fancy you will find no more insults awaiting you in the Senate."

"Your Highness," he said, "I can look back on my life and say I have done one wise thing in it, and that this morning. And if, as you say, there are no insults awaiting me in the Senate, that confirms my belief in its wisdom."

"But this is absurd, Nicholas," remonstrated Petrobey, "and all the primates, even Germanos himself, regret what you have done."

Nicholas laughed. "That is a sweet word to me," he said, "and you know it. But I am no child to be coaxed with sugar."

"But think of us, we want your help. You have more weight with the men than any of us."

"I shall not fail you," said Nicholas; "and if I do my duty in the ranks as well as I hope, I think I shall be more useful there than anywhere else."

"But your career, now on the point of being crowned!" said Petrobey, eagerly. "The Prince has promised—"

But Nicholas waved his hand impatiently. "I have just got rid of my career," he said, "and I feel like a horse when you take its burden off. Do not attempt to saddle me again. Ah, dear cousin," he went on suddenly, with affection and more gravity, "even you know me not at all if you speak like that. Believe me I care only for one thing in this world, and that is for what we have labored towards together so long. That cause I serve best here, and for these months I have been puffing myself up to think that angry words were of avail. But I will try them no longer. I am sick of anger, and my belly moves, whether I will or not, when I sit there and have to listen—you know to what. Leave me in peace. It is better so." He glanced across at Mitsos a moment, who was standing by. "I wish to speak to you alone, cousin," he said, "but that will wait. Meantime I thank you all for your friendliness to me, and I decline entirely to listen to you. The thing is finished."

Petrobey saw that for the present at least it was no manner of use trying to persuade him, and left him for a time, and Nicholas, remarking that it was time for rations, and that these officers were horribly unpunctual, took Mitsos by the arm and led him off to the canteen, telling him on the way what had happened.

Mitsos was furiously indignant with Germanos, and vowed that the camp should ring with the hissing of his name, but Nicholas stopped him.

"I neither forgive nor forget," he said, "but it is mere waste of time and temper to curse. The harm is done; leave the vermin alone. Oh, they have bitten me sorely, I don't deny that; but if we are going scavenging, as I pray God we are, let us begin in our own house. There is purging and washing to be done among the men, I fear, little Mitsos. And from this day, if there is any traffic or dishonorable barter among the corps of the clan, leave me out and about me, for I make it my business that there shall be none. Now we'll come and get our rations. I ordered supplies of fresh beef for the men yesterday; that was a good act to finish up with, and see, already I reap the fruits of it!"

Nicholas remained perfectly firm, and Petrobey eventually desisted from his attempt to persuade him to take up his commission again, for he might as well have tried to lever the sun out of its orbit. But he still continued to ask Nicholas's advice about the affairs of the army, which the latter could not very well withhold. Among the men, and especially among the Mainotes, he underwent a sort of upside-down apotheosis. Germanos had made villainous accusations, here was a fine answer. As for that proud man himself, he found his position was no longer tenable. So far from being able to profit by Nicholas's action, he discovered, though too late, that he had over-reached himself in making so preposterous a statement about his enemy, and the army buzzed away through his fine-woven web, leaving it dangling in the wind. He saw that his chance of power was over, and, accepting the inevitable, took his departure for Kalavryta, where he hoped his authority remained intact.

But alas for the triumphal reception by the united army! alas, too, for his chance of the patriarchate! His name, which he had prospectively throned in the hearts of myriads, was flotsam, and the tale of their righteous anger against him threw it up on the beach, tossed it to and fro once or twice, and then left it. His followers—the primates and bishops—less wise than he, still staid on, hoping against hope that the popular favor would set their way. But the evil he and his had done lived after them; nothing now could undo the distrust and suspicion they had caused, for their first malignant slander had found fulfilment, and the army distrusted its officers, while the officers were not certain of their men. Nicholas had cleared himself, leaping with a shout of triumph free from the web spun around him; others had not the manliness to do the same, to challenge the evidence, for they knew there was evidence.

Nicholas found opportunity to tell Petrobey about Mitsos's love affairs, but a few days afterwards news came to the camp that a landing of the Turks from their western squadron was expected on the Gulf of Corinth, near Vostitza, and the Prince, with some acuteness, found in this sufficient reason to make his presence there desirable, and Petrobey, wishing to have a speedy and reliable messenger who could communicate with the camp in the event taking place, sent Mitsos off with him, and before the end of the third week in September the Prince took his departure in some haste, hoping to regain in fresh fields the loss of prestige he had suffered here and at Monemvasia. The news, if confirmed, was serious, for it meant that the Turkish squadron had evaded the Greek fleet and threatened the Morea from the north, while if once a landing was effected they would without doubt march straight to the relief of Tripoli, just when its need was sorest.

The Prince left the camp with much state and dignity, but with nothing else; and Mitsos, to whom he had given a place on his staff, as Aide-de-Camp Extraordinary to the Viceroy of Greece, with the rank of lieutenant in the Hellenic army, pranced gayly along on a fine stepping horse, and for the first time fully sympathized with Nicholas's feelings at being in the rank of officer. They travelled by short marches—"like women," as Mitsos said, describing it afterwards; and one night the Aide-de-Camp Extraordinary, having occasion to bring a message to his master, woke him out of his sleep, and saw the Commander-in-Chief in a nightcap, which left a deep, bilious impression on his barbarian mind wholly out of proportion to the harmlessness of the discovery.

For a time, at least at Tripoli, there was no more intriguing between the besiegers and the besieged, for Petrobey redoubled his vigilance, and every night sent down a corps of trustworthy men to lie in wait round the town. Meantime he knew a strong band of cavalry were within, also a large auxiliary force of Albanian mercenaries, and in the citadel thirteen 6-pounder guns and seventeen 9-pounder, so that while there was a chance of capitulation, provided the rumor of the expected landing of troops on the Gulf of Corinth continued unconfirmed, he was unwilling to make an assault on the town. But it began to be known that the fall of Tripoli was inevitable, and from all over the country the peasants flocked together on the hills, waiting for the end and a share in the booty. It was in vain that Petrobey tried to drive them back. As soon as he had cleared one range of hills they swarmed up on another, springing, as it seemed, from the ground, as vultures grow in the air before a battle. Some came armed with guns, requesting to be enrolled in the various corps, others with sickles or reaping-hooks, or just with a knife or a stick. Every evening, on the hills round, shone out the fires of these unorganized rabbles, gathering thicker and thicker as the days went on.

Then, on the 25th, a refugee from the town was captured and brought to the camp, and being promised his life if he gave intelligence of what was going on inside, told them that famine had begun, that many of the horses of the cavalry corps had been killed for meat, and that unless help came the end was near. Once again Petrobey consulted Nicholas, who advised an assault at once; but the other argued that as long as no news came of the re-enforcements from the north the case of the town was hopeless, and as it was for the Greeks to demand terms, they might as well wait for a proposal to come. Nicholas disagreed: there had been treachery before in the camp, there might be treachery now. Let them, at any rate, minimize the disgrace to the nation.

Petrobey in part yielded, and consented to do as Nicholas advised if no proposals were made in three days. In the mean time, since there was no longer any fear from the cavalry, they would move down closer on to the plain, and directly below the walls. Then, if fire was opened on them from the citadel, they would storm it out of hand; but if not, and he had suspected for a long time that the guns were not all serviceable, they would wait for three days, unless Mitsos came back saying that re-enforcements were coming from the north.

The order to break up camp was received with shouts of acclamation, and all day long on the 25th the processions of mules passed up and down the steep narrow path from the plain like rats on a home run. The Mainote corps were the first to move, and took up their places opposite the southern wall, and watched there under the sun for a couple of hours or more, throwing up some sort of earth embankment, while in the space behind, marked out for their lines, went up the rows of their barracks, pole by pole, and gradually roofed in with osier and oleander boughs. On the walls of the town lounged Turkish men, and now and then a woman passed, closely veiled, but casting curious glances at the advancing troops, not four hundred yards from the gate. The men worked like horses to get their entrenchments and defences up, and by the time each corps had done its work the huts behind were finished, and, streaming with perspiration, they were glad to throw themselves down in the shade. As there was no regular corps of sappers and engineers, each regiment had to do its intrenching and defence for itself, and they worked on late into the night before the transfer of the entire camp was effected. Meantime Petrobey had ordered the posts on the hills to the east to close in, and by noon on the 27th he saw his long dream realized, and on all sides of the town ran the Greek lines. Still, from inside the beleaguered place came no sign of resistance, attack, or capitulation; but towards sunset, just as he was going to consult Nicholas on the plan of attack next day, a white flag was hoisted on the tower above the south gate, and a few moments afterwards Mehemet Salih, attended by his staff, came out, and was met by Petrobey. Yanni, as aide-de-camp, was in attendance on his father, and he had the pleasure of meeting his old host again.

Mehemet followed Petrobey to his quarters, Yanni looking at him as a cat looks at a bird it set to spring. He was a short-legged stout man, appearing tall when he was sitting, but when he stood heavy and badly proportioned. He had grown a little thinner, or so thought Yanni, and the skin hung bagging below his eyes, though he was still hardly more than thirty. He looked Yanni over from head to foot without speaking, and then, shrugging his shoulders slightly, turned to Petrobey.

"I have been sent to ask the terms on which you will grant a capitulation," he said. "Please consider and name them."

"I will do so," replied Petrobey, "and let you have them by midnight."

Mehemet glanced at his watch. "Thank you. We shall expect them then."

He rose from his seat and again looked at Yanni, who was standing by the door. The two presented a very striking contrast—the one, pale, flabby, clay-colored, slow-moving, the other, though there were not ten years between them, fresh, brown, and alert. Mehemet continued looking at him for a moment below his drooping eyelids without speaking, and the drooping corners of his sensual mouth straightened themselves into a smile. He held out his hand to the boy.

"So we meet again, my guest," he said. "Your leave-taking was somewhat abrupt. Will you shake hands?"

Yanni bristled like a collie-dog, and looked sideways at him, without speaking, but keeping his hands stiff to his sides.

"You vanished unexpectedly. Just when I hoped to begin to know you better," continued Mehemet.

But Petrobey interfered sternly. "You are not here, sir, to confer insults," he said.

Mehemet turned round slowly towards him with a face like a sallow death.

"Surely my teeth are drawn as far as the boy is concerned," he said. "But let me know one thing," he continued, "for I have a heavy wager about it. Did you bribe the porter or did you get through the roof?"

"Through the roof," said Yanni, as stiff as a poker.

"I have lost. I said you bribed the porter. He shall come out of prison to-night. Good-evening, gentlemen."

Yanni turned to Petrobey with blazing eyes. "Cannot I kick him now?" he said.

"How can I give you permission?" said Petrobey.

Yanni looked at him a moment, and then his lips parted in a smile and he went out of the tent.

Mehemet was a few yards down the path going towards the gate of the camp, where his staff was waiting, and in three strides Yanni caught him up.

"Oh, man!" he said, and no more, but next moment his Excellency was lifted slightly forward from behind, and picked himself up with a lamentable cry. Yanni was by him with a brilliant smile on his face. "You insulted me under the flag of truce," he said, kindly, "and under the flag of truce I have answered you. There is quits."

And he turned and went back to his father.

Petrobey appeared to be absorbed in writing, and he did not look up, but handed Yanni a paper.

"Please go at once to the captains whose names I have written here," he said, "and tell them to come at once to consult about the terms of capitulation. I thought," he added, "that I heard a slight disturbance outside. Can you account for it?"

"It seemed to be the settlement of some private difference, sir," said Yanni. "It is all over."

"Is the difference settled?"

"There is a very sore man," said Yanni.

The conference between the captains lasted only a short time, and in a couple of hours the terms were sent to Tripoli. The Turks were to give up their arms, and were to be allowed, or rather compelled, to leave the Morea. They were further to pay an indemnity of forty thousand piastres, this being approximately the cost of the war, including the provisions and pay of all the men, from the time of its outbreak.

In less than an hour the answer came back. The demand was preposterous, for it was impossible to collect the money, but in return they made a counter-proposition. They would give up the whole of their property within the town, renounce all rights of land, retaining only enough money to enable them to reach some port on the Asia Minor coast, but demanding leave to retain their arms, in order to secure themselves from massacre on the way to Nauplia. They also insisted on occupying the pass over Mount Parthenius between the Argive plain and Tripoli, until the women and children had been embarked in safety. This precaution, they added, was due to themselves, for they had no guarantee that without their arms the Greeks would not violate the terms of the capitulation,

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2118.

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"YANNI WAS BY HIM WITH A BRILLIANT SMILE ON HIS FACE."

as they had violated them at Navarin. The Greek chiefs refused to consider the proposal, for if the Turks distrusted them, they at least had no reason to trust the Turks, and if the regiments in the town occupied Partheniua, what was to hinder them from marching on to Nauplia, and remaining there? Nauplia still held communication with the sea, and they had not spent six months in reducing Tripoli, only at the end to let the besieged go out in peace to another and better-equipped fortress.

Once more affairs were at a deadlock, and at this point Petrobey made an inexcusable mistake. He ought without doubt to have stormed the place and have done with it, but when, in a moment of weakness, he put the proposal to the captains, the majority of them were for waiting. The reason was unhappily but too plain. They knew that famine prevailed in the town; they knew, too, that its capitulation was inevitable, but they saw for themselves a rich harvest gained in a few days by secretly supplying the besieged with provisions, and for the next week Germanos's bitter words were true. This was no siege of Tripoli; it was the market of Tripoli. On the 28th came another proposal from the town, this time not from the Turks, but from the Albanian mercenaries, who had formed the attack on the post at Valietsi in May. They were fifteen hundred strong, and good soldiers, but as mercenaries they had no feelings of obligation or honor to their employers, and did not in the least desire a fierce engagement with the Greeks; and now that all idea of capitulation was over (for neither side would accept the ultimatum of the other), it was clearly to their advantage to get away, if they could, with their lives and their pay. The town would without doubt fall by storm, their employers would be massacred, and their best chance was to stand well with the besiegers. They therefore offered to retire to Albania, and never again to take up arms in the Turkish service, provided they might retire with their arms. The Greeks, on their side, had no quarrel with them; many were related to them by ties of friendship and blood, and they had no desire to gain a bloody and hard won victory, if there was a chance of detaching the main stay of their foes, and they agreed to their terms.

The weather was hot and stifling beyond description, and the Mainotes, who were on the south, felt all day the collected glare and heat from the walls as from a furnace. In that week of waiting Petrobey lost all confidence of the clan, for they alone were blameless of this outrageous traffic that had sprung up again, and they were waiting while Petrobey let it go on. He had asked the advice of men who were without principle or humor, who were filling their pockets at the expense of the honor of others, and though he himself was without stain, yet his weak moment at this point was criminal. It seemed that he refused to believe what the arms knew, and persisted in judging the whole by the behavior of the clan themselves. Nicholas appealed to him in vain, but Petrobey always asked whether he had himself seen evidence of the scandal, and being in the Mainote corps he had not. In vain Nicholas pointed out that a week ago they knew that Jordine was preying on the besieged, yet a week had gone and the famine seemed to have made no impression. How was it possible that the town could hold out, unless it was being supplied? And how could a commander know what was going on among the hordes of peasants who flocked to the camp, now that the evil was so widespread and universal that a whole regiment perhaps profited by the traffic, and it was not possible to inform their captains, for the captains were the worst of all.

Meanwhile, inside, Suleima watched at her lattice window and looked for Mitsos. A week ago she had watched the men streaming down from Trikorpho to the plain and had hardly been able to conceal her joy, while round her the other women wailed and lamented, saying that they would all fall into the hands of the barbarous folk. On the other side, away from the wall, the windows of the harem looked out on to a narrow top heavy street, the eaves of the houses nearly meeting across it, and on the top again was a large flat roof, where they often went in at in the evening, and chatted across the street to the women of the house opposite. By day a ribaud of scorching sunlight moved slowly from one side to the other, and often Suleima would sit at the window which overhung the footpath, watching and watching, but seeing, perhaps, hardly a couple of passengers in as many hours, for this was only a side street, where few came. By leaning out she could just catch a glimpse of a main thoroughfare which led into the square, but only Turks passed up and down. The other women looked at her with wonder and pity, thinking her hardly in her right mind to go smiling and happy at such a time, for close before her lay the trial and triumph of her sex, and the Greeks were at the door. But she went about with her day dream and snatches of song, painting in her mind a hundred pictures as to how Mitsos would come. Should she see him stalking up the narrow street, then looking up and smiling at her, bringing her the news that the town had capitulated, and that he had come to claim her? There would be a step on the stair, and he would come in, bending to get through the door, and then, oh, the blessedness of talk and tears that would be here! Or a could there come a shout and the sound of fighting, riot, and confusion, and streaming up the street a straggling crowd? He would be there in the midst of it all slashing and hewing his way to her. He would look up—that he would always do—and see her at the window, and then get to work again, dealing death to all within reach. Perhaps he would be hurt, not much hurt but enough to make her lean over him with anxious face and nimble bandaging hands, and the joy of ministering to him leaping in her heart. It was towards this vision that she most inclined—to Mitsos fighting and splendid, and fresh from the dust and the struggle, coming to her, the lady and mistress of his arm, the lover to the loved. Or would he come by night silently beneath the stars, as he had come before, or with a whispered song which her heart had taught her ears to know, and take her away while the house slept, out of this horrible town, and to some place like in spirit to the lonely sea-scented beach near Nauplia into remoteness from all things else? In these half formulated dreams there was never any hitch or disturbance, doors yielded, men slept, or were fed, and through all, like a ray of light, came Mitsos, unhindered, irresistible.

But after three or four days her mood changed, and from her eyes looked out the soul of some timid, frightened animal. Why did he not come either by night, or in peace, or in the shout of war? What meant this sudden increase in their food, for now for more than a week they had lived but on sparing rations? Yet the fresh meat and new bread revolted her, she was hungry, yet she could not eat. The women were kind to her, and Zuleika used to make her soup and force her with firm kindness to drink it; they were always plaguing her, so she thought, not to prowl about so much, to rest more and to eat more; and when she understood why, she obeyed them. For a few nights before she had slept but lightly, and her sleep was peopled with vivid things. Now she would be moving in a crowd of flying fiery globes—she one of them; now the dark was full of gray shapes that glided by her silently with a roar of the distant sea, but at the end they would disperse and leave her alone, and out of the dark came Mitsos, and a tide that she could dream no more. Thus waking, and the hours of the day changed place with those of the night, it seemed that she moved in nightmare until she slept again.

But when she understood for what sake they pressed her to rest and eat, she quickly regained the serenity of her health, and during the last two days of waiting, though her fears and anxieties crouched in the shade, ready to spring on her again, they lay still, and the claws and teeth spared her.

But one morning, on the 3d of October, there was suddenly an outcry in the streets, and cries that the Greeks had come in, and Suleima went up to the house top to see if she could find where they were entering, prepared to run out into the street to meet them, crying to them as her deliverers, as Mitsos had told her. In the brightness of that sudden hope that the end had come she felt no longer weary or ill, and she looked out over the town with expectant eyes. But by degrees the tumult died down again, and, bitterly disappointed, she crept back to the room of the harem where the women were sitting to ask what this meant. None knew, but in a little time they heard a renewed noise from the street, and coming to look out, they saw a small body of Turkish soldiers advancing, and in the middle a very stout lady riding a horse. Behind her went two servants driving horses with big panniers slung on each side, and the stout lady talked in an animated manner to the soldiers, pointing now to one house and now to another. Then looking up at the window of Abdul Achmet's house, out of which Suleima was leaning, she shouted some shrill question in Turkish, which Suleima did not catch, and the procession turned up into the main street, seeming to halt opposite the door leading into the third court-yard.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FROM THE SIXTEENTH AUTUMN EXHIBITIO

1. Portrait of the Artist Claude Monet, by John S. Sargent, N. A. 2. "The Pig-Sty," by Will H. Drake. 3. "The Fog-Bell, Maine Coast," by George Wharton Edw

The Country Parson. The Reeve. The Princess. The Second Nun. The Monk. The Miller

LEFT WALL

TWO NOTABLE

THE FALL EXHIBITION OF

IT is a pity that artists do not send tion of the fall, when the city h pictures. It is because the seas during the spring that the exh whereas spring is just the time in wh migrate and its pocket books are deple not expecting to be deeply stirred by th esting this year, with a certain air of placeness and perfunctoriness for the hearted, light-headed experimentalizing the older and younger men on the comm gradually toning down the excrescence and reacting upon each other to mutual men to paint nature as they see it and ing to cut and dried formulæ of compo the other hand, the younger men are pal sively for themselves—trying, in fact, recording by a cryptographic process h the world can read or not. In other w and of the mutual effects of one color sake and more as a means of commun which is the same as saying that "imp which they are now employing for the

Walter L. Palmer, for example, exhi stretch of upland with the sunlight bath

The Squire. The Sc

THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMAGE—A DECORATIVE FRIEZE PAINTED BY ROBERT VAN

SEWELL DECORATION COPYRIGHTED A

OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

...sis. 4. Bust of the late George Inness, by J. S. Hartley, N. A. 5. "Near Sheffield, Massachusetts," by H. Bolton Jones. 6. Portrait Study, by Carroll Beckwith.

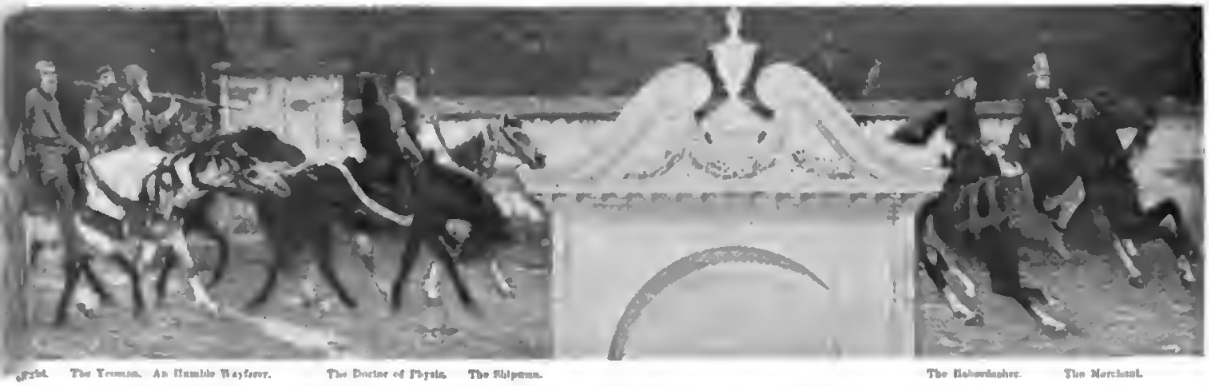
ART EVENTS.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY.

...eir best work to the Academy exhibi... full of people who can afford to buy ...is at its height in London and Paris ...itions are held in those cities then; ...ch New York society is planning to ...d. So we have got into the habit of ...fall exhibition. Still, it is very inter... ...ober earnestness, avoiding common ...ost part, and equally free from light... Unquestionably it is the mingling of ...on plane of the Academy walls that is ...in both directions. They are acting ...advantage. The effort of the younger ...it speaks to them rather than accord... ...ition and treatment, is being felt. On ...king more for the public and less exclu... ...interpret nature, instead of selfishly ...pressions which they care not whether ...ords, their knowledge of light and air, ...upon another, is used less for its own ...ating to others the beauties of nature, ...ssionism" has taught them a language ...urpose of conveying truths to others. ...its "The End of the Shower" (248), a ...g the distance and filtering through the

The Sergeant at Law. The Clerk of Oxenford. Harry Bailey the Host. Chaucer. The Manciple. The Cook.

RIGHT WALL.



...ght. The Yeoman. An Humble Wayfarer. The Doctor of Physic. The Shipman. The Haberdasher. The Merchant.

...ORST SEWELL FOR MR. GEORGE J. GOULD'S HOUSE AT LAKEWOOD, NEW JERSEY.

...D PUBLISHED BY CHARLES KLACKNER.

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trees in the foreground. The impression it produces on the spectator is immediate and intelligible. He need not worry himself to find the exact point of floor from which it is to be seen, or the point of view, lost in technicalities, from which the artist may be supposed to have conceived it. The picture itself puts the artist and the visitor at once upon a footing of friendly understanding. On the other hand, Henry Mosler's "Under the Apple-Tree" (302) is the art of impressionistic picture against which we simple folk who visit a gallery to be made happier by the sight of beauty have a right to rebel. We can all recall the beauty of an apple-tree, many of us the incident of a child reaching up to gather the fruit, but neither Mr. Mosler's apple-tree nor his child will help us to see fresh beauty, or half as much as we have already felt, in the familiar scene. Evidently his one idea was to get a certain effect of light, and the intrinsic beauty of the apple-tree and of the child has been neglected. What might have been a charmingly human picture, that would bring back to a busy man some of the pure fresh memories of early home life, is a dry scholastic gratification of the artist's own skill.

Thus same word "human," I know, is very old fashioned, the critic and the artist have written across the page of human interest the word "literary" and cancelled it. But it is as old fashioned that its tone has come round again to be in fashion. There are signs of its reappearing, at which we laymen may rejoice. If "literary" means merely copying little ragged boys with all the dust on their feet, or arranging a scene with the prosaic literalness of a cheap photographic group, we certainly do not want it. But far such a picture as William Morgan's "Admiration" (339) we just as surely love a man. It represents a young peasant mother, with the light of girlhood not yet faded from her face, a baby curled in her arms, with a certain twist over of its downy head which reveals the loving accuracy of the painter, and an older child leaning on the half door of the cottage, gazing up in pure admiration. "Mosh!" exclaims the critic, then so much the worse, I feel, for human nature, which is what the picture undeniably embodies. Equally delightful in color, but full of rude strength and crisp character study, is the picture of two old sea-dogs "Consulting the Chart," by L. C. Earle (147).

Others which may be mentioned in this connection are Charles Schuyvogel's "A Close Call" (104), in which the mysterious haze of early morning on the prairies envelops a struggle for life and death between a scout and an Indian, or Gilbert Gaul's "Exchange of Prisoners" (152), a representation almost too matter of fact for pictorial purposes of a stern incident of border warfare, or Frank C. Jones's "The Secret" (254), slight in motive, but exquisitely refined in color and reminiscent of graceful home life. It is interesting to compare with this last Robert Blum's "June" (102)—a woman reclining against a background of white roses. The coloring is even more delicate than that of Mr. Jones's picture, but the drawing is stronger, and the type of woman, with her almost animal assertion, is in suggestive contrast to the dainty surroundings.

But it is not only in figure compositions that we can find a human interest. Man has relations with Nature other than that of the engineer, whose business it is to "conquer" her. She is all around us to share our joy or sorrow, and the true landscape painting is the one that helps us to know her. There are many such in the Academy, for example: Mrs Whitman's "River in France" (91); "December near Montclair," by Charles Warren Eaton (71), Edward Gay's "El Dorado" (109); Charles E. Pratt's "Evening Star" (81), William A. Coffin's "Moonrise" (69), "Autumn Sunset," by George H. Smillie (277); and "Near Sheffield, Massachusetts" (308), by H. B. Jones.

How animals can be painted so as to bring them within this pale of human interest may be seen in "A Sheep-Stable" (306), by Carleton Wiggins, compared with which William H. Howe's satin coated bull "Monarch of the Broadylwine" (230) seems very prosaic.

Among the sculpture, which largely consists of portraiture, is an impressive bust of George Inness (426), by J. H. Hartley; two medallions by Charles Calverley, one of Charles L. Elliott (390), the other of "Little Ida" (394), and a striking statue, "Spirit of Research," by Fernando Miranda (406). Completely draped in a veil, which in part clings to the form and in part falls loose, she stands upon the ruins of past civilizations, in her right hand holding a tablet and lamp, and with the other drawing the veil tight across her face to assist her vision. It instantaneously attracts but scarcely retains the interest. There is a certain affectation in the pose, no absence of calm strength, and hardly sufficient dignity in the face.

MR. SEWELL'S RURAL PAINTING

The mural painting recently executed by Mr Robert Van Vorst Sewell for Mr. George J. Gould's house at Lakewood, New Jersey, of which Mr. Bruce Price is architect, attracts at once by its subject. It will run as a frieze, about fifteen feet from the floor around three sides of the entrance-hall, covering a wall space of eighty feet by seven and a half. For such a scene, the rallying point for the hospitality of a big house, it was a happy idea to select for subject that time honored picnic party, the *Canterbury Pilgrimage*. But we may hail the choice for broader reasons. With the exception of Mr Abbey's frieze of the *Holy Grail*, in the Boston Public Library, this is the only instance of an American mural painter seeking his theme in secular English literature. And yet there is a wealth of subjects embedded there that would lend themselves to mural painting. There is nothing new in this, although, so far, our men have ignored it. Whence was the inspiration of the sculpture of the Parthenon derived, if not from literature? The artists of the Italian Renaissance drew their secular themes from the classical authors, which largely composed the literature of their day. Recently French artists have sought their motives in poetic legends, and that brilliant little school of rural painters in Edinburgh have painted on their walls the folk lore of Scotland.

Just as every building cannot fail to represent something of the culture, or, it may be, want of culture, of its builders, so the decoration, as a part of it, should speak a personal word. If this is true of private houses how much more of those public edifices of which the people are the builders! If our mural painters confine themselves to the rendering of Greek and Roman and Italian thoughts, however beautiful their work may be as decoration, they let slip a chance of making a valuable contribution to posterity by embodying on our walls the thoughts and motives of our times and people.

The perhaps insuperable problem of costume may prevent the representation of actual scenes from modern life, but by our literature we may bridge the gulf between classical and modern dress. Our English literature has so grown up with and into and out of our civilization that it contains, as much as history, the embodiment of what we are to day. If Wagner could give flesh and blood and voice to modern thought through the medium of the old legends, why may not the mural painter do likewise with the old of English literature?

The wainscot of the hall and the mouldings of the windows are of whitewood polished to an ivory tint. Mr. Sewell has repeated this color in the wall which he has made to run the full length of his frieze. This architectural feature affords a simple band of form and color, which binds together all the many-shaped, diverse hued figures, and lends a certain uniformity to the whole. The whitewood has enabled him to carry his colors to a very high key, and he has given further vivacity to the theme by introducing effects of brilliant sunshine. But with excellent judgment he has made use of low toned colors also, descending even to black, so that his palating has substance as well as brilliance.

In the distribution of his figures he has been less successful. The lines, instead of flowing, have a tendency to jog up and down. One respects his evident desire to be natural. But art must have at least some conventionalities. If he were making horses and men he could be as natural as he pleased, but as he is making pictures, and particularly pictures for a wall space, he cannot ignore some degree of conventional arrangement without loss. But when we examine the individual characteristics of his figures, they are excellent, especially the Knight, the Wife of Bath, and the Cook. Taken as a whole, it is a big and noble effort, surprisingly successful for an artist's first attempt in this large field of mural painting, in which, so to speak, a man comes out into the open, and is seen as he is, for good or for bad, without the possibility of evasion. The fact that this important commission was given to Mr Sewell on the strength of a sketch he showed at the last exhibition of the Architectural League should encourage artists throughout the country to use this method of reaching the public, not only by exhibiting sketches of what they have done, but of what they are prepared to do.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

MUSIC.

A SEASON that is known as a "concert winter" facetiously means a picked regiment of soloists. That outcome just as inevitably means nowadays pianists, and more pianists, and yet more pianists coming before the country's public between October and May. The public, under present conditions of concertizing is indeed that of the land at large, not merely of New York. The West can now reasonably expect to hear pretty much everybody that the East acclaims—or rejects. The North and South are not less favored.

We do not have Mr. Paderewski this season, and, at last accounts, Mr Rosenthal (announced in September) has been obliged to defer adding himself to the pianistic invasion. But we shall get along very well. Have we not Raoul Pugno, the French player, whose touch and technique are as sure and elegant as Mercutio's wit? Are we not to hear Alexandre Siloti, that exotic of the virtuoso school, one curiously a late comer for American suffrages? Again comes Alberto Jonas, the Spaniard, as brilliant and as temperamental a player as heart can wish? Is there already not with us the fiery Gallico, who strikes sparks out of the key-board in a Liszt rhapsody? Among the magnets of pianism is that humble of electricity Madame Bloomfield Zeisler, the Duse of the clavier, who has no rival among artists of her sex, unless one be assumed in Madame Carreño. The Dutch Sieveking is still a new name to many American concert goers, and another player, whose residence in the West has made him of undeserved rare appearance in this city, is the Russian Leopold Godowsky, a consummate technician. Once again comes to us—it is said that he is the same, yet not the same—Josef Hofmann, no longer "little" Josef Hofmann, he who ten years ago was among the pianos knickerbocker wonder-children. To-day he is a youthful ancestor of "some twenty years or more, we guess," and sashed abroad as ranking good all these promises of his boyish days—promises in which we were anxious yet afraid to believe. But these are not all of the battalion. Edward MacDowell, of our own race, is becoming Professor MacDowell, and though duly chaired in Columbia University, has not ceased to be able to emulate his rank as one of the most accomplished artists that New York has heard. Mr Rafael Joseffy, among the very greatest of living players, of pianists living or dead of our time, seems quit for good and all of his desire to hide his light under a Tarrytown bushel. Franz Rummel, Constantin Sternberg, and those aristocratics of the piano forte Adele Aus der Ohe and Antoinette Szumowska—Mr Richard Hoffman, a perfect exponent of the technique of earlier and fine professionalism—these are not more than half of the list. The pianists are upon us, like the Huns and Vandals, to have things their own way.

The old riddle of which was first the owl or the egg, the egg or the owl, has something like an echo when we ask from just what has crystallized certain obviously forced conditions of public piano playing. Which came first in the process—the room as big as a city block, the dismissal of all chamber music surroundings, the reign of pianism of muscles and noise and the repertory therein fitted, or the splendid but dangerous sonority of the modern instrument itself, or new convictions as to what music may express, or the great increase of a musical public? Which one or the other of these has most helped to make concert-pianism what we now find it, and expect it to be? Certainly pianism of the time is an art and an entertainment strikingly—yes, strikingly is just the word—unlike the playing of the day of Beethoven, Hummel, Weber, Herz, and Thalberg. The sonatas of Mozart were not meant for it. Beethoven did not think of the area of a Metropolitan Opera House in connection with his "Pastoral Sonata." Schubert would probably have had some curiosity to be present at a recital that included one of his Impromptus, given in a hall about as capacious as the Grand Central Depot.

The problem of the contemporary piano-forte concert is not one essentially of new piano forte music written to suit enlarged conditions of public performance. For, after all, we are playing and hearing the same old works, concerti excepted, transferred from the small salons of the past, and commanded to suit halls as big as halls can be made. The fault—so far as it is fault—seems to lie with the piano-forte's own evolution. Its resonance, its richness, its brilliancy, all woo us, half convince us toward pianists of a style, toward pianism of a robustness that would not be possible, had the most hopelessly mechanical of all musical instruments not become the most potent and authoritative axe, while keeping a more delicate quality in it than ever.

One is suspicious, however, that a reaction in favor of Titania has begun. It need not mean that we are to belittle the power, the true dignity of the piano-forte, to dwarf its grand resources in interpretation and in composition, to go back to the school of Herz and Thalberg as the only one; or to make pianism a business of tinkle and trilling. But it may deepen the conviction that, after all, refinement in pianism is not a neglectable quantity, and that between the insufferable tumpus and piano wrecking characteristic of a certain German "school" of pianism, and superficial style such as marks some French pianism, there is a middle ground. A fine kind of French art is helping us the conviction. Just as there has been a reaction from the bad voices and abominable methods of too force a proportion of the "heroic" German singers toward true bel canto, with the result of a dignified compromise, just so in pianism that is virile impressive, yet elegant, making converts among new men in the profession. The exponents of bang and crash diminish. The cheerful pianistic day seems brightening, in which even Liszt shall not be misrepresented as if his music described a railroad accident. A recent Italian caricature represents two auditors coming, sniffing, out of a piano-forte recital by a virtuoso. "Pooh! He is not a great pianist!" exclaimed one, "he did not perspire—and he broke nothing!"

Of the players named above, Mr. Pugno's star has shone lustrously since the second of the Seidl subscription concerts in the Astoria, when he played, especially, Schubert's "Wanderer" fantasia. It was a magnificent effort—seemingly no effort. Mr Pugno began life as a phenomenon, and now, after a wide European career, is not fifty years of age. Looking like a German professor of philosophy, he plays as only a perfectly accomplished, manly, and feeling French artist plays. He has tone without twanging. His finish execution is crystal itself. He is a composer of distinction, and, by the bye, is an organist among the best. He has an mannerisms nor long hair, barring that Jovian beard. He is simplicity itself at his keyboard. He is thoroughly a romantic pianist.

Mr Paolo Gallico is a Lisztian, and as vivid and vigorous as befits that apostleship. He is not as finished a technician as he might be, and we suspect that he is not warm to the amiabilities of, for instance, Haydn. Not having heard how Bach fares with him, let us not prick him down as beneficent or malign to very formal music. But there can be no question of his bravura power, his superabundant temperament, the flame and flash that kindles the audience as the modern composer means it shall do, and his brilliant equipment in such details as octava playing. It will be interesting to hear him in Rubinstein's pitiless tests of that business. Gallico is a North-Italian, born in 1868, and the Vienna Conservatory is his musical Alma Mater.

Alberto Jonas is of the same age as Gallico—born in Madrid in 1868, and was a child prodigy as a composer before the lad was twelve. He studied at Brussels and carried away honors, and after fairly starting on a piano player's arduous career, interrupted it heroically to be a pupil of Rubinstein. There is something of the palm and the pine in so artistic nature so developed and enriched, and in Jonas to day Southern warmth and Northern intellectuality are peculiarly mingled. He is a player of the first rank, a serious and noble interpreter as a technicist, and Rubinstein prophesied wisely of a future now fast realizing. Spain, France, Russia, Germany, Austria, and England have thought excellent thoughts and written strong praises of this young Madrileño. He has been heard rarely in New York, but his mark here is made.

There is more to be said, much more, of the season's pianists in justice to our page of their contrasted presentments. But it must wait on at least a dozen lines as to the concerts of the fortnight. Madame Ilyna Beumer, a much-advertised Belgian soprano, has been heard at a smart concert in the Astoria. Madame Beumer defined herself as particularly accomplished in coloratura work. In Eckert's "Echo Song" she seems to confuse the vocalism with the ventriloquism. She has at moments and occasionally hollow soprano voice, and hardly enough of emotionality to please. She sings well, but singing is more than the merest cunning of the larynx. The Philharmonics have opened with such audiences for crowding and enthusiasm as have not opened any Philharmonics till now. Their soloist was the violinist Ysaye, who played as superbly as he played ill—almost inexplicably ill—at the second Seidl Subscription Concert. The Boston Symphony Orchestra drew another enormous throng, and Mr. Paur, Mr. Joseffy and the finest concert hall in existence were applauded to the uttermost. The Chickering Hall matinee, the Kneisel Quartet, the Symphony Society—all have had gracious beginnings. Perhaps the most popular and seductive artist of the hour is, however, Madame Sembrich, whose vogue is at highest water mark, and whose consummate musical personality is the talk of even the most cultivated or most ignorant of connoisseurs.

That industrious music school of this city known—rather misleadingly—as the "National" Conservatory of Music, organized its many alumni the other day in an enthusiastic and interesting meeting. An excellent address was made by the Hon. John S. Wise, and a second gathering was fixed for next week. The president of the Conservatory—to whom it owes so much more than directorship—Mrs. Jeannette M. Thurber, was elected the head of the alumni association, and Mrs. Lillian Blauvelt Smith was made vice-president.

E. I. STEVENSON.

THE GRAVE BY THE HAND-POST.

A Christmas Reminiscence.

BY THOMAS HARDY.

I NEVER pass through Chalk Newton without turning to regard the neighboring upland, at a point where a lane crosses the lone straight road dividing this from the next parish; a sight which does not fail to recall the event that once happened there; and though it may seem superfluous, at this date, to disinter more memories of village history, the whispers of that spot may claim to be preserved.

It was on a dark, yet mild and exceptionally dry evening at Christmas time (according to the testimony of William Dewy, of Melistock, Michael Mall, and others) that the choir of Chalk-Newton—a large parish situate about half way between the towns of Ivel and Casterbridge, and now a railway station—left their homes just before midnight to repeat their annual harmonies under the windows of the local population. The band of instrumentalists and singers was one of the largest in the county; and unlike the smaller and finer Melistock string band, which eschewed all but the catgut, it included brass and reed performers at full Sunday services, and reached all across the west gallery.

On this night there were two or three violins, two 'cellos, a tenor viol, double bass, hautboy, clarionets, serpent, and seven singers. It was, however, not the choir's labors, but what its members chanced to witness, that partly marked the occasion.

They had pursued their rounds for many years without meeting with any incident of an unusual kind, but to night, according to the assertions of several, there prevailed, to begin with, an exceptionally solemn and thoughtful mood among two or three of the oldest in the band, as if they were thinking they might be joined by the phantoms of dead friends who had been of their number in earlier years, and now were mute in the church yard under faltering mounds—friends who had shown greater zest for melody in their time than was shown in this; or that some past voice of a send transparent figure might quaver from some bedroom window its acknowledgment of their nocturnal greeting, instead of a familiar living neighbor. Whether this were fact or fancy, the younger members of the choir met with their customary thoughtlessness and buoyancy. When they had gathered by the stone stump of the cross in the middle of the village, near the White Horse Inn, which they made their starting point, some one observed that they were full early, that it was not yet twelve o'clock. The local waits of those days mostly refrained from sounding a note before Christmas morning had astronomically arrived, and not caring to return to their beer, they decided to begin with some outlying cottages in Skillinch Lane, where the people had no clocks, and would not know whether it were night or morning. In that direction they accordingly went; and as they ascended to higher ground their attention was attracted by a light beyond the houses, quite at the top of the lane.

The road from Chalk-Newton to Broad Skillinch is about two miles long, and in the middle of its course, where it passes over the ridge dividing the two villages, it crosses at right angles the lonely, monotonous old highway known as Long Ash Lane which runs, straight as a surveyor's line, many miles north and south of this spot. Though now quite deserted and grass-grown, at the beginning of the century it was well kept and frequented by traffic. The glimmering light appeared to come from the precise point where the roads intersected.

"I think I know what that mid mean," one of the group remarked.

They stood a few moments, discussing the probability of the light having origin in an event of which rumors had reached them, and resolved to go up the hill.

Approaching the high land, their conjectures were strengthened. Long Ash Lane closed in to them, right and left; and they saw that at the junction of the four ways, under the hand-post, a grave was dug, into which, as the choir drew nigh, a corpse had just been thrown by the four Skillinch men employed for the purpose. The cart and horse which had brought the body thither stood silently by.

The singers and musicians from Chalk Newton halted, and looked on while the grave-diggers shovelled in and trod down the earth. All, the hole being filled, the latter threw their spades into the cart and prepared to take their departure.

"Who mid ye be a-burying there?" asked Lot Swanhills, in a raised voice. "Not the sergeant?"

The Skillinch men had been so deeply engrossed in their task that they had not noticed the lanterns of the Chalk-Newton choir till now.

"What—be you the Newton carol-singers?" returned the representatives of Skillinch.

"Ay, aurs. Can it be that it is old Sergeant Holway you've a buried there?"

"'Tis so. You've heard about it, then?"

The choir knew no particulars—only that he had shot himself in his apple-closet on the previous Sunday. "Nobody seem'th to know what 'a did it for, 'a b'lieve. Leastwise, we don't know at Chalk Newton," continued Lot.

"Oh yes! It all came out at the inquest."

The singers draw close, and the Skillinch men, pausing to rest after their labors, told the story. "It was all owing to that son of his, poor old man! It broke his heart."

"But the son is a soldier, surely; now wi' his regiment in the East Indies?"

"Ay. And it have been rough with the army over there lately. 'Twas a pity his father persuaded him to go. But Luke shouldn't have twyted the sergeant o't, since 'a did it for the best."

The circumstances, in brief, were these: The sergeant who had come to this lamentable end, father of the young soldier who had gone with his regiment to the East, had been singularly comfortable in his military experiences, these having ended long before the outbreak of the great war with France. On his discharge, after duly serving his time, he had returned to his native village and married, and taken kindly to domestic life. But the war in which England next involved herself had cost him many frettings that age and infirmity prevented him from being ever again an active unit of the army. When his only son grew to young manhood, and the question arose of his going out in life, the lad expressed his wish to be a mechanic. But his father advised enthusiastically for the army.

"Trade is coming to nothing in these days," he said, "and if the war with the French lasts, as it will, trade will be still worse. The army, Luke—that's the thing for 'ee. 'Twas the making of me, and 'twill be the making of you. I hadn't half such a chance as you'll have in these splendid better times."

Luke demurred, for he was a home-keeping, peace-loving youth. But putting respectful trust in his father's judgment, he at length gave way, and enlisted in the ——d Foot. In the course of a few weeks he was sent out to India to his regiment, which had distinguished itself in the East under General Wellesley.

But Luke was unlucky. News came home indirectly that he lay sick out there; and then, on one recent day when his father was out walking, the old man had received tidings that a letter awaited him at Casterbridge. The sergeant sent a special messenger the whole nine miles, and the letter was paid for and brought home, but though, as he had guessed, it came from Luke, its contents were of an unexpected tenor.

The letter had been written during a time of deep depression. Luke said that his life was a burden and a slavery, and bitterly reproached his father for advising him to embark on a career for which he felt unsuited. He found himself suffering fatigues and illnesses without gaining glory, and engaged in a cause which he did not understand or appreciate. If it had not been for his father's bad advice, he, Luke, would now have been working comfortably at a trade in the village that he had never wished to leave.

After reading the letter the sergeant advanced a few steps till he was quite out of sight of everybody, and then sat down on the bank by the way-side.

When he arose, half an hour later, he looked withered and broken, and from that day his natural spirits left him. Wounded to the quick by his son's reproaches, he indulged in liquor more and more frequently. His wife had died some years before this date, and the sergeant lived alone in the house which had been hers. One morning in the December under notice the report of a gun had been heard on his premises, and on entering, the neighbors found him in a dying state. He had shot himself with an old flintlock that he used for scaring birds, and from what he had said the day before, and the arrangements he had made for his decease, there was no doubt that his end had been deliberately planned, as a consequence of the despondency into which he had been thrown by his son's letter. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of *felo de se*.

"Here's his son's letter," said one of the Skillinch men. "'Twas found in his father's pocket. You can see by the state 'a'n how many times he read it over. However, the Lord's will be done, since it must, whether or no."

The grave was filled up and levelled, an mound being shaped over it. The Skillinch men then bade the Chalk-Newton choir good night, and departed with the cart in which they had brought the sergeant's body to the kill. When their tread had died away from the ear, and the wind swept over the isolated grave with its customary strife of indifference, Lot Swanhills turned and spoke to old Richard Toller, the hautboy player.

"'Tis hard upon a man, and he a wold sajer, to serve en so, Richard. Not that the sergeant was ever in a little bigger than would go into a half acre paddock, that's

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"I AM NOT WORTHY TO BE CALLED THY SON."

true. Still, his soul ought to hae as good a chance as an other man's, all the same, hey?"

Richard replied that he was quite of the same opinion "What d'ye say to lifting up a carrel over his grave, as 'tis Christmas, and no hurry to begin down in parish, and 'twouldn't take up ten minutes, and not a soul up here to say us nay, or know anything about it?"

Lot nodded assent "The man ought to hae his chances," he repeated

"Ye mid as well spet upon 'n grave, for all the good we shall do en by what we lift up, now he's got so far," said Notton, the clarionet man and professed sceptic of the choir. "But I'm agreed if the rest be."

They thereupon placed themselves in a semicircle by the newly stirred earth, and roused the dull air with the well known Number Sixteen of their collection, which Lot gave out as being the one he thought best suited to the occasion and the mood

"He comes' the pri'-soners to' re-lease',
In Sa'-tan's bon'-dage held' "

"Jown it—we've never played to a dead man afore," said Ezra Cattstock, when, having concluded the last verse, they stood reflecting for a breath or two "But it do seem more merciful than to go away and leave en, as they t'other fellers have done."

"Now back along to Newton, and by the time we get overright the pa'son's 'twill be half after twelve," said the leader

They had not, however, done more than gather up their instruments when the wind brought to their notice the noise of a vehicle rapidly driven up the same lane from Sidlinch which the grave-diggers had lately retraced. To avoid being run over when moving on, they waited till the be nighted traveller, whoever he might be, should pass them where they stood in the wider area of the cross.

In half a minute the light of the lantern fell upon a hired fly, drawn by a steaming and jaded horse It reached the hand-post, when a voice from the inside cried, "Stop here!" The driver pulled rein The carriage door was opened from within, and there leaped out a private soldier in the uniform of some line regiment. He looked around, and was apparently surprised to see the musicians standing there.

"Have you buried a man here?" he asked.

"No. We baint Sidlinch folk, thank God; we be Newton choir Though a man is just buried here, that's true; and we've raised a carrel over the poor musicianer's 'natomy. What—do my eyes see afore me young Luke Holway, that went wi' his regiment to the East Indies, or do I see his spirit straight from the battle-field? Be you the son that wrote the letter—"

"Don't—don't ask me. The funeral is over, then?"

"There wer' no funeral, in a Christen manner of speaking. But 's buried, sure enough. You must have met the men going back in the empty cart"

"Like a dog in a ditch, and all through me!" He remained silent, looking at the grave, and they could not help pitying him "My friends," he said, "I understand better now. You have, I suppose, in neighborly charity, sung peace to his soul? I thank you, from my heart, for your kind pity. Yes, I am Sergeant Holway's miserable son—I'm the son who has brought about his father's death, as truly as if I had done it with my own hand!"

"No, no Don't ye take on so, young man He'd been naturally low for a good while, off and on, so we hear."

"We were out in the East when I wrote to him Everything had seemed to go wrong with me Just after my letter had gone we were ordered home. That's how it is you see me here. As soon as we got into barracks at Casterbridge I heard o' this— Damn me, I'll dare to follow my father, and make away with myself too! It is the only thing left to do!"

"Don't ye be rash, Luke Holway, I say again; but try to make amends by your future life And maybe your father will smile a smile down from heaven upon 'ee for 't."

He shook his head "I don't know about that!" he answered, bitterly.

"Try and be worthy of your father at his best. 'Tis not too late."

"D'ye think not? I fancy it is! . . . . Well, I'll turn it over Thank you for your good counsel I'll live for one thing, at any rate I'll move father's body to a decent Christian church yard, if I do it with my own hands. I can't save his life but I can give him an honourable grave. He sha'n't lie in this accursed place!"

"Ay, as our pa'son says, 'tis a barbarous custom they keep up at Sidlinch, and ought to be done away wi'. The man a' old soldier, too You see, our pa'son is not like yours at Sidlinch"

"He says it is barbarous, does he? So it is!" cried the soldier. "Now hearken, my friends" Then he proceeded to inquire if they would increase his indebtedness to them by undertaking the removal, privately, of the body of the suicide to the church yard, not of Sidlinch, a parish he now hated, but of Chalk Newton. He would give them all he possessed to do it.

Lot then asked Ezra Cattstock and the others what they thought of it.

Cattstock, the 'cello player, who was also the sexton, demurred, and advised the young soldier to sound the rector about it first. "Mid be he would object, and yet 'a mid'n't. The pa'son o' Sidlinch is a hard man, I own ye, and 'a' said if folk will kill theirselves in hot blood they must take the consequences. But ours don't think like that at all, and mid allow it."

"What's his name?"

"The honourable and reverent Mr. Stephen Oldham, brother to Lord Wessex But you needn't be afeard o' en on that account. He'll talk to 'ee like a common man if so be you haint had enough drink to gie 'ee bad breath."

"Oh, the same as formerly. I'll ask him. Thank you. And that duty done—"

"What then?"

"There's war in Spain. I hear our next move is there. I'll try to show myself to be what my father wished me I don't suppose I shall—but I'll try in my feeble way That much I swear—here over his body. So help me God"

Luke smacked his palm against the white hand post with such force that it shook "Yes, there's war in Spain, and another chance for me."

So the matter ended that night. That the private acted in one thing as he had vowed to do soon became apparent, for during the Christmas week the rector came into the church yard when Cattstock was there, and asked him to find a spot that would be suitable for the purpose of such an interment, adding that he had slightly known the late sergeant, and was not aware of any law which forbade him to assent to the removal, the letter of the rule having been observed. But as he did not wish to seem moved by opposition to his neighbor at Sidlinch, he had stipulated that the act of charity should be carried out at night, and as privately as possible, and that the grave should be in an obscure part of the enclosure. "You had better see the young man about it at once," added the rector.

But before Ezra had done anything Luke came down to his house His furlough had been cut short, owing to new developments of the war in the Peninsula and being obliged to go back to his regiment immediately, he was compelled to leave the exhumation and reinterment to his friends Everything was paid for, and he implored them all to see it carried out forthwith.

With this the soldier left The next day Ezra, on thinking the matter over, again went across to the rectory, struck with sudden misgiving He had remembered that the sergeant had been buried without a coffin, and he was not sure that a stake had not been driven through him The business would be more troublesome than they had at first supposed.

"Yes, indeed!" murmured the rector. "I am afraid it is not feasible, after all"

The next event was the arrival of a head stone by carrier from the nearest town, to be left at Mr. Ezra Cattstock's, all paid. The sexton and the carrier deposited the stone in the former's out house, and Ezra, left alone, put on his spectacles and read the brief and simple inscription:

HERE LYETH THE BODY OF SAMUEL HOLWAY, LATE SERGEANT IN HIS MAJESTY'S —— REGIMENT OF FOOT, WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE DECEMBER 20TH, 180–. ERECTED BY L. H. "I AM NOT WORTHY TO BE CALLED THY SON."

Ezra again called at the river side rectory. "The stone is come, sir But I'm afeard we can't do it, nohow"

"I should like to oblige him," said the gentlemanly old incumbent. "And I would forego all fees willingly. Still, if you and the others don't think you can carry it out, I am in doubt what to say"

"Well, sir, I've made inquiration o' the Sidlinch men that buried en, and what I thought is true They buried en wi' a new six foot hurdle saul through 's body, from the sheep pen up in North Ewelease. And the question is, is the moving worth while, considering the awkwardness?"

"Have you heard anything more of the young man?"

Ezra had only heard that he had embarked that week for Spain with the rest of the regiment "And if he's as desperate as 'a seemed, we shall never see him here in England again."

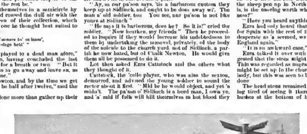
"It is an awkward case," said the rector.

Ezra talked it over with the choir, one of whom suggested that the stone might be erected at the cross-roads. This was regarded as impracticable. Another said that it might be set up in the church yard without removing the body, but this was seen to be dishonest. So nothing was done

The head stone remained in Ezra's out house, till, growing tired of seeing it there, he put it away among the bushes at the bottom of his garden. The subject was sometimes revived among them, but it always ended with "Considering how 'a was buried, we can hardly make a job o't."

There was always the consciousness that Luke would never come back, an impression strengthened by the disasters which were rumored to have befallen the army in Spain This tended to make their inertness permanent. The head stone grew green as it lay on its back under Ezra's bushes; then a tree by the river was blown down, and falling across the stone, cracked it in three pieces. Ultimately the pieces became buried in the leaves and mould

Luke had not been born a Chalk Newton man, and he had no relations left in Sidlinch, so that no tidings of him reached either village throughout the war But after Waterloo and the fall of Napoleon there arrived at Sidlinch, one day, an English sergeant major covered with stripes and, as it turned out, rich in glory. Foreign service had so totally changed Luke Holway that it was not until he told his name that



"WHERE HIS FATHER LAY BURIED"

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JOAQUIN CRESPO, PRESIDENT OF VENEZUELA.

General Ramon Guerra. Louis Crespo Torres (the President's brother).

PARLOR IN MIRAFLORES, THE HOME OF PRESIDENT CRESPO, AT CARÁCAS.

THE PATIO, OR INTERIOR COURT, OF MIRAFLORES.
Photograph by Louis Focht.

Miraflores.

VIEW OF MIRAFLORES AND A PORTION OF CARÁCAS FROM NORTHEASTERLY SIDE OF CALVARIO.
Photograph by Louis Focht.

PRESIDENT CRESPO'S MAUSOLEUM AT CARÁCAS.
Photograph by Louis Focht.

PRESIDENT CRESPO, TWO DAUGHTERS AND SON.

INTERIOR OF VAULT OF PRESIDENT CRESPO'S MAUSOLEUM, CARACAS.

PRESIDENT CRESPO'S TWO PALACES.—[See Page 1206.]

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the inhabitants recognized him as the sergeant's only son. He had served with unswerving effectiveness through the Peninsular campaigns under Wellington, had fought at Busaco, Fuentes de Onore, Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz, Salamanca, Vittoria, Quatre Bras, and Waterloo, and had now returned to enjoy a more than earned pension and repose in his native district.

He hardly stayed in Sallinch longer than to take a meal on his arrival. The same evening he started on foot over the hill to Chalk Newton, passing the hand post, and saying, as he glanced at the spot, "Thank God, he's not there!" Nightfall was approaching when he reached the latter village, but he made straight for the church yard. On his entering it, there remained light enough to discern the head-stones by, and these he narrowly scanned. But though he searched the front part by the road and the back part by the river, what he sought he could not find—the grave of Sergeant Holway, and a memorial bearing the inscription, "I am not worthy to be called thy son."

He left the church yard and made inquiries. The honorable and reverend old rector was dead, and so were many of the choir, but by degrees the sergeant-major learnt that his father still lay at the cross-roads in Long Ash Lane.

Luke pursued his way moodily homewards, to do which, in the natural course, he would be compelled to repass the spot, there being no other road between the two villages. But he could not now go by that place, vociferous with reproaches in his father's tones; and he got over the hedge and wandered deviously through the ploughed fields to avoid the scene. Through many a fight and fatigue Luke had been sustained by the thought that he was restoring the family honor and making noble amends. Yet his father lay still in degradation. It was rather a sentiment than a fact that his father's body had been made to suffer for his own misdeeds, but to his supersensitiveness it seemed that his efforts to retrieve his character and to propitiate the shade of the insulted one had ended in failure.

He endeavored, however, to shake off his lethargy, and, not liking the associations of Sallinch, hired a small cottage at Chalk-Newton which had long been empty. Here he lived alone, becoming quite a hermit, and allowing no woman to enter the house.

The Christmas after taking up his abode herein he was sitting in the chimney-corner by himself, when he heard faint notes in the distance, and soon a melody burst forth immediately outside his own window. It came from the carol singers, as usual, and though many of the old hands, Ezra and Lot included, had gone to their rest, the same old carols were still played out of the same old books. There resounded through the sergeant-major's window shutters the familiar lines that the deceased choir had rendered over his father's grave.

> He comm' the pri'-soners to' re-lease',
> In Sa'-tan's bon'-dage held'.

When they had finished they went on to another house, leaving him to silence and loneliness as before.

The candle wanted snuffing, but he did not snuff it, and he sat on till it had burnt down into the socket and made waves of shadow on the ceiling.

The Christmas cheerfulness of next morning was broken at breakfast time by tragic intelligence which went down the village like wind. Sergeant Major Holway had been found shot through the head by his own hand at the cross-roads in Long Ash Lane where his father lay buried.

On the table in the cottage he had left a piece of paper, on which he had written his wish that he might be buried at the cross beside his father. But the paper was accidentally swept to the floor, and overlooked till after his funeral, which took place in the ordinary way in the church-yard.

CRESPO'S TWO PALACES.

BY W. NEPHEW KING.

GENERAL JOAQUIN CRESPO, the President of Venezuela, lies dangerously ill at Macuto, a little watering-place on the shores of the Caribbean. He has been forced to give up his official duties at Carácas, and it is feared that his turbulent life will soon be over.

This fact, combined with the recent death in Paris of his son Tito, whose body is now on its last journey to the Venezuelan capital, calls public attention to two unique structures associated with the name of Crespo—Miraflores, the $2,000,000 palace, and the $150,000 mausoleum in the Campo Santo (Holy Ground) at Carácas. Neither is yet complete, though an army of workmen have been busy on both for a long time. Many wiseacres have predicted that Crespo would occupy his mausoleum before he would Miraflores, and it looks as though this prophecy is about to be fulfilled.

Eleven years ago Joaquin Crespo, then, as now, President of Venezuela, dispatched an envoy to Europe for the purpose of studying the mausoleums of the world, in order that he might suggest a design for one that would eclipse anything of its kind throughout the South American continent. More than a year did his representative examine the great burial places of the European capitals, and consult eminent architects, sculptors, and decorators, until a design was finally evolved that equals, if it does not surpass, any monument ever built by a private individual. Many distinguished men, whose names will live after that of the Venezuelan President has been forgotten, have been employed in the construction of the great mausoleum now nearing completion near Carácas. It has already cost more than one hundred thousand dollars, and it is fair to presume that this amount will be increased before the work is finished.

As you enter the wide portals of the little cemetery, on the other side of the picturesque Guaire, a majestic structure, crowned with a bronze angel, dwarfs the other handsome monuments that dot this "silent city of the dead." On all sides the giant Andes almost shut out the soft and genial sunshine, and yet this burial edifice, for such it really is, towers into the blue sky above. A grove of royal palms not many hundred yards away, and the sparkling waters of a distant river, add enchantment to the picture, and render the spot an ideal one for the last sleep of a turbulent life, such as Crespo's.

The structure is about one hundred and fifty feet high, built in the form of a square, whose sides are twenty-five feet, the whole surmounted by a metal cone-shaped dome. The base is of granite, and the superstructure of imported bricks encased in cement. A little above the base, at each of the corners, is the bronze figure of a winged lion, designed by an Italian sculptor.

The vault is underground, and contains receptacles for eighteen caskets. These "bóvedas," as they are called in Spanish, are grouped around the three sides of the chamber, and above them is some neat scroll-work in black and gold. Each member of this remarkable family, whether living or dead, has his or her own "bóveda," with the name written above in letters of gold. In the centre, two sarcophaguses of plate-glass, resting upon white marble pedestals, await the caskets that will some day contain the remains of President Crespo and his wife.

Facing the entrance, on the opposite side of the vault, are marble busts of President and Mrs. Crespo, and between them a white cross entwined with immortelles. A number of vases filled with fresh Easter lilies, whose perfume sweetens the dank atmosphere of death, complete the furnishings of this weird charnel-house. The only bodies interred there now are those of the President's mother, his wife's father, and two of their children.

Over the vault is a "capilla" (chapel), which is reached by a spiral stairway; and herein lie nine-tenths of the cost of structure. The interior of the arched dome was painted by a master hand, and the walls are decorated similar to those of the great cathedrals of Europe. A Virgin and Child, surrounded by a number of religious figures in Carrara marble, are already there, and it is said to be the intention of President Crespo to erect monuments to each of his family. The floor is laid with mosaics imported from Italy, and an elaborately carved altar in white and gold makes this a veritable palace for the dead.

Few have ever looked upon the interior of the vault and chapel, and I recall most vividly my first and last visit. It was late in the afternoon, at the end of the rainy season, and the sun, except at brief intervals, had been obscured for many months. The chapel with its ghostly occupants was dark and cheerless. The majesty of death seemed to pervade every niche and corner. No sound save that of the workman's hammer outside, punctuated with choice Spanish oaths, broke a stillness that you could almost feel. Suddenly a flood of sunshine streamed in through the stained glass windows and the song of birds floated on the balmy breeze.

At the gates of the cemetery, one mile away, a mellow-toned bell announced a new comer in the dismal Campo Santo. Slowly the mourners followed over the damp ground, until he was laid in his "narrow cell." No scroll-work in black and gold, no crystal sarcophagus, no white statue to perpetuate his memory in the years to come. Still, his sleep will be as long, as peaceful, as unbroken, as that of his more fortunate neighbors in Crespo's gilded "Palace of Death."

MIRAFLORES.

As the train from La Guayra winds around the western spur of the Andes, above the red tiled roofs of Carácas you may see Miraflores. And right well does it merit the title "vision of flowers," for, looking towards the little park on the hill of Calvário, a wilderness of roses and orchids greets the eyes. The name, it is said, was suggested by Miramar (vision of the sea), Maximilian's palace near Trieste. And not only has President Crespo chosen a name for his palace similar to that of a historic one, but all the furnishings and decorations in the homes of kings and emperors have been faithfully reproduced.

As you enter the massive iron doors, rusty with age while the interior is still uncompleted, personal vanity asserts itself on all sides. Everywhere you see busts of the President and his wife, and the initials J. C. over each door. The large paintings, many of them done by Arturo Michelena, represent the different battles in which the proud owner participated during the early revolutionary wars. His latest idea, it is rumored, suggested by the intervention of the United States in the Guayana question, is to erect an apotheosis of the Monroe doctrine, with heroic figures of Monroe, Cleveland, and, last but not least, Joaquin Crespo with sword unsheathed in the act of defying Great Britain. This unfortunate exhibition of vanity, combined with a vulgar display of wealth devoid of good taste, mars the costliest private home in South America, and one that might have been made the most beautiful.

It is difficult fully to understand what President Crespo really had in view when he conceived the idea of building Miraflores. It is both a palace and a fortress. Its position is a strategic one that commands the entire city, and the cellar contains accommodations for three hundred soldiers. There is also an earthquake chamber, protected by many steel pillars and sheathed with iron, so that the whole structure might be toppled over without producing more than a slight vibration there. In the walls of the President's bedroom and library adjoining are built two vaults, large enough to contain all the money and jewelry in Venezuela.

The structure, though covering almost a half acre of ground, is, like all others in the tropics, one story high, with a cellar below, and several observatories and balconies above. In the centre of the court-yard—or "patio," as it is called in South America—is an artistic fountain. To supply this with water a special tube has been laid to the main reservoir, and from it clear streams are always gushing, though there may be a drought in the city below.

On the southern side of the court, to the right of the entrance, is the "sala," or reception room. The ceiling is lofty, and upon it are painted several of General Crespo's famous battles. One of these is said to have cost ten thousand dollars. The walls are panelled in hard native wood for a distance of five feet, the rest finished in white and gold. A small sitting room adjoins the "sala," and from it a door leads to the bedroom of Mrs. Crespo. This is very elaborately decorated, and contains, among other wonders, a carved bed which is said to have cost several thousand dollars. Next come the sleeping apartments of the two daughters, and then several guest chambers.

In the east wing is a bath room finished in white marble, with a tub cut out of a solid block of the same material. The plumbing arrangements include many modern improvements and you may journey from one end of Venezuela to the other without seeing their equal. The kitchen and earthquake-chamber occupy the northern side of the square, and the former has a range, made to order in Europe, that is large enough to cook for an entire army. General Crespo's room, opposite to his wife's and across the open court, is also a model of the decorator's art, and its bed is second in finish only to that of his wife. Between this and the earthquake chamber are two rooms for the President's sons and a number for guests.

The grounds around Miraflores are spacious, and a European landscape artist has been at work upon them for years. The rarest plants and orchids have been transferred from the slopes of the Andes, and a grove of royal palms surrounds the picturesque garden. The building stands upon the highest ground in the city, and the steep sides of the hill are terraced and sodded with a peculiar grass that grows on the mountains near Carácas. A turnpike winds around the hill and ends at the entrance to the garden. Throughout the entire building one sees costly decorations, paintings of angels and wild animals, and statuary galore, but no one apartment is finished in any particular style. All of the palaces of modern and ancient times have evidently been studied, suggestions taken from each, and then thrown in indiscriminately.

Whatever may be the faults of architecture and the want of good taste displayed from an artistic stand-point, the view from the summit of Miraflores is one of the grandest in the world. To the north rises the Avila of the Andes, whose glittering peaks seem to pierce the blue sky above. To the south rise other and higher peaks, at whose feet the crystal waters of the Guaire shimmer, as they wind in and out of the green valley. To the east and west are also glimpses of the distant Andes, and the historic pass through which the pirate Drake once led a handful of men to sack the city in the time of the Spaniards. And of the flowers, whose sweet perfume fills the balmy air, what shall I say? This view and its fairylike setting make of Miraflores an earthly paradise, where one might eat the lotus, away from the noise and tumult of a busy world.

ENFORCING THE NEUTRALITY LAWS.

THE concessions announced as decided on by the Liberal cabinet of Spain in the case of the *Competitor* are practically an abandonment of the charge that the government of the United States has been lax in the enforcement of the neutrality laws against Cuban "filibusters." Except in the case of the *Competitor*, Spain can point to no notable success as a result of her own direct efforts against vessels in the pay of the Cubans. Nearly everything else she has done has been done through complaints made to our Department of State, and through the use of our navy in patrol and detective service.

By adopting this plan of campaign the Spanish authorities have been able to accomplish a great deal more than they could have hoped for by relying on their own badly handled cruisers. It would not be candid to say that there has been any real enthusiasm back of the official zeal with which the neutrality laws have been enforced in response to these numerous Spanish complaints, but nevertheless they have been enforced with the result of harassing the filibusters much more effectively by the use of our ships than Spain has been able to do with her own.

The work of carrying arms and conveying volunteers between our coast and Cuba has been done chiefly by the *Dauntless*, the *Three Friends*, the *Bermuda*, the *Laurada*, and lately by the *Silver Heels*. The reputation of the *Competitor* was made chiefly by her capture. Her work was taken up by the *Dauntless* and the *Three Friends*, which have been chased, overhauled, and libelled so often that the expense to the Treasury of the single item of paper for the complaints, indictments, bonds, and similar formidable proceedings will be no small matter when the total is footed up.

The *Silver Heels*, the latest addition to the filibuster fleet, is a Maine vessel of 128 tons net, which gained distinction in October by running away from a United States revenue-cutter, which chased her on complaint of the Spanish legation. When next heard from it was in a telegram saying she had escaped and transferred part of her load to the *Dauntless*, in spite of the diligent use of search-lights by our own cruisers and those of Spain.

The three most sensational incidents in the long story of Cuban naval operations are the capture of the *Competitor* by Spain, the use of a Hotchkiss gun by the *Three Friends* against a Spanish cruiser on the expedition of last December, and the chase of the *Dauntless* by the United States cruiser *Marblehead*. The activity of the Cubans has been incessant, however, and the history they have made in filibustering during the last two years abounds in incidents ranking in official importance with the overhauling of the Garcia expedition by the revenue-cutter *Hudson*, just after midnight, as it was getting away from New York on the *Bermuda*.

The cruisers *Marblehead*, *Montgomery*, and *Detroit* are sister ships, with much the same equipment and armament, but the *Marblehead* has made the most remarkable record in the work to which she has been assigned in co-operation with the *Montgomery*. According to contemporaneous accounts, her chase of the *Dauntless* is the most notable feature of her career since the trial trip, when for six miles of the course she made a speed reported at 21.06 knots. When first sighted off the coast of Florida the *Dauntless* was loading from another vessel. She promptly ran away when the *Marblehead* appeared, and was promptly chased, with such diligence that, it is said, four of the *Marblehead's* stokers fainted in the engine-room. Cuban sympathizers regarded this as unnecessary zeal, and were so vociferous over it that the officers of the *Marblehead* said no more than was necessary about the use of the forward six-pounder, so strikingly brought out in the WEEKLY'S illustration. The six blank cartridges they fired might have had little effect in intimidating the *Dauntless*, however, if they had not been re-enforced by the cruiser's superior speed. When overhauled the *Dauntless* had got rid of her contraband goods, and was, as usual, an innocent victim of official zeal.

The position of the Supreme Court was declared by Chief-Justice Fuller in the case of the *Three Friends*. He held that, regardless of whether or not we have formally recognized the existence of war in Cuba, we must enforce the neutrality laws "as a mere matter of municipal administration." The present administration at a recent cabinet meeting, has decided that this must be done in a way that will leave no ground for reasonable complaint. Hence vessels suspected of belonging to the filibustering fleet are not to have clearances until they have established their good intentions. No matter how often they are fired on, overhauled, and libelled they show remarkable facility in establishing good intentions.

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THE AUSTRIAN CRISIS.

THE present political situation in Austria is the result, primarily, of the race rivalries of Germans, Slavs, and Magyars, secondarily of the ferment that inevitably attends progress among peoples unaccustomed to constitutional rule. Both are affected somewhat by the geographical relations of the races and the form of government.

Of the two divisions of the empire, Austria is the least homogeneous in its population and least compact in its geographical extent. Extending in an irregular semicircle around Hungary from Dalmatia to the Bukowina, it is divided into three principal divisions. First on the west comes Austria proper, including the Tirol, Upper and Lower Austria, and Styria; then comes Bohemia and Moravia; and on the east, the province of Galicia.

The population, about 23,500,000, includes 8,500,000 Germans, 10,000,000 Slavs, 3,700,000 Poles, and 1,000,000 Italians, Rumanians, etc. The Germans are compact in Austria proper, and form a considerable element in Bohemia, especially on the Bavarian and Saxon borders. The Slavs are divided. There are 5,500,000 in Bohemia and Moravia—Czechs and Slovaks, the former greatly in the majority; 1,200,000 Slovenes, chiefly in Styria; 670,000 Croatians and Servians on the borders of Croatia; and 3,000,000 Ruthenians in Galicia.

In Hungary the Magyars, 7,500,000, occupy the central part, surrounded by a fringe of 2,000,000 Germans on the west, 2,000,000 Czechs and Slovaks on the north, 2,500,000 Rumanians on the east, and 2,000,000 Croatians and Servians on the south. The entire population includes thus as its chief elements, approximately, 10,500,000 Germans, 14,800,000 Slavs, 7,500,000 Magyars, 3,000,000 Poles, and 3,000,000 Rumanians. The language division corresponds to the racial, except among the Slavs, the different branches having quite distinct dialects. In religion the Roman Catholic Church is predominant, embracing the greater part of the Germans, Czechs, Magyars, and the Poles. The Ruthenians belong to the Greek Catholic Church, and the Rumanians and Croatians to the Greek Orthodox Church, while there is in Hungary a considerable Lutheran element.

For the purpose of government there is a complete system of legislatures, each with its upper and lower house and ministry. The Austrian Reichsrath sits at Vienna, and the head of the ministry is Count Badeni. Hungary has its Reichstag at Buda Pesth, with Count Banffy as Premier. There is also in each of the fourteen provinces of Austria a Landtag, and in Croatia a Provincial Diet.

Matters pertaining to the imperial interests, and concerning all sections alike, as foreign affairs, war, customs, finance, etc., are decided by a parliament called the Delegations, composed of members from the Austrian and Hungarian parliaments, sitting alternately at Vienna and Buda Pesth, and acting through a ministry at the head of which is Count Goluchowski, Minister of Foreign Affairs. Imperial expenses are provided for by an arrangement called the Ausgleich, which runs for periods of ten years, and which requires the approval of both the Reichsrath at Vienna and the Reichstag at Buda Pesth. The present Constitution went into force in 1867 as the formal union of the two states and the first Ausgleich dates from December of that year, so that the third decade is just closing.

The mutual relations of these differing elements have been affected by two influences, one tending toward union, the other toward disintegration. The first is chiefly that of a common need attended by a common dread. Each one of these elements dreads absorption by the surrounding empires and realizes that for its own individual development the present union is vitally essential.

German Austrians, considering themselves heirs of the old German Empire, look upon Prussia as a usurper. Czechs, Slovaks, and Ruthenians dread both Russia's pan-Slavism and the domination of the Orthodox Greek Church. The Poles feel themselves stronger under Francis Joseph than they could be under William II. or Nicholas II. The Magyars know very well that they could not stand alone the pressure of Russia and Germany. Croatians, Servians, and more lately Bosnians, have no wish to return under Turkish rule, and little desire to share in the chaotic condition of the Balkan provinces.

The Rumanians of Transylvania would probably find it less difficult to unite with their brethren across the border. Mention should also be made of the great personal influence of the Emperor, who is loved and revered by all of every race.

On the other hand, there is the development of national life in these various communities, inevitably attendant on education and general prosperity, and arousing jealousies more or less virulent, according to circumstances. The Czechs feel that the kingdom of Bohemia is as worthy of recognition as the kingdom of Hungary, and if the Magyars can demand the use of their language in the government and the courts, they ought not to be denied the same privilege. As far back as 1848 they demanded this recognition, and by persistent agitation secured, not long since, a decree from the ministry for the equal use of Czech and German by officials and in the courts. Encouraged by their success, the other Slavic communities are looking for the same recognition, and Transylvania is raising its protest against the domination of the Magyar. All this has stirred the jealousy of the Germans, who claim that the language decree is contrary to the original Constitution of the German-Austrian Empire, and there are some hot-heads who declare that union with Germany is preferable to sharing political predominance with Slav barbarians, while the Magyars look on, determined not to let power slip from their own hands.

Another disturbing element has been the extension of the franchise by which the old aristocratic power is being replaced by a number of parties. For some time the Roman Catholic Church has been realizing that it was losing hold on the people, and, resolving on a course somewhat similar to that pursued in France, has, under the title of Christian socialism, appeared as the champion of the lower classes. Socialism proper, too, has lifted its head, and the result is a parliamentary situation in which no one influence is predominant, and very nearly everybody is, to some extent, "in opposition." The anti-Semitism which has been so prominent a feature in Vienna municipal elections is not so important a national factor, although it adds a disturbing element.

The present situation is the immediate result of the effort of the Germans to impeach Count Badeni and his ministry for the Czech language decree. Failing to secure a majority in favor of this, the leaders took advantage of the termination of the Ausgleich to refuse support to the government, and by obstructive tactics compel it to yield to them.

The efforts to secure a compromise were not successful. Austria wanted her share decreased. Hungary would not consent. At last the government succeeded in passing at Buda Pesth a provisional arrangement for one year, but failed at Vienna. The Germans redoubled their efforts. They received encouragement from Bavaria against the Czech claims, and the sittings of the Reichsrath were constant riots. Almost in despair, there came a veiled threat of a suspension of the Constitution. This aroused Magyar opposition, led by Francis Kossuth, who declared that that would threaten the Hungarian Constitution. The first apparent result was the worst outbreak of all, culminating in a furious attack by the Germans on Premier Badeni and the presiding officer of the Lower House, who fled in terror of their lives. This, however, has served to weld together still more firmly the anti-German elements, especially the Czechs and Poles, and as they are numerically the strongest, it seems probable that some arrangement will be reached. The unifying influences are stronger, on the whole, than those tending toward disintegration. The trend toward local freedom of development is, however, more marked than ever, and the future is by no means without serious danger.

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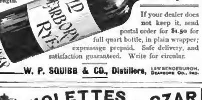

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AMATEUR SPORT

MR. CASPAR WHITNEY *will be absent several months on a sporting tour around the world, including a tour of observation in the West and in Europe, and a hunting expedition for big game in Siam, which he has undertaken for* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

During MR. WHITNEY'S *absence this Department will publish contributions from well known writers upon special subjects relating to Amateur Sport.*

MYOPIA CLUB—BACKWARDS FROM SEVENTH TEEING-GROUND.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY STERNS.

GOLF IN MASSACHUSETTS.

THE golfing interests of Massachusetts are centred, of course, at the Club, and the Boston group of clubs, comprising the Country Club of Brookline, the Myopia Hunt, and the Essex County, rank with the best in the country. The golfers of the Brookline club were the first in the field, but the seed, once planted, was soon to increase a hundred-fold. The Myopia Hunt Club has long been one of Boston's social institutions, situated as it is in a charming residential section, and within easy reach of the city. Together with many another country club, the Myopia took on golf merely as an experiment, and as a side issue to more important things. History is only too eager to repeat itself whenever the chance is offered, and to-day the red coats of the golfers may claim at least numerical superiority over the "pinks" of the huntsmen.

The first course was one of nine holes, and indeed it is only this autumn that the final arrangements are being made to extend it to the regulation eighteen. The old course used to be described as sporty, and so indeed it was—rather more of sport than of golf. The mid green was decidedly rough, the putting-greens were decidedly small, and hazards were much more plentiful than good lies. But the Myopia country is naturally well fitted for the making of good golf, and the one distinguishing feature of the old course was the excellent judgment displayed in the length of the holes.

The club has now acquired about one hundred acres of ground for the purposes of the game, and work on the new course is being rapidly pushed so as to bring it into playing condition by next spring. Nearly all the hazards are natural, including a famous pond whose bottom is popularly supposed to be paved with golf-balls, and the ever recurring stone walls are rendered playable by being banked over with earth. The soil on the fair green is rather inclined to be gravelly, and the turf is much lighter than that of the ordinary inland links. The grass, indeed, is not unlike that of Shinnecock—rough and thin—but cultivation and the humanizing pressure of the golfer's foot will in time work wonders upon even the most unpromising of raw material.

The Myopia counts upon its list of playing members some of the best known of the Eastern golfers—Q. A. Shaw, Jr., R. Appleton, H. C. Leeds, Nicholas Longworth, and Morton J. Henry. Mr. Leeds has always been active in the golfing affairs of the club, and he has especially interested himself in the planning and rearrangement of the course.

Outside of the Boston circle there are golf courses in almost every town, and the one at Newton Centre, situated upon the broad slope of Institution Hill, is distinguished for both the beauty of its surroundings and the fine quality of its golf. The club was organized two years ago, but its original course of nine holes has since been entirely rearranged, so as to eliminate dangerous crossings, and for the better placing of the putting-greens. The ground is inclined to be stony, and tons of "break clubs" had to be removed to make it playable. Stone walls, ditches, swamp lands, wire fencing, and dirt bunkers figure among the hazards, and Mr. A. H. Findlay's record of 88 for the double round stands for very good golf indeed. The membership of the club includes both men and women, and the limit is fixed at 150, with a small junior list. Both initiation fees and annual dues are on a modest scale—the men paying ten dollars as entrance money, and the same annual yearly. Women and junior members pay five dollars initiation and five dollars as the yearly subscription. The playing distance of the course is as follows: 1 (the Sibs), 293; 2 (the Corner), 100; 3 (the Hollow), 286; 4 (the Trents), 276; 5 (the Mound), 245; 6 (the Orchard), 267; 7 (the Midget), 134; 8 (Jumbo), 400; 9 (Home), 239. Total, 2300 yards.

NEWTON CENTRE GOLF CLUB—STONE WALL HAZARD, APPROACHING HOME.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY STERNS.

The nine-hole course of the Lenox Golf Club is well known to our metropolitan golfers, and its annual open tournament is perhaps the most popular of the "down East" fixtures. Beautiful Stockbridge has an excellent course, and the one at Williamstown possesses at least one hole, the Alps, that is calculated to try a golfer's soul to the uttermost. It is only a cleek shot, but the hill that faces the tee presents a countenance so forbidding that it is dollars to doughnuts no the hazard against anything but the stoutest of hearts and the truest of mashies. Historic Lexington has a nine-hole course that gives good golf, the playing distances of the separate holes being carefully laid out with a view to the elimination of the "levelier." The Lexington golfers go in largely for inter-club team matches, and a list of the playing members would include the names of W. M. Tyler, H. C. Perkins, W. E. Page, E. C. Stowell, W. N. Lockwood, and Percy Chase.

GOLF NOTES.

FICKLE FORTUNE IS IN GREAT DANGER of losing her title to fame. As a synonym for uncertainty, she cannot hold a candle to that lady of changeable mind, the Goddess of Golf. The favor of our "Lady of the Links" is at all times an insecure possession, but now and again she fairly outdoes herself in the direction of what seems to be pure caprice. When A. H. Fenn won the gold medal for the best score in the preliminary round of the Country Club of Westchester tournament, he was rated as an almost certain winner of the cup. If figures at golf mean anything at all, he certainly had everything his own way. He made the first three rounds in 39 each, and his total for thirty-six holes was 161, eleven strokes better than that of Wright, the second man, and sixteen better than the total of Gillespie, Canadian amateur champion for 1896. And yet Gillespie put him out in the first match round, a victim of over-confidence perhaps, but none the less squarely beaten. Fenn was three up at the turn, but on the home-stretch he had to play against the remarkable score of 36, and his temporary advantage was quickly wiped out. There is on record the history of a Scottish match in which one of the contestants lost the first nine holes and yet managed to halve the game. It is hardly necessary to insist upon the moral.

Gillespie seems to have shot his bolt in making that brilliant morning round, for M. R. Wright had no difficulty in winning out in the afternoon match. The latter, by the way, used to play a very pretty game of tennis, and his golfing style is equally pleasing to watch. He has been coming on last of late, and ranks with Betts, Reid, Robbins, and Travis as the best of this season's development. W. H. Sands again upheld the honor of the veteran by taking the finals over Wright, though by a small margin. Sands has been playing the game of his life this fall, and that, too, after some rather indifferent performances at Cannes and elsewhere abroad during the early summer.

With the Westchester tournament, the season of 1897 practically closes, and with the Lakewood meeting last week, that of 1898 begins. The Baltusrol club has made active preparations for winter golf, and may hold a tournament thereon, but Baltusrol is peculiarly favored in the way of climate and location. The Morris County club closed its course immediately after Thanksgiving, and at most of the other metropolitan clubs there will be little or nothing doing for the next five months. Throughout the West and Southwest the outlook is most encouraging. Charleston is to have a club at Summerville, South Carolina, the course at Kansas City is at its best during the winter months, and the established clubs at Aiken, Thomasville, and St. Augustine will soon be in full swing. Golf has indeed conquered America, and the London *Golf* mournfully notes that we shall soon be independent of the old country in the manufacture of balls, clubs, and other paraphernalia of the game. Of the sixteen players who qualified at Chicago, eight used American made clubs. Even that latest freak of club construction, the "crosshead," has been patented in this country as no original American idea, and will shortly be put upon the market. The "crosshead" type is likely to prove a bone of contention when it does appear, and its very shape is an open insult to the fine old crusted golfer and his dearly cherished traditions. It only remains to be seen whether or not it can drive a ball. In the mean time, our transatlantic friends are rejoicing over the discovery of a wonderful new wood for driving shafts. It is called "texa," but no one seems to know where it comes from or what sort of wood it really is. But they do say that it will lengthen the carry of an ordinary drive by ten to twenty yards, and is particularly effective in playing through the fair green.

THE AMERICAN TEMPERAMENT still finds difficulty in accustoming itself to the idea that the love of sport may survive the green and sainted days of youth, and that with entire propriety. Englishmen can play cricket gracefully with their grandsons, but Bradstreet would look with suspicion upon a bunker short stop, unless the exhibition had been specially arranged for some respectable charity. Golf is changing all that, and yet the other day one of the contestants in a metropolitan tournament, a well known and popular physician, entered under an assumed name, evidently considering that his patients might otherwise resent his heartless neglect of their interests. In reality he was only fitting himself to give them better service, but they might not have understood. After a while we shall not see anything incongruous in the wise man at play, we shall be only too thankful that he finds the opportunity in golf for the needful recreation of nerves and brain.

It is rather surprising, however, to note how few clergymen there are among the "regulars" of the club entry lists. In England the "cloth" is always well represented in the competitions, and the golfing curate of to-day is even more in evidence than the hunting parson of sixty years ago. Perhaps there is a little too much clerical sportsmanship among our British cousins, and after reading a series of golf reports one is inclined to wonder how the reverend amateurs have any time left for their cure of souls. By all means let the clergyman be a golfer; it will make him the better man, and the better parson, too. But he ought not to be on the scratch lists for precisely the same reason that a gentleman should not be invincible at the billiard table.

W. G. VAN T. SUTPHEN.

LEXINGTON GOLF CLUB—NO. 1, "THE HILL."—PHOTOGRAPHED BY STERNS.

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FOOTBALL NOTES.

In Philadelphia, on Thanksgiving day, it was expected that the University of Pennsylvania would treat her friends to a Roman holiday, with Cornell as her victims. But instead the audience had a most thrilling surprise, the Quakers winning by the lowest possible margin. How much the crowd needed that touch down could hardly be estimated until it was made, when the entire stand rose in one vast body and told every one how great the strain of those fifty-six minutes of play had been.

The guards-back system shut up like a telescope when Cornell jumped into it, and try as they would, the Pennsylvania team could not force the play. The superiority of Minds's punting alone kept Cornell out of their goal during the first half, though twice it was in imminent danger. Cornell ran around their ends with comparative ease, and, in defence, was, throughout the half, and, with the exception of a short ten minutes, throughout the game, much more reliable. Such gains as Pennsylvania made were short ones, and by mass strength, especially the main strength of Hare, McCracken, and Minds. Their outside plays and tricks were marks for Cornell, who brought down the runner, with loss in many instances.

Both teams showed symptoms of fatigue, and at times reminded one of two boxers who had fought to a standstill. The play of Hare was marvellous, and worth many, many yards to the red and blue. Single Cornell men were useless when opposed to him, and it took usually the united efforts of some three or four before the big guard was brought to earth. His assistance to his comrades and his tackling were equally effective. Pennsylvania's quarter back kicks, in which province she has easily been head and shoulders above her adversaries, went wrong so badly as to be positively disheartening, and added to Cornell's confidence and gain.

If any football enthusiast wishes to be sure of seeing a real contest and no walk over, it is only necessary for him to find out where Elizabeth and Orange are to meet, and "be on that spot and wait!" After four consecutive games between these teams the entire margin is the conversion of a single touch-down into a goal, or just two points. The play at the Oval on Thanksgiving day was fast and furious, and only such officials as Dr Hartwell and Mr Morse could have held the teams in check. As it was, the umpire inflicted the penalty of disqualification several times. It is too bad that a contest of so much real interest should be marred by the resurrection of the objectionable features that have been, in the case of the college matches, so completely buried.

It is the utter disregard of the interests of the sport itself exhibited by athletic club teams and some of the more remote college teams that keeps up the agitation against football, and furnishes ammunition for those who enjoy a shot at anything prominent in the public eye. The sport is in the hands of the players themselves, and for the most part they seem inclined to take good care of it. The chief point, and one that can be provided for well in advance, is the selection of able and conscientious officials. Such selection cannot be made too early. It should be made practically before the playing season begins. It is then that the teams are most likely to secure the best men. A suggestion from the University Athletic Club to the Rules Committee that they name a list of competent officials throughout the country might aid materially, or the nomination of a certain number of men by the University Athletic Club's own committee would be met with gratitude upon all sides among those having the interests of the sport at heart. In the East there are among players almost no instances of questioning the decision of an official. But how far some of the Western teams have wandered from what is the only safe path can be gathered from the following description, which is being used strongly against the sport. I quote from the *Evening Post's* excerpt from the Kansas City *Times*: "In the scrimmage Cowgill slugged Blocklinger, and the umpire ordered him off the field. Captain Shedd protested, but the umpire was firm. Then there was a half hour of wrangling, Coach Robinson declaring that he had not a man to put in Cowgill's place. Captain Kennedy finally, in order to play the game, consented that Cowgill stay in and play his position."

The above is enough to show why the game gets into disrepute, and explains the remark quoted as coming from one of the officials at the end of the game: "I never before saw such a gang of hoodlums at a game of football. I absolutely refuse to act as official in any game which —— University has anything to do with." If there be any satisfactory explanation of all this, the universities should see that the captains and officials produce it.

As already stated in this column, there is but one course for football teams, and that is to select the very best officials and then abide by their decisions without question. To be beaten is not a serious matter. One side or the other usually is beaten. But to agree upon arbiters of the questions arising in a game, and then refuse to abide by their decisions, to degrade the game into a quarrel and forget that a gentleman stands by his word, lowers the man and the game, and involves all those who care for the sport. It seems too bad that the work of such a man as Mr. Whitney in keeping up the amateur standing of sport, the labors of such men as Mr Dashiell, Mr Wrenn, Mr McClung, Dr Hartwell and many others in standing as officials, for the letter and spirit of the law, can be jeopardized or nullified by the action of here and there an irresponsible rough.

The football season just ended has been one of highly sustained interest. In spite of the fact that not one of the big games was free from blunders and carelessness the mistakes did not affect the score. Both sides indulged in them and while the polish or finish of some teams of former years was thus apparently lacking, the play had a greater element of rugged determination in it than has ever characterized that of any previous season. In all the important matches both sides played what might be called a game of broad lines—that is, there was no team which believed so strongly in one special line of play as to practically discard all other methods for that one. Pennsylvania supplemented her guards back style with the good placing of punts and in this builded most wisely, as the later developments of the season showed. Yale combined the kicking and running games most successfully, not fearing to use the punting game against the wind without being forced to it by a third down. Harvard exhibited some clever formations which gave runners like Dibblee and Parker especial opportunities. Princeton's play up to two weeks before her final match was a most excellent combination of mass and tandem plays. In her last game her offence was weak in execution rather than in method. West Point, contrary to the general belief of some, improved her game, and in the later matches added more concentration of players, which made her offensive department more effective than when she met Harvard and Yale. The Brown game showed this conclusively. Cornell played her best games of the year when meeting Princeton and Pennsylvania. Had her kicking been up to the standard exhibited in some of her other games, she would have more than evened matters with her supposably stronger rival. Brown, as mentioned earlier in these columns, paid the penalty of adopting an injudicious schedule, and was accordingly humiliated at the end. The Indians kept up to their mark in running, and advanced themselves materially in the kicking game. Lafayette fell from her proud position of last season, and was a mark for both Princeton and Pennsylvania, whose teams endeavored to compare themselves with each other by the measure of their score against Lafayette. The latter naturally suffered under such rivalry. Lafayette, however, tied Cornell and outclassed her old rival Lehigh. Dartmouth, easily premier once more in her league, played also some good outside games, though Princeton and Pennsylvania both defeated her. Wesleyan played a stout, plucky game throughout the season, and showed a distinct superiority in stamina to most of the universities of her size. In the Middle West the University of Wisconsin made good her claim to the first position, and on the Pacific coast Stanford University once more defeated her old foe Berkeley.

In the next issue the season's play and players will be considered, and the All-America team made up.

WALTER CAMP.

SONNETS.

AFTER THE SPANISH OF JUANA INES DE LA CRUZ.

I.

I NOTED once a fair Castilian rose,
All blushing with the bloom of life new born,
Fanned lovingly her beauty to the morn,
Whose whisper wooed the coy bud to unclose
Her dewy petals to his kiss. "Thy foes,"
I cried, "enthroning elves of darkness, scorn!
The joys of purity thy day adorn,
And guard thee through the night's despoiling woes.

And thus, though withering Death may touch thy leaf,
And in his dusky veil thy fragrance fold,
Thy youth and beauty smile at grief,
Thy little life and story quickly told
Make blest the teaching of a sweet belief:
"Tis better fortune to die young than old."

II.

One loves me tho' his homage I disdain;
And one for whom I languish mocks my smile.
To double torment thus doth pride beguile
And make me loathe and love at once in vain.
On him who honors casting wanton stain
And hazarding to be esteemed vile
By wooing where I am not sought, the while
I waste the patience of a gentler swain.

So must I fear despite to my good fame
For here with Vanity, with Conscience there,
My blushing cheeks betray my needless shame
'Tis I am guilty towards this guiltless pair
For shame to court a light love's woful game
And leave an earnest lover to despair.

JOHN MALONE.

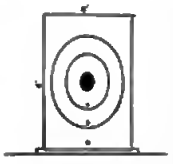
THE NEW ARMY TARGET, AND ITS EFFECT IN RIFLE-SHOOTING.

THE recent annual rifle meeting at Sea Girt, New Jersey, the Mecca of the expert military shot, was signalized by remarkable team scores and phenomenal individual shooting.

A gradual improvement in rifle shooting would be but the natural result of the intense interest and constant practice now prevalent in the State troops, and the winning by the Georgia team of practically every match it could enter is but the logical result of its thorough organization, enterprise, and early practice both at home and at Sea Girt; but its record-breaking score in the Inter State Match with a margin of 36 points over the former record, made by Pennsylvania in 1893, can hardly be attributed either to exceptionally favorable circumstances or to the prowess of the phenomenal shots who constituted the Georgia team, for the New York team also broke the previous record, with a margin of 21 points.

Despite the magnificent shooting of both these teams, the remarkable scores must be in part attributed to the new style of target, used for the first time at this meeting.

For many years the military target in this country consisted of a central circular "bull's-eye" surrounded by



OLD MILITARY TARGET—ALL RANGES.

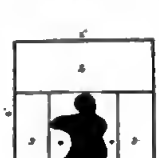
concentric circular rings. A few years ago this was changed to an elliptical bull's-eye, with elliptical rings, the vertical axis being the greater. The area of the bull's-eye and rings of this target were the same as in the circular style, and no perceptible change in scores was noticed.

In the spring of the present year, as the result of the recommendations of the Army Small Arms Board, a radical change was made by the adoption of the silhouette target. The theory of this target is that the soldier should be trained to shoot at a mark such as the enemy would present. The bull's-eye, or, as it is now called, the "figure," in the 200 yard target is therefore the silhouette in black, on a white ground, of a soldier lying down, "head on." In the 500 yard target the figure is kneeling; in the 600-yard target the figure is standing; and the 1000-yard figure is that of a soldier on horseback. The tendency of all troops being to shoot high, an endeavor is made in the new target to overcome this tendency by placing the figure at the bottom instead of in the centre.

200 yd.

The divisions regulating the value of shots are entirely different, and the area of the figure is much greater than in the old bull's-eye.

The effect on the scores of this greater area in the central objective is most apparent at 200 yards. At this range the figure is compact and comparatively rugged in shape, and the element of chance enters less than in the other targets, in which it is evident that a shot either close to the sample at the 500 yard target as high up between the legs in the 800 yard is closer to the centre and unquestionably better than one which chance might lodge in the elbow or in the foot of the figure, but which counts for more.



500 yd.

It is at 200 yards, therefore, that accurate holding is surest of counting, and while the new and larger objective contributes to a higher score, the records made at Sea Girt are none the less remarkable. In the Company Team Match, open to teams of five, ten shots each at 200 yards and 500 yards, Captain Cann and Private Austin of Company C, First Georgia Infantry, both made ten consecutive 5s at 200 yards, two others of this team making nine, and one eight, 5s out of the ten shots. More remarkable still, both

600 yd.

Captain Cann and Private Austin duplicated this feat in the Inter State Match, three others of the Georgia team of twelve also making a possible ten straight 5s at this range.

Upon the old style of target it was usual for teams to make the higher score at the longer distance, owing to the prone position allowed at 500 yards, the winning team in the Inter State Match having made the higher score at the longer range for the last seventeen consecutive years, but it is noteworthy that while five of the Georgia team made a possible 50 at 200 yards, one made 49, and two made 48, the highest score made at 500 yards was 48, the total at the longer range being 45 points less than at the shorter.

As before stated, it is believed that this is because the size of the objective and the silhouette of the target render it easier to make a perfect score at 200 yards than hereto-

1000 yd.

fore, while the conditions at 500 yards are not very different, the Georgia team making precisely the same total at this range that it made last year.

There is much criticism of the new targets among military men, especially of the too large figure in the short-range target, and of the chance of close shots at the longer ranges counting less than wider shots which happen to hit no arm or leg. The advocates of the target, on the other hand, contend that it is thoroughly practical, since a shot missing a man's trunk by half an inch is harmless, and should therefore count less than one which strikes his elbow or foot, rendering him *hors de combat*.

HOWARD A. GIDDINGS.

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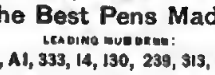

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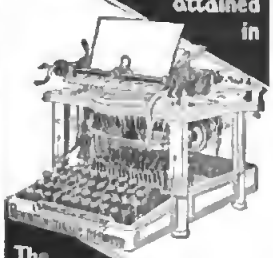

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XLI.—No. 2126.
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1897.

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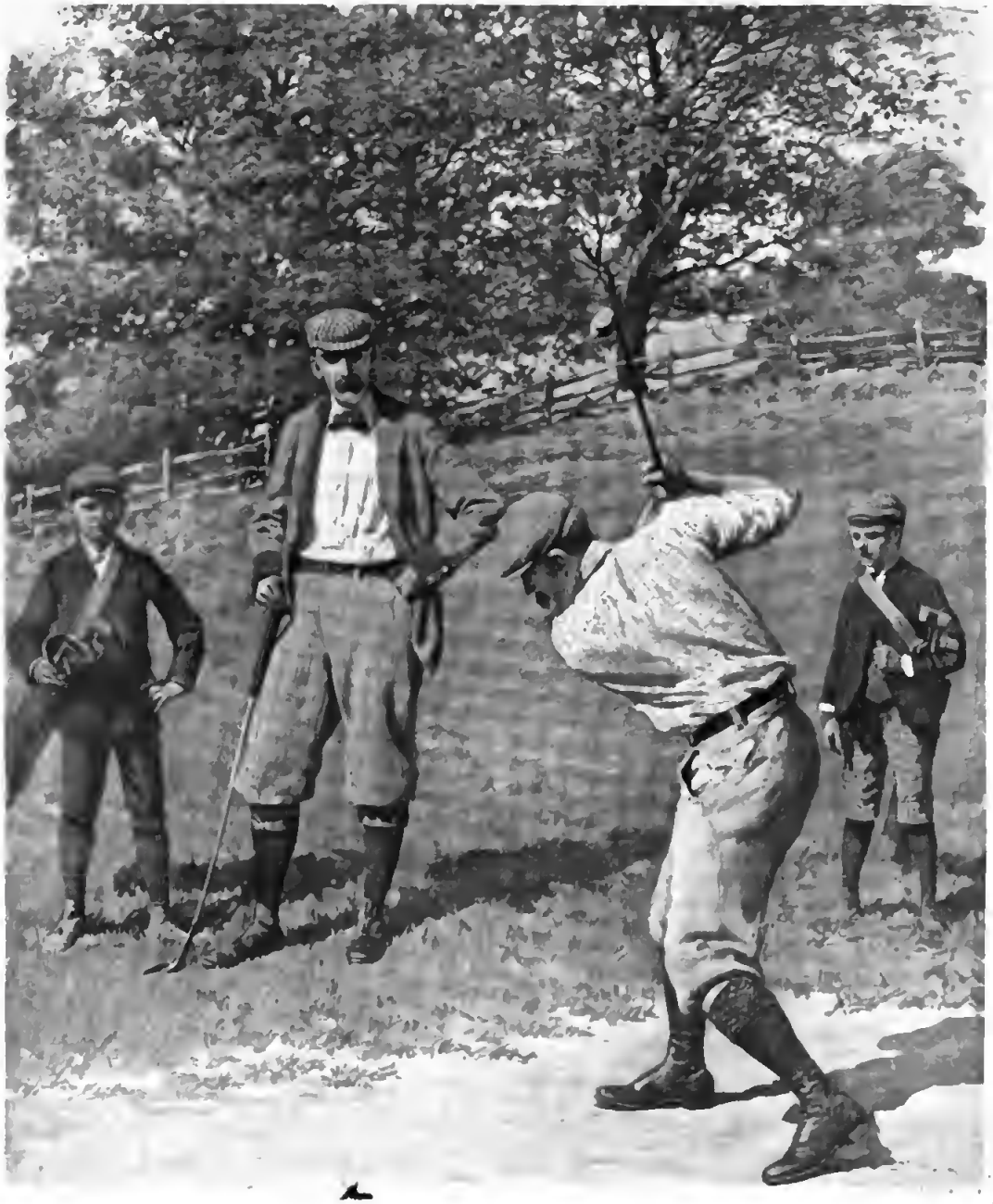

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, DECEMBER 11, 1897

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HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

New York City: Franklin Square

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MR. DINGLEY'S tariff law is so patent a failure as a revenue measure that its best friends are expressing their disappointment with it. Tariff legislation was set above currency reform by the administration and by Congress because it was said to be necessary to increase the revenue. It was known that this was mere pretence, and that the DINGLEY measure would increase the deficit and not the receipts of the Treasury. Its author and his party insisted on their higher duties. The result is as was foreseen. On November 30, the end of the first five months of the fiscal year, the deficit of the Treasury was $46,000,000, indicating roughly a total deficit for the year of $110,000,000.

APROPOS of a statement made on this page a few weeks since, touching the manner in which this country has performed its duty towards Spain in the matter of preventing filibustering, we have made inquiry for the exact details from the Navy Department. The government has maintained a patrol fleet on the coast of Florida for the last two years consisting of the following vessels: *Raleigh*, *Cincinnati*, *Amphitrite*, *Maine*, *Montgomery*, *Newark*, *Dolphin*, *Marblehead*, *Vesuvius*, *Wilmington*, *Helena*, *Nashville*, *Annapolis*, and *Detroit*. Most of the time three vessels have been on duty, and the cost of the service has ranged from $15,000 to $30,000 a month. The best witnesses to the effectiveness of this patrol service are the filibusters themselves. If Spanish troops and war-ships had been as efficient against the insurgents as our navy has been against filibusters, the insurrection would have been conquered long ago.

A MOST important legal reform, long agitated, has at last triumphed in France. The police power in France has been that of an absolutism. Arrests have been made without explanation of the charges against the party arrested. Prisoners have been kept in jail indefinitely without a hearing until a *juge d'instruction*, of his own volition, has ordered them before him to be interrogated in secret. In the mean time the police have had the right, which they almost invariably exercised, to search their prisoners' apartments, to examine their private papers and open their mail, the post-office authorities giving up private letters for examination. No such thing as *habeas corpus* was known in France. Senator BENJAMIN CONSTANS has been for years urging the passage of a bill giving to the accused the right of counsel at the hearings before the *juge d'instruction*, and making it obligatory on the hitherto absolute ruler to give a hearing within twenty-four hours. This measure has now become a law, and France is so much the nearer to being a true republic than she ever was before.

THE New York and Brooklyn Aldermen are going out of office at the end of the year. Realizing that what they steal or sell of the city's property and rights they must lay hold of quickly, they are illustrating what Tammany politicians can do when they obey all the wild impulses of their natures. A Tammany railway crowd has been presented with franchises in the Borough of Brooklyn which are estimated to be worth at least $7,000,000. In the old city of New York the Aldermen have voted to permit another Tammany crowd to tear up for a trolley road a beautiful park highway just completed by the Park Commissioners at a large cost. Not only will the road be ruined, but Pelham Bay Park will be greatly injured. But what do Tammany Aldermen care for the beauties of nature or the rights of the public when these trumpery things stand in the way of their trade? They are not in politics for "their health." They are there for "what there is in it for them." A Tammany Alderman who does not make enough money out of his political career to enable him to establish a "dive" or a bar-room is not worthy of CROKER's leadership. But the important thing is that New York is getting its first taste of what CROKER has in store for it.

COUNT BADENI and his cabinet have resigned to avoid bloodshed, and Baron GAUTSCH, who is more popular with the Germans, has taken the office of Premier. This, however, is not the only important news from Austria. Europe is congratulating itself that at last a strong man has made his appearance, outside of Russia, who is willing to use all his resources against the Turk. The Sultan undertook to punish, after Turkish methods, the agent of the Austrian Lloyd's at Mersina for giving to some Armenian refugees cheap passage on the company's ships. Upon this Count GOLUCHOWSKI, the Austrian foreign minister, interfered. He ordered Baron CALICH, the Austrian ambassador at Constantinople, to demand full redress for this outrage and the immediate payment of a railway debt of $1,250,000. The demand was backed up by war-ships at Mersina, and the Sultan was forced to yield. He saluted the Austrian flag with military ceremonies. He discharged the governors of the province and the city, and he ordered the debt to be paid at once. All this has come upon European diplomacy like a fresh and invigorating breeze. After all these months of pusillanimity on the part of the six powers, one man has brought the Sultan to his knees, and has shown, as the *Spectator* says, that the "assassin" is a "sovereign whom Europe endures, but who cannot resist by force any reasonable demand which a first class power is prepared to support with shot and shell."

Count GOLUCHOWSKI has not only shown himself to be probably the strongest foreign minister in Europe, but he is preparing to take his place at the head of the continental council-board. A few days ago he made a suggestion that is most entertaining to this side of the water. He advises Europe to prepare for a commercial war with this country; in other words, to defend itself and its people against the commercial war which this country is maintaining against Europe. The Austrian Secretary's advice does not fall on dull ears or encounter unready dispositions. There is no country in western Europe, except England, that would not like to follow Count GOLUCHOWSKI's advice. Whether they dare or not is another question, a question to be answered prudently, for an abundant food supply—such as this country has—is not to be lightly warred upon by nations that cannot retaliate for our tariff policy except by making food dear to its people.

SOME of the German Emperor's foreign complications may be due to the prominence of people of foreign countries to annoy German citizens, although some of it may be of his own devising for the purpose of helping along the request or demand that he made in his speech to the Reichstag, last Tuesday week, for a large appropriation for the navy, the most important of German foreign complications being of a character to suggest the value of a large fleet of war ships. The Emperor seems determined to establish Germany as a naval power in the Pacific, and to that end he has seized the Bay of Kiao chou, in China. It is true that the seizure was made to punish the Chinese for the murder of two German missionaries, but the demands for reparation are of such an extravagant character that the Chinese Emperor positively refuses to yield to them, and the Kaiser is not unmindful of the naval advantage of the bay. In England it is urged that Russia may regard the action of the Emperor as unfriendly, and there are signs that it does. It is pointed out that the seizure followed hard upon Russia's refusal to permit the Sultan to spend money in German dock-yards until he had paid the indemnity due to Russia. On the other hand, it is suggested that Russia is willing that Germany should be her neighbor in China, in anticipation of trouble with England. In view of this latter possibility, friends of England will hope that it is true that China has given to Great Britain needed land near Hong-kong.

Another complication is one in which this country has already expressed some interest. It grows out of the arrest and imprisonment of one LÜDERS, the son of a German father and a Haitian mother, who, though born in Haiti, has declared himself a German citizen. LÜDERS was arrested for assault upon an officer, and was fined $500 and sentenced to prison for a year. The German charge d'affaires, Count SCHWERIN, thereupon acted with what seems to be unnecessary violence, although a correspondent of a Berlin newspaper insists that the roughness was essential, that the negro republic was determined to take harsh measures against the Germans, and that the judges were bribed—by a bum he does not declare. He also asserts that the Germans at Haiti were in danger of assassination. This correspondent further says that the American minister, Mr POWELL, was obliged to threaten the Haitian government with American war-ships in order to secure the liberation of LÜDERS. At any rate, Mr. POWELL intervened, and other reports say that LÜDERS was released at the request of the American minister and as a favor to this government. LÜDERS is now in Berlin, in communication, according to the London *Times*'s Berlin correspondent, with the foreign office. Count SCHWERIN forced himself into the presence of President SAM, and demanded the release of LÜDERS within twenty-four hours, the payment of $1000 a day for the time of his detention, and of $5000 a day for every day of detention thereafter. He also demanded the punishment of the judges and the police connected with the affair. He also severed diplomatic relations with Haiti, and announced that war-ships were on their way to subdue the republic. The German colony, about seventy persons, were placed under the protection of the American minister. Our own government put itself in an attitude of readiness, and Minister WHITE, at Berlin, was instructed to make the proper representations in case Germany should proceed to extremes. This meant, of course, that the Monroe doctrine was to be applied if circumstances warranted it, and, if the Germans had undertaken to oppress Haiti unduly, it was a most excellent occasion for its application. However, LÜDERS is released, and the Emperor seems to have thought better of the matter, and to have countermanded the order for unduly oppressing Haiti.

PARTIES AND MACHINES.

THE degradation of politics for which the two parties are responsible is receiving almost daily illustration. Within a few days RICHARD CROKER has announced that he recognizes Senator EDWARD MURPHY as the Democratic leader of New York State. This announcement is important because it means that CROKER probably has the power to make or unmake party leaders, and therefore to set up or defeat candidates for the highest offices of the State, including candidates for the Governorship, while, if there be a Democratic majority in the next Legislature, he may make himself, or any one he may choose, a Senator of the United States. Already it is rumored that he is contemplating a vindication of himself by constituting either himself or Senator MURPHY's son in law, ex-Mayor GRANT, as United States Senator.

There is no necessity of entering at length into a description, or what the newspapers call a "character sketch," of the two worthies who are now the head of the Democratic organization of New York. They are thoroughly well known. Their lives have not been exactly as an open book, but they have been at least as a closed book whose binding and lettering sufficiently indicate the baseness and vileness of the contents. Twenty five or thirty years ago political men having a standing to maintain among decent members of the community would have transacted their dubious business with men like CROKER and MURPHY in a convenient bar-room. They are now no more worthy of respectable association than they were then, but we judge from the presence of young Mr. MCCLELLAN and young Mr CHANLER among the heelers of Tammany that time has worked a change, and that respectable people do not repudiate their ambitious or needy friends who gain what they desire through becoming the subservient followers of CROKER, who is to-day no nearer being a gentleman than he was the leader of the tunnel gang. Here is a fact, however, that is a great tribute to CROKER's power, and one that has a wider and more important range.

There are no longer in this country any parties, in the sense in which we understood parties before the war, and in the sense in which parties are still understood in Great Britain and her self-governing colonies. In that sense parties imply differences of political thought or political tendencies. In the United States they have come to mean competition for place, and especially for the emoluments of place. Among Democratic leaders there have been men who are still opposed to the Republican principle of protection, but the Presidential campaign of 1892 was conducted by GORMAN, who was and is a protectionist, and who was the successor, as head of the Democratic National Campaign Committee, of a long line of protectionist party leaders. Indeed, the only campaign since 1876 in which the Democratic party has been led, or managed, by men opposed to the leading principle of the Re-

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publican party was that of last year, when the candidate and his campaign committee believed in and fully represented the same dangerous tendencies, but even these were offshoots of the collectivism inculcated by Republicanism. There are no longer any parties in this country, however, not only because, whatever platforms may say, there is no real division on questions of the day or on general principles of government among those who lead parties, but because the rank and file of the party—the people who vote its ticket—have no word in its management and no effective voice in the naming of candidates. This republic, in other words, is governed by two oligarchical associations, which, in their turn, are controlled by men of the baser sort, for CROKERS, MURPHYS, and PLATTS are not confined to the State of New York. We have JAMES SMITH Jr., and Senator SEWELL in New Jersey, GORMAN in Maryland, HANNA, BRICE, and MCLEAN in Ohio, TILLMAN in South Carolina, QUAY in Pennsylvania—and all of them combined we have in national politics. The fact that young men who have political ambitions, or need for public employment, and who would naturally dislike to have CROKER meet the women of their families, become his friends and servants, is due to the same fact that attached men to the Tea in Venice, and that made of surpassing value the friendship and even the notice of the imperial blackguards of Rome.

CROKER makes and unmakes political careers, and so do PLATT, MURPHY, and QUAY. They, and not their parties, are the makers of nominations. Primaries and conventions are mere forms to please old-fashioned scruples and to keep up the idea that there are real parties, an idea that is worth a large number of votes to the bosses. The voting sheep go on year after year supporting the CROKER ticket, or the PLATT ticket, or the QUAY ticket, because they think that these tickets represent political principles to which they are all attached, bosses and sheep alike; but if it once gets into their heads that the old party names have become meaningless, the bosses will be in danger, and real parties may revive. But the bosses will not be defeated inside their own organizations. That has become impossible, for the very reason that the members of the parties have nothing to say in the management of the organizations, and those who remain within and seek to effect reform through primaries and conventions are much weaker than those who go outside and meet the bosses frankly and courageously at the polls, for one boss at least must be defeated at every election.

The fact that the politics of the country is in the power of machines ruled absolutely by bosses has an important bearing on all efforts to reform parties. At present PLATT and QUIGG are frightened. The movement against them is apparently vigorous, and those who are at the head of it are determined that PLATT shall not carry on his trade under the once respectable and respected name of Republicanism. He knows—no one better—that with a party ruled by its voters, as all parties in a democracy ought to be ruled, he and QUIGG would be of very little importance. Under present conditions, however, he has absolute power, because he has possession of the machinery by which the Republican voters are supposed to express their will. He controls the enrolment and the count at the primaries, and he uses his power for the accomplishment of his own ends, so that the delegates to every nominating convention are of his own selection, as, therefore, the candidates are of his choosing or dictation. It is notorious that his power in the city of New York is due to a false and fraudulent enrolment. QUIGG now announces that he and PLATT will permit a new enrolment, and invites all Republicans, including especially those who voted for Mr. LOW, to unite in an effort to secure party harmony by joining in the making of a new enrolment. This is merely a sign of fear. It is certainly not repentance. PLATT and QUIGG are confident that harmony means nothing more nor less than the continuance of PLATT's bossship; that, under existing party conditions, PLATT can no more be defeated at a Republican primary than CROKER can be defeated at a Tammany primary. Republicans have tried fighting PLATT inside of the party before this, but the fighting has always ended in surrender. The case of poor Mr. BLISS is the most apt illustration of the fatility of meeting PLATT in his own primaries. Mr. BLISS not only lost his case, but eventually his reputation.

There is only one method by which the bosses can be driven out of parties, and that is by attacks of their fellow partisans from outside of their organization. The two parties will never be controlled by their own members, will never represent principles, until they recognize that their machines are not themselves, but corrupt and usually ignorant oligarchies that rule them, use them, and cheat them for the personal benefit of the bosses and their henchmen. These machines can never be beaten from inside their lines, for a modern primary votes always as the boss directs—at least the vote is counted that way. Republicans and Democrats who believe in their party's declarations must act independently of their organizations, and must defeat their machines, if we are to have real parties in this country. The blow that smashes either machine must come from outside, and must be dealt by the party it pretends to represent.

THE TASK OF THE CITIZENS' UNION.

THAT the Citizens' Union has resolved to maintain its organization and to stay in the field for future contests is a welcome news to every friend of good government in New York. Although it failed at the late election, it received support large enough to show that its principles and aims have a good foothold among our citizens, and that, if the lessons taught by its defeat are well understood and acted upon, it may hope for complete success at a day not far distant. It is now entering upon a long campaign, and in laying out a plan of operations it should be mindful of the causes of its temporary failure.

One of the principal elements of weakness in our municipal reform movements has been their lack of continuity. From time to time, when the conduct of municipal affairs by Tammany Hall had become conspicuously outrageous, a committee of public spirited gentlemen would, so to speak, descend from the clouds to appeal to the conscience and enlightened patriotism of the community, and to teach the poorer and less educated classes of the population the duties of good citizenship, and then, when the fight was over, to disappear again from the scene. Such efforts were very meritorious, but they produced the desired effect only when the public mind was wrought up to the highest degree of excitement by especially atrocious and intolerable misrule. And then, after a short period of reform government, Tammany returned to its old places of power, and the work had to be taken up again from the beginning. The reasons for such rapid changes are not far to seek. One of them was that the reform forces, between campaigns, come more or less out of contact with the masses of the people, while the representatives and agents of Tammany Hall remained constantly among the classes of the population which furnish the most votes, doing those who were in need or trouble, or who wished to enjoy this or that advantage which the law denied them, good turns in an endless variety of ways—a systematic practice which, however selfish in its motives, could not fail to find response and to create attachments. The result could not be doubtful.

The reformers, when they periodically appealed to those classes of the population, appeared as strangers, who were listened to with a certain respect, perhaps, but without that sympathetic understanding which is inspired by friendly and frequent personal intercourse—while the representatives of Tammany had been constantly on the ground establishing and maintaining personal relations, and making themselves agreeable and useful in the good as well as in the bad sense. It is no wonder that it required circumstances of an unusually exciting nature, such as those produced by the exposure of the TWEED régime or by the LEXOW investigation, to make the appeals of the occasionally appearing reformer stronger in their effect than those of the familiar Tammany friend.

The Citizens' Union can counteract this peculiar power of Tammany only by spreading its organization over the whole city, and by permanently maintaining as many local headquarters as possible, such headquarters to be manned with trustworthy, discreet, and active persons capable of carrying on a sympathetic intercourse with the people around them. The representatives of the Citizens' Union can, of course, not do the same things that are done by the agents of Tammany. They cannot serve as the protectors of law-breaking or vice, nor can they keep up a propaganda in low resorts. But they can make themselves immensely useful in various ways entirely consonant with their principles and aims. They can closely watch the operations of Tammany government in detail. Wherever the old system of extortion and blackmail appears again, they can discover it and bring it to public notice. They can make the people around them understand that whoever is wronged or oppressed by any one connected with the municipal government, will find at the headquarters of the Citizens' Union not only a sympathetic hearing, but, whenever that is possible, active aid. Thus they may prevent a good many of those outrages by the police, or the building department, or the public works department, which were perpetrated under Tammany rule years ago, and will in all probability be repeated, unless close watch is kept by somebody constantly on guard.

But the local establishments of the Citizens' Union can do much more. They can study and give expression to the needs, habits, and ways of thinking of those classes of the population whom Mr. SETH LOW had in mind when, in his letter of acceptance, he said that "New York, while characteristically an American city, is also, as the Germans say, a world-city, cosmopolitan in fact and cosmopolitan in sentiment," and that "men of every sort of upbringing must be able to live in such a city happily and naturally, of course with due regard to the rights and convictions of others." This was said with special reference to the RAINES excise law, of which Mr. LOW remarked that it "stands midway between the laws that everybody believes in and the dead laws that nobody believes in," and that "the effective public sentiment behind it, locally, is the only permanent force on which to depend in its administration." There is no doubt that this correctly indicated the liberal sentiments by which the Citizens' Union was animated, and that Mr. LOW, had he been elected, would have used his power in this sense. But there is as little doubt that the Citizens' Union was distrusted in this respect by a large number of generally well-disposed citizens, and that this distrust, stimulated by the memory of the sharp enforcement of the Sunday restrictions some time ago, gave Tammany Hall a great many thousands of votes which, had there been absolute confidence in the liberal spirit of the Citizens' Union and its candidate, would have gone to Mr. LOW. A constant friendly intercourse between those voters and the representatives of the Citizens' Union would have had, and will now have, the effect of dispelling that distrust on the one hand, and, on the other, of more firmly convincing those elements of society from which the Citizens' Union has so far drawn its main strength that a liberal policy can be pursued, not only without any danger to public order and decency, but with decided benefit to all in promoting general contentment, good feeling between different social classes, and popular respect for the law.

There are still other directions in which much good might be accomplished. It is a well-known fact that several of the improvements introduced in the management of our municipal concerns during the last three years, while highly beneficial in their general effect, especially as to the well-being of the inhabitants of our most densely populated districts, brought certain necessary regulations with them which proved irritating to various classes of people, and thus furnished opportunities to the Tammany demagogues. Nothing, for instance, could have been more indispensable to the accomplishment of an effective system of street-cleaning than the removal of the trucks from the streets, and the enforcement of certain regulations concerning the collection of ashes and garbage. But such measures, however imperatively demanded by the public good, made thousands of unreasoning voters hostile to "reform," and induced them to seek "relief" under Tammany rule. A like effect was produced by the increased tax rate caused by expenditures which had been rendered necessary by Tammany misrule. With regard to these and similar subjects a long and steady campaign of education is required, which can be conducted far more effectively and thoroughly, and with far less of that patronizing air which makes such education unpalatable to the masses, from the local establishment of the Citizens' Union by persons in constant intercourse with the people, than it can be done by the best and most zealous stump-speakers during the few weeks of a municipal canvass.

In short, the Citizens' Union should, in all parts of the city, by its representatives, be incessantly in the presence of the masses, to watch the doings of those connected with the municipal government, to expose abuses, to receive the complaints of those who think themselves wronged, to give advice where it may be needed, to aid the oppressed wherever possible, and to spread sound principles of citizenship and correct views of what the common interest demands. If it is thus everywhere *with* the people, it will presently be *of* the people, and it will be found, when another municipal election approaches, that the most important and most difficult work has already been done, instead of having, as heretofore, to be done in the hurry of a short campaign, upon insufficient information as to the popular temper, and by a hastily organized force.

CARL SCHURZ.

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THE FINAL TABLEAU IN "THE PRINCESS AND THE BUTTERFLY," AS PERFORMED AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE, NEW YORK.

THE DRAMA.

THE semblance of an idea lurks at the basis of *The Princess and the Butterfly*, by A. W. Pinero, now having its first performances in this country at the New York Lyceum Theatre, but to find it you have to look sharp, and in trying to follow it you are certain to lose it from time to time. In the first act, indeed, you are introduced to a lady, the Princess Pannonia, who seems to be possessed of one idea only—that she is growing old. The Princess has just reached her fortieth birthday, a terrible time for a beauty with a mind so meagrely furnished. She takes pleasure in proclaiming to her friends the sum of her years, and one can easily believe that the dear old dow-

JULIE OPP AS THE PRINCESS PANNONIA IN "THE PRINCESS AND THE BUTTERFLY."
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ager who gave her a bangle with forty dangling coins had a neater sense of humor than the dramatist realized. For twenty years—"*Twe-ty!*" she exclaims in horror, with her hands over her face—she has lived in seclusion with her late husband, an aged invalid. Now, however, she is in her native England again, rich and free, eager to keep what youth she has left for life and for love. But forty! Among the babbling insincerities in glittering petticoats who appear in her drawing-room come young Edward Oriel, an earnest but awkward young man, who distinguishes himself by spilling a cup of tea, and Sir George Lamonnot, a butterfly, the friend of her girlhood, who gruesomely announces that he is forty five!

It is a relief in the second act to find that the subject of age is left in abeyance. At Mrs St. Roche's you meet the insincerities again, with more men among them, as it is night, and you receive hints of various scandalous but well bred proceedings. Out of the crush of clothes stands one woman, the very personification of the dramatist's idea that she should seem like a figure on a stained glass window. Her face is white; her hair is red; her blue eyes gleam like steel. She glides forward slowly, making a fine show of her beautiful shoulders. There is something about her that causes you to forget the other women, to forget even the Princess and the charming Italian girl, Fay Zuliani, introduced as the daughter of Sir George's brother. Suddenly that red hair sets the whole place aflame. Sir George declares to his hostess that Mrs. Ware is not a fit person to be allowed to remain among the guests. Of course she leaves, but not until her escort dashes a glass of water over Sir George's shirt front.

It would be absurd to declare that in the third act the plot thickened. Yet we have at last reached something remotely suggestive of cream. The Princess has taken an apartment in Paris, and here she sees young Oriel, who has developed a wild love for her. His avowal constitutes one of the few really fine moments in the piece, indeed, the whole scene between them is admirably executed. She sends him away, leaving to make herself ridiculous, only to be caught in a platonic engagement with Sir George, who persuades her that they can support each other in bearing the burden of age. That tedious subject again! But the Princess succeeds in securing a respite of thirty days before the engagement begins, and on the sudden return of Oriel she naturally gives this interval to the incense of his devotion. This is so pretty and charming that when the fourth act reveals you that Sir George has a duel on, you experience a shock. You had forgotten all about it!

Sir George is writing in the early morning shortly before the meeting, suddenly the irresponsible Fay enters in *bal masqué* costume. She had stolen away to the ball, and she has just returned. In an outburst of anger at her recklessness Sir George tells her that she is not his niece, and reveals the truth about her birth. In the midst of her grief Fay happens to glance at the letter on the table, and discovers that he is about to fight. Her horror causes her to betray that she loves him, and then he realizes that he is in love with her. The situation is developed very skillfully, it provides a nice complication, and it gives a human touch to a character that is dangerously like a prig. Moreover, it leads to a charming climax, the curtain falling as the sobered Fay stands at the window watching Sir George depart—of course not to his death, but to receive the slight wound that will keep him in the country during the last act. The two pairs of lovers are united, the Princess discovering that she can forgive Oriel his youth, and the act is pieced out with a great deal of silly and gratuitous love making, unrelieved by humor.

In the performance, which was, on the whole, good, four players stood out conspicuously. Miss Julie Opp as the Princess, Miss Mary Mannering as Fay, Mr. Edward Morgan as Oriel, and Mr. Felix Morris in the small part of Mrs St. Roche's neglected husband. Though Miss Opp belongs to New York, her stage experience of little more than a year has been gained in England, and in this piece she made her first appearance in this country. She showed that she possessed to an uncommon degree the qualities that contribute to success in the theatre. She has beauty of face and figure, intelligence, a clear, agreeable voice, a delightfully distinct enunciation, and, most important of all, an unmistakable gift for expression. Miss Opp made a superb foil for Miss Mannering, who realized most vividly the temperament and the charm of the erratic Fay, a character new to the stage, and most convincingly drawn. To Mr Edward Morgan fell the rôle of Oriel, and he is to be credited with success because at a crucial moment he rose to extraordinary fervor.

Madame Alexandre Vlarda, the Polish actress, who made her first appearance in this country last week at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, came to wield as a second Duse, and as a woman of great social distinction. It is to be hoped that she was not responsible for those eulogies, though they cannot be said to have helped or hindered her prospects. The feeling that animated her audience was apparently simple curiosity. It was plain before the first act had passed that the play *Alexandra*, by Richard Voss, contained very poor material for the exploitation of talent. The weakness of the piece, too, was made the more apparent by the utter incompetency of the translation. Madame Vlarda, who spoke in German, and was supported by an English-speaking company, proved to be a woman of graceful carriage, with a face that showed decided temperament if not beauty, with a very charming voice, and with an ease and authority of bearing that suggested long experience. During the first three acts she played with simplicity and with flashes of power. Her delivery of those speeches in which she was called upon to express swift emotion were particularly well done. In the last act, however, where she had to portray suffering and grief, she made a disappointing betrayal of her limitations, becoming theatrical and unconvincing.

The new melodrama at the Academy of Music, *The White Brother*, by Cecil Raleigh and Henry Hamilton, bears a strong family resemblance to its more recent predecessors, though it is rather quieter and altogether better bred. In this instance the lovely and wronged heroine is a wife by a Scotch marriage. Her husband, who, as melodramatic villains go, is not nearly so cruel to her as he might be, is forced, for selfish reasons, to repudiate the ceremony. This naturally makes the complication which leads to a really novel device. The heroine's marriage certificate, which has been lost, is traced to a vessel lying at the bottom of the sea, and the heroine's husband is just as anxious to get it as she is herself. So he dons a diver's suit and goes down to the wreck to seek the document. The same thought, however, has occurred to one of his wife's champions, who, similarly accoutred, reaches the wreck at very nearly the same moment. The strength of the piece naturally depends on that scene, and the illusion of the depths of the sea is very effectively managed. There are other scenes, too, that are cleverly presented. Though quite overshadowed by the spectacle, the actors played capitally. They included such well-known players as Miss Rose Coghlan, Mr. Francis Carlyle, Miss Madeleine Ronton, Mr. S. Miller Kent, and Miss Olive May. It was a great pleasure to see Miss May on the stage again after her absence of four years. She has lost none of her naturalness and vivacity.

More than a year ago, when the now celebrated Theatrical Trust brought the wealthiest half dozen of managers into an agreement and secured control of most of the leading theatres in the country, it was thought that the result would be harmful both to dramatic art and to the American actors, who would of course be at the mercy of the combination. Two prominent actors, Mr. Francis Wilson and Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske, have persistently refused to do business with the Trust, and at present there is a very warm contest between those who favor and those who oppose it. Its objects are of course wholly commercial: it deals in plays as it might deal in any other commodity—simply to make money—and it has acquired so much power that it can greatly injure those actors who refuse to accept its terms. One auspicious result of the combination has been the establishment in a number of cities throughout the country of stock companies which are independent, and not only give actors steady employment and the varied training that they need, but also produce plays that otherwise might never have a hearing. If the Trust continues to foster such enterprises, it will undoubtedly help to produce in this country actor managers, like those in England and on the Continent, who will care something for good work in the theatre as well as for money-making, and in this way what looks like a serious misfortune will prove, in one particular, to be a blessing.

JOHN D. BARRY.

SIR GEORGE LAMONNOT (MR. HACKETT) AND FAY ZULIANI (MISS MANNERING) IN "THE PRINCESS AND THE BUTTERFLY."—ACT IV.

HENRY DRISLER.

Henry Drisler was born December 27, 1818, and died November 30, 1897. He was imbued with the cheerful, gentle, loving, and self-forgetful spirit of the Christmas season in which he began his life here, and was characterized throughout by the reverent and obedient temper inculcated by the lessons of St. Andrew's Day, on which he closed it.

He took life seriously, as one who knew the value of time and opportunity, and felt deeply his responsibility for the use he made of them. He kept steadily in view three great and noble objects—accurate classical scholarship, for its own sake and for the use he could make of it in the instruction of youth; the support and spread of the doctrines and influence of the Episcopal Church, of which he was long a communicant; the service of his fellow-men through associations for ameliorating the condition of the unfortunate and for the diffusion of knowledge.

He was widely and favorably known for the extent and the accuracy of his learning in the classical tongues. His labors in lexicography and in the editorship of series of classical works, and the esteem in which the results of them were held by capable men, attest his value in this regard. Harvard University, on the two-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of its foundation, recognized them by making him an honorary alumnus, with the degree of Doctor of Laws. Of his devotion as a teacher, successive classes of students for half a century bear witness. He entered the service of Columbia College in 1843, as a tutor of Greek and Latin, and in 1845 became Adjunct Professor in that department. In 1857, on the division of the chair of Greek and Latin Languages, he became Professor of Latin. Ten years later, on the death of his old instructor and friend Professor Anthon, he became Professor of the Greek Language and Literature, in which office he continued until his retirement from active service, and, as Emeritus Professor, until the day of his death.

When President Barnard went abroad in 1867 as United States Commissioner to the Paris Exposition, Professor Drisler became acting President; and again, during the last illness of Doctor Barnard, in 1888–9, he served in the same capacity. It is interesting to note here that when, as a boy, he attended a preparatory school on Staten Island, his teacher, who had great affection for and high hopes of him, told him that he would one day be President of Columbia College. He did not forget this prophecy, though he never spoke of it except to one of his family. At the conclusion of his second term as acting President he was commissioned by all the faculties of the College and its associate schools as their representative to make an address at the installation of the new President, Mr. Low, and in their name to welcome his former pupil as their chief.

On the accession of Mr. Low, Professor Drisler was appointed by the trustees Dean of the College, an office then first created. He was given leave of absence for a year, and travelled in Europe. The impulse to labor for increasing and making better the means to scholarship led him, however, to spend a great part of the time given him for rest and recuperation in Athens, promoting as best he could, from his richly stored mind and long experience, the interests of the American School there for classical study. He felt obliged to decline the office of director of that school, because of his unwillingness to intermit the discharge of his duties at Columbia.

On his retirement in 1894 he was honored in an unusual and most impressive way. The Association of the Alumni of the college invited him to a public reception, to give him, what he scarcely needed, an assurance that "his thorough scholarship, his gentleness and modesty of character, his integrity and Christian charity, his patience as an instructor, and his kindly interest in all who came under his charge have secured for him 'honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,' and have endeared him to successive generations of students of Columbia, whose respect, good wishes, and affectionate solicitude accompany him to his honorable retirement." In his address, which followed, he remarked that "Juvenal, in his Tenth Satire, gives a doleful description of the infirmities, cheerlessness, and miseries of old age, with no corresponding alleviations, but if he had lived in this happier age, and had filled for fifty years the office of instructor of ingenuous youth, his cold heart would have been warmed with unwonted fires, and his soul cheered and delighted when he saw around him, in his old age, on an occasion like this, the joyous faces, and felt the warm hand touch, of crowds of welcoming pupils." A further testimony of appreciation was given by the preparation, in his honor, of a volume of *Classical Studies*, each article in which was contributed by a former pupil, and the whole given to him in an affecting address at Commencement by one of the contributors, his colleague, the late Professor Merriam. At the same Commencement the trustees of the college, through the Rev. Dr. Dix, presented him with a beautiful gold medal, struck in commemoration of his fiftieth anniversary, together with an appropriate minute printed on vellum. A "Henry Drisler Fellowship in Classical Philology" was also established in the College by the trustees, and President Low endowed a "Henry Drisler Classical Fund" for the benefit of the departments of Greek and Latin.

Thus was gratified his long desire, and his expectation, to complete fifty years of active connection with the College, and the manner of his retirement was as exceptional as the length and character of his services.

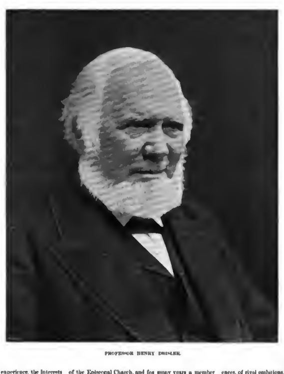
On his retirement he did not become dull and spiritless as a man without occupation. He felt that he had done his full duty to his *alma mater*, and without loss of cheerfulness or of interest in every-day affairs, he devoted himself to other matters that he had at heart. He had always, as a dictate of judgment and conscience, given a share of his time and of his income to the Church, to works of philanthropy, and to the public good. During the late civil war he was a member of the Union League Club, and did his part in upholding the integrity of the Republic. He was a trustee of the Leake & Watts Orphan Asylum, a trustee of the General Theological Seminary of the Episcopal Church, and for many years a member of the standing committee of the Diocese of New York, and of the Federate Council of the Church. He was actively interested in public libraries. While a young student in college, he longed to see a great public library in New York. As time went on he became a trustee of the Astor Library, by appointment of Mr. John Jacob Astor, son of the founder. When the Public Library of New York—Astor, Lenox, and Tilden foundation—was formed, he became one of the trustees. Not long before his death the plans for that library were approved, and one of the great desires of his life was in process of speedy fulfilment.

On the day before he was taken ill he remarked, while walking near Bryant Park with a friend, that he might not live to see the great building completed, but he hoped to see it rise above the ground. This hope failed of realization. He will not see with his bodily eyes the completed library, but his catholic and scholarly spirit will surely pervade it.

Professor Drisler was happy in his life, in the accomplishment of so much that he ardently desired and attempted, in a peaceful, honored, and well-employed old age, and in a death without pain, that was simply falling asleep.

> He liveth long who liveth well!
> All else is being flung away;
> He liveth longest who can tell
> Of true things truly done each day.

J. Howard Van Amringe.



PROFESSOR HENRY DRISLER.

LONDON.

November 19, 1897.

Last month I touched on the influence of the transitory period through which England was passing, upon domestic politics. In foreign affairs the centre of gravity is also changing, but the country has not yet realized the vital difference of the position of the United Kingdom under Lord Salisbury as one commercial power among many, contrasted with the lonely prosperity of the England of Palmerston's time. The prestige of bygone sea power, the change from sails to steam, free trade, the world's custom, gold discoveries in California and Australia, the wars of rivals, and peace at any price, then combined to free England from serious competition in the international race for wealth. Accordingly, many Englishmen have not even yet learned to discard the notion that prosperity for these islands is a law of nature. Immense accumulations of capital were made by England from 1846 to 1876, as a camel puts on fat in an oasis only to lose it in the desert. The pity with which untravelled Englishmen of Palmerston's day regarded foreigners in the mass; their neglect of the Navy, their ignorant contempt for the commercial rivalry of other nations—were symptoms of national megalomania. The events of the last few years are beginning to rouse the middle classes and the more sensible portion of the working men to a sense of coming danger. Hostile tariffs, dwindling exports, general unpopularity, and an increasing population, already numbering upwards of 40,000,000, involve the discovery and retention of new markets or the alternative of national decay. Markets, however, are scarcely obtainable without new territory. Within twenty-six years Britain has added 2,800,000 square miles to the empire. During this period only a single battalion has been added to the army. Most of the new territory is light soil in bad climates, with high temperatures, and is inaccessible to the emigrant. More mosquitoes and malaria have been added to the British Empire in the last quarter of a century than during the previous 250 years. These wholesale acquisitions expose Britain to the accusation of land-grabbing. Furthermore, the enormous accumulations of wealth all over the civilized world have attracted to our shores a concourse of cosmopolitan money-lenders, who find England a pleasant land to live in. Since debtors are very numerous, and are scattered all over the world, the unpopularity of the small bondholding and cosmopolitan creditor class collected in England is visited upon the nation as a whole, although the people themselves are too thriftless to hold either domestic or foreign bonds.

There are other and historic reasons for the unpopularity of England on the Continent which are none the less grave because conventional journalism agrees to ignore them. The few people who belong to Society are almost as much at home in France as in England. French charm and grace easily subdue all tendency to insularity, and the display of insularity is looked on by some as graver than a moral fault; it is bad taste. Between the two nations, however, there is a gulf fixed which England would like to bridge, if only the French were able to forget. Anglo-French history is one long record of irreconcilable differences, of rival ambitions, and of contests for prizes which could only fall to one of them. Twenty-three times have England and France struggled for mastery. The results of recent struggles have not been calculated to make Frenchmen Anglophiles. England coolly adopted the policy of Dupleix, and then ejected the French from India. French dreams of a northern empire disappeared with their Canadian defeats. Trafalgar ended Napoleonic conceptions of universal rule. British occupation of Egypt is a blow to traditions cherished by France since Louis XIV. sought colonial empire. The Suez Canal is a monument of French genius exerted for the aggrandizement of her secular rival. The issue of the last five Anglo-French wars gave to Britain eighty years' start in the race for empire, enabled her to people the temperate places of the earth with men and women of her own race and language, and to present a contrast between English successes and French failures galling to the gallant spirit of our neighbors.

Under these circumstances the efforts of France to establish an African empire, in compensation for territory that would now be French if it were not English, should command the sympathy of all Englishmen who are not destitute of historic imagination. Unfortunately, however, the activities of enterprising young French officers in the Niger Valley have placed Lord Salisbury in the dilemma of either allowing the tricolor flag to float over a British colony, or of maintaining British rights with the

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whole force of the empire. In the present Niger dispute, the tail twisting process has been carried too far. In good-tempered but clear language the Prime Minister made it clear in his Guildhall speech that England will maintain the honor of the flag on the Niger. There seems to be little dispute as to the essential facts. The main difference of opinion arises from the international rules of conduct applicable to the case. If the rules that governed the recent Franco-German Delimitation Agreement are to be applied to the Anglo-French dispute, France has not a leg to stand on. If the Berlin Conference rules are to govern the question, the contention of England will be emphatically sustained. The truth of the matter is that, peaceful as the basis of the Franco-Russian alliance may be, it is not in human nature for France to abstain from efforts to convert it into an instrument to obtain the reversal of some of those decrees of fate which have been adverse to her in her relations with England. I understand, however, that the Russian ambassador, one of the most genial of men, Baron de Staal, has been energetic in using his good offices to allay the irritation that has arisen between France and England in the Niger Valley. As I was present at the reception of President Faure in Petersburg last August, and observed its effect on all classes of Russians, from the monarch to the minister, I can understand how deeply French pride is stimulated towards the recovery of her ancient fame as a world power. It is well to reflect, however, that nations with a dwindling population and whose emigrant sons suffer from inerradicable nostalgia, have not yet been known to succeed in establishing a self supporting colonial empire.

Great Britain has herself to thank for the difficulties which have arisen with France. The desire for peace is as deep-rooted in the nation that gained eighty years' start in the race for empire, and which only wants to be let alone to enjoy her wealth and possessions that British concession and retreat have come to be looked on abroad as the natural result of a dispute with England. There is real danger, however, in relying on British readiness to yield under pressure, and none the less from the fact that democratic common sense will nowadays effectually debar our rulers from engaging in a war of aggression, or in one where the honor of the country is not so clearly involved as to make escape impossible.

Although little is said publicly about the Niger dispute, the government is prepared for war with France if the latter power elects to maintain her position at Bussa on the Niger. Two men will decide the issue. Lord Salisbury nominally, Mr. Chamberlain really, is acting for England. Mr. Chamberlain's upper lip is stiff enough for his political opponents at home. He will certainly not be bluffed by Monsieur Hanotaux. Through his influence the pick of the staff-officers available have left for the Gold Coast. If the French are not out of Bussa by the time the British expedition reaches that place, they will be turned out, as the strength of the British force is ample for the purpose. Consols remain untouched. No scare to the stock-market tells of red smoke on the horizon. For ones in their flaccid lives, however, our rulers are in dead earnest, and they will not be allowed to retire from the position they have taken up.

The incessant loss of valuable lives in the Tirah expedition daily adds to the hostile feeling rising against ministerial Indian policy. Every one asks, "What is the use of it all?" Here and there a weeping mother mourns a son speared or shot by a savage who, when he is conquered, will be both useless and irreconcilable to the empire.

Unpleasant statements about the conduct of the Royal Irish regiment have been hinted at in the press which do not lessen the rising tide of popular indignation against the headquarter army administration. Although no English journal has published the facts, I may state that while it is true that the regiment in question was sent by Sir W. Lockhart to the rear, the fault was not in the men. We shall hear a good deal more of the matter.

Dissatisfaction with the management of foreign affairs, the break-down in the army system, the wretched waste of life and treasure on frontier tribes that might well have been left to our Russian friends to deal with, are accumulating discontents with ministers. Lord Salisbury good easy man, works fourteen hours a day at foreign affairs. Assume that three more are required to discharge the duties of Premier of the Empire, and that seven remain for exercise, food, recreation, travel, and sleep. Is it possible for human nature to stand the work? A reconstruction of the cabinet is seriously talked of, and I have reason to believe it will not be long delayed.

In regard to English relations with America, it is interesting to observe that while the British case in our international disputes is unofficially urged with inaccurate brilliancy on this side of the Atlantic, and the American case is presented with characteristic ability on the other, the public of neither country has much opportunity of hearing what is to be said against its own officials' views of the issue. Mr Andrew Carnegie has written an article in the November *Contemporary Review* under the heading, "Does America Hate England?" Whatever may be the answer to this question, it is much to be wished that we on this side heard more directly and more often from responsible and dispassionate but unofficial American writers as to the American aspect of international disputes. It is also possible that a sober English view of such questions as that of the Bering Sea may interest the readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY without touching national susceptibilities. Blue books are practically useless in the formation of public opinion. They are partisan publications. The most interesting parts of the correspondence are rarely published. The most important interviews are not chronicled. Interminable *ex parte* dispatches expressed in the dialect of diplomacy tell the plain man little that he wants to know while popular newspapers on both sides too often darken counsel. Speaking broadly, the English conception of the Bering Sea controversy is somewhat as follows: The men in the street, in the first place, does not believe that 110,000,000 of nine white men will seriously quarrel over a herd of amphibious brutes, whose habits seem to engender as much masculine dispute as their hides excite feminine covetousness. At the same time, he believes that an arbitral tribunal has decided that the United States were liable for certain vessels seized, which carried the British flag, and that the sum to be paid was agreed upon by the American Secretary of State and the British ambassador. Furthermore, he knows that this sum has not been paid, and consequently concludes that when England loses an arbitral verdict she has to pay, as in the *Alabama* case; and when she wins, as in the Paris award, something steps in to prevent the fulfilment of the contract. What the man in the British tram car does not know is that fraud is alleged against naturalized Americans who really owned the boats in question, that the British flag has been prostituted to enable renegades to satisfy their lust for gain, and that the American government is within its strict right under the Paris award of having these claims examined by a commission. Mr. H. W. Wilson, the author of *Ironclads in Action*, a brilliant young Oxford man, who is an admitted authority on naval matters, represents the view of the man on the omnibus, in the annual number of the *Fortnightly Review*. He draws up an indictment against the United States which is as able as it is inaccurate. Seeing that educated Americans are Britain's best friends across the Atlantic, it is deplorable to see them alienated by attacks on the good faith of their country which arise from neglect to ascertain the truth. The central fact of this seal dispute—viz., that Canada is forcing the Foreign Office to push home to the uttermost the full legal rights of a comparatively insignificant industry—is not understood. Lord Salisbury is really in the position of having to act for a most exacting *cestui que trust* on a very small matter involving a very large principle.

No British government can renounce the obligation of protecting Canadian citizens in the possession of their legal rights, especially a government which is losing seal after seal in Parliament because it is too meek abroad and too active at home. Lord Salisbury's task of concurrently governing the empire as Prime Minister and of conducting its foreign affairs while he is oppressed with the shadow of a great sorrow, does not facilitate the prompt despatch of business on this matter. On the other hand, Mr. Foster's strategy and Mr. Sherman's controversial style fail to lubricate the wheels of diplomacy. On the whole, therefore, the outlook for a prompt settlement is not hopeful, unless common sense and a resolve on both sides not to take advantage of mere technical points cut the knot. British public opinion is thoroughly sound when it is made acquainted with facts. What it has to learn is that even the brusquest of despatch writers may be in the right, in spite of his brusqueness.

Contrary to the almost universal assumption in the newspapers that the Nile expedition is suspended for the coming year, there are grounds for believing that Khartoum will be occupied before the end of March. Five press correspondents have been packed off to Suakim, and Berber, and as it is inconceivable to the modern newspaper that a campaign can be conducted without press representatives, public opinion has jumped to the conclusion, after Lord Salisbury's speech at the Lord Mayor's banquet, that nothing more will be done for the present. On the other hand, it is curious that so distinguished a general as Sir Francis Grenfell should have been suddenly taken from his headquarters staff appointment of Inspector-General of Auxiliary Forces and Recruiting, which he was filling with conspicuous success, merely to command the troops at Cairo in piping times of peace. The victor of Toski is no ordinary soldier. He is an officer of great distinction, destined for high command in certain eventualities. In sending him to Egypt the action of the colonel is unintelligible unless there is serious work for him to do. Arrangements are now being made for the occupation of Kassala by an Egyptian force, and when this is effected a breakfast table surprise probably awaits the British public.

The question at issue between the parties to the engineers' dispute, which is about to be discussed in conference, is of deeper origin and import than is commonly imagined, and unless I am wholly mistaken in the character and underlying the resolution of the leaders on both sides, the struggle is by no means ended. On penetrating below the surface of things, the fight is seen to be no mere question of wages or of hours. It is a pitched battle between socialism and individualism and it is one in which the employers and employed differ as to the root ideas that concern the foundations of society. Modern British trade-unionism and Boyanism or Populism are members of the same family. Trades-union socialists claim that all wealth proceeds from manual labor. The modern captain of industry holds that wealth is primarily the product of ability using capital and directing labor with skill, economy, and success. Between the English employer and his trades-unionist workmen there is accordingly a great gulf fixed. The manual laborer honestly believes that he and his mates are the source of all wealth, and that when he asks for nine hours' pay for eight hours work he is only asking for his own, and paving the way for international socialism, with the object of reducing the productive capacity of labor in order to absorb the unemployed. Witness after witness before the recent labor commission affirmed that if eight hours were adopted and there arose a new crop of unemployed, they would reduce to six hours, and if that failed, to four hours as the day's work. To appreciate these facts is to recognize that since there is no common ground between the parties, there can be no serious negotiation, mediation, or arbitration. To fight to a finish is the only alternative—to the surrender of one side or the other. Mr Ritchie's well meant endeavor to bring together the employers and the employees is supported by a sanguine and ill-informed public opinion. If the projected conference be utilized as a bridge to enable the men to escape without humiliation from an intolerable position, it may do good. No sensible man wishes to see legitimate trades-unionism wiped out, as some of the hot heads among the employers seem to suggest. Trades unions keep hundreds of thousands from the rates, and thus perform an undoubted service to the nation. Furthermore, the establishment of great trusts and federations on an impregnable rock of class interest is a prospect by no means attractive even to those who clearly perceive the suicidal folly of the men's attitude today. Their ablest leader is Mr John Burns. He is transparently honest in the midst of an epidemic of corruption. During the cycling craze he is known to have refused $5000 a year merely for the use of his name by a cycle-construction corporation. Endowed with a magnificent voice, deep convictions, an iron constitution, and unfailing energy, he carries the fiery cross of predatory socialism to all parts of the country, and rouses the enthusiasm of myriads of wage-earners, who believe that John Burns will give them, in exchange for their vote, a larger share in the banquet of life. The mysterious gift of magnetizing men with fallacious hope is eminently distinctive of John Burns. He is a fascinating personality, which may become an important one in the stormy times in front. To become wealthy without labor and to spoil the rich without bloodshed are the objects of the new socialism. To foster popular illusions is accordingly one of the most successful methods of ingratiating himself with the working-classes that a politician can employ. Public attack on private property, coupled with a passion for retention and increase of such private property as they themselves may own, was common enough with the demagogues of yesterday. The late Henry George and John Burns to-day are dangerous because they are clean.

The plain truth is that the engineers are hopelessly beaten, albeit the courtiers of Demos no more dare tell the truth than the courtiers of Peter the Cruel in of Ivan the Terrible. Lord Salisbury, with all his limitations, has the distinctive note of greatness. He never stoops to flatter any class—not even the men who, like blind Samson, are straining every nerve to pull down the structure of civilization upon our heads and their own.

During the past month two new plays have attracted much notice. *The Tree of Knowledge*, by Mr. H. C. Carton, produced by Mr George Alexander at the St James's Theatre, is an amplification in five acts of Mr Kipling's six lines:

> A fool there was, and he made his prayer
> (Even as you and I)
> To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair
> We called her the woman who didn't care,
> But the fool he called her his lady fair
> (Even as you and I).

Excellent acting and the interest of the main theme commanded attention through three and a half hours from a critical first night audience. The pit contained people who had waited on the pavement since ten in the morning, as though the occasion were a première of Sir Henry Irving. The *The Tree of Knowledge* is a success, although Mr Carton neither resorts to mystery to carry his story through five acts, nor disdains to reflect in his most powerful scene the dramatic situation in the *Christian* which has brought a nest of hornets round the ears of Hall Caine—whose countenance, by the way, during the play was not the least interesting feature in the house.

A beautiful adventuress, Miss Julia Neilson, flees from her ruined husband, Mr H B. Irving. As she leaves the house, Mr Alexander, with whom she was formerly entangled, to save his friend's honor, threatens to murder her rather than that she should be false to her husband. The struggle on the floor between the two reminds one of Glory Quayle and John Storm in their much talked of scene. At this point the husband returns, whereupon the dishevelled beauty accuses poor Mr. H. B. Irving of an attempt on her honor. Then for the first time the husband hears of his friend's former relations with his wife and of course credits the lovely accuser at the cost of the meritorious but disconcerted accused. It is easier to destroy the plot by criticism than to deny its theatrical effectiveness. The creatures of Mr Carton's play are undeniably interesting. They are not men and women. But what does that matter? Live men do not needlessly intermeddle with the sins of a friend's wife, especially when their common past is compromising to both of them. In daily life, moreover, the calculating flirt does not elope without previous negotiation. Still, the play is interesting, full of telling lines, and it is most picturesquely staged while the uncompromising vigor with which Miss Neilson renders her repulsive part is evidence of more dramatic strength than that with which she has yet been credited.

The other play which is drawing all London is Mr Forbes Robertson's Hamlet. To impersonate Shakespeare's most popular hero for fifty or sixty consecutive nights to big audiences is a feat that few even of our greatest actors have achieved. Mr. Forbes Robertson's rendering of the melancholy Dane is a delight. It has gained in strength, and has made for him a reputation that may yet land him among the immortals. No one possesses patent rights in the representation of Hamlet, consequently there can be no such infringement as some loyal supporters of our greatest actor are inclined to hint. Certainly Mr Forbes Robertson has found new beauties in the play, and has made them intelligible to a grateful public.

Two books of a very different type, but interesting to a large public on both sides of the water, may be mentioned. To day appears the long expected work on South Africa by the Right Hon James Bryce M.P. Mr Bryce has lived long on his reputation as author of the *Holy Roman Empire*. Then came the *American Commonwealth*, which people talk of to this day with respect. Somewhat professional in manner, Mr Bryce is not of the stuff likely to make a Parliamentary success. He is, however, cultured crammed with knowledge, an experienced traveller, and a member of the Alpine Club. Physical fitness forms no large a part of the stock in trade of a traveller that Mr Bryce's wholesome tendency to get to the top of everything that comes within ball is much in his favor. The book is the strongest and sanest utterance on South Africa that we have had from any Englishman but I must confess that Mr Poultney Bigelow's brilliant *White Man's Africa* is far more interesting, if not so instructive.

The other work referred to is Mrs. C W Earle's *Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden*. Mrs Earle is sister of the accomplished twins Lady Loch and Lady Lytton, and she has written an enjoyable book about flowers and things pertaining to home life. All who take an interest in the grace and perfection of their surroundings, and wish to know the way in which refinement and culture are imparted to the affairs of English home life, will find this book a revelation.

ARNOLD WHITE.

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THIS BUSY WORLD

A reader of the Weekly, who lives in Milwaukee, thinks there may be other readers who would be interested in a millinery opening that happened in that town in October. It was managed by the Wisconsin Audubon Society. "The use of a large handsome house was given for the occasion by one of the directors. No responsibility was taken by the society as to the hats exhibited, and no sales were guaranteed but when it became known that six leading milliners had been invited to send displays, twenty-five other firms applied, asking for space. No feathers were admitted excepting ostrich plumes quills, and cocks' tails. Invitations (500) were issued, as to a reception. The fashionable world responded, the rooms were thronged, and many hats were sold. The advantage of the reception was that it made the Audubon work known to the general public that read of it in the papers, to the women who attended, and, best of all, to the milliners, who saw that their best customers were interested."

If any Audubon society has hit upon a more practical method than this of making featherless hats fashionable, it certainly has not come to the Weekly's notice.

Advices come from Michigan of the successful efforts of the class of '96 in Vassar College to found a class scholarship. It is a custom of Vassar classes to turn over to the college at Commencement such class moneys as may be left after paying the Class-day and Commencement expenses. The 120 members of the class of '96 at their last class supper, the night before leaving Poughkeepsie, improved on this custom by subscribing $2100 to be added to the funds left over, and all to go to "The '96 Undergraduate Scholarship Fund." This money they agreed to pay by June 1898. The chairman of the committee in charge of the fund says that payments are being made, "slowly, of course, for most of the girls are earning what they give or have little to spend," but with such regularity and promptness as to leave no doubt that the amount pledged will be forth-coming next June. After that it is intended to go on and raise the remainder of the $8000 necessary to a full scholarship fund. It is suggested that this is an interesting bit of evidence of the enthusiastic regard of Vassar graduates for Vassar, as well as of the energy and faithfulness of "120 very young women."

That squatter sovereignty doesn't serve in New York any longer in determining monument sites is illustrated in a convincing degree by the process of finding a place for the Soldiers and Sailors' Monument. Since Mr Stoughton's design for the monument was accepted by the Memorial Committee and sent upon its rounds to be judged by the other experts whose approval is necessary, the question of the site for it has come up again. Two years ago the Park Board fixed upon the Circle at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street as the best place for this monument, and it was generally supposed that it would be placed there, but several considerations have transpired which make for delay and possibly for a new choice. The law that authorizes the monument provides that the design shall be accepted and approved by the National Sculptors Society and the Municipal Art Commission before the site can be fixed. Another law, made last year, provides that no monument can be placed in any public place without the consent of the Mayor, the President of the Board of Aldermen, the President of the National Sculpture Society, and the President of the Municipal Art League. It appears, therefore, that at present New York's monument sites are very efficiently guarded. Before any monument can be placed in the flower-bed in the Plaza at Fifty-ninth Street the consent of President Ward of the Sculpture Society must be obtained, and the members of the Sculpture Society object to putting any monument, however worthy, in that flower-bed, and have asked their president to stand out against it. So it is not unlikely that the Soldiers and Sailors' Monument will have to go elsewhere.

The Whittier Club of Haverhill, Massachusetts, would like to amass a fund for the care and preservation of the poet's birthplace in Essex County, about three miles from Haverhill. The house is about 200 years old, and was built by the poet's great-grandfather. It is the house described in "Snow Bound," and one of its belongings is the garden wall referred to in "The Barefoot Boy." Whittier sold the place in 1840, after living there thirty years, and moved to Amesbury, whence in later years he moved again to Danvers. The place now belongs to Mr J. H. Carleton, who has turned over the house to the care of the Haverhill Whittier Club, the treasurer of which, Mrs. Mary H. Wood, welcomes contributions to the club's fund. The place is said to be visited by hundreds of persons every year.

A subject that would stand more discussion than it gets is free delivery by the Post-Office Department in rural districts. It is not impracticable, and the chief questions about it are whether the farmers want it and whether it would be worth what it would cost. There would be some economies in it resulting from the diminution of fourth-class post-offices, and some gains in revenue from an increased postal business. In thousands of districts it would pay very well. The $10,000,000 or so that might be saved by some wholesome amendments to the law which governs second-class mail matter would pay the deficit on a good deal of rural free delivery.

Mr Peter A. B. Widener, of Philadelphia, is a fortunate person in that, having built himself a great big house on the corner of Broad Street and Girard Avenue, in Philadelphia, and filled it with valuable and interesting things, he has found means to dispose of it at its full value, and also of part of its contents, so that he is free to start again and build and fill another house in the country. His disposition of it is particularly fortunate. He is going to give it to be used as a branch of the Free Library of Philadelphia, to be called, in memory of his wife, the Josephine Widener Memorial Branch. The house has a fine art gallery, which contains a remarkable and famous collection of pictures. These will presently be removed in Mr Widener's country house, and replaced by a collection of American paintings. The house is estimated to be worth at least $900,000, and the library fittings and pictures which are to be placed in it are to cost $400,000 more, so that Mr Widener's immediate gift to Philadelphia amounts in money to a million dollars. That is not all. The city of Philadelphia has appropriated a tract of land and $100,000 for a Park and Free Museum of Science and Art. Mr Widener is one of four donors who have given $30,000 each toward the erection of buildings for this institution. When the museum buildings finally include a fire-proof art building, Mr Widener and his two business associates, Mr W. L. Elkins and Mr John G. Johnson, propose to enrich it by extensive transfers of pictures from their own galleries. Mr Widener's collection of paintings, which for the present he reserves and carries into the country with him, is valued at something like $750,000 and Messrs. Elkins and Johnson also have exceedingly valuable collections, so that if finally they strip their galleries in the interest of the public the pickings will be so uncommonly good that the prospect of them almost warrants Dr. William Pepper's forecast of a time when Philadelphia may become the art centre of America. Mr. Widener's present gift is the realization in part of a plan made before the death of his wife to aid in promoting civilization in Philadelphia by helping to develop a great system of public entertainment and instruction, to include a free art-gallery, free museums, and a free library. A beginning has been made already by the city. Mr. Widener's notable gift helps very much. What is now most desired by those interested in the enterprise is that the city shall build a central library building and an art gallery.

Mr Widener made his own fortune largely by street-railroad operations in Philadelphia, New York, Pittsburg, Baltimore, and Chicago. The house which he has given for a library is in that modern part of Philadelphia which, though new and handsome, is on the wrong side of the chalk line which separates the Philadelphians who are satisfied with themselves from those who hope for a better time in a better world.

Two very interesting examples of a high sense of commercial honor came to light last month in New York. The first was the payment by Mr Amos F. Eno of debts of the dry-goods firm of Eno, Bueren, & Valentine, which failed in 1861 from causes incident to the outbreak of the war. According to law, and even according to ordinary equity, there was no obligation to pay the debts of this bankrupt firm, but apparently Mr. Eno remembered them for years after every one else had forgotten them, and determined to hunt up the persons to whom they were due, or their heirs, and pay them, principal and interest. He went about it very quietly, and knowledge of his action came indirectly to the public through his efforts to discover to whom the funds which he desired to distribute should be offered. Mr Eno is the son of Mr Amos R. Eno, whose chivalrous course years ago in spending a great sum of money to repair the consequences of a misfortune that befell him will not soon be forgotten in New York. It was perhaps quixotic in the younger Eno to pay these old and outlawed debts, but it is an exemplary sort of quixotism, the existence of which, in this money-loving community, it is pleasant to record. The disbursement is not a small one, but amounts to no one knows what, but possibly to half a million dollars.

The other case is the settlement by Judge Henry Hilton of the claims against the firm of Hilton, Hughes, & Co., which failed in August, 1896. The liabilities of the firm, of which Judge Hilton's son was the senior partner were about $2,200,000, the assets about $780,000. At the time of the failure Judge Hilton said that he would be responsible for all of the firm's debts. For about $1,000,000 he was legally liable as endorser of the firm's notes; for the rest he was not answerable. Ninety-five per cent of these liabilities has been paid, and the remainder is in process of payment. It has been a costly indulgence to Judge Hilton, but it has been worth the money. Money spent as he and Mr Eno have spent theirs, in paying debts not legally collectible, is spent as truly for the public good as though it went to endow a college or a hospital. There is nothing more important for Americans to learn than the worth of honor and integrity in business dealings.

Dormitories for Columbia University, though not in sight, are very much in mind. They are needed, and whenever the trustees meet, the chances of getting them are considered. The plan, started about a year ago, for a great dormitory eleven stories high, to be called Hamilton Court, fell through because subscriptions could not be found for the shares of the stock company that was to build it. But the plans for it are still in existence, and now that money is easier it is possible that the project may be successfully revived.

All roads nowadays seem to lead to Alaska, and a surprising proportion of the news of the world comes from the bleak Northwest. There will be more of it presently, for, besides that we shall all want to know how the Klondike food-supplies hold out this winter, there will be great interest in the result of the relief expedition on which the revenue-cutter *Bear*, Captain Francis Tuttle, started, on November 28, from Seattle. The *Bear's* errand is to carry or send food to the crews of eight whaling-vessels that are caught in the ice near Point Barrow in the Arctic Ocean. The expedition is sent by the government, under direction of Secretary Gage. No ship can get through Bering Strait in winter, and it will probably be next August before the *Bear* herself can reach the whalers. Her orders are to go north past the Aleutian Islands and the mouth of the Yukon to Norton Sound, there to land an expedition under Lieutenant Edward Bertholf of the revenue service, which will collect various herds of reindeer that are attached to government stations in those parts, and attempt to open communication overland with the ice-bound whalers at Point Barrow. The reindeer are to be used to haul sledges, and are to constitute a food-supply in themselves, provided the expedition proves feasible and the whalers are found. It is about 600 miles in a straight line from Norton Sound to Point Barrow, and a glance at the map makes the difficulties of the expedition only too clear. The *Bear* was built for the Greely relief expedition, and is suited for her present business. Her commander has had long experience in arctic navigation, and knows the coast.

The proposal attributed to Mr David Christie Murray, the novelist, to start a national subscription in England for the erection in London of a statue of George Washington seems to do more credit to Mr Murray's imaginative powers than to his good sense. It is entirely conceivable that Washington did Great Britain a good turn by promoting her separation from the American colonies, but the methods he was constrained to use were not such as to entitle his effigy to a conspicuous public honor in England. Washington's character and personality are interesting to all students of history, and to intelligent persons generally, but what London needs is not so much a public statue of him as a nice wax figure likeness at Madame Tussaud's. The grounds on which Mr Murray bases his proposal have not come to notice in New York, and conjecture can only determine that they have to do with the strong sentiment of esteem which contemporary Britishers and Americans cherish for one another.

November 29 was the fiftieth anniversary of the massacre of Marcus Whitman, the missionary pioneer who saved Oregon to the United States. Commemorative services were held on that day in the First Congregational Church in Washington, D. C., at which addresses were made by Justice Brewer, General O. O. Howard, Senator Wilson of Washington State, and Dr Newman the pastor of the church. Dr. Whitman's adventures and public services afford an ample basis for a great deal of commemoration. He earned for himself a sure place and a high one in his country's history. The story of his contest with the Hudson Bay Company for the great territory of Oregon, and of his desperate winter journey overland from the Columbia River to Washington in 1843, was rehearsed not long ago in the Weekly. It is a story that is not as yet widely known as it should be, but there is plenty of time for Dr Whitman's fame to grow, and it is growing fast. A statue of him is soon to be placed on the front of the new Witherspoon (Presbyterian) Building in Philadelphia, and a monument is to mark the grave in which he and his wife, both murdered by Indians, lie, on the banks of the Walla Walla River. Eventually his greatest monument may be Whitman College, at Walla Walla, a struggling institution as yet, with little or no endowment, but worthy to prosper if only for its name's sake.

Mr. Marion Crawford seems to have diverted a share of his enviable energy from writing to oral discourse. He was quoted the other day as saying various interesting things in various interesting addresses at Chicago, and a Boston newspaper reported last week that the event of the week in literary Cambridge would unquestionably be a lecture by Mr Crawford, in the Sanders Theatre, about Pope Leo XIII. at the Vatican. This lecture was the third of a series given under the auspices of the Cantabrigia Club in aid of a Radcliffe Scholarship Fund. The fourth and last lecture in the series is to come from Mr. John Fox, Jr., the author of *The Kentuckians*.

Mr. Andrew Lang is an example to all hack-writers in that he glories in his profession, and does not, like most of his brethren, bewail his lot as a brewer of small beer, and denounce the necessities that restrict his literary flights. Discoursing about booksellers and the sore straits to which some of them have been reduced by the competition of department stores and the paring down of the margin of profit, he notes their disclosure that there is no longer a living to be made out of book-selling pure and simple, and that they only eke out existence by a supplementary trade in all manner of unliterary goods—games, pictures, toys, stationery, and whatever else buyers will take. "But so it is with me!" cries Mr. Lang. "*Moi qui parle*, I could no more live (comfortably) by writing new books than booksellers can live by selling them. I have to sell fallals—articles, essays, miscellaneous hack-work—but I like that commerce of all things."

Almost any trade is a good enough trade for the consummate master of it. Mr Lang is *facile princeps* in his. His combination of erudition, facility, taste, fecundity, gumption, and humor is unmatched and beats the band. He once wrote a dissertation on Thomas Haynes Bayley for the New York *Sun*, which was afterwards included in a book, and is recommended to the attention of any one who has doubts about his quality. He has one advantage over nearly all his rivals in being educated. He not only had education offered him, but he accepted it, gathered its fruits, and uses them in his business. It is suspected that he is the only educated hack writer in the world. All the rest have become editors or professors. The reason he holds out to sell "fallals" must be because he likes it. Thousands of educated men have taken to drink. Mr. Lang is the only one who is known to have taken, gloriously and triumphantly, to "fallals."

The true story of the dropped "H's" of the Harvard football team is declared to be that the players themselves took them off while suffering from an attack of emotional disenchantment after the Yale game. All Harvard was disappointed at not winning, the Harvard players most of all, but there was no command from coaches to take the letters off, nor did public sentiment demand it; it was a voluntary renunciation. So states a Harvard counsellor who is habitually conversant with whatever pertains to college athletics, and ought to know.

If it is true, as reported, that for every dollar that is spent on the construction of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine the trustees lay aside a dollar for the endowment fund, it shows a degree of foresight in the trustees that is as reassuring as it is rare. Their obligation, it seems, includes the duty of seeing that the cathedral is endowed after it is built, and it is obviously very much to their interest, as men who hope to live happy and die respected, that the construction of the great church should not outrun its means of support.

The two sons of the late Henry W. Sage have given their father's house at Ithaca to Cornell University for a college hospital, and have endowed it with a fund of $100,000. The gift has a sentimental as well as a practical value. Devotion to Cornell seems to be hereditary in the Sage family, as it has proved to be in the families of John McGraw, Hiram Sibley, and Ezra Cornell himself.

E. S. Martin.

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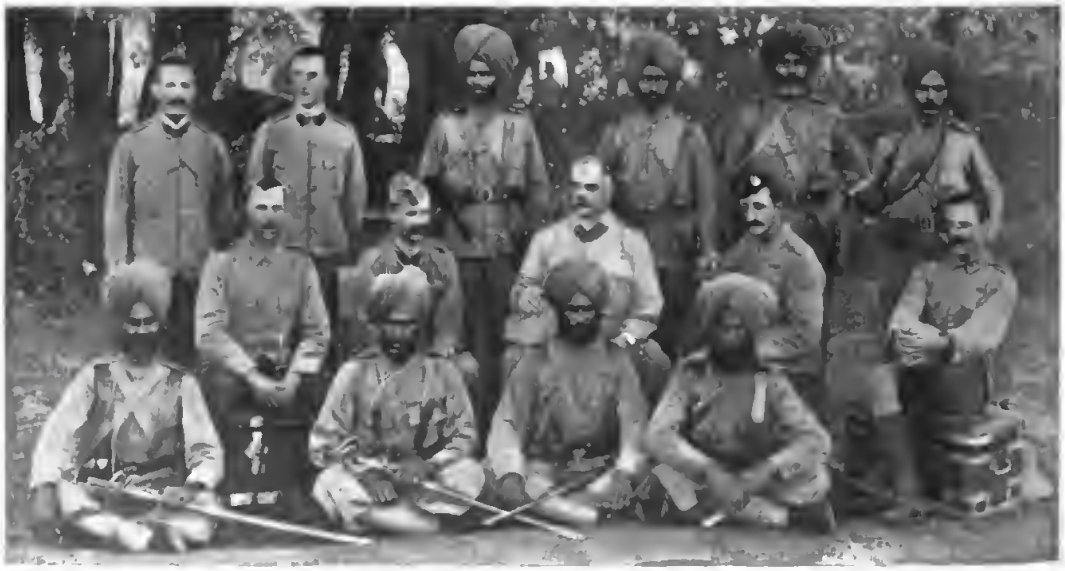
FORT JAMROOD, NINE MILES FROM PESHAWAR

THE AMEER OF AFGHANISTAN

TYPICAL MUD-COVERED BLOCK-HOUSE (BRITISH) ON THE KHYBER ROAD



GENERAL McGREGOR, CAPTAIN COX, CAPTAIN HUDSON, LIEUTENANT DAVIDSON (GORDON HIGHLANDERS), AND OFFICERS OF PATIALA IMPERIAL NATIVE INFANTRY.

ENGLAND'S LITTLE WAR IN INDIA.—SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM PESHAWAR.—[SEE PAGE 1231.]

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"THE VINTAGE."*

BY E. F. BENSON.

CHAPTER XXVI.

IN a little while Abdul Achmet came in with a eunuch, wearing a face of woe, while behind they could hear the voice of the stout lady, who found the stairs a little trying. She entered the room with a shining, smiling face, and sat down puffing on a sofa. "And when I've got my breath again," she said, volubly, as if still in the middle of a sentence, "I'll tell you who I am and what I am going to do, and what you are going to do. A hot morning it is, and there's no denying it, and though I've seen many pretty faces in my day, sir, I can't remember that I ever set eye on anything so nice as your little lot. And what may your name be, my dear?" she said, turning to Suleima, who shrank from her without knowing why; "but whatever your name is, it was a fine day for your kind master when he first set eyes on you."

She looked at Suleima more closely.

"Poor lamb, and so young, too!" she said, kindly enough; "and now I've got my breath a bit, I'll tell you my business. I'm a Greek by birth, though you can hear I talk Turkish like the Sultan himself; and as for my name, it's Penelope."

Suleima suddenly burst into a helpless fit of laughter at this funny old woman, though she was not funny at all, she thought, but simply a fat, disgusting old bag. Penelope stopped short at this unseemly interruption, and for a moment seemed disposed to resent it, but some womanly feeling came to her aid, and she pulled a great bottle of some strong smelling stuff out of her pocket and applied it to Suleima's nose, as she sat rocking herself backward and forward with peals of laughter.

"She'll faint if she laughs like that," she explained, "and this will pull her together a bit. Get some brandy, son of you, quickly. There, there, my dear," she went on to Suleima, "be quiet now, be quiet; it's all right; and take a spoonful of this. It'll do you good."

Suleima gradually recovered herself through a spasm of coughing and choking, and the brandy brought her round.

"I am sorry for laughing," she said, no longer shrinking from the woman, and speaking low to her in Greek, "but I am not very well. And oh, tell me—you look kind—have you seen Mitsos? Where is he? Why does he not come?"

Penelope started in surprise.

"My poor little one," she answered in Greek, "what does this mean? But wait a minute."

Then, speaking in Turkish again:

"I thought I'd seen her before," she explained aloud, "and she says she comes from Spetzas, which is my home. And what I've come for is this, and I'm here to help all you women. You will all give up to me all your money and jewels, my pretties, for the Greek commander, who is a relation of mine [this was not the case] wishes neither to hunt nor harm you, but if you are found, any of you, with jewels or money about you, why, it may be the siege of Navarin over again. So now I shall wait here, and each of you shall fetch all you have, and to make things sure and certain I'll just search each of you. This girl," and she pointed to Suleima, "shall come to me first, so get you all gone, and I'll call you in one at a time."

They all dispersed to their rooms to get their trinkets and money, and in a few minutes Suleima came back, and the other closed the door quickly behind her.

"You are a Greek, child," she said. "Yes, put your things in three; we have not much time."

She heard Suleima's story with many raisings of the hand and exclamations of wonder, and when she had finished she kissed her, and like a true woman, with pity and affection.

"Poor child, poor child," she soothed her, "I will do the best I can. God knows what will happen when the end comes, for the camp is like a pack of wolves. This Mitsos of yours has some glimmerings of sense, but look at the risk you run if you do as he tells you! Fancy running to meet a lot of wolves, you in your Turkish dress, crying you are a wolf too! Ah, dear me, and the child and all! But this is my idea: separate yourself at all costs from the other women. If they stay in the house, run, if they run, stay here. Do not be seen with them; unveil your face, as the Greek women do, and if possible avoid a mob of Greeks. If you have to go into the street, keep in a side street, where perhaps struggles only will come. And the Lord be with you, poor child!"

Suleima clung to this woman, usually coarse and greedy, but one who had the springs of true womanliness in her, as to a rock of refuge, and, without searching her, but kissing her again affectionately, she waited till the girl's tears had subsided before opening the door and calling to the next woman. In turn they all passed before her and gave up their valuables. There was but little money, for the women spent it for the most part on finery, and poured into Penelope's basket turquoise collars, fine filigree-work from the bazars, bracelets set with pearls or moon-stones, and ear rings of all sorts. The search was hastily done, for she had many houses to visit, and, with a curious mixture of humanity and greed, she wished to make as rich a harvest as possible—for she received a share of what she got—and at the same time to do all she could for these poor caged women. And so for two days—for there were many houses to go to, and much to be got, sometimes with difficulty, for some of the women would have preferred to run the risk of having valuables concealed about them—she went on her rounds of greedy mercy, and it was not till the morning of the 5th that she went out again to the camp.

During those two days matters outside had gone from worse to worse. Another captain had been detected trafficking with the besieged, and when Nicholas laid the proof of his guilt before Petrobey, he buried his face in his hands and said he could do nothing. That hour of weakness when he had consulted men whom he knew would only give him selfish counsel had broken his authority like a reed. The captain's corps shared his guilt, probably down to the youngest man in his service, and if he punished one he would have to punish hundreds.

"And, oh, Nicholas," said Petrobey, in piteous appeal, "if ever you have loved me, or can still remember that we are of one blood, help me now, by what way you will. I was ever honorable, but I have been weak as water; your strength and your honor are both unshaken."

This was on the morning of the 5th, and before Nicholas could reply, a shrill, rather breathless voice bawled, "Petrobey!" from outside, and Penelope demanded admittance. It was not her way to ask twice, and she followed up her demand by putting her red face through the tent flap, and entering herself, bade her servants, laden with jewels, also to enter.

Petrobey turned one last look at Nicholas. "You will help me?" he said.

"I was always ready," said Nicholas, smiling, and he went lightly out of the tent.

Some fine wrangling was going on in the men's quarters when he appeared, and two men appealed to him.

"Is it true that the woman has taken all the spoils to Petrobey's tent?" asked one.

Nicholas divined at the meaning of the question.

"His honor is untouched," he said. "They are there only for safe-keeping. I swear it, and will go bail for my life on it."

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2119.

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Then to himself, "The time has come," he thought, "when even he is not spared."

"Look you, lads," he said aloud, "to-day Tripoli falls. When it has come to this, that you can suspect him, it is time. We make the attempt, we Maïnotes, who were ever the first at great deeds. Come, summon the men. Yes, I have the authority, more than that, I have promised to help, and there is only one way."

In five minutes the word had gone about, and the corps, some five hundred strong, flocked eagerly to hear Nicholas. He went with the captains into the officers' tent, and, forgetful of his rank among men who had always treated him as the king of men, bade them sit down.

"In ten minutes," he said, "the corps must stand under arms, and a moment's delay after that may spoil everything. I lead the way, and we go at a double's double straight to the Argos tower. At that corner a man can climb the wall, for there are rough projecting stones. How do I know that? Because I climbed it last night when I was on sentry duty. So much for the vigilance of those moles and bats that are stationed there. With me I shall have a rope, which I will fasten, and then, in God's name, follow like the bridegroom to the bride-chamber. The man behind me carries the Greek flag, which he hands me as soon as I am up. Ah, my friends, grant me that one sweet moment! Yet no; we will vote for the man who shall do that."

A deep murmur, "You, you, Nicholas," ran round, and as another moment of happiness, so great that it was content, was given him.

"And now up with you," said Nicholas. "Ah, let us shake hands first. Oh, merciful God, but Thou art very good to me."

The attempt was as daring, as utterly unexpected, that the Arcadian corps stationed opposite the Argos tower merely stood in amazement, as with a clatter and a rush the Maïnotes streamed up the wall in front of them. Agile as a cat, for all his sixty years, Nicholas laid hand and foot on the wall, and the next moment he had dashed down the single sentry on the tower, who was talking to a woman on the wall. Then fastening the rope to one of the battlements, he turned again, and before two men had swarmed up, the Greek flag waved from the tower.

Nicholas waited there for perhaps a minute, while the Maïnotes swarmed up and formed in lines on the broad terraced wall. He had mounted to the zenith of his life; the glorious visionary moon of his hopes was his, the work of years crowned, and the foul disgrace of the week of waiting over. When forty men or so had joined him, he bade them follow, and falling on the guards at the gate, forced his way through, and with his own hand drew back the bolts and flung it open. The Arcadian corps opposite had seen the flag wave on the tower, and poured in, sweeping the Maïnotes along with them up the main street of the lower town.

A pack of wolves, Penelope had called them. Ay, and the wolves were hungry. Six months waiting in inaction, all trust in their captains gone, and the treacherous marketing of the captains gone likewise! The soldiers knew that for days past promises of protection had flowed in on the besieged, and signed papers promising to pay kings' ransoms had come out but there was little chance now of these ransoms going where they were promised. The soldiers would have a hand in that promised gold. It was their hour now. The captains might show their infamous paper bargains; let them, if they could, protect their pashas, and let them collect their rewards from those who spoiled the palaces.

There was such order in the ranks as the water of a river in flood observes when it has broken its banks; among the besieged such resistance as sticks and straws show when the torrent catches them. Close on the heels of the regular troops, fighting to gain an entrance, came the mob of peasants—the scavengers of the siege—who had come for the pickings. The troops thrust them back till they had themselves gained an entrance; some were ground against the walls some thrown underfoot in the narrow gateway and trodden by the heels of the advancing columns. Once inside, each man went where he chose, most of them making for the large houses that stood round the square, where the richest booty was expected. Close above stood the citadel, with empty-mouthed guns pointing this way and that, but silent, and if those mouths had been roaring with an iron death, none would heed regarded. Petrobey, who had joined the Maïnotes, wondered at this. The Turks, he thought, taught at least sell their lives as dear as they could, but the reason was not known till three days later, when the citadel fell. All thoughts of discipline or order were out of the question, he was jostled among the others, he was one among many, and all were equal, and each was a wild animal.

The attack had been utterly unexpected, and on the north side of the town provisions were being conveyed into the town over the walls even while at the Argos gate the flag of Greece was flying. The hoarse roar of crowds came to the servants of Mehemet Salak as they were returning to the house with meat and bread. There was no mistaking that sound, and they dropped whatever they had and fled home for refuge, only to find the women of the harem and the other servants streaming out to seek escape. The long delayed day had come; the stronghold and centre of the Turkish power was in the hands of those who had been slaves so long, and each link of the chains that had held them was broken by another and another Turk stabbed shot, or trampled to death. The Maïnote corps gained the square first, and cut into the mob escaping from Mehemet's house, and a line of blood and bodies marked their march. Mehemet and a few soldiers had barricaded themselves into an upper story, and fired a few shots at the rear of the column, who passed forward unable to get in, but in ten seconds the foremost men had passed up the stairs, broken through the barricaded doors, and were on them. As their wont was, they fought in silence, and for the most part with knives only, and inside the room only the trampling of feet, short gasps, and a sharp cry or two were heard against that long hoarse roar outside. Yanoi, who was among the first, forced his way to where Mehemet was standing, still pale and unconvinced, defending himself desperately, and, as if introducing himself,

"He who was to serve in your harem," he cried, and laughed as he stabbed him in the heart.

Here and there in the streets a group of Turks collected, but the wave of men passed over them, leaving naught but wreckage behind, and others ran up to the citadel gates, where they beat on the door, demanding admittance. But before the gates could be opened, the Maïnotes, who had finished their work at Mehemet's, were on them as they stood pressed, men and women together, in a living wall. For an hour that piece of butchery lasted. They met resistance, for the Turks were not lacking in courage, and when it was over, and the living wall was only a pile of death, they went back, still silent and stern featured, but leaving some thirty or forty of their clan behind them, whom death they were going to avenge.

Meantime the Albanian mercenaries, who had concluded a truce with the Greeks, hearing the tumult begin, formed under arms in the immense court-yard of the palace of Elmas Bey, their commander, prepared, if the Greeks attempted to violate their conditions, to charge, and with a fair chance of success, this disorganized rabble and cut their way through. The mob was swaying about outside the iron barred gate, and some were even attempting to break it in, when Kolokotrones, who was among them, and saw the danger, struggled up to the gate, and by his immense personal strength pushed away the Greeks who were trying to force it. One man, thinking that there was some vast treasure within, and that Kolokotrones had made some agreement by which it should be guarded for him, ran at him with a drawn sword, crying "Treachery!" and the other, lifting his pistol, shot him dead.

For a few moments his life hung as a thread, but he succeeded in making the men nearest him understand that there was a truce with the Albanians, who only desired to leave the town, and forcing a certain number of men across the street to stop the mob, secured a clear space for them to march out into the street. From there they marched straight down the way from the Argive gate—which was the poor quarter of the town, and by the time almost entirely deserted by the Greek troops, though the hordes of peasants were swarming into the houses to secure all they could lay hands on—and out of the town, where they took up their quarters in the deserted camp at Trikorpin, whence they watched the destruction of the city. From there, on the seventh day, they marched north in the Gulf of Corinth, and took ship to the north of Greece, and reached their mountain homes in safety.

The house of Abdul Achmet, where Suleima lived, was near the western gate of the city, opposite to which was stationed the Argive corps. Though they could not see across the houses to the gate where the flag was flying, they heard the tumult of shouts and firing begin, they saw the sentries on the gate turn and fly, and without waiting for arms or instructions, they assaulted the gate and tried to force it. But it held firm against their attack, and they had to blow up the staples of the bolts before they could get in. The main street up towards the square lay straight before them, and they poured up to where they could see the crowds battering at the houses, killing all the Turks, men, women, and children, whom they met flying away. Among the foremost was Father Andréa, priest of the Prince of Peace no more, but a fury of hatred. In ten minutes his long two-edged knife was red from point to hilt, and as he dealt death to the masses of refugees, one word was cried from his mouth—"The sword of the Lord!" But just at the corner, where the side street ran down to the little door opening from Abdul Achmet's house below the harem window, a Turk whom he had charged attacked him, evading his upraised knife, and knocking him over, only to find death two yards off. He hit his head against the curb stone of the pavement, and lay there for a few moments stunned, and came to himself with the world spinning round him.

He rose, and staggered out of the blinding sunshine into a cool dark doorway, some yards down the street, to recover himself a little, and to stanch the blood which was flowing from his head; but his knife, which had flown from his hand, he had picked up and carried with him.

Meantime Suleima, from the latticed window, had seen the charge of the Argives, and the terrified women calling on Allah and the Prophet, ran trembling and sobbing about like frightened birds caught in a net. Abdul did not appear; he had probably run from the house, and the servants seemed to have fled too. Some of the women were for following their example, and trying to escape to the western gate, which was only two hundred yards off, as soon as the road was more clear; others were for climbing up to the roof and hiding themselves there; others for shutting themselves into some small chamber in the house, hoping they would not be discovered. At length, amid an infinity of wailing chatter, they agreed on this, and Suleima, according to Penelope's instructions, waited among the hinder most, and then turned to slip down stairs and out. Zuleika saw her, and cried to her to come back, then seemed disposed to follow herself; but Suleima heard her not, and glided down the stairs like a ghost. On the first landing she stopped for a moment and took the veil off her face. Then she wrapped her black burnoose round her, and waited a moment till she was certain that none were following her.

A strange new courage made steel of her muscles; never in her life had she known so warm a heavery; for when she was out in the heat with Mitsos, on returning to the house after one of those excursions, she had trembled with fright lest she should be discovered, and all this last week she had sudden qualms and shiverings of terror at the thought of the innumerable dangers that lay before her. But now that the time had come she slipped down the stairs as calmly as she went to her bed on her bath, she thought of herself no longer, but of the unborn life she carried. A moment's faltering, a babbling word where a firm word was wanted, would be death to that which was dearer to her than herself, and she hastened to the doorway, and seeing that the side street seemed deserted, slipped out, with the strength that is the offspring of the protectiveness for that which is so intimately dear as self, and dearer in that it is not self, which only women can know. That day saw many bloody and cruel acts, and many cowardly and craven things, and perhaps only one deed of instinctive unconscious heroism, and that was Suleima's sublime and desperate attempt to save the child of him she loved.

The roar of death and murder rose like the roar of the sea as she opened the door and yet the terror of loneliness to one tired in a chattering harem was hardly less terrible. Where should she go on her desperate attempt? Looking up the street to the main road leading to the square, there suddenly came into sight a woman running distractedly with shrill cries towards the western gate, and even as she passed, a Greek coming up from the opposite direction ran her through the body, and wiping his sword on her dress, passed on. Cold fear ran like a river by her heart, yet she would not give it admittance. She must be brave; she would be brave. There was no safety within, that was sure, among the rest of the Turkish women. How should she be spared? To the south a column of black smoke rose from a quarter already burning; flame and sword were around her. Then, for fear she should lose her courage altogether, she drew one deep breath and stepped out into the street, terrible to her in its emptiness, more terrible still in the thought that at any moment it might sieg and roar with death.

Now it was so ordained that the moment after Suleima stepped out of the doorway Father Andréa, only thirty yards off, got up with a heart that was one red flame of anger. He had wrapped a handkerchief round his bleeding temple, and that blow had stung him to madness, while in his hand, so thought the wild revengeful man, he held the sword of the Lord, dripping with the blood of the ungodly. Man, woman, and child, they were all one accursed brood. With this thought in his brain he looked down the street and saw a Turkish women walking towards him, and "The sword of the Lord!" he cried again.

The woman fled not, but ran towards him, crying out

"Save me! I am of your blood!" and seeing he was a priest by the long black robe and hair that streamed over his shoulders, "Save me, father," she cried again. "I am of your blood."

"Mother of devils! mother of devils!" muttered Andréa, but then stopped suddenly, with arm uplifted, not ten yards off, for over his wild brain there came the astonished thought that she had spoken Greek.

At the sight of that red knife and at those fierce words Suleima uttered a little low cry of despair, but in a moment her strength came back to her redoubled, and she flung aside her burnoose.

"Would you slay me, father?" she cried again. "I who am of your blood; and see, I am with child!"

Father Andréa paused, stricken out of thought for a moment, and wiped his blade against his cassock.

"Greek, she is Greek," he said to himself, "yet from the house of the Turk."

Suleima stood as still as a marble statue, and as white. The black burnoose had fallen to the ground, and her silk robe flowed loosely round her figure. He moved a step nearer.

"You are Greek," he said to her. "How came you here?"

"I know not," said Suleima. "I was taken by the Turks ten years ago, or it may be twelve. Take me away, father, out of this horrible town."

The two were standing close together in the deserted street. From above came the wails of women, for the Greeks had forced their way into Abdul Achmet's house through the door in the main street, and from the square roared the mob. Andréa looked at her in silence for a moment, his brows knitted into a frown, his brain one mill race of thought suggesting a possibility beyond the bounds of possibility. At length he spoke to her again, wondering at himself.

"I will save you, my daughter," he said, and as the words passed his lips his heart throbbed almost to burst ing. "Quick, come with me. Ah, wait a moment."

And he thrust her back gently into the doorway out of which she had come, while a mob of countrymen passed the opening into the main street.

When they had passed he turned to her again.

"Come with me now," he said, making but take his arm; "and come as quickly as you can. Pray God we get out safe."

Once more before they reached the main street they had to hide in the doorway where Father Andréa had sat, and waiting there, he suddenly turned and took her hands, with his soul in his eyes looking at her in an agonized appeal. Suleima met his gaze directly and pressed his hands.

"You will save me, father?" she said again.

"I will save you," he replied, "in the name of God. Come again on; the mob has gone by."

They hurried on towards the western gate, he half carrying her, in time to get out before another mob of men streamed down from the mountains round. Father Andréa took her to his hut, and leade her wait there for him while he went to get a pony, for she was in no state to walk. All thought was drowned in one possibility, and without speaking to her again, he placed her very gently on the beast, and taking the rope rein in his hand, led it along on to the road to Argos and Nauplia. The camp was absolutely deserted, and they plodded across the plain, and stopped not, neither spoke, till Tripoli had sunk behind the first range of the low hills which led up to Mount Parthenius. There he led the pony off the path and left her in a shady hollow, while he went on to the village of Doldana, half a mile distant, to get food and drink for Suleima, who was very white and faint, and though his anxiety to know was sigh insupportable, he thought of her.

Only once on that ride had Suleima spoken, and that when they struck the road.

"We are going to Nauplia?" she asked, with a sudden springing up of hope.

"To Nauplia, my daughter," said Andréa. "Speak no more till we talk together."

"But, father! father!" she cried, "tell me one thing. Where is Mitsos? Oh, take me to Mitsos!"

"Mitsos? Mitsos?" said Andréa.

"Yes, the tall Mitsos, who lives in that house near the bay."

Father Andréa stopped.

"What do you know of Mitsos?" he said, almost fiercely, and the girl's tears answered him.

As soon as he had left her there and was out of sight he knelt down on the hill side.

"O God! O merciful and loving One!" he cried, in an agony of supplication, "if this be possible! If this is possible—for to Thee all things are possible—did she not speak to me as a priest and call me 'Father'?—oh, in Thy infinite compassion let her word be true! Did I not call her daughter, while my heart beat within me? O merciful and loving One!"

He found Suleima where he had left her, and made her eat and drink and saw her strength revive, and when she had finished he came and sat by her.

[To be continued.]

BUCKLEY'S HISTORY OF THE METHODISTS.

One of the singular evidences of the vitality of a religious organization is the frequency and thoroughness with which it is made the subject of historical treatment. At the time of the Revolution the Methodists numbered only a few hundred people, whose first place of assembly was a sail-loft in New York, and whose first preacher was an Irish immigrant, Philip Embury by name, ancestor of the American poetess, Emma C. Embury. There was, of course, no historian, for the very good reason that there was no history to write. Jesse Lee was the first writer of Methodist annals. He exhausted his theme in a little duodecimo, which has now become a rare bit of Americana, and is the sole source for the genetic period of Methodism in the United States. Later came Bangs, Crowther, Hyde, Daniels, and Stevens. The new work of Dr. Buckley is a great advance upon its predecessors, not only because the horizon of the Church is far wider than before, but because the author brings to his task that discriminating judgment and analytic method which only the perspective of time can furnish. These qualities are especially necessary to portray accurately the life and rapid development of that large ecclesiastical body which in a little over a century has become so numerically strong that it now outnumbers any Protestant Church in the country.

There is no way of accounting for this rapid development of American Methodism except by recognizing the justification of the mission of the Wesleys in England. The real founders of Methodism were the brothers John and Charles Wesley. John was the preacher and Charles the minstrel. These two men, each of great and often of diverse endowment, laid the foundations for the greatest revival of religious life since the time of Luther. The moral dearth among the clergy and in the prevalent literature of Great Britain at the beginning of the last century gave good ground for the new summons to a better life.

John Wesley conceived his mission to be that of the builder, not of the iconoclast. He was to supply a want, and the rapid accession which came to his support was the contribution of all classes. With a masterful hand he organized, and with tireless energy preached and wrote on all themes bearing upon the work ever before his eye. No part of Dr. Buckley's work is more admirable than the picture of this decline of religious life. He describes the prevailing religious collapse throughout the British Islands, which was the double product of the dream which England herself had produced, and of the long dominant and gross infidelity of France. The advance in numbers and the spiritual fire of the Wesleyan movement are traced with a skilful hand. The gradual penetration of the new ethical standards into all classes of English society, until it was no longer the fashion to deride the Wesleys, forms a most interesting historical picture.

While this British department of the history is especially strong, the picture becomes more vivid as the horizon widens into an American constituency. So soon as Wesley sends out preachers into the Colonies beyond the Atlantic, the author becomes more animated, and his story of Wesleyan progress becomes more picturesque and fascinating. The author being himself an Indiana American, the very atmosphere of the Western continent seems to give a new glow and strength to his style.

The first stage of Methodism in this country is that of preaching. There was one great central figure, Asbury, who had been sent out by Wesley simply as a helper to his elder helpers in the new land. But the young man soon developed into a far seeing and wise organizer. There was no class of American society which he did not fully understand. He was a man of personal acquaintance with all interiors. In Maryland, especially, he was welcomed into the homes of the cultivated, and rudely thrust into the Cambridge jail. In the cabins of the humble and the needy he was always hailed as the bearer of rare comfort. Asbury and his helpers threaded the forests along the Atlantic coast, and went far inward, and southward to the Gulf. What John Wesley was to England, Francis Asbury became to the American Colonies. When Asbury was ordained a bishop, on the arrival of Bishop Coke from England, the conduct of the new work in America was largely in the former's hands. He was himself the central force for every new departure. He was a master in caution, and there were times when his preachers regarded him as too slow of movement. But whenever the fit hour had struck he brought his plans into fulfilment by a surprising velocity and energy. The whole American situation, both in moral and political life, he grasped with a subtle, unerring and prophetic accuracy.

The present work of Dr. Buckley is nowhere more forceful than in tracing the advance of the Methodists in this country from the loose and uncertain group of societies into a solid ecclesiastical system, with a cohesive power not surpassed by any Church, either Protestant or Roman Catholic.

The itinerant preachers went throughout the country, at first apparently without plan. In due time the whole body was held together by the strong personality of Asbury, and later by the unity of his far reaching system. The self denial of the preachers, their toils and exposure, their industrious authorship, the peculiar charm of their good humor and insight into character, are in some striking pictures. To trace the development of a strong religious body from loose and often irregular methods into a Church of unsurpassed cohesive force is no easy task. The characters of the leaders are quite in the line of the author's tastes. His gift of analysis is clearly seen in his effective portraiture of men. The colors are rare and varied. The odd individuals here and there distinguishing the early period are seen to have had their useful place in the advancing column. The primitive conditions attracted strong minds. The sleeping on the earth, the fording of streams, not infrequently the swimming across them, the building of chapels in remote settlements, and the gathering of children into Sunday schools, were conditions which appealed to the heroic element in multitudes of laborers in the new and broad field of forest, mountain, and prairie. The supreme authority of the bishops, which was often confronted by an assertive individual liberty, characterized all branches of the new American Church, and produced among the Methodists frequent collisions and separatistic tendencies. This was one of the penalties, however, of the marvellous success.

The great slavery issue of 1844 is well analyzed, and justice is given to both sides in the conflict. The Conference of that year, which assembled in New York, was the last meeting of united Methodism. Henceforth there were the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church South. It was a sad parting. The crisis of the civil war brought danger to both these Churches, still large even in division, but no sooner was the war ended than notes of peace began to be heard, and with the years there have come fraternal exchanges, and now and then strong words from both bodies in favor of organic union.

The drama of ecumenical Christianity is already in the air. The five Methodist bodies of Canada have already united into one body—the Methodist Church of Canada. All friends of ecclesiastical harmony will hail with delight the time when both the great branches of American Methodism shall be one wherever the flag of the United States floats. Why not? There has never been any difference in doctrine. In fact, all the divisions of the Methodist Church, from the time of John Wesley to the present, have been produced by questions of polity, and never one by division on doctrinal subjects.

The author of this history, as he brings his work to a close, enters carefully upon the legislation of Methodism, and gives the fundamental changes by the General Conference, from the simple rude beginnings of a constitution down to the General Conference of 1896. The critical periods are portrayed with care and skill. The growth of the missionary and of the other great benevolent organizations is presented with candor, while we observe no disposition to gloss over such mistakes as the novelty of the path would naturally produce. The educational system of Methodism, developed from Cokesbury College, in Maryland, to the largest undertakings of the present day, is carefully reviewed. The author himself, for a generation, has been one of the leaders of his Church, and one of the most notable representatives in its ecclesiastical sessions. There is hardly a course for which the Church has been contending in which he has not stood in the front rank. But his personality is quite effaced in the present work. The illustrations of notable characters, heroic leaders, and denominational buildings are judiciously selected, and add largely to the vivid page.

JOHN F. HUNER.

NEW YORK'S NEW PUBLIC LIBRARY.

EVER since the trustees of the three greatest foundations for public libraries in New York city reached their famous agreement to consolidate the several magnificent bequests of John Jacob Astor, James Lenox, and Samuel J. Tilden into one great free library, public interest in the project has been keen and incessant. This is as shown by the unusual speed with which the State Legislature and the city authorities in the early part of this year seized upon the opportunity to throw open for this purpose the site of the city's old water reservoir on Bryant Square. In the same month a committee of six was appointed by the trustees of the three library foundations to procure designs for a suitable building. This committee at once arranged for two consecutive competitions, the terms of which were so definite and yet so liberal that no less than eighty eight firms of architects were induced to enter the lists for the preliminary contest. By midsummer this contest had narrowed down to a dozen competitors, to each of whom a bonus of $800 was offered as a mere compensation for the trouble and pains of remaining in the fight. Now, at the recommendation of the same committee, the city authorities have awarded the prize to Messrs Carrère & Hastings, the same architects who carried off the prize in the competition for New York's new Academy of Design.

The members of the jury, which was composed of three practising architects chosen by the competitors, three members of the three boards of library trustees, and the director of the new Public Library, were Walter Cook, of New York, Edgar V. Seeler, of Philadelphia, Cass Gilbert, of Minneapolis, George L. Rives, Alexander Maitland, John L. Cadwalader, and J. S. Billings.

Messrs Carrère & Hastings's design, as recommended by this jury, and passed upon by the original committee

THOMAS HASTINGS.

and New York's Board of Estimate and Apportionment, will be seen, from the accompanying illustrations (pages 1224-5), to be a happy adaptation of monumental beauty to the most modern uses of a great free library.

Thus, while due attention is given to such important questions as fire proof construction and the safe keeping of the valuable special collections accumulated by the late Messrs Tilden, Lenox and Astor, the real problem given by the all important demands of the librarian was a more satisfactory co-relation of the general reading rooms with the book stacks than what has hitherto been the practice in the other great libraries of this country and in Europe. There the most commonly accepted plan has been to have the books and the readers together on the same floors, with the stacks forming either the centre or the outer circumference; but in this case, in accordance with a resolution passed by the American Library Association at its

JOHN M. CARRÈRE.

last meeting, in Philadelphia, the reading-rooms have been placed above the book stacks. This arrangement makes it possible for the seven stories of stacks to contain nearly ten million volumes without infringing upon the space allotted to the reading rooms; it allows the best natural light to be shed upon the readers remaining in the library, and it furthermore makes it possible for the large numbers of persons who come to the library merely to draw books for home reading to enter and leave the main distribution room without in any way disturbing the readers seated at their tables above, while a multitude of elevators will render stair climbing unnecessary.

Besides this simple division of the two principal features of the library above and below, there is another equally simple division of the ground plan, within and without, the rear and higher working part of the library standing within the lower but more ornamental exterior portion of the building, as the letter T might stand within a square shaped U, with two open courts filling out the inner corners. By this comparatively simple plan sufficient room has been provided within the outer dimensions of 200 feet by 230 feet, with a respective height of 75 feet, for the front elevation, and of 85 feet for the rear part reserved for the stacks, to provide ample space for the following rooms, to wit: a main reading room, with upper windows and skylight, and a floor space uninterrupted by columns or partitions providing for at least 800 readers, and for 3500 linear feet of shelves for 50,000 reference books; a periodical room, on the first floor, measuring 4000 square feet and providing for 1500 linear feet of shelving; a newspaper-room with an area of 4000 square feet, a patents room measuring 3300 square feet, with 2500 feet of shelving, children's room, 4000 square feet, providing for 80 readers and 1000 feet of shelving, public documents' room, 4000 square feet; library for the blind, 800 square feet, 20 readers, and 225 feet of shelving, on first floor; six special reading rooms for scholars and students, providing for 1500 feet of shelving; special work-rooms, besides a manuscript hall, Bible-room, map room, and music room; the great lending room on the ground floor, with a delivery counter at least 60 feet long, waiting-benches for 150 persons, 2000 feet of shelving, vestibule-cases, and 16,000 square feet of bulletin boards; and a host of rooms for miscellaneous purposes varying from directors' meetings, public lectures, and exhibitions to employees' lunch rooms, bicycle storage, and public telephone booth.

The outside of the building, as the accompanying illustrations show, will be highly imposing and yet simple withal. Its best features will be readily seen from all points, since the building as designed will lie well within the site of the former reservoir, surrounded by open widths of 75 and 40 feet between the sidewalk and the front and side walls of the building, while the rear wall will be bounded by the open space of Bryant Park. The monumental triple portal in the front, rising above a wide marble stairway, will be seen not only from Fifth Avenue, but will form the end vista of East Forty first Street, which runs down to the East River. Over the three doors, as they stand divided and flanked by simple Ionic columns, will be engraved in large lapidarian letters the simple words "New York Public Library," and over these, in tablets flanked by statuary, will appear the three names: Astor, Lenox, Tilden. Over the glass dome of the front, yet plainly visible from afar, will rise the gable of the inner rear building, surmounted by a modern group of statuary in bronze. Other statues, likewise of modern workmanship, will be ranged along the front, filling the lower walled up portions of the windows of the first story, while two free columns bearing bronze figures are to stand at the two outer corners on Fifth Avenue.

The color of the building as a whole will be light, though it has not yet been decided whether white marble or Indiana limestone is to be used for the outer walls. The walls of the foundations and of the outer terrace walls will in all probability be gray granite. The cost, as estimated by the Commissioners of Public Parks, who are to erect the building, will be nearly $2,000,000, though the sum of $2,500,000 in all has been appropriated to cover all expenses of building and furnishing the monumental library that is to arise as a phœnix from the dark old walls of the ominous looking structure of the Reservoir, which, together with the now fallen Tombs and the crumbling Obelisk in Central Park, was one of the few remaining representatives of Egyptian architecture in New York.

EDWIN EMERSON, JR.

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FIFTH AVENUE ELEVATION.—DRAWN BY CARRÈRE & HASTINGS.

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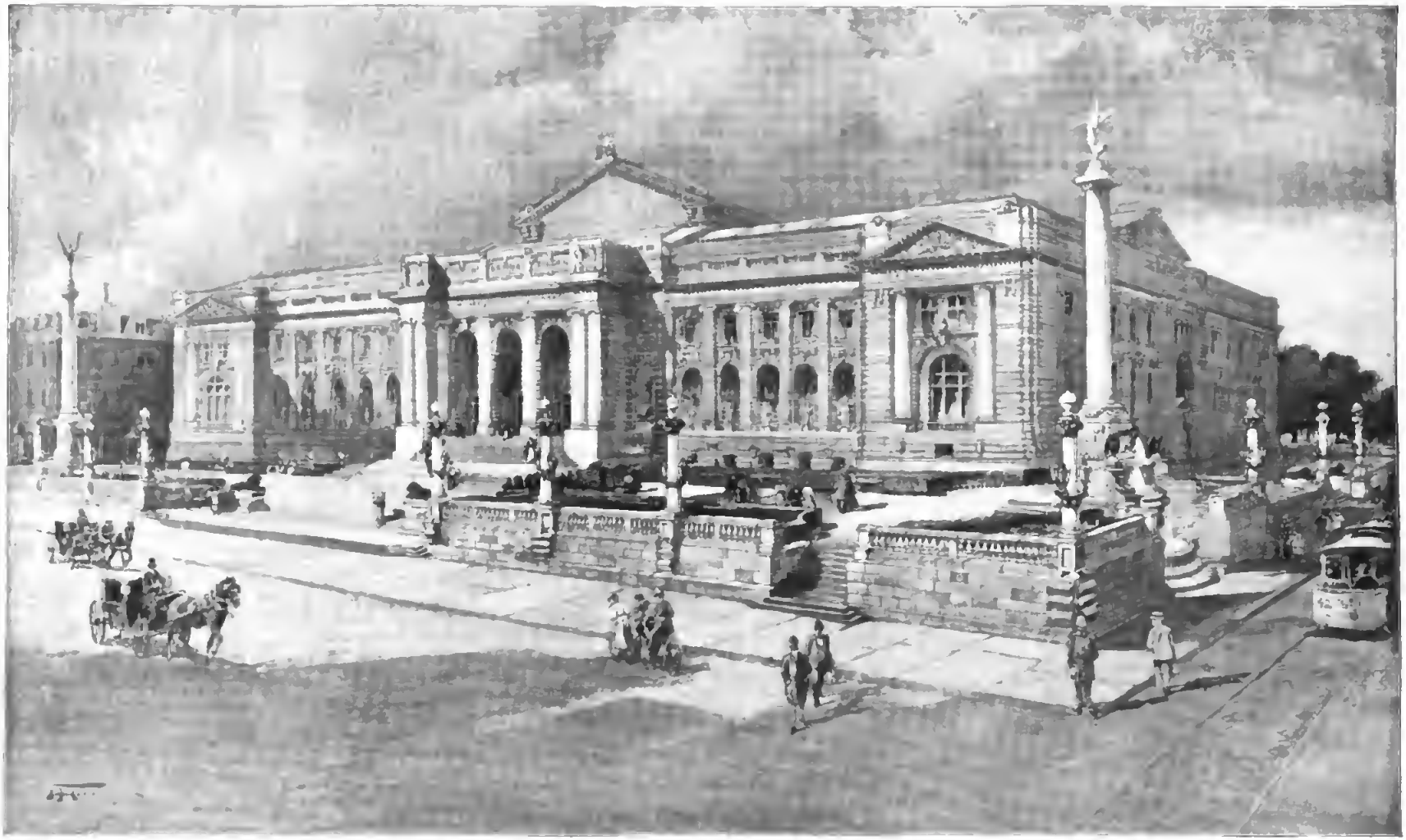

THE LIBRARY AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED.—Drawn by Harry Fenn.

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POSTAL SAVINGS-BANKS.

At the coming session of Congress the postal savings-bank question promises to become more important than it has ever been before, and it is the opinion of some men, who are familiar with the sentiment of many members of the House and Senate, that a postal bank bill will become a law before the session closes. Possibly, if a bill which meets most of the objections heretofore urged against this scheme is put upon its passage, it will receive a majority of votes in both Houses. It remains to be seen whether the acceptable bill will be framed. Though postal banks have been operated successfully by every other great nation except Germany and Switzerland, there are radical differences of opinion as to the details of a system which would be acceptable to the people of the United States.

Sir Rowland Hill, Postmaster-General of Great Britain, prepared the first postal bank bill, and W. E. Gladstone introduced it in Parliament May 11, 1861. The proposition was fought as earnestly there as it may be in the United States this winter. When ten years' experience had demonstrated the practicality of the system in Great Britain, our Postmaster-General, Mr. Creswell, recommended it to Congress. Later, Postmaster-General James endorsed it, and in 1880 it was taken up by Postmaster-General Wanamaker.

With Mr. Creswell it was a supplement to the aft-recurring proposition to establish a postal telegraph. The Postmaster-General believed that the money to purchase existing lines of telegraph could be obtained through post-office savings-banks, and he recommended that the government accept deposits in small amounts from individual depositors, paying 4 per cent. interest "at the most," and thus accumulating possibly as much as $75,000,000—a much larger sum than would have been needed for the postal telegraph at that time. Seventy-five million dollars (£15,463,928) was the amount then on deposit in the postal savings-banks of Great Britain, the accumulation of ten years, drawing interest at 2½ per cent. The deposits in British banks last year were £97,868,983—about $485,000,000.

In his recommendation Mr. Creswell quoted the figures furnished by the British government, illustrating its experience with the savings system from 1861 to 1871. They showed that the number of deposits in the first period (September 16, 1861, to December 31, 1862) was 659,216, and that this number increased until the year 1870, when there were 2,135,993 deposits. At the same time the amount of deposits increased from £2,114,069 during the first period to £5,995,121 during the year 1870, and the balance on hand (including unused balance of appropriation for cost of management) increased from £1,694,724 on December 31, 1862, to £15,463,928 on December 31, 1870.

It is interesting to note, in passing, the details of the growth of the British system in these first years, especially as they give us a basis on which to figure the possible growth of a similar system if adopted in our country. Difference in population must be taken into account, and the fact that the system, which was experimental in Great Britain, would be offered to the people of the United States with the authority of thirty-six years' successful operation in one country, and a shorter but no less successful trial in a half-dozen others.

The statistics of the British post-offices show that the number of postal banks established in the first period was 2533. In 1863 544 banks were established; in 1864, only 96; in 1865, 240, and so on, irregularly, until the number of banks in operation at the end of 1870 was 4082.

In this period of a little more than nine years the total of deposits received was £37,995,435. Of this amount, £15,463,928 was on hand December 31, 1870, showing withdrawals of nearly 60 per cent.

While the amount of deposits in the last period (1870) was about 190 per cent. greater than in the first period (September 16, 1861, to December 31, 1862) the number of deposits had increased nearly 250 per cent., showing that the average single deposit was larger at first—probably through the deposit of sums hoarded before the establishment of the postal banks—and that in the ninth period the banks were more nearly fulfilling their mission of providing a plan of deposit for the small savings of the people.

Last year 11,284,977 deposits were made in the British postal banks, aggregating £32,078,660, and £25,698,296 was withdrawn. The number of new accounts opened was 1,153,236, and the number of accounts closed was 898,403. The deposition numbered one fifth of the population of Great Britain.

In the year 1872 Mr. Creswell renewed his recommendation for the establishment of postal banks. Congress failed to act on this, and it was mainly deaf to his recommendation, made in 1874 when the panic of the preceding year gave him the text for a more elaborate argument in favor of the postal banks, or Postal Savings Depositories, as he now called them. He estimated the money "in concealment" as a result of the panic at $600,000,000 and held that the quickest way to bring it into circulation again was to establish the postal depositories. Mr. Creswell quoted again the experience of the British postal banks, whose deposits in 1872 had increased to £10,860,874, and he quoted, as an example of the failure of the British private savings-banks to fill the field, the fact that from 1841 to 1861 inclusive (prior to the creation of the postal savings system) the withdrawals from these banks in Great Britain exceeded the deposits by £1,014,482.

In connection with this statement it is interesting to note that in 1885 the Italian postal banks, which have operated very successfully, had deposits amounting to $79,464,712, while the Italian savings-banks held $252,215,427 in deposits. The postal banks of Italy pay 3½ per cent. and the savings-banks 4 per cent.

In 1880 Mr. Wanamaker took charge of the Post Office Department, and one of the first subjects he took up was the postal savings-bank. He has found in Great Britain the strongest illustration of his arguments in favor of the system. He found more than 4,000,000 persons using the British post-office as a savings institution, with a total of nearly $300,000,000 to their credit, drawing interest. He saw many advantages in the system, and recommended the immediate establishment of 10,000 banks at fourth-class post-offices—that is, offices in towns of small population. In subsequent annual reports which the President transmitted to Congress, he urged the matter anew, but each time with a different proposition or propositions. None of these ever got through Congress. Bills have been introduced in Congress, and referred to committees in every Congress for many years, but as there has been determined opposition to them from certain quarters and public sentiment has not yet crystallized in their favor, they have been unconsidered on the calendar.

Postmaster-General Gary will follow in the footsteps of Messrs. Creswell, James, and Wanamaker, and recommend the postal bank system in his first annual message. A great many labor organizations have been doing active work toward creating a sentiment, and the Chicago *Record* has started a popular petition for it addressed to Congress. Evidently a more determined effort than usual is to be made in behalf of the measure.

What the form of the law shall be is a rock on which its been friends may split. Many of them think that the British system cannot be transplanted to the soil of the United States. The question of interest is one point of difference. The British banks have always paid 2½ per cent. Some of the enthusiastic advocates of American postal banks claim that 2 per cent. is a sufficient rate today, while others assert that less than 3 per cent., or an even higher rate, will not attract deposits. The highest amount to be received from a single depositor is also disputed. Under the British system the smallest amount received is a shilling, but children may attach stamps to a postal savings card until their aggregate value becomes one shilling, when they are received as a deposit. The limit of individual deposits in one year is £30, and the total limit for one depositor is £200. Canada has a limit of $1000 a year, or $3000 in all.

The advocates of an American system have differed widely about these essentials. The first proposition of Mr. Creswell, as I have said, was for the adoption of the British system, with slight modifications. He would have had the limit of deposits in one year $300, in all, $1000, and a limit on accumulated principal and interest of $1500.

The interest was to be computed from the 1st of the month following the deposit until the first day of the month of withdrawal. At the end of the fiscal year the interest was to be added to the principal.

Mr. Wanamaker proposed at first that not more than $150 be accepted from any depositor in one year. He advanced three alternative suggestions: (1) that the government accept limited deposits and pay 2 per cent.; (2) that the government accept deposits without interest on an agreement to invest the money and distribute its earnings less ½ of 1 per cent. for expenses; (3) that the government merely offer the post-office as depositories, paying no interest. In any one of these cases, he suggested, the government would add the money deposited, "equitably distributing it to the banks in the States where the deposits originated to keep it in circulation, requiring United States bonds as security, and interest, if the government pays interest, but not otherwise." Mr. Wanamaker suggested, as a fourth plan, that the government agree to redeem all uncancelled postage stamps or postal cards on savings cards in multiples of $1.

A year later Mr. Wanamaker made another series of propositions: (1) for the establishment of postal banks in States having no laws regulating savings-banks; (2) for their establishment in other States on petition of a considerable number of residents of any one locality; (3) not more than one bank to be established in a ten mile area; (4) interest to be fixed by the Secretary of the Treasury at the beginning of each year at ½ of 1 per cent. less than the average rate paid by private bankers; (5) all deposits to be placed with the national banks of the State from which they were received at a rate of interest prescribed by the Secretary of the Treasury, the loans to be preferred claims against the banks holding them.

The question of investment of postal bank funds develops the most radical differences of opinion. The proposition to lend the money to the national banks has not been so popular in the past as the proposition to invest it in government bonds. That is the British system. But the total of the bonds of the United States outstanding now is $847,000,000, and of these it is estimated the government could not get more than $250,000,000. This debt will probably be reduced at intervals in the next few years, and it is a question of time when some new form of investment would have to be found. It has been suggested that the surplus be invested in State and municipal bonds under certain restrictions, and that proposition will be laid before Congress. Another suggestion comes from Senator Mason, and is to the effect that the money be used for public works, and particularly for public buildings. Whatever the use of the money it must be made to earn more than the interest paid to depositors if the system is to be self-supporting.

The arguments made for the postal bank system by its many advocates may be summarized briefly. First of these is that it inculcates habits of thrift in those to whom they are most important. Secondly, it brings money into circulation which would be hoarded. Thirdly, it gives every depositor an interest in the stability of the government.

The objections alleged are that the system would interfere with the business of the savings banks, that it shows a tendency to centralization, and that it would increase the expense of the postal service.

Stamp savings cards are in use in this country by the Charity Organization Society of New York, and they have been used, though not successfully, by some trust companies in the West. Another system in successful operation, intended to reach the same class, is a school bank, planned by J. W. Thiry, of Long Island City, and now in operation in a great many cities.

Though the postal savings-bank proposition is not sectional, it is of chief interest in the West. Mr. Wanamaker made a calculation which showed that the average distance from a post-office to a bank was ten miles in New England, twenty five miles in the Middle States, thirty-three miles in the Southern States, twenty six miles in the Western States, and fifty two miles on the Pacific coast. In one part of the country Mr. Wanamaker found that a million people had not access to as many banks for small savings as had the people of a New England city of 80,000 inhabitants. It is the South and West which are particularly interested in the measure advocated by Mr. Gary, and the votes of the Senators and Representatives from those States will pass the bill if it gets through Congress.

George Grantham Bain.

A GREAT COAST-DEFENCE GUN.

BY LIEUTENANT G. L. CARDEN, R. C. S.

The construction of the largest gun ever attempted in the United States is now under way at the Bethlehem Iron Works, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. When completed the new piece of ordnance will exceed by 5.54 tons the monster 42-centimetre (16.54 inches) calibre coast-defence gun exhibited by Krupp at the World's Fair. The Krupp gun weighed 120.46 tons. The new gun for the United States government will weigh 126 tons.

The calibre for the Bethlehem gun will be 16 inches. This calibre is four inches in excess of the largest type of modern gun used by the United States for coast defence. The Krupp gun at the World's Fair had a total length of 45.9 feet. The new American gun will have a length of 49.1 feet. A projectile from the Krupp gun weighed 2204 pounds. The weight of a shell for the American gun is estimated to exceed 2300 pounds. For the Krupp gun the powder charge weighed 968 pounds. The full powder charge for the new American rifle will weigh, it is thought, about 1000 pounds. If smokeless powder be employed, it is safe to say that the weight will be nearly one half of the latter.

The construction of the Bethlehem gun is under the superintendence of Mr. John F. Meigs, formerly Lieutenant United States navy, and a distinguished American ordnance. Mr. Meigs estimates the striking energy of a projectile from the new 16 inch gun as equal to the blow of a 6000 ton steamer when ramming at sixteen knots speed. He figures out the energy of impact to be an equivalent of 60,000 foot tons. Right here it may be said that to readily understand the damaging power of heavy guns is by no means easy. To the general public the terms used by the experts convey often only vague ideas. One hears the expression "foot-tons" used in measuring the energy of a blow, as, for example, it might be said that a shell struck with a force equal to ten foot-tons. The idea conveyed by this expression is, in effect, that the blow struck was as hard a one as would be imparted by a ton-weight dropped from a height of ten feet. But to get a real sense of the overpowering force of a blow from a 16 inch shell one has only to imagine the power necessary to be exerted in order to stop some vessel six or eight times as heavy as a Fall River steamer when steaming at a speed of not less than sixteen knots per hour. The damaging power of such a vessel (6000 tons), Mr. Meigs says, is "equivalent to that of the projectile of the 16 inch gun."

"To make the comparison complete, it should be observed," he adds, "that the 16 inch gun concentrates all its damaging power on a circle of sixteen inches diameter, while a ship in collision strikes all along her cut water—a very much greater area. Mr. Meigs declares it to be his opinion "that no ship of war now existing, or likely to exist, could stand such a blow; for there are limitations," he adds, "as to the size and thickness of armor plate which forbid their extension to sizes which would give the necessary resistance."

Although the fact has not been officially announced, it is generally conceded in army ordnance circles that the new gun is destined for the defense of the harbor of New York. Calculations are announced to have been made looking to the placing of the gun on a structure on Romer Shoals. The Romer Shoals are located in the lower harbor of New York. At extreme low water the shoals are bare. To mount a gun there will involve the construction of a foundation at no small expense. The objection to the site, in addition to the cost, is its isolated position. On the other hand, it is pointed out that the Romer Shoals admit of a commanding site over all channels leading into the port; that it is a good military principle that a gun position for the defence of a line should be as far to the front as possible, and finally, that the gun can be protected in its isolation by rapid fire guns, and by the co-operation of torpedo boats.

The expenditure of money on a Romer Shoals foundation is not only warranted, it is asserted, by reason of the superior site it affords. The decision of the engineer officers to develop this point has not yet been made public.

A rule of thumb familiar to ordnance men is a mile range for every inch of calibre. The rule underestimates, if anything, the firing powers of a gun. For instance, the famous "Jutlibee" shot was fired from a 9.2 inch rifle. The range attained was, approximately, twelve miles. A Krupp 24 centimetre gun (9.45 inches) in 1892 ranged the record shot of the world—21,872 yards, or twelve and a half statute miles. Assuming a range at extreme elevation for the 16 inch gun of sixteen miles a shot, if fired from Romer Shoals in the direction of New York city, would fall in the vicinity of Fifty-ninth Street. A shot from the Krupp record gun, if fired from the same position, would fall in the neighborhood of the Equitable Building on Broadway. It should be borne in mind, though, that the above ranges were obtained from angles hardly practicable in time of action, or from the average service range so that to measure the rule may be regarded as giving excessive results.

The ability of an American establishment to turn out forgings suitable for a 16 inch gun shows what remarkable strides have been made in the steel industry in the United States in the past fifteen years. In 1883-4, when the 8 inch guns for the new cruisers *Atlanta* and *Boston* were constructed, this government was under the necessity of sending to England for gun forgings. As late as 1885 the United States was dependent upon Europe for heavy gun forgings, and when an order was placed during 1884-5 with an English establishment, it was some eighteen months before this government was served. The forgings were for the 10 inch guns of the double turreted Monitor *Miantonomoh*. At the present day this country is not only independent of the outside world for gun forgings, but is actually undertaking the building of a heavier piece of ordnance than has yet been turned out in any country in the world.

Experience has shown that the hammer used on gun forgings must be as heavy as the gun itself. The hammer now in use at the Bethlehem works has a weight of 125 tons—practically the weight of the 16 inch gun. It was because of the lack of a heavy hammer in the United States that the first call for gun forgings had to be made of English establishments. In passing it may be remarked that the Bethlehem hammer is the largest one in existence. A model of this hammer was on exhibition at the World's Fair.

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The first ingot for the new gun was cast at Bethlehem a few weeks ago. It, too, was a record-breaker, being one of the heaviest castings ever turned out in the United States. The weight exceeded ninety-nine tons. In the illustration the ingot is shown when first taken from the pit.

In the subsequent work the ingot will be bored and hollow forged under the 125-ton hammer. In the hollow forging a mandrel is first shoved through the tube. From the hammer the tubes will be accurately centred in a lathe, and turned down on the outside to three-eighths of an inch of its final size. In boring, a hognose bit is used, carried on a long bar, and fed automatically into the tube as the cutter drives the hole deeper.

The bore is left three quarters of an inch smaller than the calibre of the gun. After tempering, the tube is re-bored and turned down outside, leaving the bore to within $\frac{1}{16}$ of the calibre, and the outside exact.

The new gun is being constructed on the built-up process. Experience has shown that this is the only certain way to have a definite knowledge of the material entering into the gun structure. At the same time, by making the gun in pieces, the metal, as a whole, is improved, and flaws are readily detected. The material employed in a modern high-powered gun must possess a high elastic limit, toughness, and tensile strength. The material, to be able to withstand the tremendous shock of discharge, must be able to yield a little without rupture, and must return to its original shape when all is over. Forged steel possesses these qualities in varying degrees, according to the skill of the manufacturer.

The principal strains on a gun are of two kinds—transverse and longitudinal. The first tends to burst the gun; the second, to blow the breech out. To overcome the transverse strains a jacket and hoops are shrunk on over the tube forging. These pieces are slipped over the tube when expanded by heat. They are allowed to cool on the tube. In cooling they compress the inner lining of the bore. This compression, in turn, has to be overcome by the powder discharge before there is a strain of tension exerted on the piece generally.

The treatment of the various forgings of the 16-inch gun is the same. After the hammer stage is passed, the pieces are raised to a cherry-red heat and dipped into a tank of oil. This is termed oil-tempering. The object aimed at by the process is to increase the elastic limit of the metal. Next comes the annealing stage. The pieces are here raised to another heat, but not so high a temperature as in the case of the oil tempering, and left to cool off slowly. Annealing tends to eliminate the unequal strains in the metal caused by tempering. There is also secured, in the latter process, the necessary amount of ductility to enable the material to yield under heavy discharges.

During the various stages of construction test-pieces of metal are taken from the forgings and are subjected to physical strains. The tests are for elasticity, breaking strain, and ductility. A standard is set by the Ordnance Bureau, from which there must be no falling short. Should a certain number of the test-pieces fail to come up to the standard the forging is rejected.

With the jacket and hoops in place on the tube forging the gun is ready for its final boring to calibre size. The hoops and jackets are turned down to the final size when on the gun, and the powder chamber is cut out. Rifling follows next, and then the breech opening is fitted to receive the plug. Sights are fitted, and the elevating gear bands are arranged. The gun is now ready for the proof firing. In the matter of rifling, the ordnance shops of this country are regarded as far ahead of those of Europe. It was only recently that a representative of the famous Elswick (Armstrong) establishment, in England, on observing the rapidity with which rifling was carried on at Bethlehem, ordered a lot of American rifling tools shipped to his firm.

As will be seen from the cut of the gun, there will be no trunnions employed. This is the first time that the War Department has authorized the building of a modern rifle minus trunnions. The navy threw over, some time ago, the use of trunnions, and had recourse to steel straps for the securing of the piece to the carriage. The straps, it is claimed, withstand heavier strains and distribute the resistance better. Straps, it will be observed, will be used with the 16-inch rifle.

Mr. Meigs, when asked his opinion as to the probable life of the new gun, remarked significantly that it would live long enough to do all the work that would be demanded of it. It is generally understood that the life of a big gun is a short one. The trouble which the English had with several of their 110-ton guns has probably given rise to this popular belief. On the other hand, the writer has been assured by Captain A. E. Piechowski, Imperial German Army, that the 119-ton Krupp has actually been fired 200 rounds without doing any visible damage to the piece, and there is cited an instance of a 10-inch gun having been fired 700 times without suffering damage.

The terrific powder blast of a discharge tends to wear away the lining of the bore. The practice now is to insert a liner when the necessity arises and rerifle the piece. A gun may in this way be made as good as new. The erosion referred to is brought about by the gases passing over and by the projectile. According to a statement made to the writer recently by Captain E. L. Zalinski, the well-known artillerist, improvements are now being made in the gas-checking rings, by which rotation is imparted to the projectile, whereby the gas-checking is perfected. This improvement is expected to reduce the erosion materially, and prolong the life of the gun. The trouble with the English 110-ton guns was the tendency exhibited by the chase to droop. The *Victoria*, *Sanspareil*, and *Benbow* were all three supplied with 110-ton guns. First came an accident on the *Victoria*. This was followed up by the hoop of one of the guns on the *Sanspareil* splitting longitudinally. When the split hoop was removed it was found that the hoops of the first layer underneath it were so separated from each other that the tube could be distinctly seen through the open spaces. After the injured hoop was replaced the gun was again tested, after which it was found that the muzzle had drooped a little downward and to the right, causing such a separating of the forward hoops that a knife-blade could be inserted between them. On a subsequent occasion the muzzle of the gun was found to have drooped out of line. The gun was finally condemned. The guns mounted on the *Victoria* were lost with that vessel in the Mediterranean. The *Benbow's* guns have since been reported to have drooped.

The real trouble with the English guns is ascribed by American ordnance experts to the narrowness of the hoops. In the case of the United States weapon the War Department has taken the precaution to introduce very wide hoops. It is not deemed desirable to make public the sizes, but it is confidently expected that no such trouble as the English experienced with their big guns will be met with in the new American piece.

The British, it will be recalled, after repeated failures in the construction of big guns, announced officially the intention of the Admiralty to not exceed in weight 67-ton guns—or, as it was asserted, guns which could be worked by hand power. As a matter of fact, the British have descended to a still lower calibre, and seem inclined to use in the future 67-ton guns as a maximum weight for new ships. The new 16-inch gun will cost the government about $125,000. That sum is independent of what must be paid for carriage and emplacement. The carriage will cost not much less than the gun. The sum total for gun, carriage, and emplacement will probably amount to at least $300,000.

The proof firing of the new gun will take place at Bethlehem, provided the gun is assembled at that point, otherwise at Sandy Hook.

In the proof firing of the 16-inch gun the piece will be subjected to strains of 38,000 pounds to the square inch. Pressures of 15 tons to the square inch are the normal service pressures for navy rifles. In the army guns the service pressures are generally 16 tons to the square inch.

Every feature connected with the big gun is modern, save the firing attachment. The War Department adheres to friction primers in preference to electric contacts, though the use of electric primers is general in services on the continent of Europe.

The credit for the introduction of a 16-inch gun into the coast defence system of the country is given to Brigadier-General Flagler, the chief of the Bureau of Ordnance of the War Department. Prior to the last session of Congress the War Department was unable to secure authority for such a monster gun, owing to the cost. When the subject came up the last time before the Fortifications Committee for debate General Flagler is reported to have declared that a harbor such as New York should possess at least one gun capable, when every other gun in the harbor had proved futile, of stopping any vessel an enemy might be attempting to send in. Such a gun, he believed, could be obtained on a 16-inch calibre. As a matter of fact New York, when fully defended, under the present programme, will possess something like fourteen 16-inch guns.

The great Krupp gun exhibited at the World's Fair in Chicago, and which ranks next in size to the coming Bethlehem gun, had been fired sixteen times prior to its exhibition. Powder charges of 903 pounds were used, and the average foot seconds velocity was 1900. The Krupps give out the following data for this gun on perforation of forged wrought-iron armor: At point-blank range, through 3.53 feet; at 2280 yards, through 3.20 feet; and at 6500 yards, through 2.61 feet. These figures would be very different if based on Harveyized nickel steel plates. There is little reason to fear, however, but that the Krupp figures will be handsomely beaten when the new American gun reaches the proving grounds.

On the subject of armor penetration it should be borne in mind that only normal impact gives the maximum results, and normal impact is extremely difficult to obtain in naval action. Captain Zalinski, in speaking to the writer on this point, said that, because of this difficulty, he does not advocate armoring a ship to withstand the heaviest blow a projectile can deliver. In Japan, he states, he saw the battle-ship *Chen-Yuen*, which was engaged in the Yalu fight, and which carried only 10-inch compound armor, and yet, when this vessel was struck by a shell which ordinarily would pierce with ease her armor under normal impact, the projectile only got a short way in. On other parts of the *Chen-Yuen*, where the armor was not so heavy, the ship was completely riddled by the quick-firing guns. There were but four places where the ship was struck by the guns of the heavier calibre. As the blows which were delivered by the heavier guns may be considered exceptional incidents, and those of the quick-firing guns as the ordinary incidents of a naval action, it would seem to him, he said, to be better to take somewhat greater chances on the exceptional chances of being hit by the heavier calibres, and fewer chances and more protection against what may be called the normal incidents of action—being hit by quick-firing guns. "In other words," he added, "I believe in a somewhat different distribution of the armor of battle-ships than has been the practice heretofore."

TABLE OF THE WORLD'S HEAVIEST GUNS.

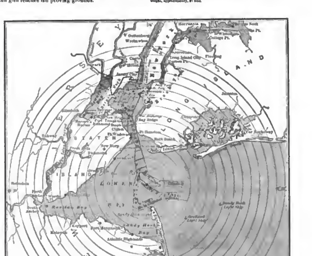
Nation.	Calibre (inches).	Weight of gun (tons).	Length (feet).	Weight of shot (lbs.)	Weight of powder (lbs.).
United States	16	126	49	2370	1000
Germany	15.75	120	45.6	[illegible]	900
Italy	17*	100	45.10	2000	[illegible]
England	16.25	110.5	45	1800	960
France	16.54	75.6	36.5	1719.6	595.8

* This type is the heaviest now carried by the Italian navy. The 119-ton gun obtained of Krupp for the Italian navy is now mounted in the Italian shore defences.

TIME IN HOURS REQUIRED FOR THE MANUFACTURE OF THE VARIOUS PARTS OF A 12-INCH BREECH-LOADING RIFLE.

Boring tube	200	Screwing handle on G hoop	6
Boring jacket	210	Screwing handle on gun	10
Roughing off tube	14	Spotting gun	8
" " jacket	80	Turning fleeny-rest bearing	50
Boring A hoop	172	Roughing off	64
" B "	144	Boring	216
" C "	128	Boring and turning to outside dimensions	
" D "	128	Screwing on B hoop	6
" E "	100	Facing off breech	10
" F "	116	Chambering	18
" G "	40	Chasing screw box	40
" H "	76	Laying off screw-box	8
Turning shrinkage for jacket	78	Turning slope on breech	40
Assembling jacket	16	Finishing steady-rest bearings	56
Opening screw-box	15	Rifling	90
Turning shrinkage for and assembling hoops (4 hoops)	114	Slotting screw-box	10
Ditto B	45	Lapping	12
" C	80	Fitting screw-plug	28
" D	[illegible]	Fitting breech mechanism	144
" E	[illegible]	Turning for yoke	[illegible]
" F	[illegible]		
" G	19		

Note.—The 16-inch gun is the heaviest gun built, to date, in the United States. Its weight, approximately, [illegible] tons.



MAP OF NEW YORK HARBOR, SHOWING WHAT WOULD BE THE RANGE OF A 16-INCH GUN ESTABLISHED AT ROMER SHOALS.

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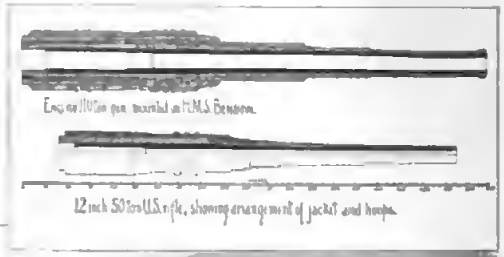
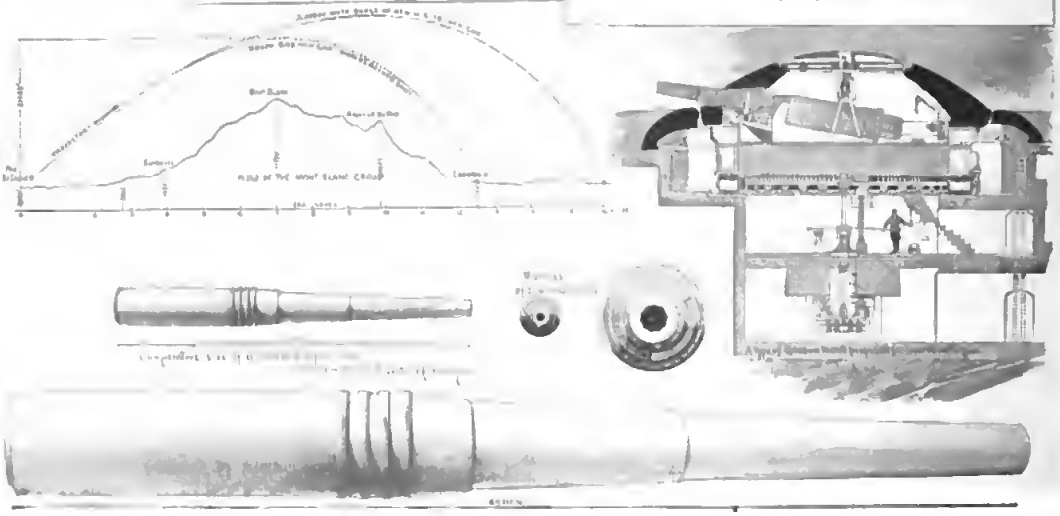
PROPOSED GRUSON TURRET DEFENCE ON ROMER SHOALS

NICKEL STEEL INGOT CAST FOR TUBE OF 16-INCH BREECH LOADING RIFLE FOR UNITED STATES ARMY.

Diameter of ingot, 6 ft. 3 in. Total length, including flat-head, 16 ft. 7 in. Weight, 90 2 gross Tons





A GREAT COAST-DEFENCE GUN FOR THE PROTECTION OF NEW YORK HARBOR.—DRAWN BY W. LOUIS SONNTAG, JR.—[SEE PAGE 1236.]

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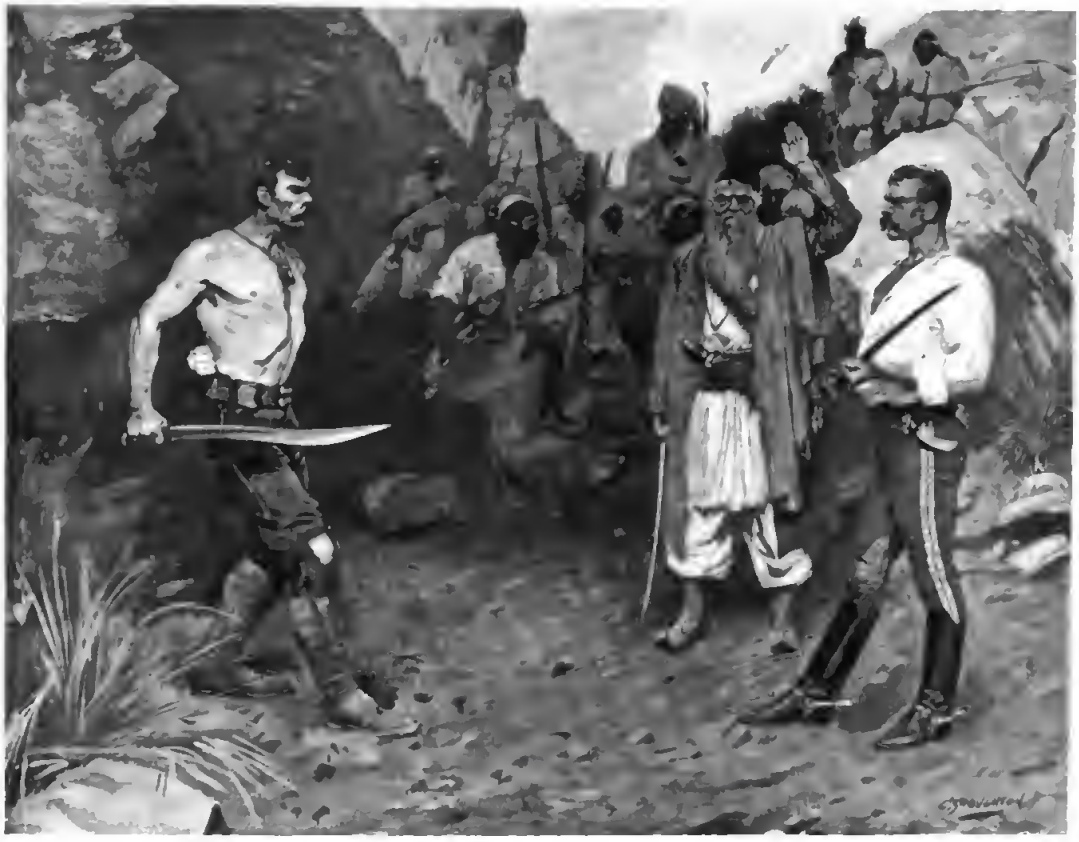

RORY LYNCH.

BY JOSEPH SMITH.

I.

RORY LYNCH was born in the little fishing village of Duncleary, that straggles along the edge of Clew Bay, in the County of Mayo, in Ireland. The Irish peasantry are as fond of nicknames as the Latins, and Rory was better known as Rory the Rover, Red Rory, Rory the Fox, than he was by the name he inherited from his father and received at the baptismal font, the variants being tributes to his vagrant seafaring life and the brilliant hue of his hair.

Besides his name, Rory received from his father a heritage of hate—a fierce feud with the rich Hamiltons, whose lands touched the starveling farm of the Lynches. The original Hamilton and founder of the family was an ex-drummer of a Scotch marching regiment, who first appeared in Duncleary a few years before the '98. This Hamilton—he was called Alpin—acquired a competence by thrift and other less admirable means, and during the Rebellion, while he was Lord Duncleary's land agent and a captain of yeomanry, he sent many a man to the gallows at Castlebar, and among the rest Condon Lynch, Rory's great grandfather. In the generations that succeeded, the Hamiltons managed to send many a Lynch over the sea—either a fugitive to America or a convict to Botany Bay. And while the fires of hatred burned briskly as the years went on, the Hamiltons went on thriving, and the Lynches grew poorer and more desperate. The long record of wrongs done to his kin was dinned into Rory's ears, and he drank in hatred for the Hamiltons with his mother's milk. He hated them cordially, and as a lad he had vigorously thrashed Alpin and Walter, the two sons of old "Black" John Hamilton. Anxious to be rid of such pestilent and uncomfortable neighbors, the Hamiltons offered to buy the Lynch farm for a good price, but Rory rejected their offer with scorn and hauteur. But rid of the Lynches, by fair means or foul, the Hamiltons swore to be, and as they were rich and politically influential, and Providence is usually on the side of the heaviest artillery, the outcome of the struggle was not doubtful.

Rory Lynch, with true Irish conservatism, followed the ways of his father, but being shrewder and more industrious, he acquired in time a half ownership in the fishing-smack *Blackbird*, which had the reputation of being the smartest craft of her kind from the Bloody Foreland to Dingle. Gossip had it that the *Blackbird* went to the French coast oftener than she did to the mackerel-grounds, and the excisemen were very anxious to overhaul her cargoes; but as the smack came and went at unseasonable hours, the custom-house men were never able to fix a charge of smuggling against the boat. Time and again, under the urgings of Squire Hamilton, the "gaugers" spread a net for the feet of the smuggler; but the Red Fox was awake and not to be caught. But though balked, the snarers were not beaten, and Lanty Lannigan, Hamilton's water-bailiff, spent many an hour racking his sly brain to arrange baits to trap Rory. At last Lannigan found a man in Castlebar who was willing to help the Hamiltons to hand Rory in the clutches of the law, and this rogue struck a bargain with the owners of the *Blackbird* for the delivery of a few kegs of French brandy in a cove a few miles below Duncleary.

When the appointed night came, Walter Hamilton, a squad of police, a couple of excisemen, Lanty Lannigan, and the man from Castlebar were in waiting near the cove, like spiders for their flies. But in some way the thing leaked out, and while Rory's friends could not reach him to warn him of the trap, they went down to the landing, unknown to the officers, to take a hand in the fight that was inevitable.

Near midnight the *Blackbird* came gliding up the bay like a ghost, and slipped into the cove to the landing-place, but her anchor was hardly in the weeds when there was a rush by the officers to get aboard, led by Walter Hamilton. Rory's friends too went for the *Blackbird* with a roar, and a very pretty fight was the result, heads being cracked with zeal and the silence being broken by curses and pistol-shots. When the fight was over and an inventory of damages was taken, it was found that Hamilton's face was smashed to a jelly, Lynch had escaped to the hills, and Sergeant Clancy of the constabulary was lying dead on the landing. With astonishing assurance Lannigan volunteered the information that Lynch had shot Clancy, though everybody knew Rory never carried a more deadly weapon than a salmon stick. The dead man was carried to Duncleary, and there was a hue and cry for Rory Lynch, but that man took to the bog and the heather, and was "on his keepin'."

The *Blackbird* was in the hands of the authorities, and one of her crew, a poor devil called Cregan, was locked up in the police barracks. Cregan, under the judicious counsels of Mr. Lannigan, was ready to swear Clancy's murder on Rory Lynch, provided he could save his neck and liberty. As he was guaranteed both, and money enough to carry him to America, a warrant for murder was issued, after the coroner's inquest had duly fixed the crime on Rory. When this news reached him in his hiding place, and he learned that a price of a hundred pounds was on his head, Rory realized that the sooner he was out of Ireland the better; for, as he put it himself, "Wasses in the clutches of the law in Connemara, I'd as soon thrust me sowl to the keepin' av the divil as me neck to Counsellor Coffey an' a Castlebar jury."

So he slipped across country one dark night and went aboard a boat bound for Bristol; and the day he landed there he had the Queen's shilling in his fist, the recruiting sergeant snapping him up as a pike does a worm. When his beard was shaved and his hair cut and he had donned a red coat, there was hardly a man in Duncleary would have recognized the fisherman in Private Cronin of the 45th foot.

Inside of a month his regiment sailed from Portsmouth on the *Crocodile*, bound for India, and when the ocean rolled between him and the land of his birth, Rory began to breathe freely. The loss of his prey deeply chagrined John Hamilton, who eased his feelings by sending a full account of the affair to his son, the gallant Major Alpin Hamilton, then sweltering in the Northwest Provinces. Lanty Lannigan bemoaned his ill luck and wondered what hole the Red Fox had crawled into, while Walter Hamilton kept the house for a month, when he came out with his face permanently disfigured and his heart full of wrath and hate.

Meanwhile the drill-sergeant had licked the tall fisherman into a straight, fine-looking soldier, and one that Captain Markham looked on with special favor. Then the 45th was pushed up north and west, and sent to broil and stew in the cantonments of Peshawar, where Rory grew homesick and longed for the green hills of Duncleary. But longing did little good, for hot, sweltering Peshawar was always before his door, and in his mind's eye were Walter Hamilton, the Queen's counsellor, the bewigged judge, and the packed jury, so he put away all thoughts of home and cursed behind his teeth.

The days grew into weeks and months, and then came the second stage in Rory's wanderings, and that is best told in his own way.

"The hate an' the flies wor drivin' us to distraction an' murther in that divil's hole av a cantoonment, while along kem a drove av commissioners an' naygurs an' elephun's an' camels an' the divil's own roast of cray-choures, an' out we marched lug an' baggage into the hills, where it was cool, thankfu' the divil for his mercy. Three hundhred av the 45th wor sint as a guard, meself among the rest, to guard the commissioners, an' we wor bouz' for Candahar or some other such place, to have a colloquin' match with a king or a rajah, an' to have him know that av he didn't shtop fightin' for the Roushuns we'd be afther cuttin' his black throat. Sorra much cared I for the Roushuns or the rajah, for glad I was to get out av the hot hole an' into the mountains, where I could breathe God's air an' live.

"Well, four days out we wor reinforced by two squadhrons of naygur lancers undher command av Major Alpin Hamilton, the brother of Walther, an' the son of ould black John. Me heart was in me mouth; but thin I thought that changed as I was an' the long years since he seen me, shure he'd never know me. He rode along our line, cockin' his eye at us; but I didn't thrust him, an' I shlipped in among the camels out av his way. Well, for days I dodged him, playin' hide-and-seek, but at last he foun' me.

"We wor camped be the side av a brook wan day, an' I had gone out undher a big three back av the camels to be be meself an' smoke, an' as I was lukkin' out at the blue mountains an' dreamin' av me poor ould father an' mother back in Mayo, a han' was laid on me shoulhher, an' him that owned the han' said, 'So I've foun' ye at last, have I Rory Lynch?' An' he laffed as cowld an' cruel as the hailes in the hills. I knew it was Alpin Hamilton, an' though me face paled an' me heart stood still, I'd have died there in me thracks rather than let wan

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av his black breed see the sign of the craven in me, or harm it to my that a Lynch flinched him. I faced right about like a sojer, saluted him stiff an' proud, an' lukkin' him in the eye, sez I to him, 'Av it's lukkin' for me ye wor, sor, I'm found, for here I am, worse luck! when I wish I was back in Duncleary.'

"'Take it aisy, Lynch,' sez he. 'Take it aisy. I'll engage ye'll go back to Duncleary soon enough, an' I'll warrant ye a warm welcome from the hangman.'

"I kep' me timper, for he was a Major, an' Rory Lynch a private sojer; but I knew I'd be undher his black hide before we wor done colloguin'.

"'Well, sor,' sez I, talkin' slow an' aisy, 'there's been hangmen an' Hamiltons in Mayo this many a day, and Lynches have swung on the gallows-three, but there's anyther hemp nor hangman in Castlebar for me. I know there's wan law for the Lynches an' another for the drummer's get; but mark me, Major Hamilton, av I die be the perjury av a Hamilton or wan av their dirty follown', me debt will be paid in full av there's powdher an' ball in Ireland. But I think, sor, I'll die a nacheral death, like any sojer, ayther in bed or battle.'

"'Yer a loose-tongued blaggard, Lynch,' sez the Major, his face white with passion. 'But kape yer Irish tongue back av yer teeth here. Ye'll need all yer breath when Jack Ketch puts the rope on ye in Castlebar.'

"'Time enough to bid the divil good morrow when ye meet him, sor,' sez I, me fingers itchin' to squeeze his throat. 'But whether it's here or beyant the say, be sure I'll die as we always died, a man, as becomes the son av an honest woman.'

"Then his eyes blazed, for he knew I was talkin' back to Duncleary's invine that married the first Hamilton; an' dhrawin' back, he struck me in the mouth with his ridin'-whip, sayin', as he did, 'Take that, ye scoundhrel, an' mark my words, back ye'll go to Ireland to hang for the murder of Clancy.'

"God only knows how I kep' me han's off him; but I wiped me mouth with me han' slow an' quiet, an' thin I said, 'A sojer may not strike back at his shuperior officer, even whin he's a cowardly dog; but plase God the day is comin' whin I'll wear another coat, an' then ye'll answer to me for that blow.'

"His face got white an' he turned an' left me. I laned aginst the three fit to cry, I was that wake, an' only kem to meself when I h'ard Captain Markham sayin', 'So yer name is Lynch, is it, an' not Cronin?'

"'That's me name, sor,' sez I. 'It wasn't convanyent to have me own on the riglmintal roather.'

"'Quite so,' sez he, smilin'. 'I didn't intind to listen to yer talk with Major Hamilton, but the fact is I was asleep there undher the bushes whin yez woke me up with yer Connemara riminiscences. Yer a tenant av his, I take it?'

"'No! Glory be to God, I'm not!' sez I. 'We don't own much, but we'd own more av no thievin' Hamiltons had ever set fut in Duncleary.'

"'Ye have had some throuble at home?' he went on.

"'Throuble enough, sor,' sez I. 'I broke his brother's head in a scrimmage with the gaugers, an' somebody shot a peeler; an' now the Hamiltons are swearin' the murdher on to me, though Lord knows a blackthorn was the only weapon I ever carried until I put on a red coat. It's an ould score they're thryin' to pay in their own dirty way. It's what ye might expect from a man that wears a sojer's coat and strikes a Paddy's blow.'

"The Captain looked me over from head to fut, an' sez he, 'Are ye any sort av a walker, Lynch?'

"'Well, yer honor,' sez I, 'I can walk the legs off any man, camel, or divil in this expedition on hill or dale, or in desert or bog. The Lord gav me a party good pair av legs.'

"This Captain Markham looked out av the sides av his eyes an', spakin' kind of slow, sez he: 'Lynch, it's about fifty days' good walkin' from here to the say, over the mountains, marchin' due south into the sun. It's a hard road an' a bad counthry; it's full of wild bastes an' wildher min, an' maybe ye'll never get tin miles from here. But I'm thinkin' ye'd betther thrust yerself to the snygurs an' the jackals than wait on the mercy av Major Hamilton.'

"'I'm thinkin' that same meself, yer honor,' sez I, 'for wolves an' Paudies have as much tindherness as an Irish judge an' jury with Hamilton an' Lanty Lannigan in the witness box.'

"'Well, me man,' sez the Captain, kind of brisk, 'if ye wor to take yer rifle an' ammunition an' something to ate, an' walk away this very night, I don't think that ayther meself or Major Hamilton would find it out for a week.' And away he wint, as aisy an' unconcerned as ye plaze.

"Faith, I wasn't long in makin' up me mind! an' to make a long story short, I gev the sojers the slip that night an' began me thramp over the mountains into the face av the sun."

II.

Out in the wild mountains of Afghanistan, trudging wearily towards Beluchistan, Rory Lynch was truly between the devil and the deep sea—between Alpin Hamilton and the Indian Ocean. And that which lay between these extremes of evil was a Pandora's box of troubles—wild hillmen whose hands were against all men, wild beasts, the hunger of the hills, the thirst of the desert. Even with Rory's equipment of courage and resolution and an abiding faith in his lucky star, his chances of ever reaching ocean and freedom were slender. Ignorant of the people and their language among whom unkind fate was thrusting him, his journey seemed foolhardy, but he pushed on into the unknown land, anxious to place hill and valley between himself and the British commissioners. Suffering from heat and hunger, weariness and thirst, he marched by night and rested in ravines and thickets by day, until he was well beyond the reach of pursuit and capture. Many a night he spent at the campfire of some wandering, dark-faced, fierce-looking shepherd, whose frugal meal he shared, and whose puzzled eyes told the curiosity and mistrust with which he regarded this tall fair-faced wanderer, with hair and beard of tawny flame. The days stretched out into weeks, and yet the progress made towards his goal, the sea, was small, and a month after his flight found him still within a few hundred miles of his starting point. But now he began to know the country and had learned how to avoid the scattered hamlets, whose dwellers he mistrusted. Soon he noticed a great unrest among the hillmen, who seemed to be constantly on the move, gathering on the crests and ridges as vultures flock to a quarry. As he watched them from the vantage of rock and thicket he wondered what it all meant, but he pushed on, avoiding all but the lonely guardians of the flocks, trying to put off the inevitable day when he must fall into the hands of the Ishmaelites. He was now travelling by day, and sleeping at night by shepherds' fires, or in the shelters of rock and cave under the stars, in the dry, wholesome air of the hills. His thews and sinews were as hard as rawhide, and his face was growing browner daily as he marched onward into the face of the red fierce sun.

One night he rested on a hill side to crave the hospitality of a bearded banditlike shepherd whose fire burned in the shadow of a boulder. Below them in the valley Rory could see the flat roofs of the houses of a little village, and on the breeze were borne to him the indistinguishable murmurings of its life.

Their meal concluded, Rory looked the thanks he could not speak, while the shepherd, pointing to the hill slopes beyond, went off to look to the safety of his folded flocks, for the marauders of the night were prowling and calling in the hills. Then the tired wanderer lay down to rest and sleep and to dream of his distant home beyond the sounding ocean.

He was rudely wakened to find himself struggling in the grasp of half a dozen fierce-looking hillmen, who, tying his arms, led him down the mountain-side, through the valley, and into the hamlet he had seen from the ridges above. He was thrust into a room and left to pass the remainder of the night wondering what fate had in store for him. Shortly after the dawn a man came to the room and led him out through a yard where armed men were standing and sitting, and into a room adorned with a few rude couches and mats of skin. In this room, reclining on a couch, was a tall, fair-haired man with a long brown beard and bright, savage-looking eyes. He signed to Rory's conductor, who left the room, leaving them alone together. He looked keenly at Rory, who returned his gaze calmly and unflinchingly, and then he spoke.

"Yer an English sojer?" said this man to Rory, in a broad Irish accent.

Rory's face was a picture of astonishment as he answered, "I was until I deserted."

"Yer a Connemara man?" continued the chief.

"I am," replied Rory, "an' troth so are you."

The chief bowed his head and asked, "What's yer name?"

"Rory Lynch."

"An' where are ye from?"

"From Duncleary in Mayo, to be shure."

"Holy Virgin!" said the chief, earnestly. "Ye must be the son av Gerald Lynch an' Kate Cronin."

"I am that," responded Rory, in astonishment. "But, for God's sake, who are you?"

"Philip Cronin, yer mother's brother."

"Mother av God!" gasped Rory, crossing himself. "An' you given up for dead this twinty year!"

"Dead or alive, here I am an' here I've been this many a long day," said Cronin. "But what bad luck brings you into this God-forgotten country?"

"The luck av the Lynches, the Hamiltons," cried Rory, fiercely.

"The curse av Cromwell on thim!" said Cronin, hotly. "I'd give all the plundher hidden in these hills for wan minute with me fingers round the windpipe of ould John Hamilton."

When Rory had told the story of his misfortunes the uncle told his. Like his nephew, he had fled Mayo with the stigma of crime fastened on him by John Hamilton, whom he had offended by his open partisanship of his sister's husband. He joined the army and was sent to India, and his restiveness under discipline kept him in trouble. During an expedition to Kelat some petty act of insubordination subjected him to the cat, and he was triced to a gun wheel and lashed. The savage in the man brooded over his wrongs, and one morning Cronin was missed and Lieutenant Chisholm was found dead in his tent with a bayonet in his heart. Native cavalry pursued him, but he escaped into the hills and found refuge with the hillmen he now ruled. His prowess, daring, and skill commended him to the chief, whose daughter he married, and to whose office he succeeded, and in time every robber chief for a hundred miles around acknowledged him their leader.

"An' are ye never goin' back to the ould home, Uncle Philly?" asked Rory.

"Never agin," said Cronin, sadly—"never agin. Me bed is med, an' I must lie on it. An' you mus' stay here with me until things quiet down in the hills. There's been a ruction up there be Candahar an' the commissioners are flyin' back to Peshawur like hares. The sojers is scathered an' dead, some here an' some there, an' some are wandherin' down into me net, lost in the mountains."

They were interrupted by a tribesman who came in and gave a message excitedly to Cronin, who heard him calmly and then ordered breakfast. After they had eaten, Cronin said, "Rory, can ye handle a swoord?"

"Can't I, though," replied Rory. "Ould Tom Haynes av the Hussars larned me all his thricks at the cantonment, an' he the finest fincer in the Northwest. I'll take a rally out av any man in the hills with a swoord."

Cronin brought an ugly looking heavy yataghan from the corner of the room and handed it to Rory, saying: "Take that. It's an iligant thing for close quarthers, an' I'm thinkin', from what the boy said just now, we'll have fun before the sun goes down this night." Then buckling on a sword and taking a rifle, the elder man handed Rory the arms taken from him the night before, and said: "Come! The min are waitin', an' we'll find the lost sojers beyant in the hills. We'll give thim a bed that no thrumpet but God's will iver wake them from."

Rory stopped, and pointing his hand to the hills, cried, "Av the min over there are the 45th, thim that I've slep' an' ate with, I'll raise no finger aginst thim, an' I'll ask ye to sind thim safe into Injy, but—"

"Save yer breath, Rory," said Cronin, with a hard laugh. "They're not infanthry; they're lancers, with an English officer."

Rory's eyes gleamed and his face flamed, and gripping his rifle, he nodded to his uncle to go on, and both stepped into the village square, where nearly a hundred fierce-looking tribesmen, armed with rifles and swords and knives, were waiting. With Cronin and Lynch at their head the wild troop went up the mountain and marched along its ridge until the path pitched down into a narrow rugged pass that opened out into a long broad valley. At a word from Cronin the tribesmen disappeared behind trees and rocks and thickets, while he and Rory watched the approach of a cloud of dust from down the valley that soon developed into a small body of mounted men. Nearer and nearer they came, riding wearily, the horses looking fagged, the men worn out. As they rode into the pass Rory clutched Cronin's arm, and said, hoarsely:

"It's Alpin Hamilton! God has given our inimy into our hands! Rimimber, he's mine."

Yes! It was Major Hamilton and the remnant of his squadron riding to death. As they reached the spot where the pass widened they halted to rest men and horses. That was the signal for their destruction, and the bullets of the concealed enemy emptied the saddles. Under Cronin's orders, Hamilton seemed to bear a charmed existence. He turned his horse to ride for the plain, but before he went many paces, Rory Lynch, who had jumped down the side of the hill, stood in his path, sword in hand.

"Get off yer horse, Alpin Hamilton," said Rory, slowly, "an' let us see av yer as ready with the swoord as yer handy with the whip. Get off! Man to man an' swoord to swoord, ye'll die this day or I will, me or you will sleep on the hill side this night."

Hamilton looked round at the sea of fierce faces; he looked back where his lancers were lying dead in the pass, and then his eyes came back to the angry face of Rory Lynch, whose blazing eyes seemed to burn into his soul. Alpin Hamilton was no coward, but his heart failed him for a minute. Then he dismounted and said, slowly, "Well, Rory Lynch, am I to be murdered or am I to die like a man?"

"Alpin Hamilton," retorted Rory, "ye'll not be murdhered. That's a Hamilton thrick, not the style av a Lynch. This is a fair fight, man to man an' blade to blade. I'll try an' kill ye, Alpin Hamilton, an' give yer mate to the vultures, an' wipe out an ould score betune your blood an' mine; but av I fall, Alpin Hamilton, Phil Cronin there will see that ye go free to Injy. Am I right?"

Cronin, who stood by, sword in hand, nodded assent grimly to this proposition, feeling that he could do so safely. Rory had thrown off his upper clothing and stood naked to the waist, with the yataghan grasped firmly in his hand. His tall figure was lean and muscular, every thew and sinew being hard as steel, and his pose gave evidence of strength and activity. Major Hamilton stripped off his coat and stood in his shirt sleeves, with a drawn sabre. He was lean and active looking, but lacked the weight and reach of his opponent; but he believed his skill as a swordsman would counterbalance any disadvantages of weight and muscle. He had a contempt for his opponent—the superciliousness of the officer for the private, the squire for the peasant—and he believed he could run him through in short order.

"Are yez ready?" asked Cronin.

Both men nodded, and Cronin continued, "Thin go at it!"

The men crossed swords, fencing rapidly and viciously for advantage, the clashing of the steel making the narrow pass ring, and bringing a glitter to the eyes of the savage hillmen, who stood around eagerly watching the strange duel. Rory Lynch's skill and strength soon began to tell on Hamilton, whose breath came in short gasps, and down whose face perspiration rolled. He realized his opponent's cleverness with the sword, and it sent a chill through him, although he himself was accounted one of the best swordsmen in the Northwest. He knew he could endure the strain but little longer, and that if he were to save his life Lynch must be disposed of soon. He laid on with renewed vigor, cut and thrust, pressing his opponent, around whom he circled like a hawk, but he soon found how futile were his efforts, for he was beating against a swordsman with an arm and wrist of steel, and his hot offensive soon settled down to a wary and hopeless defensive. It was a hawk pitted against a cat. Rory was conscious that his foeman was in his grip, and the gleam of triumph that lighted his eyes chilled Hamilton, who licked his dry lips. From catlike caution Rory changed to vigorous attack, a torrent of blows wearing out his foe, who retreated step by step. He stumbled, his guard was struck down, his sabre was knocked from his grasp, and he stood panting, wild-eyed, disarmed. Lynch's yataghan whirled in the air with a hiss round his head, and then swept forward with a whistling swish, striking Hamilton in the neck just above the shirt collar. The blow half severed the neck, its force staggering Hamilton, who, with hands and fingers working convulsively, fell to the earth bleeding and dying, his eyes, big and open, staring up at the hot red sun. He was soon dead, a few choking gasps ending his life. Rory Lynch touched the body with his boot, and then stooping down, he took a ring bearing the Hamilton seal from the dead man's finger, and holding it aloft, he said:

"There he lies; him that was to sind me to the hangman at Castlebar. I'll send this ring home to his ould father an' wring his cruel hard heart. I'll tell him how his proud son died by the swoord av a Lynch, how his mate fed the kites an the wolves, an' how his bones lie whitenin' in the dirt. Oh, it'll be a black day for the Hamiltons!"

Wiping his sword on the dead man's garments, Rory put on his clothes and, leaving the tribesmen to their plunder, he and his uncle tramped back over the mountains to the village. Not one of the troop who rode into that pass was spared; all had been killed, and the circling vultures told all that another tragedy had been added to the bloody record of the mountains.

The rest of his strange story is easily told. Through the good offices of his fierce relative he was passed on from tribe to tribe until he stood on the shores of the Indian Ocean, rich in the possession of a store of jewels, the gift of his bandit uncle. After weary months of watching and waiting, the United States ship *Allegheny* visited the coast on survey duty, and Rory had little difficulty in shipping with the crew, and about a year later he was discharged in San Francisco, when the ship went out of commission.

Rory Lynch now lives on a fine farm near a small seaport on the coast of Oregon, with all his tribe from Duncleary, following his old occupations of fishing and farming, and he has prospered and married.

John Hamilton never learned the fate of his son, and never will until the day of final accounting, for Rory kept his counsel, more prudent in cold blood than he was when he made his passionate promise in the Beluchistan pass over the dead body of his enemy.

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ON THE DYEA TRAIL.

A LEAF FROM AN UNPUBLISHED DIARY BY W. P. LOCKINGTON.

The Colonel and I turn out at 6 A. M. 'Tis snowing hard, and the mountain range at Long Lake is covered with snow.

Giving up the task of making a fire, he turns that warm duty over to me, and succeeding, I soon have coffee, flapjacks, and bacon steaming hot.

Along come Alkali Ike and Mr Glass, and we invite these two sturdy sons of California to join us. Another contingent, half frozen and tired, Tappan Adney (the special correspondent of HARPER'S WEEKLY) and his man Brown, beg to be allowed to warm their half frozen limbs at our camp fire. The two men, heavily weighted with their eighty-pound packs, join in our slender repast; and as we are striking tent, Tappan Adney proceeds to raise his, taking advantage of the scattered logs to keep his fire going, and the balsam slips and boughs which form the carpet of our tent.

Tall and wiry, with a wholesale strength developed in his long lank limbs, topped off with a certain positiveness of manner, Adney soon outstrips his man in the work, and throwing himself down on his saturated pack, becomes absorbed in his note-making, while his assistant feeds the fire.

At Lindeman Lake we again meet, and our tents are near together.

Tappan Adney's face differs from the rest, his beard stubbornly refuses to grow, and beyond the little apology for a mustache there is little to catch the frost or become irksome with icicles.

But he is a good boat-builder, and soon the tap of the hammer tells us he has succeeded in getting up the ribs and knees of his light but stanch little "double-ender."

I hear a light swift step, and the face of this energetic scribe is framed by the flap of our tent, as he inquires if we have any "fourpenny and sixpenny nails."

Tools and sacks are turned over in our efforts to find his salvation, and the best is half a pound of nails for six bits, or 75 cents. Such is the ruling price for this ordinary but useful commodity.

ENGLAND'S LITTLE WAR IN INDIA.

ENGLAND is now engaged in one of those little wars on her Indian frontier which, though they seem insignificant to the world at large, are nevertheless of vast interest and vast expense to the subjects of the British Empire. There are now massed on the Northwest frontier nearly 70,000 troops, and the number of transport animals—horses, ponies, oxen, mules, and donkeys—required to maintain this immense force is considerably over 50,000.

The tribes against which these troops are pitted are the Afridis and Orakzais, who between them command the highroad to Kabul—the Khyber Pass. Many of the Afridis have been trained and drilled in British native regiments, and many of them are splendidly armed with rifles stolen from Ferozepore arsenal and elsewhere from time to time. They have plenty of ammunition, too, having captured 50,000 rounds in one fort last August, besides having a back avenue for supplies from the arsenals of the Ameer of Afghanistan, who, however, disclaims all sympathy with the tribesmen. The Afridis are hillmen and dead shots, and are creating tremendous havoc among the British officers, whom they pick out from behind their sangars, or intrenchments, with a skill and certainty that are simply damnable. Their warfare is of a most aggravating guerilla kind. They pester a British column from some practically inaccessible rookery, which it costs enormous mortality to storm, and while being stormed it showers British bullets into British troops from rifles belonging by right to the British government. When their rocky strongholds are finally stormed, the tribesmen do not wait the bayonet; they retreat into their fastnesses for the time being, and the moment the British troops retire from a—to them—useless vantage point, the Afridis occupy it again. A place called Dargai was thus captured and abandoned the other day—this is being written at Peshawar, on October 27—on the 21st it had to be retaken, at a cost of 163 men killed and wounded. Considering the difficulties of attack, the British troops behaved most pluckily in this instance, but not more so than the Ghoorkas—little chaps from Nepaul, who fight for the mere fun of the thing and can give many British troops cards and spades and a beating in the matter of sheer animal courage. The Gordon Highlanders crossed an open space under a scathing fire, with the pipes skirling as they advanced. One gallant piper was shot in the chest. He may recover, but his grief over the loss of his pipes, which were shot to bits, is pitiable. He does not worry about the hole in his diaphragm. The transport facilities are poor, and in many places it is almost impossible to find water for the immense force in the front. This gives rise to terrible hardships, and many of the transport animals fall and die out of sheer thirst. The men stand the trial better. They are all dressed in browny-yellow *kharkee*, their officers being dressed just the same. This does not prevent the latter being spotted by the enemies, who pick off every one they see who is not carrying a rifle. Correspondents and others object to this trick of the wily native. "Sniping," or picking off stray pickets, is very frequently resorted to by the Afridis, who have killed several good men by stalking them in this manner. Herewith is a photograph of the fort at Jumrood, where sniping is particularly rampant. It is only nine miles from Peshawur. There is also a portrait group of the officers of the Patiala Imperial Native Infantry, a regiment paid, equipped, etc., by H. H. the Maharajah of Patiala, and by him sent to assist the forces of his suzerain the Empress of India.

PESHAWAR, October 27, 1897. E. A. M.

WHILE THE HEART IS YOUNG.

YOUTH is a charm which cannot always last,
Its spring-time song is once, once only, sung.
And yet I feel that all the halcyon past
Is with us ever when the heart is young;

I have known men, gray-haired and dim of eye,
Who lived their lives like any happy child;
For they were children still, the earth and sky,
The streams, the radiant flowers, the woodland wild—

Sang to them like sweet music of glad days
When each went forth, a laughter-loving boy,—
Sang to them, and shone brightly on their ways,
Till hope grew mighty with a deathless joy.

Ah! memory is a thrilling life apart,
Softened like far off and ethereal chimes,
That wakens tender longings in the heart,
That reincarnates vanished dreams and times,

And all that life may win in faith and truth,
All that it holds to with a trust divine,
Is the ripe fruit that was a bloom in youth,
The rose that blossomed from a flowerless vine;

The life, the flower, may grow to autumn's dearth,
But hope will stay where it has bravely clung.
Spring is renascent over all the earth,
Years cannot change us while our hearts are young.

GEORGE EDGAR MONTGOMERY.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

TEA IMPORTS INTO AMERICA.

In the last three years the imports of tea from Formosa, China, and Japan have dropped from 110 million pounds to 85 million pounds, an average of about 30%. Why is this? The apparent reason is the crude, ancient, and unclean methods of rolling the tea by hand, which has been practised in those countries for centuries.

During the same period the imports of tea from Ceylon and India have grown from a little over 7 million pounds to 16 million pounds, or an increase of 54%. The reason of this must be that the teas from those tropical climes are manufactured and rolled entirely by modern and powerful machinery in a cleanly manner. This method of manufacture also gives additional strength to the tea, as it crushes all the cells in the leaf, which makes it more than double the strength of those of other countries.—[*Adv.*]

EVERY Christmas Table should have a bottle of DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS. Greatest appetizer.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.—[*Adv.*]

A Christmas-tide Suggestion.

[PHOTOGRAPHED EXPRESSLY FOR SOZODONT.]

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DEWAR'S SCOTCH WHISKY

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SUNRISE ON PIKES PEAK.

In looking at the reproduction of this remarkable photograph the eye wanders to the little below, otherwise one might easily feel a hesitation as to what it represents. At first sight it is Turneresque. There may be a moment's thought that the middle distance is a stretch of ocean, then its broken tumult suggests the Niagara Rapids, or that frozen torrent the *Mer de Glace*. Play one more trick of imagination with the picture and look at it upside down. Seen through an arch of rock is a bit of coast with creamy waves and level bars of light slipping along the shining sand, smooth dunes, shifted by the wind, and a sky that hangs low with rain.

The reality, however, is more marvellous than these pictures of fancy. It represents an impression, but the fiftieth part of a second in duration, of a pageant which surpasses in sublimity anything that can be seen among the usual haunts of men. To find it you must seek a mountain top at sunrise, with the "baseless fabric" of cloud-land between you and the solid earth. Below is a vast fleecy blanket spread over the still sleeping world. In the cold wind that forewarns the morn" the mass begins to stir and curdle, ghostly shadows steal across it from the east, where a pale light glimmers. Steadily it becomes more luminous, kindling the under sides of the cloud-forms that hang above, till with a burst of glory the sun mounts up, flings bars of light through the dense moist atmosphere, and sprinkles cloud-land with thousandfold reflections of rose and iris.

Many travellers to Pikes Peak, 14,200 feet above sea level, must have witnessed this spectacle, but few, if any, have been so successful in recording it as Mr Fred P. Stevens, a landscape photographer, of Colorado Springs, and a Cornell graduate of the class of '96. During a week spent upon the summit he made many unsuccessful attempts to secure a picture, and modestly ascribes his ultimate success to a lucky combination of circumstances. The principal difficulty in photographing a sunrise is that you are shooting directly at the sun, and even a beginner in photography knows that in order to get a good picture the sun may be shining in any direction except directly on the lens. Apparently one of the "lucky circumstances" in this case is that a strip of opaque cloud intercepts the direct glare. Then the question of length of exposure is a difficult one to meet, as in these high altitudes, for some reason not thoroughly understood, the light is more actinic, acting upon the sensitized plate more intensely and immediately. Here Mr Stevens's scientific knowledge assisted him, and after many previous experiments he employed on this occasion an exposure of the fiftieth part of a second. In the Eastern States, near sea-level, the relative exposure would be four to seven times as long.

To some the radiating bars of light may seem unpleasantly defined, as if the plate had been subsequently touched up, but this action of strong light upon atmosphere saturated with moisture results in the writer a similar phenomenon seen at night upon a small scale. Its occasion was an open air performance of *Midsummer-Night's Dream* in the Botanical Gardens at Birmingham, England. Rain had fallen during the day, and at night, as the play proceeded, a dense white fog arose, upon which the calcium light gathered itself in bars fully as clear cut as those in this picture. C. H. C.

RACQUETS.

THE greatest game of racquets ever played in this country was seen at the court of the New York Racquet and Tennis Club on Saturday, November 27. The match was for the championship of the world, George Standing, the head marker at the New York court, having challenged Peter Latham, who occupies a similar position at Queen's Club, London, and who held the championship, to a home and home match to defend the title. Under the conditions two matches were to be played, each the best four out of seven games, one match to be played in Latham's home court in London, and the other in Standing's home court here. In case of a tie in number of games the match was to be won on the aces. The stakes were $5000 a side, the largest on record for a racquet match.

Peter Latham has held and defended the title of champion for ten years, having been challenged three times during that period. This was the second time he had been challenged by Standing. Both men are English, and learned the game when boys on the other side. Peter Latham is the heavier of the two, giving one the impression of greater physical strength, which the result of the match proved he possesses. Standing is very cleanly and prettily built, with plenty of muscle and a long reach. Both men were in the pink of condition, having been in training for six months. There is very little difference between the racquets of the two men, if anything Standing plays in the prettier form. Latham is particularly strong in the left hand stroke. There was a marked difference between the men in stamina and the wickedness of their game. Latham won the match in London by four games to one. It will be noticed, in the score given at the end of this article, that Latham served two more aces than Standing, which is rather extraordinary, as it is to be expected that the man who is in his own court will serve the most aces.

The match was won on the fourth game, amid great excitement. In this game Latham, in the first innings, made 6 aces, making him 6 to 4. Standing and Latham each made an ace in the next innings. Standing then, by very brilliant play round the court, made 4 aces, and Latham 2, making the score 9 to 9 in favor of Latham.

Standing then made an ace by a difficult service. In the next five innings Latham made 4 aces, while Standing made only 1, making the score 13 to 8. Standing in the next two innings made 5 aces, 3 of which were by service. This made the score 13 all. The game was then set for 3, and Standing was retired after serving 2 aces. Latham then went in and made 2 aces, making the game 2 all on the set. The next innings yielded nothing for either man. Standing then served what seemed an impossible ball. Latham, however, with his marvellous wrist, got the ball up just over the tellale. Standing returned this ball, but the ball hit the floor from the lak.

This was not seen by most of the gallery, and there were yells of applause, on the supposition that Standing had won. This was not the case, however, as Latham won the game by a service in the next innings.

Latham then won the whole match by winning two games here, the first and fourth. After this, according to agreement, the games were finished out, and although good racquets were played, it was apparent that both men let up, the big match being decided. Latham won this match in his opponent's court by 4 games to 3.

	1st game	2d game	3d game	4th game	5th game	6th game	7th game	Total
Latham								
Aces by service	5	0	2	0	0	0	0	10
Aces by play	7	10	1	10	4	7	0	45
Aces by tellale								
Total	12	10	3	10	4	7	0	55
Standing								
Aces by service	0	11	0	0	0	0	0	11
Aces by play	0	7	6	0	7	0	1	35
Aces by tellale								
Total	0	18	10	10	10	10	1	61

THE SCORE IN FULL.

Umpire for Standing, C. Lawrence Perkins. Umpire for Latham, E. La Montagne, Jr. Referee, W. T. Lawson.

The game was extremely well marked by Tom Pettitt, the head marker of the Boston Athletic Association.

C. LAWRENCE PERKINS.

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SUNRISE FROM THE TOP OF PIKES PEAK.—[See Page 1232.]

AMATEUR SPORT

MR. CASPAR WHITNEY *will be absent several months on a sporting tour around the world, including a tour of observation in the West and in Europe, and a hunting expedition for big game in Siam, which he has undertaken for* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

During MR. WHITNEY'S *absence this Department will publish contributions from well known writers upon special subjects relating to Amateur Sport.*

A REVIEW OF COLLEGE FOOTBALL.

SOME penalties in the athletic world seem almost too severe to fit the crime. One of these is the penalty paid for mistakes regarding physical condition of contestants. If one may credit the eye and judgment of experts, the Harvard crew of last year would have probably rowed faster ten days or two weeks before the race then it did, or could, on the day of contest. The Cornell crew at Henley, within a short time after its arrival, rowed the course in better time than any English crew made even at the time of the race, but was beaten—rowed out—by a crew travelling more slowly than had the Cornell crew at many times in the earlier days of its residence on the river. One might multiply instances indefinitely.

In football there seems to be a special temptation to lose sight of the vital importance of condition as a factor in the final results. And by condition is meant not especially the freedom from sprains and bruises, but particularly the lively strength springing from the confidence of robust health. That condition that renders the man enjoying it a better man, mentally as well as physically, than his overfed or drawn-too-fine comrade. The foot ball season of 1897 stands out in a marked manner as a proof of this.

For football surprises no former season can equal or even approach that of 1897. Harvard was named to defeat Yale easily, and, up to within a week of the meeting, every score and the public form of the eleven pointed to such a conclusion. Princeton was considered the best team ever turned out, and was expected simply to swamp its principal rival. Up to the time of the Yale Harvard game there was no reason to doubt the accuracy of such a supposition. Pennsylvania was held up as an ideal scoring machine, which she certainly was at one time, and was expected to wind up a most successful season by illustrating upon Cornell the wonderful scoring powers of the "guards back," and the impregnable defence of the "ends in." But Harvard could not beat Yale, Princeton, too, found herself played to a standstill and defeated in her one great match, and Pennsylvania was in luck not to have followed suit with Cornell, for guards back was broken like paper by the Ithacans, and Cornell circled the Pennsylvania ends for telling gains. The expected thirty or forty to nothing dwindled down to a scant four. West Point, expected by her friends to do well early in the season, could beat the better conditioned Wesleyan team but three points, while at the end she surprised even her most ardent admirers by the whipping administered to Brown.

These surprises, besides showing the possibility of unexpected form in a big game, offer valuable matter for discussion upon physical condition. Harvard had advanced, according to the newspapers, an entirely new principle of training, namely, that of playing only alternate days, and generally taking especial care that her prominent players might not be in bad condition physically at the time of her big game. Pennsylvania had taken a long period of summer training and early hard play. Princeton had not made an early start as Pennsylvania, nor been as carefully handled as Harvard, but had reached her maximum two or three weeks before her greatest game. Yale had had a few backs at work in the late summer, but had done no early training. In the actual playing and practice Yale was sent the hardest, and was kept at it up to the very eve of contest, actually lining up and playing on Friday before the Princeton game, although the team had had a rest the greater part of that week. Yale's greatest progress, both in skill and condition, was made during the last three weeks of the season. It is probably well within the opinions of those who follow the sport most closely to say that during the week in which Pennsylvania defeated Brown (40 to 0), Princeton defeated Lafayette (57 to 0), Harvard beat Carnell (34 to 5), and Yale played a tie with West Point, a fair rating of the teams would have placed Princeton and Pennsylvania a tie for first place, and Yale a very doubtful fourth, fifth, or even sixth. But on Thanksgiving day, when Pennsylvania wound up the season with Cornell, Yale was so near first as to make it an open question.

How did all this reversal of form come about? There can be no question of one point, and that is that Mr. Butterworth was the most successful of all the coaches of the season. His team performed properly when a good performance was required. His team had few and simple plays, but they had a spirit and a dash that made those plays hard to stop. The defence of the Yale team, woefully weak in mid season, was hammered into a steel line by the time of final contest. Berkeley, whose teams Mr. Butterworth has coached for the last two years, should study this, and determine where her trouble lies.

The Yale team was a green one as a team, but of the individuals who finally composed it, five of the line men, Rodgers, Chadwick, Chamberlin, Hazen, and Hall, were on last year's squad, and four of the team were in the last year's Princeton game. These men must then have been made to do better than last year. They were. Every man of them. Benjamin back of the line, and the five named above in it, each played the game of his life in the two big matches this year. And they did this because they were fit to do it, and because not one of them, save Captain Rodgers himself, had felt sure of his position up to the very eve of the Harvard game. It was a survival of the fittest, and, with plenty of new material, there was no man good enough to hold a place save by his own individual exertions in the hottest kind of rivalry. That made a second eleven of the right stuff too, and the whole mass of players grew better together, until, toward the end, the struggle between the first and second was about as close a matchup as any the team could play. It may be advanced that such a pace as was set for the last two weeks could not have lasted long. That is probably true, but it was necessitated by the exigencies of the occasion, and it won the game. It was the most remarkable finish by a team from a university noted for finishing strong—a place from which no organization can safely be set down as defeated until the day of the contest is over.

The course of the Pennsylvania team is equally interesting to follow. Its leader, Mr. Woodruff, had cropped out a policy for developing to the extreme the already tested advantages of an offence consisting in hurling against first one point and then another of the opponents' line a compact mass of players moving at high speed. To this he had added such movements of the ball and men as should at times deceive the opponents as to who was the holder of the ball, and thus add to the difficulty of stopping the advance. He was eager to get to work upon the men who had partially mastered these principles of his. To bring about the perfection he desired, he began his campaign earlier than the others, and by mid season the Pennsylvania team was certainly further advanced, in its peculiar style of play, than any other eleven. But its maximum was reached some time before its final game. It was at its best against Lafayette and Brown. The first signs of staleness were visible in the game with the Indians, and in spite of the most heroic efforts to correct the coming trouble, Pennsylvania finished in a struggle with Cornell on Thanksgiving day, when her own goal was most seriously menaced three times, and when her best playing could secure her but four points.

Princeton reached her highest limit on the day when she defeated Lafayette, 57 to 0. Her team was then in ideal fighting trim. What had promised to be a danger, the laziness of a veteran and conquering team, seemed to have been satisfactorily surmounted, and the team had done hard and faithful work. The prospects looked exceeding bright, and no one can truthfully say that the team had not been kept well up to its mark. But then came the impossible task of holding the team just where it was for a considerable period of time. With no hard game before it until it should meet Yale, with men who, with one or two possible exceptions, understood their positions thoroughly, with team offence and defence practically perfected—the enemy were not at hand, and the waiting for them killed the team, took the fire and eagerness out of it, and set it at a nervous tension that sapped its spirit. It met Yale, and, with the exception of a scant five minutes in the second half, after it had been scored upon and was virtually beaten, the eleven showed but little of its expected power, but, instead, an increasing deterioration, one man after another leaving the field exhausted.

Harvard, with a fund of veteran material, selected a team early in the season, and put that team through a certain set of plays, until every man knew every move by heart. But in building up the 'varsity team and substitutes, and by thus taking out many who would have been valuable opponents, Harvard weakened the strength of the opposition to a considerable degree. A misfortune that could hardly have been foreseen was, in addition, the inferior condition of the teams that were to have furnished Harvard severe practice. Them teams all came to Cambridge after, and not before, their hard fights, and the measurement and experience that Harvard might have expected from these games were rendered almost valueless. Banking upon a defence carried over from last year, and finding that defence in these practice games still good, Harvard had no opportunity of realizing that both her defence and offence were not being properly tested. Her defence did perhaps from last year, her offence was found, when put to a serious trial, to be of insufficient force. Against Yale it failed to score, and against Pennsylvania was far less fierce and irresistible than in previous years.

Cornell consistently improved her game, and, in spite of something of a slump at mid season, finished strongly against Pennsylvania. Her weakest game was against Harvard. Last year's score with Harvard was 15 to 4. This year it was 34 to 5. But in all her other matches she showed the advance. In 1896 Princeton defeated her, 37 to 0. This year she held Princeton down to 10 points. Last year Pennsylvania defeated her, 32 to 10. This year the score was 4 to 0. It was in defence especially that her game improved. There was far more life to it, and it was well formulated and exceedingly well carried out. Toward the end of the season she had too many plays, and her offence was weakened by too great a variety, though some of her formations were cleverly conceived. At one

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point in the latter part of the Pennsylvania game a special formation was tried, to which no one on the team seemed to hold the key, and twice in succession the recipient of the ball stood blankly defenceless, waiting for something to happen, which never came off. Had the time expended upon getting that play up to the point of being tried been put upon insuring an interference for Whiting's pretty break through the line, upon which he had Minds alone to pass, the result of that game might have been different.

West Point made good her reputation and her position with the leaders, but until the authorities relent and give West Point a game with her own special rival, Annapolis, we shall never see her put to the test to which every other team of her class—the first—is subjected. It is life or death when Harvard meets Yale, no matter how poor the supposably weaker one may be; it is serious business when Pennsylvania meets Harvard, or when Princeton comes against Yale. It is in these matches, where everything is at stake, that the man who is the real player plays his best, and the grand stand player loses his nerve and stands exposed. But when West Point meets Harvard or Yale, there is a feeling among the men—and it will be there until the more handicapped team shall have won more than one year—that one team has everything to gain and nothing to lose, that a close score or a tie is a victory. Such a match never can put to the true test the calibre of man or team, and until the army and navy once more meet on the gridiron we shall not see the real nerve tension that fairly measures the playing ability of every man on the team. West Point cannot help this, nor can Annapolis. West Point has been steadily improving her position, and it is a shame that she should not have a chance at that record down there at Annapolis. One must not think that as the Naval Academy football is forgotten. The team this year, though little commented upon, was a strong one, and such men as Halligan and Tardy are not men to be beaten easily by anybody.

Were it not for the fact that West Point has no game with Annapolis there are men at both academies who would have consideration for an All-America team. Scales and Nesbitt should both, if they played their big game as they have most of their others, be on that team. But if, when it came to a West Point-Annapolis match, the West Point team played as it did in the Wesleyan game, its chances would suffer.

Brown developed, as usual, under Mr. Moyle, good double passing and end running. Foltz and Gammons made a strong pair, and had the defensive play of the former been stronger, he would have made a place on the representative team.

The Carlisle Indians played some sensational matches, notably that against Pennsylvania, when, thanks to the product of Mr. Bolle work upon Hudson, they led at the end of the first half. But they were defeated in their match with Brown, and there is no question but that the schedule of games of both these teams militated strongly against their showing.

Dartmouth and Brown are as much better than their immediate neighbors that they are considering with wisdom some new arrangements.

The first and surest man to be named for the All-America team is Garrett Cochran, of Princeton. He was far and away the best end on the field this year. He was the fastest man down under kicks, a certain and hard tackler, and withal of great assistance to his line on defensive and offensive play. He was much heavier than the year before, but carried the weight without difficulty, and his exhibition of covering ground at New Haven, during the first half, was the best seen on any field this year. The other end has between Hall at Yale and Boyle of Pennsylvania.

Hall was not as good an end in the early part of the season as several others that could be named, notably Moulton of Harvard, but Moulton did not keep up his game, owing to either injury or lack of condition. Had Boyle not been so much on the crippled list at the end of the season as to be unable to do himself justice in the Cornell game, he would have had the place. Hall steadily improved, and in his great game was above the form of any man in the lists save Cochran. In addition to his regular play he seemed to have a special instinct that directed him where to be in the case of fumbles, and twice in the Princeton game he saved his side from impending disaster by this ability. Such a quality is worth having in an All-America team, and while it would not make up for weakness in the general department, it adds greatly to the value of a man who, in addition to it, plays his position for all it is worth. Boyle, so long as he was uninjured, played a steady and consistent game, but he was evidently suffering in the Cornell game, or there would have been a different story to tell.

Chamberlin of Yale was easily the first man for the position of tackle on the field during the season. The number of gains made on his side of the line (for it must be remembered that it was not until after mid-season that he was placed in this position) was indeed very small. In the Harvard game he not only stopped plays coming on his side of the line, but several times broke through and brought the play down from behind after it had started toward the other side of the line. Whatever Chamberlin got his hands on he held, and no one man did more for the security of Yale's defence than he. It is true he was not given the ball much for runs, but his assistance in opening holes for other runners was so valuable as to make it better worth while to use him in this way than in any other. Besides this, Chamberlin was a kicker of ability. He was called on but little in the games, but he could readily at any time do some fair punting (his kick that was stopped in the Harvard game being the result of a bad pass and not his fault), and he could place-kick with especial accuracy. In the Yale-West Point game, when Corwin made his touchdown, bringing the score 4-6 in West Point's favor, and leaving it absolutely necessary for Yale to kick the goal to prevent defeat and disgrace, Chamberlin was the man who did it, and it was no an easy task either.

Rodgers, Yale's most successful captain, who has been Chamberlin's mate on the Yale team throughout the season, was handicapped by his serious illness at the end of the summer, and did not fully recover his strength and tone until the very last game of the season—that with Princeton. On that day he played a better game than he has ever put up before, and was a match for Chamberlin. Had he played up to the same standard in the earlier games, Yale could have claimed two tackles on the All-America team. No one could ask for a better man than was Rodgers in the Princeton game, and no honor could be too great for him. But he attained the only honor he cared for when his team won. Rodgers's running with the ball in the Princeton game was irresistible, and when Yale actually needed the distance, whether it was one yard or four yards, Rodgers would get it.

The other tackle goes to Outland of Pennsylvania. This man played a strong and aggressive game. He lacked the steadfast aim of Rodgers, but had much of his determination, and with it considerable of the dash of Chamberlin. His work in the Cornell game was not quite up to his former standard, and he was more easily boxed than either Chamberlin or Scales has been in any of their matches. But his general play throughout the season, both in offence and defence, gained him the place.

Scales of West Point is one of the most powerful tackles on the field to-day. In one or two of his early games, owing to an injury, he was slow, and this told against him and against his team, but when he is sound and fit, there is no better man on the gridiron this season. He was able in defensive work, but his strongest point lay in running with the ball, and he was the most difficult man on the field to stop.

The first guard's place goes to Hare of Pennsylvania, who, unlike many of his team, put up one of his best games toward the very end. In fact, his work throughout the season has been very consistent. He is a good tackler, a fast runner, and a strong, powerful man in every respect. One would expect him to be lacking in judgment, owing to his comparative inexperience in big games, but his work could hardly be said to merit that criticism. When given the ball, he never gave up, when his comrade had the ball, he never stopped pushing for him; and when his opponents had the ball, he never thought of the possibility of anybody else tackling them but Hare.

The other guard goes to Brown of Yale. His comrade, Chadwick, in two games not only equalled him, but surpassed him. But on an All-America team there must be no man of whom one may not always be sure. Brown was the most reliable man that stood in the position this year. He played the place for every bit there was in it, and so one saw any guard face Brown who did not become entirely occupied in the duties of his immediate neighborhood. The Yale system does not call upon the guards for quite the same amount of work that some others do and Yale did not run her guards or attempt to run them, during the season. Hence Brown was deprived of an opportunity of exhibiting the special individual work shown by Hare or Bouvé or McCracken.

Chadwick, in two big games, with the exception of five minutes in the second half of the Princeton match, played the best guard of the year, no one excepted, and, so far as the regular guard's work was concerned, he played a game that has not been surpassed by any guard in the history of the sport, and has been equalled by but few. Throughout the season previous to the Harvard game his work had been erratic, and it looked as though he would not be used on the team, but he demonstrated the wisdom of giving him the position, and in the end played it for all there was in it. Riesbeck of Lafayette and Halligan of Annapolis also deserve notice.

Doucette of Harvard was the most reliable and steadiest centre on the field. He got the ball back well for his quarter, handled those difficult long passes to the full-back well, and guarded the centre opening in good fashion. He somehow did not seem as strong toward the end of the season in his play as he was at first. He did not back up his tackle in the remarkable way he was doing in late October, and his assistance to his team did not increase during November. But as Caldwalader, the next best man, did not go to centre until late in the year, the Harvard man deserves the place. Perhaps this is only fair too, for Caldwalader has the promise before him of making the greatest name of any centre that ever walked the gridiron.

Caldwalader had the advantage of all the other centres in physique, and his general play was the best. He, however, was not quite regular in getting the ball back to his quarter, and De Saulles had to do some quick hand work in the scrimmage. Caldwalader might not be an ideal centre in aggressive work, and this might have proved more apparent had he been less well backed up by his two remarkable guards. It did not make so much difference whether Caldwalader forced his man back every time in a scrimmage as it would to some other centres, for Brown and Chadwick were more than doing their duty. It is probable that some of this lack of aggressiveness came from the injury to Caldwalader's shoulder, which certainly had had hardly time for a thorough recovery, but he was never forced back upon his quarter.

He was also one of the most reliable place-kickers of the year. He never missed a goal when it was of importance, and his own accuracy and confidence seemed to make his team feel more certain that all their work in securing touch downs would be made of proper account by accurate conversion of them into goals.

Young of Cornell was the best all-round man in the quarter back's position. He backed the brilliancy of De Saulles, and was by no means as certain a reliever of fumbles or errors as the Yale man, but to match up with this he was an excellent drop-kicker and punter, and could be relied upon for both these performances at times when they were of the greatest importance. In the early part of the game against Pennsylvania his work was not up to the standard of the rest of the season. Whether this was due to a slippery ground, or whether he was given too much to do, it is impossible to tell, but his kicks should have been considerably longer, and it would have made much difference to his team at that time. On the other hand, he enabled them to score in the Harvard game, and went very close to bringing about the same thing in the Pennsylvania game.

De Saulles, although early in the season not showing himself anything remarkable in the way of selecting plays for his team, certainly showed all the qualities of a good general in both the Harvard and Princeton games. For unadulterated nerve, his calling for punts in the second half of the Harvard game, without exhausting his men by waiting for the third down, was something worth seeing, and it worked exactly as he had calculated. Harvard was astonished at the display of confidence, and gradually made way for Yale. De Saulles's judgment in the use of running plays at times in the Princeton game was of the highest order, and throughout both of his big matches, with a very limited number of possible plays, he succeeded in getting practically every pound of force out of his team. The tendency to let one man become the star of the team, and run, kick, and pass the ball for all the rest of the team, is growing too rapidly, and does not, in the long run, help a team to win. Had Young been the full-back on the Cornell team, and done half the work he did, he would have been nearer beating Pennsylvania. As a quarter on the All-America team we do not need a punter or a drop-kicker. The full-back will do those things. But we do want a man to run the team, to retrieve errors to be all over the back field on defence against placed punts, and that man is unquestionably De Saulles. Hence his claim to the place is the stronger.

When it comes to half backs Dibblee of Harvard has combined an immunity from injury with hard running, both at the ends and through the line, to such an extent as to entitle him to first choice. His defensive work has been good, and his reliability high. Brilliant runners are apt to be subject to off days, careless moments, and injuries, but Dibblee was not liable to any of these misfortunes.

As for the other place, Kelly of Princeton, in spite of his temporary illness, is the man for the position. He has made the gains and played the defence to deserve it, in spite of the time he was laid off. He is a sick man with an injured shoulder can run, and help others to run, as he did when called upon in the Yale-Princeton game, then we must put up with one such on the All-America team, and if, well and fit, he can do any better, our team will be just that much ahead. Kelly's line-backing will especially supplement Dibblee's bursts of speed around an end, and his defence is valuable, owing to his weight.

At full-back, Minds of Pennsylvania is the undoubted choice. He is a good runner, interferes well, pushes his man ahead strongly, can punt, drop-kick, and place-kick with facility. His punts are not as long as we could wish, but they are regular, and he can place them where we want them, so that, by a judicious quick turn from a running to a kicking game, we can get the ball past the opposing full back or out of his immediate reach, and Cochran and Hall can hold the ground for us.

ALL-AMERICA TEAM

First Eleven.	Second Eleven.	Third Eleven.
Cochran, Princeton	Boyle, Penn	Moulton, Harvard.
Chamberlin, Yale.	Rodgers, Yale	Hillebrand, Princeton.
Hare, Penn.	Chadwick, Yale.	Bouvé, Harvard.
Doucette, Harvard.	Caldwalader, Yale.	Overfield, Penn.
Brown, Yale.	Riesbeck, Lafayette.	McCracken, Penn.
Outland, Penn.	Scales, West Point.	Donald Harvard.
Hall, Yale	McKenzie, Cornell.	Tracy, Cornell
De Saulles, Yale	Young, Cornell.	Baird, Princeton.
Dibblee, Harvard.	Nesbitt, West Point.	Barnard, Princeton.
Kelly, Princeton.	Falck, Brown.	Wakeridge, Lafayette.
Minds, Penn.	McBride, Yale	Wheeler, Princeton.

As a matter of fact, it strikes the writer, as it will many of the coaches in the country who read this, that, while the first column is the fair thing as a reward of merit—each man according to his deserts for the entire season's play—his fancy would be for the second, and if the eleven named in the second column could be moulded dexterously for a week until they got together, they would beat the reward of merit men. But it would be a pleasure to handle either team, and the only regret is that one has not room for nearly fifty more men for there are that many first-class players scattered over the country.

It may be interesting to know how the above list was finally made up. The writer lays claim to no special knowledge or authority, and hence has taken the utmost pains to follow the men carefully throughout the season. He has seen every man on the team play, most of them in several matches, and each one in his big match as well as in lesser ones. Then as a finale to the season, the notes made upon all these matches were carefully gone over, the coaches of several of the doubtful men were interviewed, and the results given due weight. Then many of those who, with the football fever, have followed the sport closely for years were invitant to give their opinions. It was a most delightful fact that almost every coach had the most implicit faith in the men on his team, and several of the graduates, when asked to name an All-America team, would, after naming one or two of other teams, drift back to their own teams, irresistibly naming the men they cared for so much.

To coaches and players and enthusiasts who read this column let me state the questions the writer put to himself before reaching a final decision. Has any team succeeded in forcing that right side, Brown, Chamberlin, and Hall? In the left side weaker, with the best guard and best end of the season and between them the fastest tackle of the year? Would the centre trio offer any greater inducement to the assaulting party with the fastest two guards of the year flanking the steadiest defensive centre? How would this line be backed up with the weight of Kelly and Minds? Would any captain enjoy sending punts down to De Saulles and Dibblee to run back? To De Saulles, whom not Cochran, Craig, Monkton, or Cabot could keep from coming back thirty and forty yards at a time; to Dibblee, the most feared man, and rightly so, at the year in a broken up field? How would he the offence? Yale's best defence could not stop Kelly when he was almost going it alone. What would it take when he had Minds, De Saulles, and Dibblee helping him go through holes made for him by Chamberlin and Brown, Hare and Outland? Would an interfering body consisting of Kelly, De Saulles, and Minds smother Dibblee's runs so that he would be caught from behind? And how could Minds perform with such help as Kelly's and De Saulles's with Cochran and Hall the two best tackle boxers of the day? Would goal kicking suffer with Minds and Chamberlin to drop-kick or convert touch downs? Finally, what would be the spirit and dash of a team containing De Saulles, Kelly, Dibblee, Chamberlin, Hare, Brown, Outland, and Cochran?

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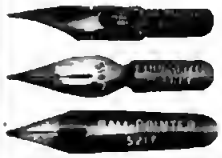

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XLI.—No. 2100.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1897.

PRICE, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.

(See Poem, Page 1250.)

SANTA CLAUS'S RETURN HOME.

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CHRISTMAS NUMBER—FORTY PAGES AND AN ILLUMINATED COVER—PRICE, 25 CENTS.

NEW YORK CITY, DECEMBER 18, 1897

Terms: $4 00 a Year, in Advance

Postage free to all Subscribers in the United States, Canada, and Mexico

Subscriptions may begin with any Number

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS
New York City: Franklin Square
London: 45 Albemarle Street, W.

Also for sale at Brentano's, 37 Avenue de l'Opéra, Paris

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IT is well to keep before the denouncers of Sheriff MARTIN for the Lattimer shooting the various testimonies as to the character of those whom they have celebrated as "peace-loving citizens," who were marching on that fatal day along the Pennsylvania highway when they encountered the sheriff's deputies. Last week two of these outraged citizens attempted to blow up the house of one of the deputies in Hazleton. Thus they continue to show that murder was not in their minds when they defied the law and its ministers.

HAITI has been forced to make compensation to Herr LÜDERS for his arrest and imprisonment, and to humble herself before the German Empire, the Kaiser making his terms to the little Black Republic as hard as his genius for insolence could suggest. There is reason to believe that Haiti was in the wrong, but the German method of seeking redress was so offensive to all who love to see a great power show the gracious consideration of greatness that much sympathy is felt for President SAM, and some regret that he was at the Kaiser's mercy.

COUNT BANFFY, the Hungarian Premier, has introduced a bill in the Hungarian Parliament to extend for a year the constitutional union between Austria and Hungary. In the mean time Count GAUTSCH has notified the German leaders that the union will be extended by imperial decree. This is the method in Austro-Hungary of meeting the difficulties created by the obstructive tactics of the German leaders in the Reichsrath. In a word, if the Parliament refuses to legislate on this subject, the Emperor may decree.

A COMMISSION appointed by the President, of which Rear-Admiral JOHN G. WALKER is at the head, has sailed for Nicaragua. This commission was created for the purpose of making a new and, for the first time, a thorough survey of the proposed route of the Nicaragua Canal. It is the most important commission that has ever gone to Nicaragua, and the WEEKLY expects to be able to present to its readers from time to time, from a special correspondent, illustrated news of its progress. In the mean time nothing is likely to be done in Congress until Admiral WALKER's commission reports. That the report will be able and convincing, so far as the engineering problems involved are concerned, goes without saying.

IT is now stated that the alliance between CROKER and PLATT in the New York Legislature has been made, at least for the passage of an anti-cartoon bill. That such a bargain would be made was predicted by the WEEKLY immediately after the election, when there were some indications of rejoicing over what seemed to be the defeat of PLATT in the Assembly districts. PLATT and CROKER control the Legislature, and PLATT will sell CROKER any legislation that the Tammany boss may want in return for favors for his municipal machine, which now seems likely to be smashed by rebellious Republicans who are tired of the rule of PLATT and QUIGG. But, however the contest against Plattism may turn out in the city, the Legislature at Albany will be as corrupt and tyrannous as PLATT and CROKER together will dare to make it.

CROKER having publicly notified HILL that he recognizes MURPHY as the Democratic leader in New York State, HILL is now, it seems, entering upon a contest with the ruler of Tammany and the city for the purpose of retaining his threatened leadership. To this end he is seeking the assistance of HUGH MCLAUGHLIN, the Democratic boss of Kings County, who will of course support the leader who will profit him and his organization the most. This and the situation in the Republican party make a pretty picture of contemporaneous politics, equalled only by the current party histories of Pennsylvania and Ohio. It is also a striking and startling fact in connection with our present degradation that of all the struggling bosses of New York, HILL is the very best. Twelve years ago what pessimist would have dared to say that at the end of the century DAVID B. HILL would be the worthiest party leader in the State of New York?

GERMANY will probably keep possession of Kiaochou Bay and the surrounding territory. The demand which Admiral DIEDERICH has made for money recompense for the killing of the two missionaries was evidently expected to be refused. The demand, of course, is excessive, and there are other evidences, including the landing of an unduly large force—more than 4500 men—that the German Emperor wants a footing and a naval station in the Pacific. Whether or not Russia is hostile to the attempt is doubtful, but it may be taken for granted that if neither Russia nor France objects to the final seizure by the Germans of Kiaochou Bay, the attempt is another move in the game of the continent of Europe to make Great Britain feel her isolation—a game in which France, if her foreign minister were as wise as he is clever, would not enlist. If European powers are to contend for Chinese territory, perhaps for the Chinese Empire, the sympathies of all who love free government and justice will be with England, for she alone of all Europe is fit to rule over foreign people.

There is a rumor abroad that China has indeed yielded to German aggression, and the bay is to be surrendered to Germany. In the debate in the Reichstag on the demand of the Kaiser for a larger appropriation for the navy, the Minister of Marine frankly admitted that it was the intention of the Emperor to gain a foothold in China, and to keep what he had grabbed, and that it was furthermore the duty of Germany to get for itself as large a slice as possible of the Eastern pie.

CONGRESS does not promise to accomplish anything in the way of currency or revenue reform. It has evidently come together with no serious intention of taking steps to remedy the evils of our money system, or to devise methods for increasing revenues or decreasing expenditures. All the Washington newspaper correspondents agree that there is no reason to expect currency legislation, and notwithstanding Secretary GAGE's estimate, very moderate under the circumstances, of a deficiency of $28,000,000 this year and of $22,000,000 next year, Mr. DINGLEY obstinately insists that his act will produce sufficient revenue if it be given a chance. As he is chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, this means that he is not likely to bring in a remedial measure willingly, although he has intimated that he can make sure of sufficient revenue in case of a sudden and, by him, unforeseen emergency, by increasing the tax on beer. It is pleasant to read that Mr CANNON, the chairman of the Appropriations Committee, believes that extravagant appropriations will not be wise, but what this means exactly will not be known until the bills are reported. Unfortunately, if Mr. CANNON is sincere in desiring to reduce expenditures to meet the revenues, he and his committee have no longer control of all the bills providing for the expenditure of money, and we are threatened with a large demand for rivers and harbors and for public buildings, although not one dollar should be appropriated for any but existing works.

THE protest of many judges, including members of both the Federal and State courts, and of many members of the bar of the Pacific coast, against the elevation of Attorney-General MCKENNA to the Supreme Bench to fill the vacancy caused by the retirement of Justice FIELD, is significant. In the first place, it is unusual for members of the bench and bar to assert, as these protesters do, that one whom the appointing power is bent upon making a judge is unfit for the office. This is partly by reason of the fact that the one objected to is about to wield great power. Lawyers naturally, therefore, hesitate to imperil their own futures and the interests of their clients by exciting the enmity of the future judge. As to the judges, they know that a superior, such as Mr MCKENNA will be if he be appointed, can make their judicial careers uncomfortable. It is to be assumed, then, that some strong reason actuated the signers of this protest, and unless an overwhelming case can be made for the Attorney-General, he ought not to be appointed. It will not do to assign to political rivalry and personal hate this protest against the appointment. These cannot explain the action of Mr. MCKENNA's professional brethren, unless it be proved that many judges of the Pacific coast are not only unfit for their places, but for respectable society. They have said that Mr. MCKENNA is unfit to be a judge, and, after that, unless he be supremely fitted for the place, Mr. MCKINLEY had better leave him where he is. The essential thing as to courts of law is that the people shall have confidence in them, and it will be widely suspected, at least for many years to come, if Mr. MCKENNA be appointed, that he possesses neither the ability, the attainments, nor the character for a judgeship. Moreover, Supreme Court justiceships ought not to be the rewards of political services. Except in rare cases, they ought to be the rewards of good conduct and distinguished service on the bench, and a compensation for the self-sacrifice involved in such service. A justiceship of the highest tribunal in the land ought to be the blue ribbon for judges.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

MR. McKINLEY, besides recommending the immediate ratification of the treaty with Hawaii, which is discussed by Mr. SCHURZ in another column, treats chiefly in his message of the currency question and the Cuban question. On two other important subjects he is unfortunately indefinite or altogether silent. We do not refer to the question of bimetallism, on which he touches lightly, and with what seems to us a measure of despair, but to the failure of the DINGLEY tariff law to produce sufficient revenue—not only on account of the extravagance of Congress, but of its own palpable defects—and to the pension evil. It was a time for plain speaking on these subjects, an opportunity of which no doubt Mr. CLEVELAND would have availed himself; but Mr. MCKINLEY has not the courage of his predecessor, and he therefore professes to hope, against what must be the conviction of a man as adept in Treasury figures as he must be, that at the end of the year the DINGLEY law will be found to be an adequate revenue measure. However strong the hope may be, ordinary prudence ought to have suggested that the appropriations of the present session should be based on the facts of the situation as they exist to-day, and not as optimists may hope that they will exist by reason of fortuitous and, at the best, only half-seen conditions that may possibly arise in the indefinite future. The fact is that so long as the DINGLEY law provides the methods of raising revenue, so long will the income of the government remain insufficient to meet such expenditures as recent Congresses have authorized and commanded. One of the patent steps that should be taken for saving money is the revision of the pension list. Last Sunday General H. V. BOYNTON, a staunch Republican, a veteran of the war, and a careful, clear-eyed observer, pointed out, in a communication to the New York *Sun*, the enormous evils of the pension list, on which—thirty-two years after the end of the war—are half as many persons as enlisted for three years' service in the war, and for the payment of which half the revenue of the government is demanded. It is a notorious fact, too, that a very large part of this enormous expenditure goes, not to the benefit of old soldiers or of those dependent upon them, but to a horde of pension sharks, who employ part of their ill-gotten gains for the corruption of Federal politics. But it does not seem to have occurred to Mr McKINLEY to recommend the purification of the pension rolls in the interest either of economy or of common honesty.

Saying so much by way of criticism of what seem to us deplorable omissions from the message, it is a great pleasure to be able to say that the

President's discussion of the Cuban question is strong, convincing, and patriotic. It is a large-minded recognition of the truth of the situation and of the duties of this country to Spain. It has long been evident that the responsibility of power has sobered the Republican leaders, and that the administration was intent on carrying out the policy which had been inaugurated by Mr. CLEVELAND. Mr. MCKINLEY not only does not believe that there exists any basis for recognition of belligerency, but he insists that the new government of Spain shall have an opportunity to try the effect of its new and more humane policy in the island. Naturally the right to intervention by this country is asserted in case the war should be prolonged notwithstanding the reforms promised by the Spaniards, and now actually offered to the Cubans. But Mr. MCKINLEY treats the Spanish government as it ought to be treated, as a serious and civilized power, and he points out the evidences which it has already given of its honorable intentions towards this country and its humane purposes in its further pursuit of peace through arms.

It is a striking fact that many of the Jingoes in Congress who were bent upon making Mr. CLEVELAND's life miserable because he would not recognize the belligerency of the Cubans, or would not send to Havana a force of ships and men to drive WEYLER back to Spain, are now quite peacefully inclined. Most of the Republicans who voted for the belligerency resolutions, and who pretended to regret that they had not made the first resolution joint instead of concurrent, are now sure that Spain is doing its utmost to rule Cuba justly and humanely, and insist upon it that the SAGASTA government should have a chance to try the effect upon the insurrection of its new and better methods. Certainly this is as it should be, and the WEEKLY will be the last to upbraid these patriots for a change of spirit which has brought them to acceptance of its own counsels; but it must be regretfully added that the Jingo spirit seems to have increased among the Democrats, simply because it is now a Republican President against whom the Jingo spirit can make capital. In this respect it is not only a lack of frankness that is manifested by our politicians, but a lack of common honesty and cosmopolitan patriotism.

A few weeks ago the danger of war with Spain was imminent. CÁNOVAS was killed, and SAGASTA was in power, but the relations between the two countries seemed to be strained to the utmost. WEYLER was on his way home, declaring that the new Spanish government had yielded in a cowardly manner to the insolent demands of the United States. The Spanish people themselves, at least those of them who are in the habit of making themselves offensively heard, were threatening revolution if autonomy were granted to Cuba at the dictation of this country. But autonomy has been granted, Spain has recognized the right of this country to discuss with her the relations between herself and her colony, and the time when we shall have to consider interference has at least been postponed. This postponement ought to give to Congress time for the consideration of the second important subject treated of in the President's message—a subject which, with the postponement of the Cuban question, becomes the most important one before the government, as it has long been the most important of our purely domestic problems.

In a general way, the report of the Secretary of the Treasury and its recommendations touching the currency have been recently discussed in the WEEKLY. In a word, both Mr. MCKINLEY and Mr. GAGE advise that the "endless chain" be destroyed, and that the greenbacks received into the Treasury shall not be paid out again except for gold. We believe that the greenbacks ought to be redeemed and retired entirely, and that so long as they continue to exist they will be a menace, and a possible disturbing element of our currency system. However, it will be something gained if they are to be kept in the Treasury until they shall be taken out by gold. Such a change in the law would at least prevent the recurrence of the troubles of 1893. The greenbacks would then at least cease to be instruments for the exhaustion of the Treasury's gold reserve. If Congress cannot do more than pass a law embodying the recommendation of the Secretary and President, it is to be hoped that it may do that. It certainly might to be able also to change the national banking law in the manner suggested by Mr. GAGE, or in some better manner, to the end that bank-note circulation might become more elastic, more likely to meet the changing demands of business, and that remote communities, possessing little capital available for banking, may obtain those banking facilities which they need, and which they are practically denied by the existing national bank act.

If Congress shall do at least these two things, the session will be of greater advantage to the country than any previous session for many years has been. To ask it to do more than this, above all, to ask it to be economical and prudent, for example, would doubtless be to request too much.

THE PRESIDENT'S PLEA AGAINST IMMEDIATE ANNEXATION.

THERE has been much complaint that the advocates of the annexation of Hawaii, while loudly demanding the incorporation of those distant islands in the United States as an immediate necessity, have never taken the trouble of pointing out any advantages to be derived by us from such annexation that might not be had without it. As will be remembered, the special message of the President, as well as the letter of the Secretary of State which accompanied the treaty when it was sent to the Senate, contained nothing of the kind. It might have been expected that the President's annual message would provide for this want, but it does not even with a single word allude to it. On the contrary, it enumerates a series of extremely difficult problems, the mere mention of which will create in the mind of any intelligent and unprejudiced person the most serious doubt as to whether the annexation of Hawaii will be practicable at all.

The President says: "What the conditions of such a union shall be, the political relation thereof to the United States, the character of the local administration, the quality and degree of the elective franchise of the inhabitants, the extension of the Federal laws to the territory, or the enactment of special laws to fit the peculiar condition thereof, the regulation, if need be, of the labor system therein, are all matters which the treaty has wisely relegated to Congress. . . . The wisdom of Congress will see to it that, avoiding abrupt assimilation of elements perhaps hardly yet fitted to share in the highest franchises of citizenship, and having due regard to the geographical conditions, the most just provisions for self-rule in local matters, with the largest political liberties as an integral part of our nation, will be accorded to the Hawaiians."

This is a budget of perplexities the like of which has hardly ever been submitted to a legislative assembly in a lump. Let us look at the problems in detail: "The political relation thereof [the annexed Hawaiian Islands] to the United States." Is Hawaii to be treated as a "Territory" in the accepted sense of the term, to become a State in the course of time, or is it not, owing to the character of its present and prospective population and its geographical situation, rather likely to remain in all essential respects a colony, whatever we may call it? And is our system of government, without important change in its fundamental principles, adapted to the task of maintaining colonies? This is admitted to be a doubtful point, for the message mentions as an alternative to be considered "the extension of the Federal laws to the territory, or the enactment of special laws to fit the peculiar conditions thereof." That "peculiar conditions" exist is thus recognized. How peculiar they are is hinted at in what, according to the message, is further to be considered: "the character of the local administration, and the quality and degree of the elective franchise of the inhabitants." So far we have been accustomed to believe that under the Constitution and laws of this republic, local self-government was a matter of course, and that this local self-government was exercised through universal suffrage. There is, to say the least, a grave doubt as to whether this rule can be maintained in Hawaii. It seems to be substantially conceded that it cannot, on account of "peculiar conditions," among which the character of the population stands foremost.

The present population of Hawaii consists, in round numbers, of Hawaiians (pure and mixed), 40,000; Japanese, 25,000; Chinese, 22,000; Portuguese, 15,000; Americans, 3000; British, 2300; and Germans, 1500. The problem is to regulate "the character of the local administration, and the quality and degree—[rather mysterious expressions]—of the elective franchise of the inhabitants," so that the arrangement will work. That it will work in accordance with our fundamental principle of local self-government, through universal suffrage, nobody expects, because the character of that fearfully mixed population will not permit it. Peculiar special laws are therefore suggested to fit those peculiar conditions as to local administration. To be sure, the message says that "the most just provisions for self-rule in local matters, with the largest political liberties as an integral part of our nation, will be accorded to the Hawaiians." But who are "the Hawaiians"? Are they only the 40,000 natives? Or do the 25,000 Japanese and the 22,000 Chinese and the 15,000 Portuguese also belong to them? Or are the Asiatics to be excluded from the "self-rule in local matters," and "largest political liberties," and are those blessings to be confined to the Hawaiians and the Americans and the Europeans? And if so, how are the 3000 Americans to maintain themselves in power against the 40,000 Hawaiians and the 15,000 Portuguese?

The message, therefore, when speaking of "self-rule in local matters," and of the "largest political liberties to be accorded to the Hawaiians," cautiously mentions the necessity of "avoiding abrupt assimilation of elements perhaps hardly yet fitted to share in the highest franchises of citizenship, and of having due regard to geographical conditions." Which are those elements of the population that are hardly yet fitted for the franchise, and which should not be abruptly assimilated? Are they the 40,000 indolent Hawaiians or the 25,000 industrious and alert Japanese? And what is meant by the "geographical conditions" to which "due regard" should be paid? Is it not the fact that the Hawaiian Islands are situated in the tropical zone, and that in the tropics the establishment of orderly democratic commonwealths, in the American sense, has never yet succeeded? Very properly the message also mentions "the regulation, if need be, of the labor system therein" as one of the problems demanding grave consideration, and which may require special laws, for it is universally known that in tropical regions the labor needed for the production of the agricultural staples, which in Hawaii means the production of sugar, never is done on a large scale by men of the Anglo-Saxon, or, more broadly speaking, of the Germanic race. The laboring force of the country, that is, the great mass of the population, will, therefore, in Hawaii, always consist, not of people of Germanic blood, but of races to whom labor in the tropics is more congenial. In fact, the Japanese were invited into Hawaii by the Hawaiian government itself for the very purpose of doing the work of the sugar fields, because white labor had utterly failed. A "regulation of the labor system therein" will therefore be called for. But what will it have to be in order to produce the desired effect; and how can it be made to accord with the principles of American democracy?

These are indeed "peculiar conditions," to be met by very peculiar legislation. Do they not somewhat remind us of a "peculiar institution" we once had, which also demanded for its support peculiar measures and policies very much out of tune with the fundamental principles of our democratic system of government? And will it not occur to every thoughtful American that we have had more than enough of such peculiar things? And yet the President's message has by no means exhausted the whole collection of troubles the annexation of Hawaii will bring us. He has not touched upon the measures and expenditures necessary to put and keep Hawaii in a secure state of defence, nor upon the moral question whether the acceptance of Hawaii from the hands of her present rulers, without the assent of her people, will not put this republic in the disgraceful attitude of a receiver of stolen goods—a consideration which alone should deter any conscientious man from hasty action. But what the President has said is amply sufficient to convince every reasonable person that this annexation would burden us with problems of the gravest and most perplexing kind; and as yet not even a tangible suggestion has been made as to how any of them can be solved. Certainly the message makes none.

And in the face of this incontestable fact the advocates of the scheme urge the Senate to ratify the annexation treaty in hot haste, and then to let those problems be considered afterwards, whether they be capable of successful solution or not. What! To take a step of such vital importance to the character of this republic—a step launching us in entirely new policies, freught with the most momentous consequences—to make that step irrevocable, and to leave it to after-consideration whether the problems involved in that step are capable of successful solution or not! To jump first and look afterwards! Is that statesmanship? Is it intelligent patriotism? Is it ordinary common sense? If the President's message proves anything, it is that the question of the possibility of solving those problems in accordance with the fundamental principles of our government must be thoroughly considered and clearly answered *before* annexation is consummated, and not after the thing is irrevocably done. And this consideration should be had, not in secret conclave, but in open debate, so that the people may be able to judge. This the people have an obvious right to demand. It is therefore proper to say that the President's message furnishes a conclusive plea *against* the immediate annexation of Hawaii.

CARL SCHURZ.

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THE EXORCISM THAT FAILED.

FROM ADVANCE SHEETS OF "GHOSTS I HAVE MET," WITH A POSTSCRIPT IN WHICH OUR TITLE IS RENDERED VOID.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

PART I.

I.—A JUBILEE EXPERIENCE.

IT has happened again. I have been haunted once more, and this time by the most obnoxious spook I have ever had the bliss of meeting. He is homely, squat, and excessively vulgar in his dress and manner. I have met cockneys in my day, and some of the most offensive varieties at that, but this spook absolutely outcocknifies them all, and the worst of it is I can't seem to rid myself of him. He has pursued me like an avenging angel for quite six months, and every plan of exorcism that I have tried so far has failed, including the receipt given me by my friend Peters, who next to myself knows more about ghosts than any man living. It was in London that I first encountered the vulgar little creature who has made my life a sore trial ever since, and with whom I am still coping to the best of my powers.

Starting out early in the morning of June 21, last summer, to witness the pageant of her Majesty Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, I secured a good place on the corner of Northumberland Avenue and Trafalgar Square. There were two rows of people ahead of me, but I did not mind that. Those directly before me were short, and I could easily see over their heads, and, furthermore, I was protected from the police, who in London are the most dangerous people I have ever encountered, not having the genial ways of the Irish bobbies who keep the New York crowds smiling, who, when you are pushed into the line of march, merely punch you in a ticklish spot with the end of their clubs, instead of smashing your hair down into your larynx with their sticks, as do their London prototypes.

It was very comforting to me, having witnessed the pageant of '87, when the Queen celebrated her fiftieth anniversary as a potentate, and thereby learned the English police system of dealing with crowds, to know that there were at least two rows of heads to be split open before my turn came, and I had formed the good resolution to depart as soon as the first row had been thus treated, whether I missed seeing the procession or not.

I had not been long at my post when the crowds concentrating on the line of march, coming up the avenue from the Embankment, began to shove intolerably from the rear, and it was as much as I could do to keep my place, particularly in view of the fact that the undersized cockney who stood in front of me appeared to offer no resistance to the pressure of my waistcoat against his narrow little back. It seemed strange that it should be so, but I appeared, despite his presence, to have nothing of a material nature ahead of me, and I found myself bent at an angle of seventy-five degrees, my feet firmly planted before me like those of a balky horse, restraining the onward tendency of the mob back of me.

Strong as I am, however, and stubborn, I am not a stone wall ten feet thick at the base, and the pressure brought to bear upon my poor self was soon too great for my strength and I gradually encroached upon my unresisting friend. He turned and hurled a few remarks at me that are not printable yet he was of no more assistance to me in withstanding the pressure than a marrowfat pea well cooked would have been.

"I'm sorry," I said, apologetically, "but I can't help it. If these policemen would run around to the rear and massacre some of the populace who are pushing me, I shouldn't have to shove you."

"Well, all I've got to say," he retorted, "is that if you don't keep your carcass out of my ribs I'll haunt you to your dying day."

"If you'd only put up a little backbone yourself you'd make it easier for me," I replied, quite hotly. "What are you, anyhow, a jelly fish or an India rubber man?" He hadn't time to answer, for just as I spoke an irresistible shove from the crowd pushed me slap up against the man in the front row, and I was appalled to find the little fellow between us bulging out on both sides of me, crushed longitudinally from top to toe, so that he resembled a paper doll before the crease is removed from its middle, three-quarters open. "Great heavens!" I muttered. "What have I struck?"

"L-lul-let me out!" he gasped. "Don't you see you are squ-queezing my figure out of shape? Get bub-back, blank it!"

"I can't," I panted. "I'm sorry, but—"

"Sorry be hanged!" he roared. "This is my place, you idiot—"

This was too much for me, and in my inability to kick him with my foot I did it with my knee, and then, if I had not been excited, I should have learned the unhappy truth. My knee went straight through him and shoved the man ahead into the coat tails of the bobbie in front. It was fortunate for me that it happened as it did, for the front row man was wrathful enough to have struck me, but the police took care of him, and as he was carried away on a stretcher, the little jelly fish came back into his normal proportions, like an inflated India rubber toy.

"What the deuce are you, anyhow?" I cried, aghast at the spectacle.

"You'll find out before you are a year older!" he wrathfully answered. "I'll show you a shoving trick or two that you won't like, you blooming Yank!"

"L-LUL-LET ME OUT!' HE GASPED. 'DON'T YOU SEE YOU ARE SQU-QUEEZING MY FIGURE OUT OF SHAPE?'"

It made me excessively angry to be called a blooming Yank. I am a Yank, and I have been known to bloom, but I can't stand having a low class Britisher apply that term to me as if it were an opprobrious thing to be, so I tried once more to kick him with my knee. Again my knee passed through him, and this time took the policeman himself in the vicinity of his pistol pocket. The irate officer turned quickly, raised his club, and struck viciously, not at the little creature, but at me. He didn't seem to see the jelly fish. And then the horrid truth flashed across my mind. The thing in front of me was a ghost—a miserable relic of some bygone pageant, and visible only to myself, who have an eye to that sort of thing. Luckily the bobbie missed his stroke, and as I apologized, telling him I had St. Vitus's dance and could not control my unhappy leg, accompanying the apology with a half sovereign—both of which were accepted—peace reigned, and I shortly had the bliss of seeing the whole sovereign ride by—that is, I was told that the lady behind the parasol, which obscured everything but her elbow, was her Majesty the Queen.

Nothing more of interest happened between this and the end of the procession, although the little spook in front occasionally turned and paid me a compliment which would have cost any material creature his life. But that night something of importance did happen, and it has been going on ever since. The unlovely creature turned up in my lodgings just as I was about to retire, and talked in his rasping voice until long after four o'clock. I ordered him out, and he declined to go. I struck at him, but it was like hitting smoke.

"All right," said I, putting on my clothes. "If you won't get out, I will."

"That's exactly what I intended you to do," he said. "How do you like being shoved, eh? Yesterday was the 21st of June. I shall keep shoving you along, even as you shoved me, for exactly one year."

"Humph!" I retorted. "You called me a blooming Yank yesterday. I am. I shall soon be out of your reach in the great and glorious United States."

"Oh, as for that," he answered, calmly, "I can go to the United States. There are steamers in great plenty. I could even get myself blown across on a gale, if I wanted to—only gales are not always convenient. Some of 'em don't go all the way through, and connections are hard to make. A gale I was riding on once stopped in mid ocean, and I had to wait a week before another came along, and it landed me in Africa instead of at New York."

"'I SHALL KEEP SHOVING YOU ALONG, EVEN AS YOU SHOVED ME, FOR EXACTLY ONE YEAR.'"

"Got aboard the wrong gale, eh?" said I, with a laugh.

"Yes," he answered.

"Didn't you drown?" I cried, somewhat interested.

"Idiot!" he retorted. "Drown? How could I? You can't drown a ghost!"

"See here," said I, "if you call me an idiot again I'll—I'll—"

"What?" he put in, with a grin. "Now just what will you do? You're clever, but *I'm a ghost!*"

"You wait and see!" said I, rushing angrily from the room. It was a very weak retort, and I frankly admit that I am ashamed of it, but it was the best I had at hand at the moment. My stock of repartee, like most men's vitality, is at its lowest ebb at four o'clock in the morning.

For three or four hours I wandered aimlessly about the city, and then returned to my room, and found it deserted; but in the course of my peregrinations I had acquired a most consuming appetite. Usually I eat very little breakfast, but this morning nothing short of a sixteen course dinner could satisfy my ravening, so instead of eating my modest boiled egg, I sought the Savoy, and at nine o'clock entered the breakfast-room of that highly favored caravansary. Imagine my delight, upon entering, to see sitting near one of the windows my newly made acquaintances of the steamer, the Travises of Boston, Miss Travis looking more beautiful than ever and quite as haughty, by whom I was invited to join them. I accepted with alacrity, and was just about to partake of a particularly nice melon when who should walk in but that vulgar little spectre, hat jauntily placed on one side of his head, check-patterned trousers loud enough to wake the dead, and a green plaid vest about his middle that would be an inflictable offence even on an American golf links.

"Thank heaven they can't see the brute!" I muttered as he approached.

"Hullo, old chappie!" he cried, slapping me on my back. "Introduce me to your charming friends," and with this he gave a horrible low-born smirk at Miss Travis, to whom, to my infinite sorrow, by some accursed miracle, he appeared as plainly visible as he was to me.

"Really," said Mrs. Travis, turning coldly to me, "we—we can't, you know—we— Come, Eleanor. We will leave this *gentleman* with his *friend*, and have our breakfast sent to our rooms."

And with that they rose and scornfully departed. The creature then sat down in Miss Travis's chair and began to devour her roll.

"See here," I cried, finally, "what the devil do you mean?"

"Shove number two," he replied with his unholy smirk. "Very successful, eh? Well, just you wait for number three. It will be what you Americans call a corker. By by."

And with that he vanished, just in time to spare me the humiliation of shying a pot of coffee at his head. Of course my appetite vanished with him, and my main duty now seemed to be to seek out the Travises and explain, so leaving the balance of my breakfast untasted, I sought the office, and sent my card up to Mrs. Travis. The response was immediate.

"The loidy says she's gone out, sir, and ain't likely to be back," remarked the top-lofty buttons, upon his return.

I was so maddened by this slight, and so thoroughly apprehensive of further trouble from the infernal shade, that

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I resolved without more ado to sneak out of England and back to America before the deadly blighting thing was aware of my intentions. I immediately left the Savoy and sought the office of the Green Star Line, secured a room on the steamer sailing the next morning—the *Digestie*—from Liverpool, and was about packing up my belongings, when *it* turned up again.

"Going away, eh?"

"Yes," I replied, shortly, and then I endeavored to deceive him. "I've been invited down to Leamington to spend a week with my old friend Dr Liverton."

"Oh, indeed!" he observed. "Thanks for the address. I will not neglect you during your stay there. Be prepared for a shove that will turn your hair gray. *Au revoir.*"

And he vanished, muttering the address I had given him—"Dr. Liverton, Leamington—Dr Liverton." To which he added, "I won't forget *that*, not by a jugful."

I chuckled softly to myself as he disappeared. "He's clever, but—there are others," I said, delighted at the ease with which I had rid myself of him, and then eating a hearty luncheon, I took the train to Liverpool, where next morning I embarked on the *Digestie* for New York.

II.—AN UNHAPPY VOYAGE.

The sense of relief that swept over me when the great anchor of the *Digestie* came up from the unstrained quality of the Mersey, and I thought of the fact that shortly a vast ocean would rail between me and that fearful spook, was one of the most delightful emotions that it has ever been my fortune to experience. Now all seemed serene, and I sought my cabin below-stairs, whistling gayly, but, alas! how fleeting is happiness, even to a whistler!

As I drew near to the room which I had fondly supposed was to be my own exclusively I heard profane remarks issuing therefrom. There was condemnation of the soap, there was perdition for the lighting apparatus; there were maledictions upon the location of the port, and the bedding was excommunicate.

"This is strange," said I to the steward. "I have engaged this room for the passage. I hear somebody in there."

"Not at all, sir," said he, opening the door; "it is empty." And to him it undoubtedly appeared to be so.

"But," I cried, "didn't you hear anything?"

"Yes, I did," he said, candidly; "but I supposed you was a ventriloquist, sir, and was a puttin' up of a game on me."

Here the steward smiled, and I was too angry in retort. And then— Well, you have guessed it. *He* turned up—and more vulgar than ever.

"Hullo!" he said, nonchalantly, fooling with a suit-case. "Going over?"

"Oh no!" I replied, sarcastic. "Just out for a swim. When we get off the Banks I'm going to jump overboard and swim to the Azores on a wager."

"How much?" he asked.

"Five bob," said I, feeling that he could not grasp a larger amount.

"Hunagh!" he ejaculated. "I'd rather drive a cab—as I used to."

"Ah!" said I. "That's what you were, eh? A cab-driver. Takes a mighty mind to be that, eh? Splendid intellectual effort to drive a cab from the Reform Club to the Bank, eh?"

I had hoped to wither him.

"Oh, I don't know," he answered, suavely. "I'll tell you this, though, I'd rather go from the Club to the Bank on my tuppenny with me holding the reins than try to do it with Mr Gladstone or the Prince o' Wales on the box."

"Prince o' Whales?" I said, with a withering manner.

"That's what I said," he retorted. "You would call him Prince of Whales, I suppose—like a Yank, a blooming Yank—because you think Britannia rules the waves."

I had to laugh, and then a plan of conciliation suggested itself. I would jolly him, as my political friends have it.

"Have a drink?" I asked.

"No, thanks. I don't indulge," he replied. "Let me offer you a cigar."

I accepted, and he extracted a very fair-looking weed from his box, which he handed me. I tried to bite off the end, succeeding only in biting my tongue, whereat the presence roared with laughter.

"What's the joke now?" I queried, irritated.

"You," he answered. "The idea of any one's being fool enough to try to bite off the end of a spook cigar strikes me as funny."

From that moment all thought of conciliation vanished, and I resorted to abuse.

"You are a low born thing!" I shouted. "And if you don't get out of here right away I'll break every bone in your body."

"Very well," he answered, coolly, scribbling on a pad close at hand. "There's the address."

"What address?" I asked.

"Of the cemetery where those bones you are going to break are to be buried. You go in by the side gate, and ask any of the grave diggers where—"

"You infernal scoundrel," I shrieked, "this is my room. I have bought and paid for it, and I intend to have it. Do you hear?"

His response was merely the clapping of his hands together, and in a stage-whisper, leaning toward me, he said,

"Bravo! Bravo! You are great. I think you could do *Lear*. Say those last words again, will you?"

His calmness was too much for me, and I lost all control of myself. Picking up the water bottle, I hurled it at him with all the force at my command. It crashed through him and struck the mirror over the wash stand, and as the shattered glass fell with a loud noise to the floor the door to my state-room opened, and the Captain of the ship, flanked by the room steward and the doctor, stood at the opening.

"What's all this about?" said the Captain, addressing me.

"I have engaged this room for myself alone," I said, trembling in my rage, "and I object to that person's presence." Here I pointed at the intruder.

"What person's presence?" demanded the Captain, looking at the spot where the haunting thing sat grinning indecently.

"What person?" I roared, forgetting the situation for the moment. "Why, him—it—whatever you choose to call it. He's settled down here, and has been blackguarding me for twenty minutes, and, damn it, Captain, I won't stand it!"

"It's a clear case," said the Captain, with a sigh, turning and addressing the doctor. "Have you a strait jacket?"

"Thank you, Captain," said I, calming down. "It's what he ought to have, but it won't do any good. You see, he's not a material thing. He's buried in Kensal Green Cemetery, and so the strait-jacket won't help us."

Here the doctor stepped into the room and took me gently by the arm. "Take off your clothes," he said, "and lie down. You need quiet."

"I?" I demanded, not as yet realizing my position. "Not by a long shot. Fire him out. That's all I ask."

"Take off your clothes and get into that bed," repeated the doctor, peremptorily. Then he turned to the Captain and asked him to detail two of his sailors to help him. "He's going to be troublesome," he added, in a whisper. "Mad as a hatter."

"I WAS FORCIBLY UNCLAD AND THROWN INTO THE LOWER BERTH."

I hesitate, in fact decline, to go through the agony of what followed again by writing of it in detail. Suffice it to say that the doctor persisted in his order that I should undress and go to bed, and I, conscious of the righteousness of my position, fought this determination, until, with the assistance of the steward and the two able bodied seamen detailed by the Captain at the doctor's request, I was forcibly unclad and thrown into the lower berth and strapped down. My wrath knew no bounds, and I spoke my mind as plainly as I knew how. It is a terrible thing to be sane, healthy, fond of deck walking, full of life, and withal adjustably strapped to a lower berth below the waterline on a hot day because of a little beast of a cockney ghost, and I fairly howled my sentiments.

On the second day from Liverpool two maiden ladies in the room next mine made representations to the Captain which resulted in my removal to the steerage. They couldn't convent, they said, to listen to the shrieks of the maniac in the adjoining room.

And then, when I found myself lying on a cot in the steerage, still strapped down, who should appear but my little spectre.

"Well," he said, sitting on the edge of the cot, "what do you think of it now, eh? Ain't I a shover from Shoverville-on-the-Push?"

"It's all right," I said, contemptuously. "But I'll tell you one thing, Mr. Spook—when I die and have a ghost of my own, that ghost will seek you out, and, by thunder, if it doesn't thrash the life out of you I'll disown it!"

It seemed to me that he paled a bit at this, but I was too tired to gloat over a little thing like that, so I closed my eyes and went to sleep. A few days later I was so calm and rational that the doctor released me, and for the remainder of my voyage I was as free as any other person on board, except that I found myself constantly under surveillance, and was of course much irritated by the notion that my spacious state room was not only out of my reach, but probably in undisputed possession of the cockney ghost.

After seven days of ocean travel New York was reached, and I was allowed to step ashore without molestation. But my infernal friend turned up on the pier, and added injury to insult by declaring in my behalf certain dutiable articles in my trunks, thereby costing me some dollars which I should much rather have saved. Still, after the incidents of the voyage, I thought it well to say nothing, and accepted the hardships of the experience in the hope that in the far distant future my spook would meet his and thrash the very death out of him.

Well, things went on. The cockney spook left me in my own devices until November, when I had occasion to lecture at a certain college in the Northwest. I travelled from my home to the distant platform, went upon it, was introduced by the proper functionary, and began my lecture. In the middle of the talk, who should appear in a vacant chair well down toward the stage but the cockney ghost, with a guffaw at a strong and not humorous point which disconcerted me! I broke down and left the platform, and in the small room at the side encountered him.

"Shove 'im fourth!" he cried, and vanished.

It was then that I consulted Peters as to how best to be rid of him.

"There is no use of talking about it," I said to Peters, "the man is ruining me. Socially with the Travises I am an outcast, and I have no doubt they will tell about it, and say ostracism will extend. On the *Digestie* my reality is seriously questioned, and now for the first time in my life, before some two thousand people, I break down in a public lecture which I have delivered dozens of times hitherto without a tremor. The thing cannot go on."

"I should say not," Peters answered. "Maybe I can help you to get rid of him, but I'm not positive about it, my new scheme isn't as yet perfected. Have you tried the fire-extinguisher treatment?"

I will say here that Peters upon two occasions has completely annihilated unpleasant spectres by turning upon them the colorless and odorless liquids whose chemical action is such that fire cannot live in their presence.

"Fire, the vital spark, is the essential element of all these chaps," said he, "and if you can turn the nozzle of your extinguisher on that spook your ghost simply goes out."

"No, I haven't," I replied, "but I will the first chance I get," and I left him, hopeful if not confident of a successful exorcism.

On my return home I got out two of the extinguishers which were left in my back hall for use in case of an emergency, and tested one of them on the lawn. I merely wished to ascertain if it would work with spirit, and it did; it went off like a soda water fountain loaded with dynamite, and I felt truly happy for the first time in many days.

"The vulgar little beast would better keep away from me now," I laughed. But my mirth was short lived. Whether or not the obnoxious little chap had overheard, or from some hidden cogin had watched my test of the fire-extinguisher I don't know, but when he came to my den that night he was amply protected against the annihilating effects of the liquid by a flaring plaid mackintosh, with a toque for his head, and the minute I started the tinny squirting he turned his back and received the charge harmless on his shoulders. The only effect of the experiment was the drenching and

"HE WAS AMPLY PROTECTED BY A FLARING PLAID MACKINTOSH."

consequent ruin of a pile of MSS. I had been at work on all day, which gave me another grudge against him. When the extinguisher had exhausted itself, the spectre turned about and fairly raised the ceiling with his guffaws, and when he saw my ruined pages upon the desk his mirth became convulsive.

"De lightful!" he cried. "For an impromptu shove whereto I turn over the shoving to you in my own behalf, I never saw it equalled. Wouldn't be a bad thing if all writers would wet down their MSS. the same way, now would it?"

But I was too indignant to reply, and too chagrined over my failure to remain within-doors, so I rushed out and paced the fields for two hours. When I returned he had gone.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THIS BUSY WORLD

A little work, a little play,
To keep us going—

ADAM and Eve had no occasion to keep Christmas in the Garden of Eden, and we have on record of what Christmas in a pure state of nature is like. When a pure state of nature prevailed on this earth there was no Christmas. That was an after thought, prompted and made necessary maybe by the exceeding prevalence of hard work, and the need of saving out little stretches of time here and there to give folks a chance to forget all that about living by the sweat of their brows, and let them imagine for a few blessed hours that this world is really a place to live in, and not, as we all know it is, a place to work in, with breathing spells. The intention was good, and the result is admirable, and we all admire and cherish it, but, dear me! we don't get even Christmas without working for it. It doesn't grow; it has to be made. In thousands and thousands of homes our American Christmas has been making for weeks—in some of them for months—past. As long ago as Horse Show week Madam From-out-of-Town, walking down Fifth Avenue with her eyes fixed in an intense oblivion on the shop windows, admitted to the acquaintance who roused her with his greeting that her whole mind was bent on Christmas presents and what to buy for whom. Forehanded women were embroidering everything, from shoe-bags to table embellishments, as long ago as last spring. Think what they have sewed into their Christmas offerings—their summer plans, their summer meditations, designs for children's winter clothes, economies, servant problems, literature, gossip—everything that runs through the head of the contemporary dame whose brain keeps equal pace with her fingers! And then the Christmas money has had to be earned, the Christmas turkeys fattened, and the cranberries bogged and ripened and gathered; all the Christmas books have had to be planned long, long ahead, all the stories and pictures fabricated and brought to market, all the toys invented and made, all plans of folks who are responsible for Sunday-schools and every kind of charity to be perfected and put in the way of accomplishment. Work! An enormous labor, and the better part of it done by women. It is not worth saying that there wouldn't be any Christmas except for women; for of course without women there wouldn't be anything in this world worth talking about except the prospect of getting away. Still, woman's energy and the immense value of her co-operation in making the wheels of life revolve are never more conspicuous than in everything that pertains to Christmas. She makes pretty much all the Christmas plans, makes all the gifts except the inglorious but indispensable sort which are bought in shops, invites all the company, cooks most of the dinners, and by keeping men busy carrying out her instructions contrives to make even them imagine that Christmas is pretty their thing, and that they have earned the satisfactions that it yields to them. With enough women in one's family, it might even be possible to have some sort of a Christmas without children. There would be gifts exchanged and a conscientious effort to improve the occasion, whereas it is hard to conceive of isolated men attempting more of a celebration than a little more dinner than usual and an extra round of grog. That was the nature of the observance of Christmas with Nansen on the *Fram*, and there will doubtless be many such celebrations this year on the Klondike.

THOSE WHAT THEY HAVE SEWED INTO THEIR CHRISTMAS OFFERINGS.

So there is a huge amount of Christmas work, and women do most of it, and it behooves men to take orders cheerfully, to execute them willingly, and both to work and to play under direction with as much zeal and earnestness and at the same time with as near an approach to gayety, as possible. There must be Christmas play. The children will supply the bulk of that if they are given a fair chance, but their elders should try not to leave it all to them.

A little warmth, a little light,
Of love's bestowing—

It is such a busy world, and most people who keep their footing in it find that so engrossing a task, that perhaps we ought not to wonder that out of sight is so prone to be out of mind. Christmas or not, those whom we have immediately about us will be in our minds. If there is any warmth in us they will feel it; if any light, it will shine for them; but we are improvident persons if we are content with that. The thrifty householder who prayed Heaven to look after "me and my wife and my son John and his wife" was altogether too restricted in his supplications. We ought to let our warmth and our light and our love overflow freely at Christmas-time. It is the great opportunity the year brings us to enlarge the boundaries of our affections, to acknowledge ties of kinship, to recognize and revive old friendships, and to check the strong prevailing tendency of our time and country toward too strait an individualism, and too little concern for everyone outside of ourselves and our own belongings. We are all members one of another, but too few of us realize it. That is partly because conditions are for so many people in such a constant state of change. Families are transplanted, and all their Christmas habits and traditions disturbed. New people surge in everywhere, especially in the greater cities. Folks are excusable if they are puzzled to know what their particular Christmas chances and obligations are. But the more change and the more loosening of old ties, the more need of forming new ones and preserving all that is possible of the old. To have a settled abiding place and definite duties and privileges, and to stick to the place and perform the duties and enjoy the privileges, are in many respects an ideal condition in this world. That is the condition that we think of as characteristic of the English villages or the German towns, from which so many of our notions of Christmas-keeping come. Just for purposes of Christmas we would like all friends to be old friends, all neighbors to be neighbors of long standing, all places to be familiar. We would like to do what we have been used to do," provided, of course, that that is satisfactory in retrospect. Any one is excusable in being an old fogy about Christmas, and wanting to have a settled home and belongings, and in missing everything that was familiar and is gone. If we could have the feudal system turned on again for twenty-four hours every year, and have doings in the great hall of the castle, and wassail and boars' heads, yule-logs and bear-baiting, and the various pleasantries whereof the memory has come down, no doubt it would seem perfectly natural; and though it might scandalize reformers, and leave headaches in its wake, we should doubtless feel after it as though Christmas had really been here and we had kept it. Alas! we have not the advantages of feudal times. Yule-logs are scarce; miscellaneous wassail is unauthorized and frowned upon; bear-baiting has given place to football, and that is a Thanksgiving observance. Still we do our best. Though less picturesque than our remote forebears, we are, of course, a good deal more comfortable. We still have children, and they have stockings (which children did not always have five centuries ago) and though fireplaces are scarcer than they were, stockings may be hung on a radiator, and are often found to have been filled overnight. Though we are not as closely moored to the soil as our ancestors were when they were serfs, we do sometimes have settled houses in which Christmas finds us, and when it does catch us in a new place, still we find certain compensations in the modern annihilation of space which, though it breaks up families and scatters friends, still makes reunions comparatively easy and communication very easy indeed. Remember the overladen express trains in Christmas week, and the incessant wagons of the express companies heaped high with parcels! All that testifies to the existence of love that defies separation, and of kindness stretching out through space to remember and remind.

WASSAIL AND BEAR'S BRAINS.

A little fun to match the sorrow
Of each day's growing—

Only the young really have fun; only the young, and persons of whatever age who have managed to keep youth alive in them. Older persons have pleasures and satisfactions. Successes please them. They like to win, they like to accomplish their ends, and to make them meet, too, and if possible overlap. They like society and conversation, clothes, books, horses, and various gratifications of taste. They are capable of finding a good deal of satisfaction in Christmas gifts, not only because they love the givers, but because the things given please them. It is not altogether a waste of effort to give presents to adult persons. It pleases them after a fashion. If you have enough gifts to go around, let the grown up have their share. Be kind to them. To become grown up in the common lot. Scarcely any one evades it satisfactorily. It has happened to you, or, if not, it will presently; and for your own protection and in your own interest you should see that grown-ups have due consideration shown them. Feed them pretty well on Christmas day. They like to be well fed, you may have noticed that. If they have been hard-worked, make it holiday for them, and induce them to go out and walk about and prattle to one another. But don't let them play too hard. That is one of the weaknesses of the contemporary grown-ups. It is the fashion—a new fashion—for them to play every chance they get, and they are very apt to overdo it. If your grown-ups play golf, persuade them that eighteen holes are plenty enough for Christmas day; if they go out on bicycles, insist that ten miles and back is far enough. A grown-up discreetly managed is capable of absorbing a good deal of Christmas warmth, and of radiating some of it out again. But of course the real Christmas fun must be supplied by the young. Some observers hold that it has been unduly impressed upon this generation that the young people must have a good time. Ever so good a thing may be overdone, and excellent as the idea of making children happy is, there is the possibility of excess in it. That hardly at Christmas. It is recognized that at that season fun is indispensable, and that it is easier and more advantageous to grown-ups to get a good part of it vicariously. There is a time for all things, and the particular time for holiday fun is youth. It is interesting, to be sure, to shift the scenes and pull the strings that make the puppets move, but it is better sport to be young enough to sit out on the other side of the footlights and see the show. That is where children have the best of it. They are the audience, and the grown-ups are the actors, and the best reward the company can ask is to have the audience thoroughly pleased with the show. Happily the audience is not critical. It is eager to be happy, and ready to make the most of every chance. It magnifies every gift, and supplements rudimentary facts with a splendid bounty of imagination. It finds bliss in a book, joy in a pair of skates, delight in dolls, and loves a holiday for its own sake and because it is different. To be a boy at boarding-school and come home for the holidays—why that has known that pleasure ever forgets it! To be a schoolgirl and be let out to Christmas chances—bless me, the excitement of it, the delight of it! There is a deal of fun in living before the novelty of it has worn off. There is Christmas fun to be had always, but grown up people's fun is like gold in quartz, that is only come by after hard work, while for youth it is like Klondike nuggets, waiting to be picked up out of the loose gravel.

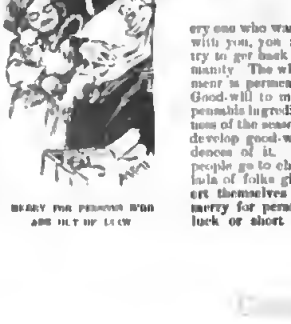
THEY SEEM TO BE WELL FED.

A little faith that when we die
We reap our sowing.

If you can have no fun at all at Christmas-time something's the matter. Look to yourself; something is amiss with you. If it is grief, time will deaden it if it does not heal it; if it is illness, please Heaven, that will pass away. If it is misfortune and the *res angusta*, from that too Time brings promise of escape; if you have been at fault and are suffering for it, Christmas is a good time to be sorry in and to make reparation, if that is possible, and plan a new course. But what if you have lost the capacity for Christmas happiness because you have followed your own ends, your own ease, your own pleasure and profit, so long that the germ of the Christmas spirit seems to have died out in you? What if you can have no Christmas fun because you are too selfish to deserve it? If that is your case it is a very, very bad one, and you ought at no account to sit still under it. It is not only uncomfortable, but ominous. There may or may not be a hell hereafter, but there is no doubt about yours. It has come to you already. If you don't realize how badly off you are, the situation is pretty desperate, but if you recognize it at all your own predicament, perhaps something may be done for you yet. Bad cases like yours have been cured before now. There was Scrooge. Somehow or other you must manage to add to some one's happiness. If you are a domestic ogre and are mean to your dependents, you must abate yourself. If you have neglected every one who had a natural claim on you until they all have passed out of your life, you must get them back into it again. If you have pursued a policy of exclusiveness until you have excluded every one who was willing to associate with you, you must drop that and try to get back into touch with humanity. The whole Christmas sentiment is permeated with solidarity. Good-will to men is its only indispensable ingredient. The great business of the season is to cultivate and develop good-will and to give evidences of it. That is why some people go to church and why anybody of folks give presents and exert themselves to make Christmas merry for persons who are out of luck or short of the ordinary sp-

HUNG ON A RADIATOR.

A LITTLE MORE DINNER THAN USUAL.



READY FOR PERSONS WHO ARE OUT OF LUCK

pliances for merriment. You of the atrophied heart, go through the motions of Christmas keeping as well as you can. Perhaps if you are earnest about it a little of the spirit of the time may come even to you. Depend upon it, people in general would not take as much pains with Christmas if they were not pretty sure its observation was a necessary exercise. At least once a year we ought to get out of the rut of drudgery and bargaining and competition, and make an honest effort to behave as though the rest of mankind were not our rivals, but our brethren. Our ability to do that when Christmas comes is a convenient indication of the course we have been taking for the twelve months previous. If we have fallen quite out of the habit of Christian conduct we won't be able to assume it successfully for one day or one week, but if we can keep Christmas as we should, and find the Christmas impulses alive and ready in us, then we are warranted in entertaining sentiments of modest hopefulness about our own spiritual state, and in trusting that when our final account is made up the balance may not be irreparably against us.

E. S. MARTIN.

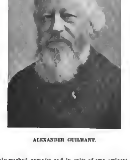
MUSIC.

WE have a vast deal of music at Christmas-tide, and we cannot have too much at the joyous festival. Only at Easter are the church choirs in such fine practice and thrown into so fine a pother, the choir-master so anxious and autocratic. Up in the many Early English and other sorts of steeples sweet bells are jangled in tune and out of tune as they are not set agoing even in Easter's spring-warmed air. But all this suitable singing and timely playing on everything from a cabinet organ to a carillon reminds us each year more decidedly of a lack. We need a Christmas oratorio. We have none. We have one imperfect, dearly beloved, and far from happy substitute. Each Christmas finds Handel's "The Messiah" brought forward, like a last year's balance. Duly and laboriously is that ancient work presented. It is strong in the affections of thousands of musical people, and a firm foundation is under it in the sentiment of tens of thousands of people who never go to any other concert in the whole twelvemonth. Owners of ears that cannot tell the Prize Song in Wagner's "Mastersingers" from the "Marseillaise" consider it the finest and most spiritual musical work ever composed by mortal man.

Really it is curious that even the fringe of self-satisfied philistia will not be a little more introspective as to "The Messiah"—to say nothing of such musical auditors as ought to know and to feel. "The Messiah" is not particularly an oratorio for Christmas. Its references to the Advent are in passing. It is really a work quite as much for Passion Week, for Good Friday, perhaps even more so. It was not composed as a specifically Christmas-time English oratorio, nor speedily became *quasi* such a thing. It does duty, therefore, as a venerable old makeshift. Its text is solemnly and nobly Biblical, but it is full of Handel's perfectly secular musical ideas. His "Saul" is a far finer oratorio in much. "The Messiah," indeed, jigs and warbles and countermarches along, full of Handelian formalisms and of empty and old-fashioned musical ornament, as if the subject were quite of the world worldly. Its really lofty and sacred-sounding episodes do not redeem its manner of musical utterance. The Birth in Bethlehem and the Shepherds are soon left behind, and thenceforward it pursues as topics a Passionistic course, and casts dogmas and theology into rhythms and part-writing. No, we cannot much longer accept "The Messiah" as a substitute for a true Christmas oratorio, and we need one badly. Mendelssohn doubtless could have written exactly the desired Christmas article, but the author of "Elijah" did not live to do so. Perhaps we shall have it from one of our own American composers. There are at least two or three from whose recent work in the oratorio field we might look for a strong effort to supply the long-continued lack. In France, César Franck's remarkable Christmas-tide score is taking a high place; and there are other aspiring modern compositions for the occasion that should be better known here than they seem to be. But the Continental composer is not to the manner born when it comes to English oratorio, as we wish it. The contemporary British musician is dully correct at it. Meantime "The Messiah" has its usual free course and glorification, sung at the hallowed and gracious time to the most unmusical audiences of the year, who flock to it and sit through it under a musical misapprehension. That error will only be broken by a new, really beautiful and lofty oratorio on the most beautiful and lofty central theme open to a contemporary musician's heart and hand.

It was to be expected that the Seidl Subscription Concerts, given each fortnight in the big and beautiful ballroom of the Astoria Hotel, would meet with the grumbles of the grumblers and the censorship of the censors. Their renewed motto is David's "Who will show us any good?" Nothing in New York particularly excellent escapes this sort of attention. As a matter of fact, this Astorian series is, we will not say incomparably, but distinctively, among the most artistic and otherwise enjoyable musical incidents of the winter, so far. The artists are of the first choice. Mr Seidl has never had as fine a band, nor has he presented programmes of nicer judgment—dignified yet not severe, familiar music yet not overheard music. The hall is as perfect a concert hall as heart could wish. It happens to be the only one in the city that is spacious enough to accommodate the tone of a full-sized orchestra and to seat a very considerable audience, without being too big and too cavernous for even a chamber-concert, given to a relatively small attendance. Mr. Seidl, as a conductor, admirably gauges the room's dimensions. The orchestra is in excellent proportion. The result is a rich sonority of tone without noisiness. The assumed informality, though rather nominal indeed, is pleasant to those whose too acquaintance is round about them. The relief from rows of chairs and rows of backs is double. An ice, too, even after a symphony, ought not to be taken as a personal or artistic insult. Let us not to the marriage of Beethoven and a tortoni admit impediment. Wagner with beer and sandwiches is canonical at Baireuth. The fifth concert in the series is set for this week. That recent fourth one, in which Goldmark's "Sakuntala" overture, Wagner's "Tannhäuser" one, and the Bacchanal following it, and Mr Joseffy played Chopin's Concerto in E minor as only Mr Joseffy plays it—it was a concert to remember. Our brilliant seasons give us nothing more perfect in the way of an evening's music-making.

Alexander Guilmant is not merely a great organist. He is a very great one. His position relative to his instrument is not merely national, but universal. There are giants in these days at the organ, and Guilmant is of them. From Moscow to San Francisco he has few peers. Guilmant is now about sixty years old; a Frenchman to his finger tips. From his high seat in the dim organ loft of fashionable La Trinité church in Paris he can look down and over a career of superiority and fame almost from the start. He has "presided at the organ"—as the country editor loves to put it—ever since 1871. It was not a golden period for Parisian organists, that date; but in a short time the new organist, a successor to Chauvet, was drawing all Paris to hear mass and vespers, as not before, to the stately temple named. His repute grew fast. In 1878 Guilmant did much more than preach the great style of organ-playing in La Trinité; he inaugurated his famous recitals in the huge Trocadéro music hall. There, last summer, our own Mr Clarence Eddy won deserved laurels, not a little under M Guilmant's friendly and admiring management. The Trocadéro recitals have been among the distinctive musical "features" of Paris each season. Guilmant, in fact, has been an institution, a missioner, a pioneer in instructing France in the glories of Bach and Wesley and Mendelssohn, and the highest eclecticism of organ composition. Against the trumpery clap-trap and belittlement, by the average Parisian organist, of the more serious and authoritative of all instruments, Guilmant has set his face like the north wind. He tolerates none of such music-making. He is not only a consummate player. He is a profound interpreter of deep organ music, a refined and solid composer, and a sincere musician. There is a kind of Jovian splendor about him. There are no tricks as tricks, no artifices *ad captandum*. A Bach fugue from him is a revelation, and an improvised voluntary or recessional is a rapture. Guilmant is a se-



ALEXANDER GUILMANT.

verely worked organist, and in spite of two eminent assistants in La Trinité, the MM Boulchère and Salomé, he carries the burden of the elaborated parts of the services in his hands. Nevertheless, he has been forced to become a visiting and a touring artist. It is said that nobody in France "opens" as many new organs as does he. His brief visit to this country, at the time of the Columbian Exposition, proved most impressive, West and East. He will be heard now, more at leisure, with new respect and acclaim. His arrival here last week is among the winter's distinguished professional events.

The burial of Adolf Neuendorff, violinist, composer, and conductor, especially known to New York in the last capacity, occurred last week. Mr Neuendorff was a figure of dignity and value in our musical annals. Somehow he never really quite "arrived." Yet Neuendorff went far on the way to that desirable participle. He was by birth a Hamburger. He came to the United States as far back as the earlier eighteen hundred and fifties. His activities as an operatic leader, and as, occasionally, the working musical head of some of our most important orchestral associations (including the Philharmonic Society), kept him fitfully but favorably in the notice of the musical public. In New York musical growth he stands among Mr. Theodore Thomas's coworkers. The first American hearings of "Lohengrin," "The Valkyr," and "Rienzi" occurred under Mr. Neuendorff's efficient bâton, back in what are nearly our prehistoric Wagnerian days. He was a progressive and active-minded man in his art. With his wife, Madame Georgine von Januschowsky, Mr Neuendorff made his home in Vienna for several seasons, occasionally he acted as an assistant to operatic matters there. Last summer he led the excellent open-air concerts of the Madison Square Garden. His health, however, grew quite unsatisfactory, and the past few months have been a hopeless struggle with disease. He was in his fifty-fifth year when death came to him—a solidly educated, conservative, and efficient leader, in many respects a superior one. His biography probably will never be written. It would make what Horace Greeley called "mighty interesting reading."

Music walks much in silk attire and white gloves this season. We are in a fair way to forget its democratic aspects, so far as in course of a hundred years it has been assuming such aspects. The latest of the winter's musical entertainments under modish care comes from the Society of the Musical Arts. This *cercle* has begun its amiable offices with so strong an accentuation of the conditions of a dinner or a ball that it is to the credit of the stage artists to have campaigned as successfully as some of them did last week. The subscription to this new society is for seven entirely private performances of operetta, ballet, and concert. It is of the most representative kind. The Astoria ballroom was a radiant spectacle the other evening with whatever opulence of good looks, fine toilets, and an occasional contingent of absolute youth and beauty our city's very smart circle can muster. The Society's performances, which already have been outlined here in anticipation, embraced Adam's "Le Chalet," an old-fashioned, prettyish little score in one act, by that graceful French composer Adam; a piece that seems rather colorless and hollow in these degenerate days of murderous operettas and of orchestral *paprika*. An opera heroine, who is merely "a queen of curds and cream," is not so fashionable in the lyric drama nowadays as one after the pattern of Mrs. Augusta Nack, of retentive memory. "Le Chalet," however, was well sung by four principals—exceedingly well as to Mr. Thomas Salignac in the title rôle of *Daniel*—and it pleased the audience, even if its French seemed to be a matter of intense and anxious study to many of those present. Mlle. Brélor, as the heroine, has no charm of voice or face; but, like many French opera sopranos in the like predicament, she throws herself into her work with a vivacity and a sincere quality which go far. Mr Morel was a fair but amateurish *Max*. The ballet "Callirhoë," by Mlle. Chaminade (just now prominent among the French women composers, and really of a clever musical fancy and orchestral technique), is a little large for the Astoria's portable stage setting, but it was made colorful, well danced, and it was received with much favor. Mr Edgar S. Kelley's interesting and delightful "Chinese" Suite called "Aladdin" was out of place in an evening of musical frivolity. Its worth was apparently little known to the audience, who talked joyously all through what fragments were presented under Mr. Kelley's own leading. Thereupon the house kindly applauded when the music nobody had heard was quite done. As a further expiation—perhaps accidental—Mr. Kelley's little Chinese ditty, "The Lady Picking Mulberries," sung nearly inaudibly by Miss Grace Gregory, was rapturously received. In fine, the evening was one of emphatic social enjoyment to those most concerned, the large and fashionable subscription, and Mr. Clarence Andrews has good omens for a somewhat difficult and certainly an expensive enterprise, however patronized. By the bye, it is a pity that it has not a better name. There are twenty titles better and more suitable. Besides, this misleading one runs elbows into another serious and well-established musical series. Might not "Society and Some Musical Art" serve?

There ought to be that editorial long boat, an omnibus paragraph, in every music-reviewer's control this winter. Unless he can take to it, he needs a journal with no other object than talking of the concert events of one week after another. As an instance in hand, the Oratorio Society of New York, with an excellent revival of Gounod's "The Redemption," must be passed with a word or so recording the enthusiastic work of Mr Damrosch's choir and of a most efficient group of soloists, including Madame Gadski, Miss Zora Hörlocher, Miss Fielding Roselle, and the Messrs. Bispham, Rieger, and Bushnell. The Philharmonic Society's second set of concerts of the season were of last week, with Mr Pugno announced as the soloist. The Chickering Hall series has also reached its second concert, Mr. Xaver Scharwenka making a pianistic reappearance. There have been at least half a dozen chamber-music afternoons or evenings. The Kaltenborn Quartet (there is really not room to give the full and cumbrous name of this capital new organization), the New York Chamber Music Club, the always delightful vocal recitals of Mr and Mrs. Georg Henschel—whose art needs no change or refreshing, even if their repertory does—these by no means concluded the succession of incidents not to be enlarged on here for lack of space. There were six organ recitals, including a remarkable one by Mr Fred Wolle, of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. Mr W. J. Henderson's informing lecture on Tuesday, "The Orchestra Explained," and Mr. Shilton's conference on "The Sonata Form," are the practically illustrated musical discussions of the week.

Professor Edward MacDowell is not to be restricted to his grave professional duties at Columbia University. He still will be able to attest himself as one of our best American pianists, not to speak of the composer of those broad works by which we know him as a composer. Under the auspices of the Senior Class of Barnard College, Professor MacDowell is to be heard this week in a special afternoon recital in the College auditorium.

There can be no doubt that the "Mastersingers" has taken Paris by storm. The other chief operatic incident in the French capital is the first performance of Massenet's new work, "Sapho"—the libretto based on Daudet's novel—at the Opéra Comique.

There has been no earlier opportunity to speak of the capital lyric and dramatic work of Madame Kopaczy, who has been an importation of wisdom and popularity at the Irving Place Theatre. To Americans who visit with some regularity Vienna and other Austrian and German capitals Madame Kopaczy has needed no special cisatlantic introduction. She is now singing in Strauss's "Waldmeister." Her vogue, and diverting stories of her, to which even the mechanical German press is not deaf and dumb, have given her a lively notability across the ocean. It was to Madame Kopaczy that the Vienna *Tagblatt* referred when—on her breaking an engagement without even a night's notice, because of what she felt was a manager's *lèse majesté* to any prima-donna—that journal said that hereafter there should be a flag waving on the spire of St Stephen's signalling the indispositions and caprices of all operetta singers engaged for Vienna. The same paper also suggested that a salvo, and a Te Deum sung inside the old church, would be a contract-clause in Madame Kopaczy's future arrangements with managers at Vienna.

E. IRENÆUS STEVENSON.

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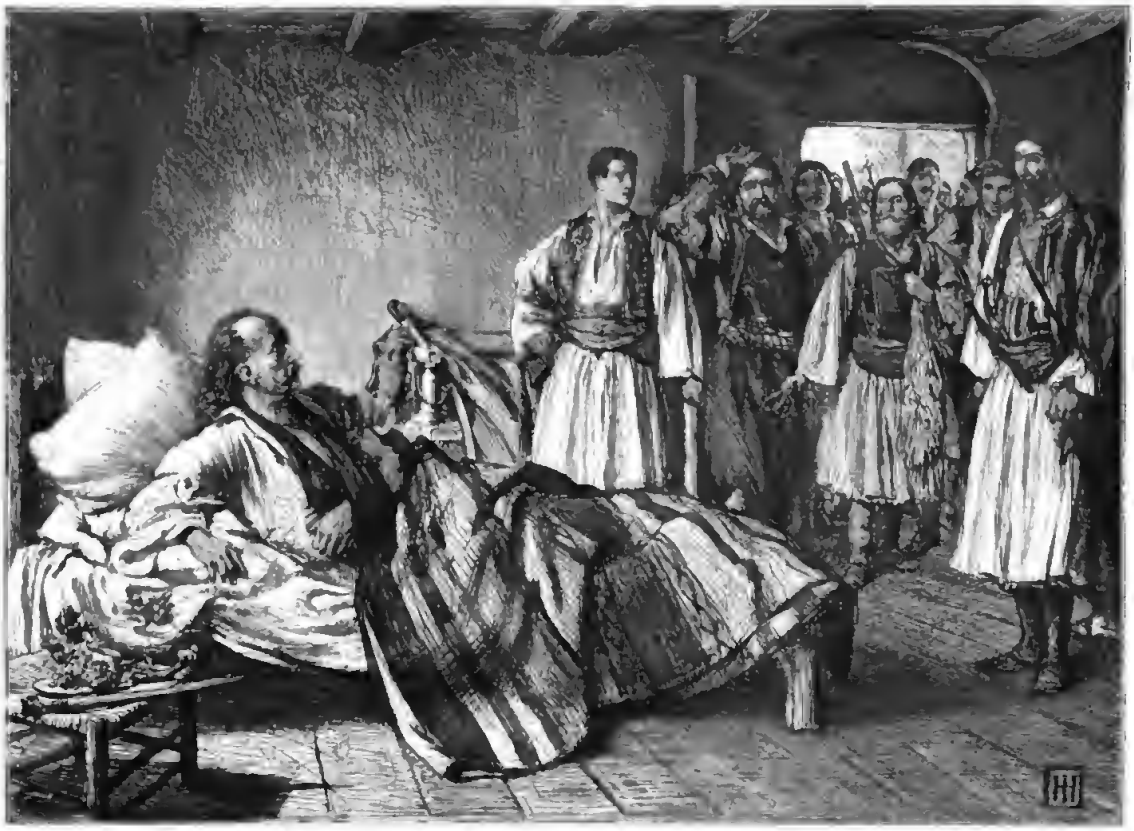
A CHRISTMAS HYMN.—Drawn by Arthur I. Keller



"THE VINTAGE."*

BY E. F. BENSON.

CHAPTER XXVII.

HIS voice trembled so that at first he could not form the words, but at last, getting it more in control,

"My daughter," he said, "we will rest here a little, until the noon heat is past. And—and, for the love of God, answer me a few questions. When was it you went to live in the house of the Turk?"

His anxiety made his voice harsh, and the girl shrank from him. He saw it, and it cut him to the heart.

"Ah, my poor lamb," he said, "have pity on me, and answer me."

"It was ten years ago," said Suleima, "or perhaps twelve. I do not very well know."

"Can you remember anything about it?"

Suleima shook her head wearily. "I do not know. I was so young. And I am so tired, father. Let me sleep a little, and when I wake up I will tell you. You have been very kind to me."

And she dozed off, and slept without moving for near an hour, with Andréa sitting by her. Then she stirred in her sleep, and without opening her eyes, shifted her head so that it rested on his knee, and so slept again. At last she stirred, and seeing him above her, sat up.

"Has Mitsos come?" she asked. "Will he come soon? I have slept so well," and she smiled at him like a child, for memory except that she smiled. "You were asking me—" she said at length.

"Yes, yes," said Andréa.

"It is so little I remember," she said. "I was so young. But it was near Athens women here I was carried off to the house of Abdul Achmet—"

"Abdul Achmet?" whispered Andréa.

"Yes, Abdul Achmet. He lived in Athens then, he moved to Nauplia afterwards. It was in the summer, too, that I remember. And I was with my father."

She had sunk down again with her head on his knee, but here she raised herself on her elbow and looked at him.

"He was a priest, yes. He must have been a priest, for he had long black robes and long hair—only his hair was black, not gray, like yours. Ah—"

Then to Andréa the blessed relief of tears came, the great sobs that came from a man's heart, a pain, and an exquisite happiness, and lifting her closer to him, he kissed her.

"Theodora!" he cried. "Little lost one! Ah, ah, merciful and compassionate God! Do you not remember, my little one? Do you not know? Your father—am not I he whom you called father as soon as you saw me? God put that word in your mouth, my darling. God sent me to fetch you and I who would have murdered you—oh, Blessed Mother of compassion and sorrow!—I—Theodora, Theodora, the gift of God!"

Half an hour after they had gone Nicholas with a few Mainotes had cut his way down to where he was told Abdul Achmet's house stood, mindful of his promise to Mitsos. Two or three of the Argives, who had taken possession of it, and were ransacking the rooms for whatever booty they would secure, stood at the door, and told them that the prize was theirs.

"Oh, man," said Nicholas, "I cause not for booty, nor the gold which is yours. But there is a Greek woman in the house. It is she whom I seek."

The men still seemed disposed to resent his entry, but they knew him, and, even in the face of all the disgrace the captains had brought, believed him clean handed.

"Come," said he again; "I take nothing from the house, and when I go out you shall search me if you will. Only take me to where the women are."

The women of the harem had been locked in the room overlooking the narrow street by which Suleima had fled, while the men searched the rest of the house, and Nicholas, hearing that the Mayor Dimitri was of the party, told him what he wanted.

"Of course, you may go in," he said. "Here, one of you, take him to the room."

The women were sobbing and wailing together, and one cried out in Turkish as Nicholas entered,

"Kill us if you will, but be quick."

"I touch you not," said Nicholas. "Tell me—is there not a Greek woman among you?"

Zuleika, for it was she who had spoken, stopped crying for a moment.

"She has gone," she said. "Oh, that I had gone with her! She would not stop within, but went down stairs, and out, I suppose. And in a few days she will have a baby."

Nicholas looked through the house from roof to cellar, but found her not.

"Ah, poor lad," he thought, "but this will be bitter news, for if she has gone into the streets, God save her!"

It was now one hour past noon, and in the hot breathless air already the thick sour smell of blood hung about the street. The square was a shambles, neither more nor less, and the dead lay about in heaps. With the peasants from the country had come in hungry looking half wild dogs, and as Nicholas passed the square again, now deserted by the besiegers for the great mass of the town which by higher up the slope towards the citadel, two or three of these slunk away, with red, dripping mouths, from their horrible feast, but one, hungrier or bolder than the rest, stood there over the body of a child, snarling at him. The sight sickened him, and he shot the animal through the head. Black patches of flies swarmed in hundreds over the congealed pools of blood, and rose with a sudden whir and buzz as he approached.

The heat was stifling, and from the tower, where he had planted it last four hours ago, the flag hung in folds round its staff. The deadly taint of death was in the air, with the foul odour of flesh already putrefying. Nicholas felt suddenly faint and weary; but seeing a stream of water running down one of the gutters in the square, all red and turbid, he followed it up and found where it sprang from—a broken pipe out of a lion's mouth in one of the side streets. He drank deeply of it, and bathed his face and hands in it, and feeling refreshed, followed on towards where he knew the Mainotes would be. Mixed with the dead were not a few Greeks, and as he passed up the street he saw, with a sudden pang of horror, three or four bodies, apparently lifeless, stir, and from below there came out the hand of a living man, striving to get hold of something to pull himself up by. Nicholas turned the bodies off, and found a Greek soldier below, whom he carried into the shade, and fetched him water. The man was but slightly wounded in the arm, and the gash was already beginning to clot over, and Nicholas, having bound up the place with a strip of his fustanella, left him, for there was much work before him.

Right and left from the houses in the street came cries and screams, and now and then a woman, with her clothes perhaps half torn off her, would steal out like a cat, and seeing Nicholas either steal back again or run from him. After each of these he shouted some sentence in Greek, but got no response. Once a child ran up to him, hobbling with tears and pain, and showed him a horrible gash in its arm, wantonly inflicted by one of his countrymen, babbling to him in Turkish that it could not find its mother. Then Nicholas, despite his fierce vows to have pity neither on man, woman, nor child for the wrong that had been done to him and his by that pitiless race, waited ten minutes to bind up the wound and—for what else could he do?—bade the child get out of the town and wait there.

On his way he passed several Greek soldiers, one dragging a woman after him, another with his hands full of gold and silver, the smaller pieces of which dripped through his fingers as he walked. Nicholas inquired where the Mainotes were, and was told he should find a number of them at a big square house on the slope up to the citadel gate, which they had just entered. Fighting seemed to be going on in my upper story, and, even as he watched, a group of men, Turks and Greeks mixed, appeared on the house top. Next moment two, who were struggling together, toppled and fell against the thin railing which fined the roof, it broke under their weight, and both men, still clutching at each other's throat, fell tumbling over into the street, with a hound crash and sound of breaking. The Turk was living, and moved feebly, but the head of the Mainote was smashed like an egg.

At that moment Yanni appeared at the door of the house, his face flushed and the fire of fighting lost upon him.

"You here!" he cried to Nicholas. "We thought you must be dead. Oh, how wild Mitsos will be when he finds that he's been out of it!"

"It is of Mitsos, too, I am thinking," said Nicholas.

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2115.

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"Oh, Yanni, come and help me, there are butchers enough. Help me to find her."

Yanni stared at him a moment before he understood. "Soleima?" he cried. "God forgive us all! Is she here? and I had forgotten; and there are women in there and the Mainotes are gone mad! If she is there—" and he threw down his knife and looked at his hands, which were red caked with blood and dust.

"Come and search for her, Yanni," said Nicholas again. "She is not in the house of Abdul, and every moment that she is in the streets may be her last."

"She left the house—are you sure?" asked Yanni. "Where is it? Let us run there."

"I have been already," said Nicholas. "Go, Yanni, you go one way and I will go another, and we will meet here in an hour. Speak to every woman whom you see in Greek."

"Yes, yes," said Yanni. "Which way shall I go? Oh, Mitsos, poor little Mitsos, and I killed two women myself, for they had knives and tried to stab me."

"Here" stop a minute, and be sensible," said Nicholas, for the boy seemed half beside himself. "Pick up your knife again, you were going unarmed. Do not stop even to kill. Walk about; go where you hear a woman cry—God forgive us, but that is a task for a hundred!—and speak to all in Greek. And be back here in an hour. Where is Petrobey?"

"In the house," said Yanni, and went off in the direction Nicholas had told him.

On that day of madness Petrobey was one of the few who had kept their heads, and getting together a few sensible men, he systematically worked his way up the street, stopping only to kill where there were signs of resistance. Open doors and men flying unarmed he left alone, there were plenty to do work like that, but he forced door after door where barricades had been put up, or attacked bodies of soldiers who still from time to time charged out of some house or other, trying to force their way out to one of the gates. Without him and a few other resolute bands of men it is possible that great slaughter would have taken place among the unarmed rabble who had followed the camp, and that a considerable body of men would have collected, and forced their way out of the city and over the now undefended hills to Argos or Nauplia. He had also ordered up a train of provision mules for the Mainotes who were with him, under an armed escort, and these had just arrived before Nicholas came up.

"Stay with us and eat, dear cousin," he said to Nicholas, "for men cannot fight fasting. And, oh, Nicholas, but my life and all I have are yours, for you did not fail me when God and man forsook me."

"Give me something then, to take with me," said Nicholas, "for I have work before me. That girl of Mitsos's had left the house before I got there, and God knows where she is, alive or dead. I love the lad, and indeed we owe him a debt we can never repay for all his loss done, and I should never forgive myself, not hope for forgiveness, if I did not do what I could to find her."

Petrobey shook his head. "She may have taken refuge in some other house," he said. "If not—"

"Why should she fly from one house to another? If she is alive, she is either somewhere in the streets, or it is just possible she has escaped."

Petrobey shook his head again. "One woman fly in the face of that mob! God be with you for a kind heart, Nicholas! Poor little Mitsos! poor lad!"

Nicholas tore off a crust of bread, and staying only to swallow a draught of wine, went out again into the blinding glare of the streets.

Everywhere it was the same ghastly scene over again—heaps of bodies, gutters with slow, oily streams of blood flowing and congealing, here a Turk wounded and in the last agony of death; there some young country lad, shot through the heart, lying with open mouth and glazed eyes, which stared unblinkingly at the sun. Sometimes a woman lay across the path, while a little baby, still living and unhurt, lay beside where she had fallen and groped with feeble automatic hands for her breast. By them all without stopping went Nicholas, peering about for any sign of a living woman, but seeing none. Very few apparently had been so desperate as to run into the street like Soleima, and though he felt the stench well-nigh hopeless, he went on. Once he came across a woman lying in the path, not yet dead, and as he bent over her she opened her eyes, and spoke to him in Turkish. Nicholas questioned her in Greek, but she did not understand, and he went on again. In a little more than an hour he was back again, and found Yanni waiting for him, but he, too, had seen no sign of her they had never seen but sought.

All that afternoon the work went on, and at sunset Petrobey set a strong watch at all the gates, and himself, with most of the men, went to sleep in the camp again, where the air was less stifling, and the poisonous breath from the murdered town came not. But Nicholas, who hoped against hope, would not leave the place, by night, he thought, if Soleima was in hiding somewhere in the town, she might try to steal back to the house, or attempt to escape by one of the gates, and he sat in the doorway of Abdul Achmet's, waiting, till he fell asleep from sheer weariness, having seen naught but the dogs stealing about on their ghastly errands. He woke early, before it was dawn, feeling ill and shivering, and thinking that it came only from exposure to the night air, got up and walked about, waiting for day. As soon as it was light he went out of the south gate to the Mainote camp, and had breakfast with Petrobey, who shook his head sadly over the absence of news.

Some sort of order was restored in the camp that day, and a third part of each of the four regular corps was stationed to blockade the citadel, while the others in a more orderly manner and under the command of officers, went on with the sack of the town. The rabble who had passed in the day before were driven out of the town, and a watch was set at each of the gates, but these measures were only half successful, for many took hiding in the deserted houses, or, having been ejected, climbed back again at the Argive tower, or at other points of the walls where they could find entrance. Already many of the Greeks were ill with an ill-defined fever, which Petrobey put down to the effects of the foul, pestilent Italian atmosphere and he employed a number of men to cart the corpses out of the city and burn them. But they were not able to keep pace with the massacre, which went on all day, and that evening the fever took a more pronounced and violent form in many of the cases, and before the morning of the 7th fifty or more Greeks, chiefly countrymen who had slept two nights in the streets, were dead.

Just before dawn, on the 7th, a party of Turks made a sortie from the citadel, and broke through the Greek lines. The alarm was given at once by the sentries, but the Turks were already among them before they were able to make any resistance, and after not more than ten minutes' fighting they had broken their way through, and were rushing down the street towards the Argive gate. The guard there had sprung to arms at the sound of the disturbance above, and they engaged the Turks with somewhat more success, but more than half the original number got through, and made straight for the ungarded hills behind the plain and Argos.

Nicholas, who had passed a feverish, tossing night, feeling weak and weary, yet unable to sleep, had sprung up at once on the first sound, and was among the first to meet the charge. In the darkness the fighting was wild and random, they fought with shadows, and parrying a sword-thrust aimed at his head, though he turned the blow aside, he felt the weapon wound him just below the shoulder, and the edge grate on the bone. Such rough aid as could be given him was at once administered, his arm was tightly bound about the wound to stop the bleeding from the severed artery, and, after the rough but often effective surgery of the day, the end of the artery was bound up, and the edges of the wound were brought together. No serious consequences were expected, for the flow of blood was soon checked, but for the present any further search for Soleima was out of the question. But, a couple of hours later, he grew more feverish and restless, and by ten o'clock on the morning of the 8th he was delirious, down with that swift and terrible fever which during the past night had already claimed many victims.

At mid-day the citadel surrendered unconditionally, from want of water, for the whole supply had come from the lower town, and ten minutes later the Greek flag was flying from the tower.

The shouts with which it was hailed roused Nicholas, who had sunk into a heavy sort of stupor, and he found Yanni sitting by his side.

"What is it?" he asked. "Have they found Soleima?"

"It is the citadel, which has surrendered," said Yanni. "They have hoisted the flag on the tower."

Nicholas half raised himself. "Then the Moreu is free from Corinth to Maina," he said. "Oh, merciful and gracious Virgin! It only remains to find Soleima."

Presently after he sank back into a stupor again, though every now and then he would stir and mutter something to himself.

"Why does not the boy come?" he said once. "Tell him I want him. I did all I could to find her, but it was no use. Little Mitsos, there will be no more fire-ships . . . It was a devilish task to set you. . . don't you see the flag is flying? Tripoli has fallen; the Turks and their taste are over forever, we are free!"

Then, suddenly, in the loud strong voice which Yanni knew so well, "My soul doth magnify the Lord!" he cried.

The news had run about the camp that Nicholas was down with the fever, and for a moment all paused when they heard. As every man in the place knew, his was the glory of the deed, and he the chiefest among those few to whose name honor, and nothing disgraceful, no weak deed or inflexion purpose, was written. They had moved him out of the town, on to the higher ground of the citadel and into the top room of the tower on which the flag was flying. Those of the men who had any knowledge of medicine came flocking up to the citadel begging to be allowed to see him, and suggesting a hundred remedies, and of these Petrobey chose one, who seemed to be sensible, and who, it appeared, had pulled a man through the worst of the fever, and he gave Nicholas such remedies as they could get.

That afternoon there was a division of the spoils taken, and in the evening—but not before a terrible and bloody deed had been done—three corps went back to their homes, the Mainotes alone remaining. The Argives and Mainotes, at any rate, had no hand in that devilish work, which must be passed over quickly. All the Turks, men, women, and children, who were still found alive were driven to the ravine behind Trikorpha, and some two thousand in number were all murdered.

It was indeed time to leave that pestilence-stricken town. During the day the fever had broken out with redoubled virulence among all those who had quartered themselves in the lower parts of the town, and the Angel of Death followed the three victorious battalions into Arcadia, Argos, and Laconia, striking them right and left, and strewing the road with dying men. The judgment of God for those three ruthless days had come quickly.

Mitsos's father, who had escaped unhurt, doing his quiet duty in the ranks of the Argives from the first, saw Petrobey before he left.

"Tell Mitsos to come quickly," he said. "And did you know Father Andrea has not been seen since the first morning?"

Meantime, in the north it was found that the rumor of the Turkish landing was groundless, and Prince Demetrius was hurrying back to Tripoli. Germanos had joined him, but two days' march of the town news of its capture was brought to them on which Mitsos obtained permission to go on ahead, to report the Prince's coming, and announce that no landing of Turks had taken place. He travelled night and day, for his heart gave him wings, and late on the night of the 8th he reached Tripoli.

The unutterable stench in the streets struck him like death, and turned consciousness to a horrible dread. Shutting his eyes to the ghastly wreckage that strewed the streets, more horrible even than in daylight under the dim filtering light from the clear-swept sky, he went quickly up to the citadel, where he supposed the troops would be. He was challenged by the sentry at the gate, who, seeing who he was, admitted him at once, and he was taken straight to Petrobey's quarters, in the room just below where Nicholas lay.

The boy's voice was raised in eager question, but Petrobey hushed him.

"My poor lad," he said, "you must be brave, for we know you can be brave. We have not found her, and in the room above Nicholas lies dying. He has been asking for you, go to him at once, little Mitsos. I will send you food there."

Mitsos gave one gasping sigh. "She may be here," he said. "Where are the women and the prisoners?"

"There are no women and there are no prisoners," said Petrobey.

Mitsos stood silent a moment, looking at the other with bright dry eyes, and swaying a little as he stood. "And Uncle Nicholas is dying, and asked for me?" he said. "Let me go to him."

The room was lighted by an oil-lamp, turned low, and shaded from the sick man. Yanni, who had been watching all night, was lying on the floor, dozing from sheer weariness, but he woke at the sound of Mitsos entering and got up. "Oh, Mitsos, you have come," he whispered. "He has asked for you so often."

"Leave me alone here," said Mitsos. And the two were left together.

Nicholas was lying with eyes only half closed, and Mitsos knelt by the bed. "Uncle, dear uncle," he said, "I have come."

Nicholas only frowned, and passed his hand wearily over his eyes. The other bandaged arm was lying outside the thin bed covering under which he lay. "I looked everywhere," he muttered, "and I could not find her. Will little Mitsos ever forgive me, I wonder? Yet I did all I could. Why does not the dear lad come? He is forsaken me? No, it will never do! This traffic brings disgrace on us all. Stop it, Petrobey; stop it, in God's name! Ah, that is better. Up, up, hand over hand! Quick! Give me the flag. Where is the flag? Oh, devils of the pit, but give it me! Yes, I will pay you well to give it me, if that is what you want. Ha! up with it!"

The muttering sank down again into silence, and the eyelids drooped wearily. Mitsos, kneeling there, felt that the life was leaving here. Soleima dead, Nicholas dying, there was but little left of the Mitsos he knew. Dry-eyed he knelt there, in the blank, black despair of a hopeless anguish. If only it was he who was lying there! There was nothing to live for, everything was gone in the moment of victory, when his heart should have been soaring and singing. Petrobey brought him in food and wine, but he could not even look at it. "Leave me alone," was all he said. "I will call you if he wants you. Oh, go man," he said in a shrill whisper. "May not my heart break in peace?"

It had been past midnight when Mitsos came in, and already the stars were beginning to pale in the east, when Nicholas stirred and woke. He saw Mitsos by him, and knew him, and smiled to him. He spoke faintly.

"Ah, little Mitsos," he said, "so you have come at last, but not much too soon. My poor lad, you know I did all I could. Yanni and I looked for her everywhere, but found her not. Oh, little Mitsos, my heart is bleeding for you. Tell me you know I did all I could."

At the sound of that dear voice, obeying again the will and the brain of the man he loved, no longer washing idly a thing apart from him, Mitsos broke down utterly.

"Oh, you will break my heart if you speak like that," he sobbed. "I know—how can I but know?—that you did all the best and noblest of men could do. Oh, uncle, I cannot do without you. Oh, come back, come back."

Nicholas's hand gently stroked the boy's head, as he knelt with his face buried in the bedclothes.

"Why, Mitsos, Mitsos," he said, "what is this? We are being but poor weak people—I whom the merciful God is taking and you whom He wills shall live, and go on with the work we have begun. A man's life is but short, but God knows mine has been partly very sweet, and out of what was better he has given us a wonderful victory. From Corinth to Maina, little one, a free people thanks Him. But that is not all—from Thermopylæ to Corinth must those thanks go up, and it is to you, lad, among all the first, for whom that work is waiting. Promise me, little one, you will not fail."

"I promise—oh, I promise," sobbed Mitsos; "but what am I without you?"

"A God-fearing lad, and a strong, brave one," said Nicholas. "And the God of our fathers will be with you, as He has been with you till now. Tell me, is the Prince coming back here?"

"He is on his way, and Germanos too."

Nicholas frowned, and raised his voice a little.

"I will not die with a lie on my lips," he said. "He is a bad man. I forgive him not, and see that you do not trust him."

"Oh, uncle," said Mitsos, "what does it matter now? Think of him not at all, then. This is no time for little things."

Nicholas lay silent a moment, still stroking Mitsos's hair.

"After all, what does it matter?" he said, after a pause. "The man has failed, that is enough. He shall not poison these few minutes. Oh yes, I forgive him, in the end. I do, really. Tell him so. If he was here I would take his hand. But, but," and a smile came round his mouth—"do not trust him too far, all the same."

His face was growing very white and dim, as in the pale gray morning light, and Mitsos gave him water, and put out the lamp.

"There is a little more to say," he whispered, "and it is this. Little Mitsos, I am happier than the kings of the earth. I am dying, but dying in the shout of victory. Remember always that I was happy on this morning. But, oh, poor lad!" His face flushed suddenly. "Victory! freedom!" he said, raising his voice again with tremulous excitement, "that is a singing bird in my heart—that, and you, and Catherine, and the little one. Where is Petrobey? Call him in, him and the dear one. Bring them all in, as many as can stand in the room."

Mitsos hurried out to fetch them, and found Petrobey's room full of men waiting for news from the sick room, watching faithfully through the night, and he beckoned them up. The sun had risen, and the first ray fell full on the bed where the dying man lay. By an effort he raised himself on his elbow, and looked at them trooping in with bright shining eyes. In a moment, at that sudden movement, his wound broke out afresh, and a great gush of blood poured down.

Then suddenly he sprang to his feet. "Shout! shout," he cried, "for the freedom of Greece! Ah, Catherine, I am coming!"

On the word a great shout arose from the men crowded into the room, and in the glory of that triumphant cry, standing there in the dawn of the new risen day, he fell forward, and his strong soul went forth free from the death that had no terror for him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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CHRISTMAS CARNIVAL ON THE ICE, AMSTERDAM.—Drawn by George Wharton Edwards.—[See Page 1250.]

A BROTHERHOOD OF THREE.

BY MARY E WILKINS.—ILLUSTRATED BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

THE sun was setting in a strip of sky as bright and clearly flowing as a golden river. Above it lay violet clouds piled in still strata, like rocks. The wind blew cold from the north. South of the village was a high round hill, the lower part of it bristled with the yellow-grey stubble of corn, in the midst of which forgotten pumpkins gleamed with unexpected gold, the upper part was covered with a mat of coarse grass, beaten flat, southward, toward the summit, by the north wind. It was the day before Christmas, and yet there was no snow, and had been none that season, with the exception of occasional flurries.

On the crest of the hill was one great bowlder of a kind of rock found nowhere else in the vicinity, a lonely outcast from prehistoric times and conditions. This rock, seen from the village, bore a strong resemblance to a turreted castle, and had given that name to the hill. It had been Castle Hill ever since the oldest villager could remember.

From the northern slope of the hill there was a good view of the little sea-side village, with its sickle-shaped stretch of beach, and white crawl of surf beyond. Smoke columns rose from the village chimneys and veered slightly toward the south. The bell in the steeple of the white meeting-house on the right of the main street caught the gleam of the low sun, and hung a bell of gold; the weather-vane on a barn pointed south like a finger of light; the windows in the town hall, which was broadside to the west, looked full of fire.

From the southern slope of the hill all this was lost, the rigid highway stretched to the ruy through frozen swamps and stark woods, and not a dwelling was in sight except a white farm house or two on vantage points of distant hills.

On this southern slope three waylarers had set up a camp, building a fire of brush collected from the nearest wood, under the lee of the great castle-shaped rock, swelling themselves of the cold shelter of this primitive fastness of nature. They had been driven to this extremity by the lack of a lock up in the village, and all other refuge had been denied them, even on Christmas eve. The farmers' barns had been fastened, or guarded by growling dogs, and the house doors had been slapped in their faces with a puff of the very wind of inhospitality.

"The cow that gives the milk of human kindness 'ain't got her stable in this damned village," declared the oldest of the three. He threw some more brush on the fire as he spoke. He had bunked the fire, and was most active in replenishing it, as he had been about bringing the fuel from the wood in the first place. He was over sixty, but one of those whom age preserves instead of disintegrates. His old face was as full of lines as a wilted apple, but his eyes were instinct with keen fire, and his mouth had quirks of quizzical sleerwiness at the corners. He moved, too, with a sort of sinewy grace which had lost in it a suggestion of reserve. Old Harlow had been in his day a star—a cheap and inglorious one perhaps, but still a star, shining with its own lustre in the midst of the bellistinguishable glimmer of the common throng. His name had figured prominently in the bills of many a circus and variety show, and his shrewd face had adorned many a barn and fence in that very locality.

There came a sharp blast of wind from the north, cutting around the corner of the rock as the old man threw a stick on the fire. The sparks flew up, and Harlow, with an oath which ended in a laugh, flung himself down head first, and began bowling in airy somersaults down the hill. Over and over he went, fairly bounding from the turf like a ball, until he reached the corn stubble. Then he was up with long leaps like a chamois, and was back at the camp with a magnificent revolution of his long body which landed him on his feet.

"What in thunder are you doin'?" inquired one of his companions. He spoke with a rarly thickness, his dialect was rustic, and yet there was something in his tone which betrayed education—an involuntary lapsing of cadences into finer habits.

"Openin' the damper in the stove of Nature," replied Harlow, with a grunt. "If folks wa'n't so dam'n lazy they wouldn't need any other fires. Every man has his own stove and his own kindlin'-wood in his own body. All he's got to do is to git up and git, and set it goin'. I was chilled through to my marrer bones, and now I'm as warm as though I was piped for steam."

The other man gave a sigh indicative of both weariness and impatience, and said no more. He was a stout man, younger than Harlow, sitting over the fire in such a position as to present the largest possible portion of his body to the heat. He fairly hollowed himself upon it, and seemed to embrace it with all his members. His red face, which had a purplish cast about the mouth, brooded over it with a wistful gloating.

The third man lay flat on the turf, his back to the rock, between it and the fire, the warmest place in the camp. His ragged coat, and Harlow's also, covered him to his chin, the firelight was red on his face, which was as delicate as a girl's. He looked scarcely eighteen. His fair hair grew low on his forehead, and his blue eyes had an innocent, wondering expression under slightly raised dark eyebrows. He seemed to breathe with difficulty as he lay there. Suddenly he said, sobbingly, with piteous complaint: "I can't stan' this much longer. I tell you I can't." Then he raised himself on his elbow, leaned over, and coughed. Harlow looked at him, scowling painfully; the other man glowered at the fire, without moving a muscle.

"It's—so," gasped the young man, when he got his breath; "it's so. Nothin' but the bare ground to sleep on such weather as this, and not a mouthful fit for a dog, an' me with my lungs achin' as if the air I draw in was—fire." His weak voice failed him. He flung himself over on his face and wept aloud, far impotent self pity, like a child.

"We do all we can for you, Dick," said old Harlow, with pathetic apology.

"You won't have to do for me much—longer," returned Dick, ambles his weak sobs. Then he coughed again, struggling desperately for breath.

The stout man was fumbling in his pockets for a small flask. He drew the cork, and held the flask to Dick's mouth. His own mouth was shut hard, his eyes averted. "Here, take a swallow of this whiskey, it 'll do you good," he said, in a strained voice.

"Yes, take it, Dick," said old Harlow. "Here's Doctor been a savin' of it up for you, which he wants it fearful bad himself. We are doin' all we kin for ye, boy."

Dick, his throat and chest working convulsively, took a long pull at the flask. The stout man turned his face more resolutely away.

"Easy, Dick, easy," admonished old Harlow. "You'd better take that little now, or he won't have none left if he's took worse in the night, Doctor."

Doctor, still with his face averted, took the bottle from Dick, who did not resist, put in the cork tightly, and replaced it in his pocket.

Dick lay back, and an expression of relaxation and a shadow of comfort came over his face as the fire of the liquor crept through his veins. Presently he began to talk, and his voice sounded stronger, though its appealing, querulous tone was still evident. "Here's this town," said he, "where my mother was born, and her father and mother before her, where everybody knew my grandfather, and looked up to him because he had property, and lived in the biggest house in town when he wasn't off on a cruise. Owned one of the biggest ships that ever sailed from these parts, my grandfather did, and when mother was a girl she had it all her own way, I can tell you. Then mother got married, and her husband died; then she married my father, and went away to live. Then grandfather's ship was lost, with him on board, and grandmother died, and the property here was sold, and father failed, and then he died, and then mother died, and there wa'n't nobody and nothin' except me. Here's this town, where my folks used to live and be looked up to, and here I be sick, and nobody to take me to. There's that old maid grandfather's house was sold to. If I went there I don't s'pose it would make any odds; she'd turn me out of my own grandfather's house. Wonder if she keeps the silver teaspoons and her purse in the entry for burglars now—"

"Hey?" said old Harlow, with a quick glance of his eye.

"Mother told me about it," said Dick. "Somebody out West, where we lived, who'd been a-visitin' here, told her. That old maid—Trumbull her name was—used to leave her front door unlocked, and put her silver teaspoons and purse at the foot of the stairs, all ready for burglars to take and not wake her up."

"Damned not! don't believe a word of it," remarked Harlow, with a half chuckle.

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"Too much horse sense for a woman," said the stout man. "Why, I doctored one for a tumor brought on by sleepin' on her silver cream-jug to keep it from burglars. That's something like; but catch a woman reasonin' out that when a thief sets out to take the teaspoons he's goin' to, if he has to take her life into the bargain, and that she might just as well let 'em be taken with as little trouble and risk to herself as possible!"

"It's so," declared Dick. "Mother—" Then his voice failed him, and he coughed again, though not as violently as before, and lay back, spent, and panting softly, the tears of suffering and self pity streaming from his blue eyes.

The stout man got up, pulled off his old coat, leaving himself in a ragged skirt, and laid it over the young man, tucking it in well at the sides. Old Harlow tossed some more wood on the fire, then looked slyly at the stout man, raising a cautious beckoning finger. The two slipped around the corner of the rock and walked a little way down the other slope, then stopped.

"Look here," said old Harlow to the other; "you used to doctor. What about him?" He jerked an elbow violently toward the rock behind which the young man lay.

"Weak lungs—tuberculosis most likely—bad cold," replied the other, shortly.

"Dangerous?"

"Dangerous enough if somethin' ain't done for it before long—pneumonia most likely."

"S'pose—a warm bed an' plenty to eat—"

The other man nodded.

"Might as well talk about heaven," said old Harlow. Then, reflectively, "There's the hospital, I s'pose, if we could get him to the city."

"Get him to the city?" repeated the other, with sarcastic emphasis. "How d'we get him to the city? In our special Pullman train? He'd die on the road, an' if he didn't—if he wasn't fit for the dissectin' table when he got to the hospital door—how'd we get him into a bed? Who's goin' to measure the yards of red tape necessary for that? God only knows what not it would be about city poor and town poor, and residents and non residents, and insurability, and all the rest of it."

"I s'pose," said old Harlow, reflectively, "if you an' me hadn't been along, that woman in the farm-house this mornin', that give us hot coffee, an' asked him how long he'd had his cold, might have took him in. He looks so kind of pretty an' innocent."

The other man nodded, with glowing eyes fixed on the village below. As they stood there the twilight had suddenly deepened into night, and the village windows had gleamed out, one after another, like stars.

"There ain't no harm in him, excepin' what he's rubbed off other people," continued old Harlow. He hesitated. "S'pose maybe he'd be better off if we wa'n't with him," he said, in a troubled voice.

Then the other man turned fiercely upon him. "What's the sense of our leavin' him till we've got him under cover somewhere?" he demanded. "Time enough for us to quit then."

"How are we goin' to git him under cover anywhere?" asked old Harlow, looking at him with a strange expression, half of fear, half of curiosity. He did not reply, but stood gazing frowningly at the village below, with its long main street bordered by houses whose windows were parallelograms of white-curtained light. Midway of the street stood the church, brilliantly lighted, and dark throngs of people were passing in the doors.

Old Harlow's gaze followed his companion's. "What's goin' on in the damned town?" he inquired, in a gloomily indifferent way.

"Christmas," returned the other, shortly.

"Christmas tree."

"Lord!" ejaculated old Harlow, in a tone of gentle contempt.

The two continued to gaze at the dark cubic masses of the village houses with their twinkling lights flanked by the white glimmering beach and the great vagueness of sea; at the church with its brilliant windows, and the shadowy throngs in the street moving toward and passing in the door.

Suddenly old Harlow faced his companion. "S'pose there's any truth in that yarn of his?" he whispered, hoarsely.

"Quit it, for God's sake!"

"There'd be no need of you—"

"There's need of me if there's need of you. What d'ye take me for?"

"Somebody 'd have to keep out of it on account of the boy. If only one of us—"

"I tell you—"

"No use quarrellin' about that now. S'pose it's so?"

"Quit it, I tell you!"

"If it was—" said old Harlow, slowly.

There was a pause. The two men, unmindful of the cold wind, continued to stand gazing down at the lighted village, and the dark shapes hurrying on their errand of Christmas cheer.

On the street below, Candace Trumbull was going to the Christmas tree. She had a straight, handsome figure, though she was not young. She stepped out emphatically, holding her bonneted head high, with a decisive swish of silken skirts, and a firm swing of arms under her rich cloak. Had it not been for her bounty the tree could not have bome its Christmas fruit in the vestry of the little church. The parish was very poor, Miss Trumbull was the only person of independent means who belonged to it. She had bought the major part of the presents. She had supplied the colored balls, the candy garlands, the paper angels, and the wax lights for the decoration of the tree.

Candace passed through the Christmas throngs as an acknowledged benefactress, greeted with gratitude and respect, and a certain amount of deferential affection, but not with familiarity, though her exceeding frankness and directness of speech might have seemed to invite it.

With a certain class of village folk frankness intimidates more than reserve; it drives them at once into their shells of suspicion and self-consciousness.

Candace Trumbull, although she gave so many presents, had none hung on the tree for her. No one had dared attempt anything of that sort since the Christmas tree five years before, when the Sunday-school had taken a contribution and given her a picture.

She had not arisen when her name was called during the distribution of presents. When the Sunday school superintendent himself came down the aisle, bringing the picture, she waved him aside and stood up, looking around with a frown on her handsome face. She then announced, with no preface and no apology, that she wanted no present—that she had done nothing for a reward, but because they were in need, and that she considered them lacking in common sense to spend the money, which they could not afford to spend on presents for their own families, on a present for her, and thus do away with half the benefit of her bounty. Lastly, she declared that she would not take the picture—that they could hang it on the vestry wall or throw it into the sea, whichever they chose, it was all one to her. She would not take the picture.

Then Candace Trumbull had sat down, amidst a general gasp and shiver of consternation, and the next Sunday the picture had hung on the vestry wall. There were those who considered that she had robbed her own benevolence of its grace and her beneficiaries of their independence by refusing to accept their little token of gratitude; but nobody told her so. She continued her benefits, and her name was never called again when the gifts were distributed.

This Christmas eve she went home after the tree quite satisfied and happy in her own fashion. She was not a woman to let any regrets or wistful imaginations cloud her happiness. All her joys of life were complete. She went home alone, and entered her solitary house without a sigh for the fuller Christmas experience of other women. She fixed her fires for the night, said her prayers, went to bed in the great south chamber, and fell asleep with a sense of absolute security, and reliance upon her Maker and herself. Candace Trumbull believed in God and religion, but she would not have been in the least afraid alone in the dark had she lost her faith.

She was not afraid when she waked up a little after midnight and heard some one open the window in the front hall. She sat up and listened for a minute, thinking that a dream might have disturbed her. Then she got out of bed, lighted a candle, and put on her a wrapper and her slippers.

Old Harlow, moving stealthily across a broad shaft of moonlight in the hall outside, saw the sudden streak of candle light under the threshold of a door, and stood still, trembling. Then the door was flung open, and he saw a tall elderly woman, in a palm leaf patterned wrapper, holding a candle, whose light shone full upon a face absolutely fearless, and rather imperious than angry.

"Who are you?" she demanded, in a clear loud voice, which seemed to ring through the house like a trumpet. She looked straight at old Harlow, who cowered before her.

"My name's Harlow," he said, in a stammering way, like a schoolboy.

"What?"

"Harlow."

"What are you doing in my front entry, Mr. Harlow?"

"Nothing," gasped Harlow, desperately. Then the humorous quirks about his mouth deepened a little.

But Candace Trumbull followed him sharply around his corner of subterfuge.

"'SEE HIM?' SAID OLD HARLOW, IN AN EXCITED WHISPER."

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"What did you come into my front entry for?" she demanded.

"I came to steal," answered old Harlow, feebly.

"What did you come to steal?"

"Money."

"What made you think I had money here for you to steal?"

"Heard you kept some in—a purse, and—the silver teaspoons, and—the teapot in a bundle—on the stairs—all ready for burglars—hand—you left your front door unlocked," answered old Harlow, stammering; but again the humorous quirks deepened.

"Didn't you know better than to believe such a story as that?" asked Candace Trumbull, with scorn.

Old Harlow reeled suddenly as he stood. All at once he felt utterly bewildered. He had eaten little for days past, he was old, and his small reserve of nerve strength was giving way under this great pressure. "No, mum," he muttered, incoherently.

"What did you want the money for?"

Old Harlow looked at her vaguely, then spread out his empty hands with a curious, unconsciously dramatic gesture. Miss Trumbull noticed that he was very pale.

"How did you get in that window?"

"Chim—up the post of the porch."

"Up the post?"

"Yes. I used ter play in a circus."

There was a mist over old Harlow's eyes. He seemed to see nothing in the present, past, or future, in all life, but that little circle of candle-light making a nimbus around that commanding female face. He drew a short hard breath, and reached for the stair balustrade to steady himself.

"What's the matter?" demanded Candace Trumbull. "Have you been drinking?"

Old Harlow shook his head.

"Are you sick?"

Old Harlow shook his head again. But his questioner, after one long keen glance at him, stepped forward and took him by the arm. "Now you step along down stairs with me," she ordered.

Old Harlow, as in a dream, knew himself stumbling down stairs, with the woman's strong hand under his arm. His shuffling feet touched the stairs without feeling them, as if he descended on steps of air.

"Don't you fall," admonished his helper, sharply, and old Harlow felt that he would not dare to fall.

At half past one o'clock on Christmas morning old Harlow sat down to the table in the stately dining room of the fine old Trumbull mansion and ate his first square meal for months. Candace Trumbull sat watching him, with none of the softness, but all the active strength of pity in her face. Just before he finished eating she rose and went out of the room. Harlow heard the door close after her and looked longingly, not at the silver spoons and the silver coffee service, but at the bread and meat and cakes which he could not eat. He took some bread and carried it toward his pocket, then put it back on the plate.

When his hostess returned he spoke of his own accord for the first time. "Can I have what's left to take with me?" he asked, pointing toward the bread and meat.

"Yes, you can," said she, readily. She went into the kitchen, and returned with brown wrapping paper and a large bottle. She made a parcel of the bread and meat and cakes, and filled the bottle with the remainder of the coffee.

"Thank ye," Harlow said, when she handed them to him. He was edging toward the door, with his provisions in his trembling hands, when Candace Trumbull stopped him.

"Wait a minute," said she, and held out toward him a roll of something which he saw was money—bank notes rolled around some silver coin. "Here," said Candace Trumbull, "is the money you came to steal. It is all I have in the house—thirty-nine dollars and twenty nine cents—take it."

Old Harlow's face flamed crimson. He made an angry thrusting motion with his whole body toward the money.

"Why don't you take it, after you've been to all this trouble to get it, climbing in my second story window at one o'clock in the morning?" demanded Candace Trumbull.

"Thank ye," old Harlow gasped out, still thrusting away the money. He would have given anything to have turned and run out of sight of her face.

"Take it," ordered Candace Trumbull. Suddenly her voice softened a little, though her words were brusque. "Take it, and don't be a fool," said she. "It's Christmas, and if you need this money it belongs to you. If you need it, and I don't, it's yours by right. Take it, and I advise you not to spend it in drink, but buy yourself some decent clothes and a ticket to the city, and see if you can't get another chance in a circus, and earn some money to keep you when you're past work. You must be able to work awhile longer at your old trade, or you couldn't have climbed in that window; the porch roof juts out nearly three feet over the post. Now take this and go, and be sure and shut the door when you go out."

Old Harlow went. He marched as obediently and unhesitatingly as a dog that had been sent on an errand, until he reached the base of the hill. Then he stopped, seated himself on a stone, took the money from his pocket, unfolded and counted it.

Suddenly ambition, which had slumbered long, awoke in the breast of the old man on that Christmas morning. "S'pose I turn over a new leaf," said old Harlow. "S'pose I—" He took a crumpled sheet of newspaper from his pocket, smoothed it out, and tried to read it by the moonlight. He could not, however, he remembered well enough. He had picked it up on the road the day before, and had read of an accident to an old acquaintance of his in a variety theatre. "Might get the chance if I struck while the iron was hot," ruminated old Harlow. "Nobody but him and me is livin' as can do two or three of them specialties. S'pose I take this here an' buy me some decent clothes an' a ticket to New York, an' go to a hotel an' git a room, an' then go for the manager. Ten chances to one I'd git the job. I'm limber as ever I was, trampin' has kept my joints oiled, an' I ain't had enough to eat to git too fat. S'pose—" Old Harlow stared gloomily at the money. "If it's divided into three parts there won't be enough, nohow," said he.

Old Harlow rose, money in hand, and went up the hill. When near the top he whistled softly, and the stout man came around the corner of the great rock. Harlow beckoned him down the hill a little way.

"Well?" said the stout man, interrogatively, when they stopped. His face showed pale in the moonlight, and his great frame trembled as if with a chill.

"Front door wa'n't unlocked; no money an' no spoons ready; no truth in this fool yarn," said old Harlow, shortly, but his eyes twinkled and his mouth twitched.

"Told you so," returned the other, with a sigh of relief.

"I clim' in the front window, over the porch," said old Harlow.

"What—what did you do that for?"

"An' she heard me, and came out in a loose gown with red figgers on it, a-holdin' a candle."

The stout man groaned. "What in—" he began, but Harlow interrupted him.

"There ain't no harm done," said he. "If there was more women like that one there wouldn't be no need of prisons, for there wouldn't be no criminals. If I'd hit that kind of woman, instead of the kind I did, maybe them wouldn't have been me. She's got religion an' horse sense b'iled down together. She could steer this whole damn country into the millennium in less than five year if it was left to her, an' make the workin' classes an' the millionaires lay down in peace together. Be hanged if I wouldn't lay where she pointed her finger; there was a diamond ring a-shinin' on it, but she wa'n't afraid. Afraid! there ain't no fear in her. I never see her like. See?" Old Harlow unfolded the roll of money before his companion a bewildered eye. "Thirty-nine dollars an' twenty nine cents," said he, in a shaking voice.

"What?"

"Thirty nine dollars an' twenty nine cents!" proclaimed old Harlow, with a sort of cross of triumph. "It's a present from her—a Christmas present! Damn it! think of us with a Christmas present—a Christmas present!" Tears flowed down old Harlow's leathery cheeks; his voice broke.

"You—don't mean?"

"Yes, I do mean she gave it to me, an' that we'n'll all, a good square meal—bread an' meat an' cakes an' hot coffee set out on the dinin' table, an' I've got some here. Have some, Doctor, have some." Old Harlow brandished the package of food and the bottle of coffee in the other man's face.

"What's that in the bottle?"

"Hot coffee, feel the bottle. Have some, Doctor."

"He must have some at once," the other returned, hoarsely.

"Yes; an'—Doctor—" Old Harlow hesitated. "About dividin' of the money?" said he.

"Oh, it's all yours."

"Why is it all mine?"

"You run all the risk. It was given to you."

"You d'a' run the risk if I hadn't made you stay with him an' keep the fire goin'."

"Yes, I would, but I didn't like the job. I wasn't brought up to rob women."

"I wa'n't," replied old Harlow, simply.

"You keep that money, it's yours."

"No, it ain't. There ain't no use talkin', Doctor; it's goin' to be divided."

The two stood looking at each other.

"What d'yo plan to do with your share?" inquired old Harlow.

"I won't take it, I tell you."

"If you do?"

"Buy myself something decent, an'—well, maybe I'd go back."

Old Harlow nodded soberly. "How is he?" he asked, with a jerk of his head toward the rock.

"Asleep. The fire's good, and he's covered up with his coat and mine."

"How is he, d'ye think?"

"Pneumonia, if he doesn't get under shelter before long."

"I s'pose that money would git him boarded some wheres, mebbe in that farm house two mile back, where the woman give us hot coffee an' doughnuts, for three dollar a week till spring," said old Harlow, reflectively.

"I suppose so," said the other, after a little pause.

"An there'd be enough beside, to git him a decent suit an' a flannel shirt or two an' some shoes," continued old Harlow.

The other nodded.

"We could fix him up, git his hair cut and face washed, an' send him there to ask for board, pay in advance. He looks so kind of pretty and wishful, I guess that most any woman would take him in; besides, them farmer folks are always bankerin' after board money."

The other gave a frown of grave assent.

"But—if we divided it up there wouldn't be enough—"

"No, there wouldn't. An' I've been a thinkin'. That woman says to me 'You must be able to work at your old trade, or you couldn't have clim' up my porch, with the roof a-jittin' out 'most three foot beyond the post. Why don't you git another job in a circus?' I've been thinkin' after we git him fixed you an' me'll tramp to Boston an' see if we can't git some job there, an' I'll git enough to buy me somethin' decent to wear, an' see if I can't git a chance in some show later on, and then half of what I git is yours, Doctor."

The stout man straightened himself, and threw back his broad shoulders in his old flannel shirt. "I don't live on you while there's a bone in my body," said he. "I'll do my share. We'll give every cent of that money to the boy. I won't take enough to buy one drink, and—I've given him the rest of the whiskey."

"There won't be enough if we divide," repeated old Harlow, and even in his heroism of sacrifice there was, and no shame to him, a piteous wistfulness in his tone.

"No, there won't," declared the other, and he went, as he spoke, up the hill, with the bottle of hot coffee in his hand.

In a square old farm house two miles out of the village, on the road to Boston, the family did not have their Christmas dinner until after candle light, because the daughter, who was a school teacher in a village twenty miles away, could not get home earlier. She had driven over with her lover. It was five o'clock before the family sat down to dinner—David Baxter, his wife the daughter Laura, her lover, and Dick in a clean shirt and collar and new suit. His fair hair was brushed smooth, his face was clean and beaming with gentle happiness. There was no great power of original sin in the lad; he depended largely for his evil and his good upon his companions. Dick's future path of life through even and pleasant places was very possible, with this impetus.

Outside the night was clear and cold. All the Christmas stars shone, but the moon had not arisen. In the yard stood two men, pressing as close to the window as they could without being seen.

"See him!" said old Harlow, in an excited whisper. "See him, Doctor!"

"It's roast turkey," murmured the other.

"See 'em a fillin' of his plate—see 'em! Now they're puttin' on the turkey, great pieces of white meat—an' there goes the dark, an' the gravy. Now the potatoes, an' the squash, an' the onions. There she goes—there she goes! Now see him eat—see him eat, Doctor!"

Doctor looked, and unconsciously, every time the boy sitting in that warm room, at the well spread table, with that good and kindly company, swallowed a mouthful of his Christmas dinner, he swallowed too. Old Harlow also, between his excited whispers, gulped, and even smacked his lips, as if he tasted to its utmost savor each delicious morsel that the boy put into his mouth.

The two outcasts, standing outside all homes of earth on Christmas night, received perhaps a crumb of the very sacrament of Christmas as they watched the poor brother whom they loved better than themselves eat his Christmas dinner.

THE SONG OF SANTA CLAUS.

That's the way, boys! Take care of your dad.
Off with his boots and away with the snow
My! what a merry old night we've had—
How the jolly old deer did go!
Talk about your flying machine,
Your birds and balloons, your aerial wheel!
Nothing can fly like the reindeer keen
As soon as the cold crisp air they feel.

Ah, you should have seen them prancing by,
Over the country roads below,
Jumping the fences and hedges high,
Skimming across the fields of snow
Like a beam of light from the faithful sun,
Prancing and dancing like all possessed—
All through the beautiful world they've run,
Out on the mission we love the best.

Mission of peace and cheer, my boys,
Spreading good-will on earth—
That is the maddest and gladdest of joys,
Filling sad hearts with mirth
That is the mission for us, old chaps,
Work for old Claus and his elves,
Casting good luck into others' laps,
With never a thought for ourselves.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

THE SKATING CARNIVAL IN HOLLAND.

In Holland a winter seldom passes without good skating, which being not only a pastime with the Dutch, but a serious and ordinary mode of travel, the ice on the canals and "grachts" is kept in good condition, and it is common to see a small army of sweeping peasants putting the ice in order for the day. There is a skating club in every town in Holland, and all these clubs belong to the Dutch Skating Association. The largest clubs are probably the Amsterdam and Rotterdam Ice clubs, and in the season many excursions are made by these associations to the surrounding towns—for example, from Amsterdam to Leyden and Vogelenzang and Haarlem; from Amsterdam to Monnikendam, Edam, Hoorn, Enkhuizen, Alkmaar, and even across the Zuyder Zee, when it will bear to Marken, and even Urk. The way the whole country is mounted by canals, with huge windmills overlooking the ice like levitation lamp posts of enormous, is calculated to appeal to the lover of the picturesque. Then there are the graceful light sleighs, propelled by skilful skaters, and containing red checked, bright eyed peasant girls in immense lace caps and dangling temple ornaments, flying over the ice at a great speed. On the Maas, a few miles east of Rotterdam, lies a famous skating resort known as Slikkerveer, and brought into notoriety in recent years by the international skating contests which are held there. Any one fond of that most exhilarating form of exercise can hardly find a more interesting experience than is to be had during a winter trip to Holland. In the season the boat leaves the Rhine Station Pier for a sail up the Maas. The steamer ploughs her way through the floating ice and at length leaves you at a high pier on a huge dike which separates the river from the low lying country. A short walk brings you to a large enclosed expanse of ice, obtained by artificially flooding a large area. Here a huge horseshoe course is marked out for the racers. And on either side of this stretches the free portion, for the onlookers and those who wish to practise the exhilarating art. Fashion is beginning to drive out the picturesque costumes of the peasants, who are becoming ashamed of their distinctive dress. So year by year there is in be seen less and less of the lovely, quaint, and sometimes bizarre head-dresses, and the queer coats and breeches of the men and boys.

There is little fancy skating to be seen. The great length of the runners of the Dutch skates, and the way in which they turn back in huge curves over the toe, are effectual checks upon all figure-skating involving sudden or short turns. An attempt to do the outside edge backwards would invite disaster. The Dutchman can go quicker over long stretches upon his skates than the Englishman, because of his extra long runners. It is a charming sight to see the long string of skaters sailing along with a swing that reminds one of the flight and dip of the swallows. Sometimes, too, they use a sort of sail, with which, by clever handling, they can make headway close up in the wind. The most usual figure seen is what is styled the Dutch roll, in which long lines of skaters throw themselves off upon the right and left foot alternately, in curves of twenty five to thirty feet, at an incredible speed. There is much shouting and boisterousness, and some of the horplay is not in the best taste, but on the whole the scene is most interesting and entirely unique.

GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS.

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"I'VE KEPT MY EARS OPEN TO ALL YOUR DOINGS"

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A Descriptive Preface Designed for the Edification of the Reader.

At the time of the beginning of the events about to be narrated—which the reader is to be informed occurred between the years 1740 and 1743—there stood upon the high and ragged crest of Pick-a-Neck-a-Sock Point (or Pig and Sow Point, as it had come to be called) the wooden ruins of a disused church, known throughout these parts as the Old Free Grace Meeting-House.

This humble edifice had been erected by a peculiar religious sect calling themselves the Free Grace Believers, the radical tenet of whose creed was a denial of the existence of such a place as Hell, and an affirmation of the universal mercy of God, to the intent that all souls should enjoy eternal happiness in the life to come.

For this dangerous heresy the Free Grace Believers were expelled from the Massachusetts Colony, and, after sundry peregrinations, settled at last in the Providence Plantations, upon Pick-a-Neck-a-Sock Point, contiguous to the town of New Hope. There they built themselves a small cluster of huts, and a church wherein to worship; and there for a while they dwelt, earning a precarious livelihood from the ungenerous soil upon which they had established themselves.

As may be supposed, the presence of so strange a people was entertained with no great degree of complaisance by the vicinage, and at last an old deed granting Pick-a-Neck-a-Sock to Captain Isaiah Applebody was revived by the heirs of that renowned Indian-fighter, whereupon the Free Grace Believers were warned to leave their bleak and rocky refuge for some other abiding-place. Accordingly, drawn forth into the world again, they embarked in the snow "Good Companion," of Bristol, for the Province of Pennsylvania, and were afterward heard of no more in these parts. Their vacated houses crumbled away into ruins, and their church tottered to decay.

So at the beginning of those events, upon the narration of which the author now invites the reader to embark together with himself.

A TRUE HISTORY

Of the Devil at Nevv Hope.

By Howard Pyle.

I—How the Devil Haunted the Meeting-House.

At the period of this narrative the settlement of New Hope had grown into a very considerable seaport town, doing an extremely handsome trade with the West Indies in corn meal and dried codfish for sugar, molasses, and rum.

Among the more important citizens of this now wealthy and elegant community, the most notable was Colonel William Belford—a magnate at once distinguished and honored in the civil and military affairs of the colony. This gentleman was an illegitimate son of the Earl of Clandeanie by the daughter of a surgeon of the 67th Regiment of Scots, and he had inherited a very considerable fortune upon the death of his father, from which he now enjoyed a comfortable competency.

Our Colonel made no little virtue of the circumstances of his vexated birth. He was wont to address his father's memory with a sobriety that lent to the fact of his illegitimacy a portentous air of seriousness, and he made no secret of the fact that he was the friend and the confidential correspondent of the present Earl of Clandeanie. In his intercourse with the several Colonial governors he assumed an attitude of authority that only his lineage could have supported him in maintaining, and, possessing a large and commanding presence, he bore himself with a continent reserve that never failed to inspire with awe those whom he saw fit to favor with his conversation.

This noble and distinguished gentleman possessed in a brother an exact and perfect opposite to himself. Captain Obediah Belford was a West Indian, an inhabitant of Kingston in the island of Jamaica. He was a cursing, swearing, hard-drinking renegado from virtue, an acknowledged dealer in negro slaves, and reputed to have been a buccaneer, if not an out-and-out pirate, such as then infested those tropical latitudes in prodigious numbers. He was not unknown in New Hope, which he had visited upon several occasions for a week or so at a time. During each period he lodged with his brother, whose household he scandalized by such freaks as smoking his pipe of tobacco in the parlor, offering questionable pleasantries to the female servants, and cursing and swearing in the hallways with a fecundity and an ingenuity that would have put the most godless sailor about the docks to the blush.

Accordingly, it may then be supposed into what a dismay it threw Colonel Belford when one fine day he received a letter from Captain Obediah in which our West Indian desperado informed his brother that he proposed quitting those torrid latitudes in which he had lived for so long a time, and that he intended thenceforth to make his home in New Hope.

Addressing Colonel Belford as "My dear Billy," he called upon that gentleman to rejoice in this determination, and informed him that he proposed in future to live "as decent a limb of grace as ever broke loose from hell," and added that he was going to fetch as a present for his niece Belinda a "dam pirty little black girl" to carry her prayer-book to church for her.

Accordingly, one fine morning, in pursuance of this promise, our West Indian suddenly appeared at New Hope with a prodigious quantity of chests and travelling-cases, and with so vociferous an acclamation that all the town knew of his arrival within a half hour of that event.

When, however, he presented himself before Colonel Belford, it was to meet with a welcome so frigid and an address so reserved that a douche of cold water could not have quenched his verbosity more entirely. For our great man had no notion to submit to the continued infliction of the West Indian's presence. Accordingly, after the first words of greeting had passed, he addressed Captain Obediah in a strain somewhat after this fashion:

"Indeed, I protest, my dear brother Obediah, it is with the heartiest regrets in the world that I find myself obliged to confess that I cannot offer you a home with myself and my family. It is not alone that your manners displease me—though, as an elder to a younger, I may say to you that we of these more northern latitudes do not entertain the same tastes in such particulars as doubtless obtain in the West Indies—but the habits of my household are of such a nature that I could not hope to form them to your liking. I can, however, offer as my advice that you may find lodgings at the Blue Lion Tavern, which doubtless will be of a sort exactly to fit your inclinations. I have made inquiries, and I am sure you will

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find the very best apartments to be obtained at that excellent hostelry placed at your disposal."

To this astounding address our West Indies could for a moment make no other immediate reply than to open his eyes and to glare upon Colonel Belford, so that, what with his tall lean person, his long neck, his stooping shoulders, and his yellow face stained upon one side an indigo blue by some premature explosion of gunpowder—what with all this and a prodigious hooked beak of a nose, he exactly resembled some hungry predatory bird of prey meditating a pounce upon an unsuspecting victim. At last, finding his voice, and rapping the ferrule of his ivory headed cane upon the floor to emphasize his declaration, he cried out, "What! What! What! Is this the way to offer a welcome to a brother new returned to your house? Why G—d d—nn me! who are you? Are you not a bastard as well as I, who could buy you out twice over and have enough left to live in velvet? Why! Why!—Very well, then, have it your own way, but if I don't grind your face into the mud and roll you into the dirt my name is not Obediah Belford!" Thereupon striving to say more, but finding no fit words for the occasion, he swung upon his heel and incontinently departed, banging the door behind him like a clap of thunder, and cursing and swearing so prodigiously as he strode away down the street that an infernal from the pit could scarcely have exceeded the fury of his maledictions.

However, he so far followed Colonel Belford's advice that he took up his lodgings at the Blue Lion Tavern, where, in a little while, he had gathered about him a court of all such as chose to take advantage of his extravagant bounty. Indeed, he poured out his money with incredible profusion, declaring, with many ingenious and self-consuming oaths, that he could match fortunes with the best two men in New Hope and then have enough left to buy up his brother from his hair to his boot-leathers. He made no secret of the rebuff he had sustained from Colonel Belford, for his grievance clung to him like hot pitch—itching the more he meddled with it. Sometimes his fury was such that he could scarcely contain himself. Upon such occasions, cursing and swearing like an infernal, he would call Heaven to witness that he would live in New Hope if for no other reason than to bring shame to his brother, and he would declare again and again, with incredible variety of expletives, that he would grind his brother's face into the dirt for him.

Accordingly he set himself assiduously at work to tease and torment the good man with every petty and malicious trick his malevolence could invent. He would shout opprobrious words after the other in the streets, to the entertainment of all who heard him; he would parade up and down before Colonel Belford's house singing obstreperous and unseemly songs at the top of his voice; he would even rattle the ferrule of his cane against the palings of the fence, or throw a stone at Madam Belford's cat in the wantonness of his malice.

Meantime he had purchased a considerable tract of land, embracing Pig and Sow Point, and including the old Free Grace Meeting House. Here, he declared, it was his intention to erect a house for himself that should put his brother's wooden shed to shame. Accordingly he presently began the erection of that edifice, so considerable in size and occupying so commanding a situation that it was the admiration of all those parts, and was known to fame as Belford's Palace. This magnificent residence was built entirely of brick, and Captain Obediah made it a boast that the material therefor was brought all the way around from New York in flats. In the erection of this elegant structure all the carpenters and masons in the vicinage were employed, so that it grew up with an amazing rapidity. Meantime, upon the site of the building, rum and Hollands were kept upon draught for all comers, so that the place was made the common resort and the scene for the orgies of all such of the common people as possessed a taste for strong waters, many coming from so far away as Newport to enjoy our captain's prodigality.

Meantime he himself strutted about the streets in his red coat trimmed with gilt braid, his hat cocked upon one side of his bony head, pleasing himself with the belief that he was the object of universal admiration and swelling with a vast and consummate self satisfaction as he boasted, with strident voice and extravagant enunciation, of the magnificence of the palace he was building.

At the same time, having, as he said, shingles to spare, he patched and repaired the old Free Grace Meeting House, so that its gray and hoary exterior, while rejuvenated as to the roof and walls, presented in a little while an appearance as of a sudden eruption of bright yellow shingles upon its aged hide. Nor would our captain offer any other explanation for so odd a freak of fancy than to say that it pleased him to do as he chose with his own.

At last, the great house having been completed, and he himself having entered into it and furnished it to his satisfaction, our Captain presently began entertaining his friends therein with a profuseness of expenditure and an excess of extravagance that were the continued admiration of the whole colony. In more part the guests whom Captain Obediah thus received with so lavish an indulgence were officers or government officials from the garrisons of Newport or of Boston, with whom, by some means or other, he had scraped an acquaintance. At times these gay gentlemen would fairly take possession of the town, parading up and down the street under conduct of their host, staring ladies out of countenance with the utmost coolness and effrontery, and offering loud and critical remarks concerning all that they beheld about them, expressing their opinions with the greatest freedom and jocularity.

Nor were the orgies at Belford's Palace limited to such extravagances as gaming and dicing and drinking; for sometimes the community would be scandalized by the presence of gayly dressed and high-colored ladies, who came, no one knew whence, to enjoy the convivialities at the great house on the hill and concerning whom it pleased the respectable folk of New Hope to entertain the gravest suspicion.

At first these things raised such a smoke that nothing else was to be seen; but by and by other strange and singular circumstances began to be spoken of—at first among the common people. It began to be whispered and then to be said that the old Free Grace Meeting House out on the Point was haunted by the Devil. The first information concerning this dreadful obsession arose from a fisherman, who, coming into the harbor of a nightfall after a stormy day, had, as he affirmed, beheld the old meeting house all of a blaze of light. Some time after, a tinker, making a short-cut from Stapleton by way of the old Indian road, had a view of a similar but a much more remarkable manifestation. This time, as the itinerant most solemnly declared, the meeting-house was not only seen all alight, but a bell was ringing as a signal somewhere off across the darkness of the water, where, as he protested, there suddenly appeared a red star, that, blazing like a meteor with a surpassing brightness for a few seconds, was presently swallowed up into inky darkness again. Upon another occasion a fiddler, returning home after midnight from Sprowle's Neck, seeing the church alight, had, with a temerity inflamed by rum, approached to a nearer distance, whence, lying in the grass, he had, he said, at the stroke of midnight, beheld a multitude of figures emerge from the building, crying most dolorously, and then had heard a voice, as of a lost spirit, calling aloud, "Six-and-twenty, all told!" whereat the light in the church was instantly extinguished into an impenetrable darkness.

It was said that when Captain Obediah himself was first apprised of the suspicions entertained of the demoniacal possession of the old meeting house, he had fixed upon his venturesome informant so threatening and malicious a gaze that the other could move neither hand nor foot under the malignant fury of his observation. Then, at last, clearing his countenance of its terrors, he had burst into a great, loud laugh, crying out, "Well, what then? Why not? You must know that the Devil and I have been very good friends in times past. I saw a deal of him in the West Indies, and I must tell you that I built up the old meeting house again so that he and I could talk together now and then about old times without having a lot of d—d, dried, codfish-eating, rum drinking Yankee bacon-chewers to listen to every word we had to say to each other. If you must know, it was only last night that the ghost of Jezebel and I danced a fandango together in the graveyard up yonder, while the Devil himself sat cross-legged on old Daniel Root's tombstone and blew on a dry, dusty shank-bone by way of a flute. And now" (here he swore a terrific oath) "you know the worst that is to be known, with only this to say: If ever a man sets foot upon Pig and Sow Point again after nightfall to interfere with the Devil's sport and mine, he'll suffer for it as sure as fire can burn or brimstone can scorch. So put that in your pipe and smoke it."

These terrible words, however extravagant, were, to be sure, in the nature of a direct confirmation of the very worst suspicion that could have been entertained concerning this dolorous affair. But if any further doubt lingered as to the significance of such malevolent rumors, Captain Obediah himself soon put an end to the same.

The Reverend Josiah Pettibones was used of a Saturday to take supper at Colonel Belford's elegant residence. It was upon such an occasion, and the reverend gentleman and his honored host were smoking a pipe of tobacco together in the library, when there fell a loud and importunate knocking at the house door, and presently the servant came ushering no less a personage than Captain Obediah himself. After directing a most cunning, mischievous look at his brother, Captain Obediah addressed himself directly to the Reverend Mr Pettibones, folding his hands with a most indescribable air of mock humility. "Sir," says he—"Reverend sir, you see before you a humble and penitent sinner, who has fallen so desperately deep into iniquities that he knows not whether even so profound piety as yours can elevate him out of the pit in which he finds himself. Sir, it has got about the town that the Devil has taken possession of my old meeting house, and, alas! I have to confess—*that it is the truth*." Here our Captain hung his head down upon his breast as though overwhelmed with the terrible communication he had made.

"What is this that I hear?" cried the reverend gentleman. "Can I believe my ears?"

"Believe your ears!" exclaimed Colonel Belford. "To be sure you cannot believe your ears. Do you not see that this is a preposterous lie, and that he is telling it to you to tease and to mortify me?"

At this Captain Obediah favored his brother with a look of exaggerated and sanctimonious humility. "Alas, brother," he cried out, "for accusing me so unjustly! Fie upon you! Would you check a penitent in his confession? But you must know that it is to this gentleman that I address myself, and not to you." Then directing his discourse once more to the Reverend Mr Pettibones, he resumed his address thus: "Sir, you must know that whilst I was in the West Indies I embarked, amongst other things, in one of those ventures against the Spanish Main of which you may have heard."

"Do you mean piracy?" asked the Reverend Pettibones, and Captain Obediah nodded his head.

"'Tis a lie!" cried Colonel Belford, smacking his hand upon the table. "He never possessed spirit enough for anything so dangerous as piracy or more mischievous than slave trading."

"Sir," quoth Captain Obediah to the reverend gentleman, "again I say 'tis to you I address my confession. Well, sir, one day we sighted a Spanish caravel very rich indeed with a prodigious quantity of plate, but were without so much as a capful of wind to fetch us up with her. 'I would,' says I, 'offer the Devil my soul for a bit of a breeze to bring us alongside.' 'Done,' says a voice beside me, and—alas that I must confess it!—there I saw a man with a very dark countenance, whom I had never before beheld aboard of our ship. 'Sign this,' says he, 'and the breeze is yours.' 'What is it upon the pen?' says I. ''Tis blood,' says he. Alas, sir! what was a poor wretch so tempted as I to do?"

"And did you sign?" asked Mr Pettibones, all agog to hear the conclusion of so strange a narration.

"Woe is me, sir, that I should have done so!" quoth Captain Obediah, rolling his eyes until little but the whites of them were to be seen.

"And did you catch the Spanish ship?"

"That we did, sir, and stripped her as clean as a whistle."

"'Tis all a prodigious lie!" cried Colonel Belford, in a fury. "Sir, can you sit so complacently and be made a fool of by so extravagant a fable?"

"Indeed it is unbelievable," said Mr Pettibones.

At this faint reply, Captain Obediah burst out laughing, then resuming his narrative—"Indeed, sir," he declared, "you may believe me or not, as you please. Nevertheless, I may tell you that, having so obtained my prize, and having time to think coolly over the bargain I had made, I says to myself, says I: 'Obediah Belford! Obediah Belford, here is a pretty pickle you are in. 'Tis time you quit these parts and lived decent, or else you are damned to all eternity.' And so I came hither to New Hope, reverend sir, hoping to end my days in quiet. Alas, sir! would you believe it? scarce had I finished my fine new house up at the Point when hither comes that evil being to whom I had sold my sorrowful soul. 'Obediah,' says he, 'Obediah Belford, I have a mind to live in New Hope also.' 'Where?' says I. 'Well,' says he, 'you may patch up the old meeting house, 'twill serve my turn for a while.' 'Well,' thinks I to myself, 'there can be no harm in that.' And so I did as he bade me—and would not you do as much for one who had served you so well? Alas, your reverence! there he is now, and I cannot get rid of him, and 'tis over the whole town that he has the meeting-house in possession."

"'Tis an incredible story," cried the Reverend Pettibones.

"'Tis a lie from beginning to end!" cried the Colonel.

"And now how shall I get myself out of my pickle?" asked Captain Obediah.

"Sir," said Mr Pettibones, "if what you tell me is true, 'tis beyond my poor powers to aid you."

"Alas!" cried Captain Obediah. "Alas! alas! Then, indeed, I'm damned!" And therewith flinging his arms into the air as though in the extremity of despair, he turned and incontinently departed, rushing forth out of the house as though stung by ten thousand furies.

It was the most prodigious piece of gossip that ever the Reverend Josiah had to fall into his way, and for a fortnight he carried it with him wherever he went. "'Twas the most unbelievable tale I ever heard," he would cry. "And yet where there is so much smoke there must be some fire. As for the poor wretch, if ever I saw a lost soul I beheld him standing before me there in Colonel Belford's library." And then he would conclude: "Yes, yes, 'tis incredible and past all belief. But if it be true in ever so little a part, why, then there is justice in this—that the Devil should take possession of the sanctuary of that very heresy that would not only have denied him the power that every other Christian belief assigns to him, but would have destroyed that infernal habitation that hath been his dwelling-place for all eternity."

As for Captain Belford, if he desired privacy for himself upon Pig and Sow Point, he had taken the very best means to prevent the curious from spying upon him there after nightfall.

II—How the Devil Stole the Collector's Snuff-Box.

LIEUTENANT THOMAS GOODHOUSE was the Collector of Customs in the town of New Hope. He was a character of no little notoriety in those parts, enjoying the reputation of being able to consume more pineapple rum with less effect upon his balance than any other man in the community. He possessed the voice of a stentor, a short, thick-set, broad shouldered person, a face congested to a violent carnation, and red hair of such a color as to add infinitely to the consuming fire of his countenance.

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The Custom Office was a little white frame building with green shutters, and overhanging the water as though to topple into the tide. Here at any time of the day betwixt the hours of ten in the morning and of five in the afternoon the Collector was to be found at his desk smoking his pipe of tobacco, the while a thin, phthisical clerk bent with unrelaxing assiduity over a multitude of account books and papers accumulated before him.

For his post of Collectorship of the Royal Customs, Lieutenant Goodhouse was especially indebted to the patronage of Colonel Belford. The worthy Collector had, some years before, come to that gentleman with a written recommendation from the Earl of Clandennie of a very unusual sort. It was the Lieutenant's good fortune to save the life of the Honourable Frederick Dunburne, second son of the Earl—a wild, rakish, undisciplined youth, much given to such mischievous enterprises as the twisting off of door knockers, the beating of the watch, and the carrying away of tavern signs.

Having been a very famous swimmer at Eton, the Honourable Frederick undertook while at the Cowes to swim a certain considerable distance for a wager. In the midst of this enterprise he was suddenly seized with a cramp, and would inevitably have drowned had not the Lieutenant, who happened in a boat close at hand, leaped overboard and rescued the young gentleman from the watery grave in which he was about to be engulfed, thus restoring him once more to the arms of his grateful family.

For this fortunate act of rescue the Earl of Clandennie presented to his son's preserver a gold snuff box filled with guineas, and inscribed with the following legend:

To Lieutenant Thomas Goodhouse,
who, under the Ruling of Beneficent Providence,
was the Happy Preserver of a Beautiful and
Precious Life of Virtuous [illegible],
this Box is presented by the Father of Him whom He saved
as a grateful acknowledgment of his Services
Thomas Melbourne Dunburne, Viscount of
Dunburne and Earl of Clandennie
August 17, 1753.

Having thus satisfied the immediate demands of his gratitude, it is very possible that the Earl of Clandennie did not choose to assume so great a responsibility as the future of his son's preserver entailed. Nevertheless, feeling that something should be done for him he obtained for Lieutenant Goodhouse a passage to the Americas, and wrote him a strong letter of recommendation to Colonel Belford. That gentleman, desiring to please the legitimate head of his family, used his influence so successfully that the Lieutenant was presently granted the position of Collector of Customs in the place of Captain Maull, who had lately deceased.

The Lieutenant, somewhat to the surprise of his patrons, filled his new official position as Collector not only with vigor, but with a not unbecoming dignity. He possessed an infinite appreciation of the responsibilities of his office, and he was more jealous to collect every farthing of the royal duties than he would have been had those moneys been gathered for his own emolument.

Under the old Collectorship of Captain Maull, it was no unusual thing for a barrico of superfine Hollands, a bolt of silk cloth, or a keg of brandy to find its way into the house of some influential merchant or Colonial dignitary. But in no such manner was Lieutenant Goodhouse derelict in his duties. He would have sacrificed his dearest friendship or his most precious attachment rather than fail in his duties to the Crown. In the intermission of his duties it might please him to relax into the softer humors of conviviality, but at ten o'clock in the morning, whatever his condition of sobriety, he assumed at once all the sterner panoply of a Collector of the Royal Customs.

Thus he set his virtues against his vices, and struck an even balance between them. When most unsteady upon his legs he most asserted his integrity, declaring that not a gill or a thread came into his port without paying its duty, and calling Heaven to witness that it had been his hand that had saved the life of a noble young gentleman. Thereupon, perhaps, drawing forth the gleaming token of his prowess—the gold snuff box—from his breeches pocket, and holding it tight in his brown and hairy fist, he would first offer his interlocutor a pinch of rappee, and would then call upon him to read the inscription engraved upon the lid of the case, demanding to know whether it mattered a fig if a man did drink a drop too much now and then, provided he collected every farthing of the royal revenues, and had been the means of saving the son of the Earl of Clandennie.

Never for an instant upon such an occasion would he permit his precious box to quit his possession. It was to him an emblem of those virtues that no one knew but himself, wherefore the more he misdoubted his own virtuousness the more valuable did the token of that rectitude become in his eyes. "Yes, you may look at it," he would say, "but damme if you shall handle it. I would not," he would cry, "let the Devil himself take it out of my hands."

The talk concerning the impious possession of the old Free Grace Meeting House was at its height when the official consciousness of the Collector, who was just then laboring under his constitutional infirmity, became suddenly seized with an irrepressible alarm. He declared that he smoked something worse than the Devil upon Pig and Sow Point, and protested that it was his opinion that Captain Obediah was doing a bit of free trade upon his own account, and that dutiable goods were being smuggled in at night under cover of these incredible stories. He registered a vow, sealing it with the most solemn protestations, and with a multiplicity of ingenious oaths that only a mind stimulated by the heat of intoxication could have invented, that he would make it his business, upon the first occasion that offered, to go down to Pig and Sow Point and to discover for himself whether it was the Devil or smugglers that had taken possession of the old Free Grace Meeting House. Thereupon, hauling out his precious snuff box and rapping upon the lid, he offered a pinch around. Then calling attention to the inscription, he demanded to know whether a man who had behaved so well upon that occasion had need to be afraid of a whole churchful of devils. "I would," he cried, "offer the Devil a pinch, as I have offered it to you. Then I would bid him read this and tell me whether he dared to say that black was the white of my eye."

Nor were these words a vain boast upon the Collector's part, for, before a week had passed, it being reported that there had been a renewal of manifestations at the old church, the Collector, finding nobody with sufficient courage to accompany him, himself entered into a small boat and rowed down alone to Pig and Sow Point to investigate, for his own satisfaction, those appearances that so agitated the community.

It was dusk when the Collector departed upon that memorable and solitary expedition, and it was entirely dark before he had reached its conclusion. He had taken with him a bottle of Extra Reserve rum to drive, as he declared, the chill out of his bones. Accordingly it seemed to him to be a surprisingly brief interval before he found himself floating in his boat under the impenetrable shadow of the rocky promontory. The profound and infinite gloom of night overhung him with a portentous darkness, melting only into a liquid obscurity as it touched and dissolved into the stretch of waters across the bay. But above, on the high and rugged shoulder of the Point, the Collector, with dulled and swimming vision beheld a row of dim and lurid lights, whereupon, collecting his faculties, he opined that the radiance he beheld was emitted from the windows of the old Free Grace Meeting-House.

Having made fast his boat with a drunken gravity, the Collector walked directly, though with uncertain steps, up the steep and rugged path toward that mysterious illumination. Now and then he stumbled over the stones and cobbles that lay in his way, but he never quite lost his balance, neither did he for a moment remit his drunken gravity. So with a befuddled and obstinate perseverance he reached at last to the conclusion of his adventure, and of his fate.

The old meeting house was two stories in height, the lower story having been formerly used by the Free Grace Believers as a place wherein to celebrate certain obscure mysteries appertaining to their belief. The upper story, devoted to the more ordinary worship of their Sunday meetings, was reached by a tall, steep flight of steps from the ground that led to a covered porch which sheltered the doorway.

The Collector paused only long enough to observe that the shutters of the lower story were tight shut and barred, and that the dull and lurid light shone from the windows above. Then he directly mounted the steps with a courage and a perfect assurance that can only be entirely enjoyed by one in his peculiar condition of inebriety.

He paused to knock at the door, and it appeared to him that his knuckles had hardly fallen upon the panel before the valve was flung suddenly open. An indescribable and heavy odor fell upon him and for the moment overpowered his senses, and he found himself standing face to face with a figure prodigiously and portentously tall.

Even at this unexpected apparition the Collector lost possession of no part of his courage. Rather he stiffened himself to a more stubborn and obstinate resolution. Steadying himself for his address, "I know very well," quoth he, "who you are. You are the Divil, I dare say, but damme if you shall do business here without paying your duties to King George. I may drink a drop too much," he cried, "but I collect my duties—every farthing of 'em." Then drawing forth his snuff box, he thrust it under the nose of the being to whom he spoke. "Take a pinch and read that," he roared, "but don't handle it, for I wouldn't take all hell to let it out of my hand."

The being whom he addressed had stood for all this while as though bereft of speech and of movement, but at these last words he appeared to find his voice, for he gave forth a sudden bellow of so dreadful and terrible a sort that the Collector, brave as he found himself, stepped back a pace or two before it. The next instant he was struck upon the wrist as though by a bolt of lightning, and the snuff box, describing a yellow circle against the light of the door, disappeared into the darkness of the night beyond. Ere he could recover himself another blow smote him upon the breast, and he fell headlong from the platform, as though into infinite space.

The next day the Collector did not present himself at the office at his accustomed hour, and the morning wore along without his appearing at his desk. By noon serious alarm began to take possession of the community, and about two o'clock, the tide being then set out pretty strong, Mr. Tompkins, the consumptive clerk, and two sailors from the *Sarah Goodrich*, then lying at Mr. Hopples's wharf, went down in a yawl-boat to learn, if possible, what had befallen him. They coasted along the Point for above a half-hour before they discovered any vestige of the missing Collector. Then at last they saw him lying at a little distance upon a cobbled strip of beach, where, judging from his position and from the way he had composed himself to rest, he appeared to have been overcome by liquor.

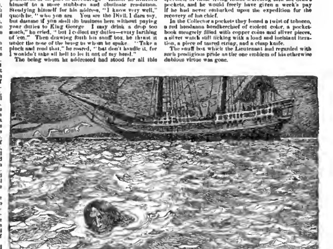
At this place Mr. Tompkins put ashore, and making the best of his way over the slippery stones exposed at low water, came at last to where his chief was lying. The Collector was reposing with one arm over his eyes, as though to shelter them from the sun, but as soon as Mr. Tompkins had approached close enough to see his countenance, he uttered a great cry that was like a scream. For, by the blue and livid lips parted at the corners to show the yellow teeth, from the waxy whiteness of the fat and hairy hands—in short, from the appearance of the whole figure, he was aware in an instant that the Collector was dead.

His cry brought the two sailors running. They, with the utmost coolness imaginable, turned the Collector over, but discovered no marks of violence upon him, till of a sudden one of them called attention to the fact that his neck was broke. Upon this the other opined that he had fallen among the rocks and twisted his neck.

The two mariners then made an investigation of his pockets, the clerk standing by the while paralyzed with horror, his face the color of dough, his scalp creeping, and his hands and fingers twitching as though with the palsy. For there was something indescribably dreadful in the spectacle of those living hands searching into the dead's pockets, and he would freely have given a week's pay if he had never embarked upon the expedition for the recovery of his chief.

In the Collector's pockets they found a twist of tobacco, a red bandanna handkerchief of violent color, a pocket-book meagrely filled with copper coins and silver pieces, a silver watch still ticking with a loud and insistant iteration, a piece of tarred string, and a clasp knife.

The snuff box which the Lieutenant had regarded with such prodigious pride as the one emblem of his otherwise dubious virtue was gone.



III—The Strange Adventures of a Young Gentleman of Quality.

THE Honorable Frederick Dunburne, second son of the Earl of Clandennie, having won some six hundred pounds at écarté at a single sitting at Pinzenelli's, embarked with his two friends, Captain Blessington and Lord George Fitzhope, to conclude the night with a round of final dissipation in the more remote parts of London. Accordingly they embarked at York Stairs for the Three Cranes ripe for any mischief. Upon the water the three young gentlemen amused themselves by shouting and singing, pausing only now and then to discharge a broadside of raillery at the occupants of some other and passing boat.

All went very well for a while, some of those in the passing boats laughing and railing in return, others shouting out angry replies. At last they fell in with a broad-beamed, flat nosed, Dutch appearing yawl boat, pulling heavily up against the stream, and loaded with a crew of half drunken sailors just come into port. In reply to the challenge of our young gentlemen, a man in the stern of the other boat, who appeared to be the captain of the crew—a fellow, as Dunburne could indefinitely perceive by the dim light of the lanthorn and the faint illumination of the misty half moon, possessing a great, coarse red face and a bullet head surmounted by a mildewed and mangy fur cap—hauled out, in reply, that if they would only put their boat near enough for a minute or two he would give them a bellyful of something that would make them quiet for the rest of the night. He added that he would ask for nothing better than to have the opportunity of beating Dunburne's head to a pudding, and that he would give a crown to have the three of them within arm's reach for a minute.

Upon this Captain Blessington swore that he should be immediately accommodated, and therewith delivered an order to that effect to the watermen. These obeyed so promptly that almost before Dunburne was aware of what had happened the two boats were side by side with hardly a foot of space between the gunwales. Dunburne beheld one of the watermen of his own boat knock down one of the crew of the other with the blade of an oar, and then he himself was clutched by the collar in the grasp of the man with the fur cap. Him Dunburne struck twice in the face, and in the moonlight he saw that he had started the blood to running down from his assailant's nose. But

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his blows produced no other effect than to call forth a volley of the most horrible oaths that ever greeted his ears. Thereupon the boats drifted so far apart that our young gentleman was hauled over the gunwale and soused in the cold water of the river. The next moment some one struck him upon the head with a belaying pin or a billet of wood, a blow so crushing that the darkness seemed to split asunder with a prodigious flaming of lights and a myriad of circling stars, which presently disappeared into the profound and utter darkness of insensibility.

How long this swoon continued our young gentleman could never tell, but when he regained as much of his consciousness as to be aware of the things about him, he beheld himself to be confined in a room, the walls whereof were yellow and greasy with dirt, he himself having been laid upon a bed so foul and so displeasing to his taste that he could not but regret the swoon from which he had emerged into consciousness. Looking down at his person, he beheld that his clothes had all been taken away from him, and that he was now clad in a shirt with only one sleeve, and a pair of breeches so tattered that they barely covered his nakedness.

While he lay thus, dismally depressed by so sad a pickle as that into which he found himself plunged, he was strongly and painfully aware of an uproarious babble of loud and drunken voices and a continual clinking of glasses, which appeared to sound as from a tap-room beneath, these commingled now and then with oaths and scraps of descordant song bellowed out above the hubbub. His wounded head beat with tremendous and straining painfulness, as though it would burst asunder, and he was possessed by a burning thirst that seemed to consume his very vitals. He called aloud, and in reply a fat, one-eyed woman came, fetching him something to drink in a cup. This he swallowed with avidity, and thereupon (the liquor perhaps having been drugged) he dropped off into unconsciousness once more.

When at last he emerged for a second time into the light of reason, it was to find himself aboard a brig—the *Prophet Daniel*, he discovered her name to be—bound for Baltimore, in the Americas, and there pitching and plunging upon a westerly running stern-sea, and before a strong wind that drove the vessel with enormous velocity upon its course for those remote and unknown countries for which it was bound. The fund was still in sight both astern and abeam, but before him lay the boundless and tremendously infinite stretch of the ocean. Dunburne found himself still to be clad in the one-armed shirt and tattered breeches that had adorned him in the house of the crimp in which he had first awakened. Now, however, an old tattered hat with only a part of the crown had been added to his costume. As though to complete the sad disorder of his appearance, he discovered, upon passing his hand over his countenance, that his beard and hair had started a bristling growth, and that the lump on his crown—which was even yet as big as a walnut—was still patched with pieces of dirty sticking plaster. Indeed, had he but known it, he presented an miserable an appearance as the most miserable of those wretches who were daily ravished from the slums and streets of the great cities to be shipped to the Americas. Not was he a long time in discovering that he was now one of the several such indentured servants who, upon the conclusion of their voyage, were to be sold for their passage in the plantations of Maryland.

Having learned so much of his miserable fate, and being now able to make shift to walk (though with weak and stumbling steps), our young gentleman lost no time in seeking the captain, to whom he endeavored to explain the several accidents that had befallen him, acknowledging that he was the second son of the Earl of Clandennis, and declaring that if he, the captain, would put the *Prophet Daniel* back into some English port again, his lordship would make it well worth his while to lose as much time for the sake of one so dear as a second son. To this address the captain, supposing him either to be drunk or disordered in his mind, made no other reply than to knock him incontinently down upon the deck, bidding him return forward where he belonged.

Thereafter poor Dunburne found himself enjoying the reputation of a harmless madman. The name of the Earl of Rags was bestowed upon him, and the miserable companions of his wretched plight were never tired of tempting him to recount his adventures, for the sake of entertaining themselves by teasing that which they supposed to be his hapless mania.

Nor is it easy to conceive of all the torments that those miserable, obscene wretches were able to inflict upon him.

Under the teasing sting of his companions' malevolent pleasantries, there were times when Dunburne might, as he confessed to himself, have committed a murder with the greatest satisfaction in the world. However, he was endowed with no small command of self-restraint, so that he was still able to curb his passions within the bounds of reason and of policy. He was, fortunately, a complete master of the French and Italian languages, so that when the fury of his irritation would become too excessive for him to control, he would ease his spirits by nauseating his tormentors with a consuming verbosity in those foreign tongues, which, had his companions understood a single word of that which he uttered, would have earned for him a beating that would have landed him within an inch of his life. However, they attributed all that he said to the irrational gibbering of a maniac.

About midway of their voyage the *Prophet Daniel* encountered a tremendous storm, which drove her so far out of the captain's reckoning that when land was sighted, in the afternoon of a tempestuous day in the latter part of August, the first mate, who had been for some years in the New England trade, opined that it was the coast of Rhode Island, and that if the captain chose to do so he might run into New Hope Harbor and lie there until the southeaster had blown itself out. This advice the captain immediately put into execution, so that by night fall they had dropped anchor in the comparative quiet of that excellent harbor.

Dunburne was a most excellent and practised swimmer. That evening, when the dusk had pretty all fallen, he jumped overboard, dived under the brig, and came up on the other side. Thus leaving all hands aboard looking for him or for his dead body at the starboard side of the *Prophet Daniel*, he himself swam slowly away to the larboard. Now partly under water, now floating on his back, he directed his course toward a point of land about a mile away, whereon, as he had observed before the dark had settled down, there stood an old wooden building resembling a church and a great brick house with tall, lean chimneys at a little further distance inland.

The intemperate cold of the water of those parts of America was as much more excessive than Dunburne had been used to swim in that when he dragged himself out upon the rocky, bowlder-strewn beach he lay for a considerable time more dead than alive. His limbs appeared to possess hardly any vitality, so benumbed were they by the icy chill, that had entered into the very marrow of his bones. Nor did he for a long while recover from this excessive rigor, his limbs still continued at intervals to twitch and shudder as with a convulsion, nor could he at such times at all control their trembling. At last, however, with a huge sigh, he aroused himself to some perception of his surroundings, which he acknowledged were of as dispiriting a sort as he could well have conceived of. His recovering senses were distracted by a ceaseless watery din, for the breaking waves, rushing with a prodigious swiftness from the harbor to the shore before the driving wind, fell with uproarious crashing into white foam among the rocks. Above this watery tumult spread the wet gloom of the night, full of the blackness and pelting chill of a fine slanting rain.

Through this shroud of mist and gloom Dunburne at last distinguished a faint light, blurred by the sheets of rain and darkness, and shining as though from a considerable distance. Cheered by this nearer presence of human life, our young gentleman presently gathered his benumbed powers together, arose, and after a while began slowly and feebly to climb a stony hill that lay between the rocky beach and that faint but encouraging illumination.

So, sorely buffeted by the tempest, he at last reached the black square form of that structure from which the light shone. The building he perceived to be a little wooden church of two stories in height. The shutters of the lower story were tight fastened, as though bolted from within. Those above were open, and from them issued the light that had guided him in his approach from the beach. A tall flight of wooden steps, wet in the rain, reached to a small enclosed porch or vestibule, whence a door, now tight shut, gave ingress into the second story of the church.

Thence, as Dunburne stood without, he could now distinguish the dull muttering of a man's voice, which he opined might be that of the preacher. Our young gentleman, as may be supposed, was in a wretched plight. He was ragged and unshaven, his only clothing was the miserable shirt and tatterdemalion breeches that had served him as shelter throughout the long voyage. These abominable garments were now wet to the skin, and so displeasing was his appearance that he was forced to acknowledge to himself that he did not possess enough of humility to avow so great a misery to the light and to the eyes of strangers. Accordingly, finding some shelter afforded by the vestibule of the church, he crouched there in a corner, huddling his rags about him, and finding a certain poor warmth in thus hiding away from the buffeting of the cold and penetrating wind.

As he so crouched he presently became aware of the sound of many voices, dull and groaning, coming from within the edifice, and then—now and again—the clanking as of a multitude of chains. Then of a sudden, and unexpectedly, the door near him was flung wide open, and a faint glow of reddish light fell across the passage. Instantly the figure of a man came forth, and following him came, not a congregation, as Dunburne might have supposed, but a most doleful company of nearly, or quite, naked men and women, outlined blackly, as they emerged, against the dull illumination from behind. These wretched beings, sighing and groaning most piteously, with a monotonous wailing of many voices, were chained by the wrist, two and two together, and as they passed by close to Dunburne, his nostrils were overpowered by a heavy and fetid odor, that came partly from within the building, partly from the wretched creatures that passed him by.

As the last of these miserable beings came forth from the bowels of that dreadful place, a loud voice, as near to Dunburne as to startle his ears with its sudden exclamation, cried out, "Six-and-twenty, all told," and the rest instantly the dull light from within was quenched into darkness.

In the gloom and the silence that followed, Dunburne could hear for a while nothing but the dash of the rain upon the roof and the ceaseless drip and trickle of the water running from the eaves into the puddles beneath the building.

Then as he stood, still marvelling at what he had seen, there suddenly came a loud and startling crash, as of a trap-door let fall into its place. A faint circle of light shone within the darkness of the building, so though from a lantern carried in a man's hands. There was a sound of jingling, as of keys, of approaching footsteps, and of voices talking together, and presently there came out into the vestibule the dark figures of two men, one of them carrying a ship's lantern. One of these figures closed and locked the door behind him, and then both were about to turn away without having observed Dunburne, when, of a sudden, a circle from the roof of the lantern lit up his pale and melancholy face, and he instantly became aware that his presence had been discovered.

The next moment the lantern was flung up almost into his eyes, and in the light he saw the sharp round rim of a pistol barrel directed immediately against his forehead.

In that moment our young gentleman's life hung as a hair in the balance. In the intense instant of expectancy his brain appeared to expand as a bubble, and his ears tingled and hummed as though a cloud of flies were buzzing therein. Then suddenly a voice smote like a blow upon the silence—"Who are you, and what d'ye want?"

"Indeed," said Dunburne, "I do not know."

"What do you do here?"

"Nor do I know that, either."

He who held the lantern lifted it so that the illumination fell still more fully upon Dunburne's face and person. Then his interlocutor demanded, "How did you come here?"

Upon the moment Dunburne determined to answer so much of the truth as the question required. "Thus by no fault of my own," he cried. "I was knocked on the head and kidnapped in England, with the design of being sold in Baltimore. The vessel that fetched me put into the harbor over yonder to wait for good weather, and I jumped overboard and swam ashore, to stumble into the cursed pickle in which I now find myself."

"Have you, then, an education? To be sure, you talk so."

"Indeed I have," said Dunburne—"a decent enough education to fit me for a gentleman, if the opportunity offered. But what of that?" he exclaimed, desperately. "I might as well have no more learning than a beggar under the bush, for all the good it does me."

The other once more flashed the light of his lantern over our young gentleman's miserable and barefoot figure. "I had a mind," says he, "to blow your brains out against the wall. I have a notion now, however, to turn you to some use instead, so I'll just spare your life for a little while, till I see how you behave."

He spoke with so much mate of jocularity than he had heretofore used that Dunburne recovered to great part his dawning assurance. "I am infinitely obliged to you," he cried, "for sparing my brains; but I protest I doubt if you will ever find as good an opportunity again to murder me as you have just enjoyed."

This speech seemed to tickle his interlocutor prodigiously, for he burst into a loud and boisterous laugh, under cover of which he thrust his pistol back into his coat pocket again. "Come with me, and I'll fit you with victuals and decent clothes, of both of which you appear to stand in no little need," he said. Thereupon, and without another word, he turned and quitted the place, accompanied by his companion, who for all this time had uttered not a single sound. A little way from the church these two parted company, with only a brief word spoken between them.

Dunburne's interlocutor, with our young gentleman following close behind him, led the way in silence for a considerable distance through the long wet grass and the tempestuous darkness, until at last, still in unbroken silence, they reached the confines of an enclosure, and presently stood before a large and imposing house built of brick.

Dunburne's mysterious guide, still carrying the lantern, conducted him directly up a broad flight of steps, and opening the door, ushered him into a hallway of no inconsiderable pretensions. Thence he led the way to a dining room beyond, where our young gentleman observed a long mahogany table, and a sideboard of carved mahogany illuminated by three or four candles. In answer to the call of his conductor, a negro servant appeared, whom the master of the house ordered to fetch some bread and cheese and a bottle of rum for his wretched guest. While the servant was gone to execute the commission the master seated himself at his ease and favored Dunburne with a long and most minute regard. Then he suddenly asked our young gentleman what was his name.

Upon the instant Dunburne did not offer a reply to this interrogation. He had been so miserably abused when he had told the truth upon the voyage that he knew not now whether to confess or deny his identity. He possessed no great aptitude at lying, so that it was with no little hesitation that he determined to maintain his incognito. Having reached this conclusion, he answered his host that his name was Tom Robinson. The other, however, appeared to notice neither his hesitation nor the name which he had seen fit to assume. Instead, he appeared to be lost in a reverie, which he broke only to bid our young gentleman to sit down and tell the story of the several adventures that had befallen him. He advised him to leave nothing untold, however shameful it might be. "Be assured," said he, "that no matter what crimes you may have committed, the more intolerable your wickedness, the better you will please me for the purpose I have in view."

Being thus encouraged, and having already embarked in disingenuously, our young gentleman, desiring to please his host, began at random a tale composed in great part of what he recollected of the story of *Colonel Jack*, seasoned occasionally with extracts from Mr. Smollett's ingenious novel of *Ferdinand, Count Fathom*. There was hardly a petty crime or a mean action mentioned in either of these entertaining fictions that he was not willing to attribute to himself. Meanwhile he discovered, to his surprise, that lying was not really so difficult an art as he had supposed it to be. His host listened for a considerable while in silence, but at last he was obliged to call upon his penitent to stop. "To tell you the truth, Mr. What'e-name," he cried, "I do not believe a single word you are telling me. However, I am satisfied that in you I have discovered, as I have every reason to hope, one of the most preposterous liars I have for a long time fell in with. Indeed, I protest that any one who can with so steady a countenance lie so tremendously as you have just done may be capable, if not of a great crime, at least of so inconsiderable deceit, and perhaps of treachery. If this be so, you will suit my purposes very well, though I would rather have had you an escaped criminal or a murderer or a thief."

"Sir," said Dunburne, very seriously, "I am sorry that I am not more to your mind. As you say, I can, I find, lie very easily, and if you will give me sufficient time, I dare say I can become sufficiently expert in other and more criminal matters to please even your fancy. I cannot, I fear, commit a murder, nor would I choose to embark upon an attempt at arson; but I could really learn to cheat at cards, or I could, if it would please you better, make shift to forge your own name to a bill for a hundred pounds. I confess, however, I am entirely in the dark as to why you choose to have me enjoy so evil a reputation."

At these words the other burst into a great and vociferous laugh. "I protest," he cried, "you are the coolest rascal ever I fell in with. But come," he added, sobering suddenly, "what did you say was your name?"

"I declare, sir," said Dunburne with the most ingenuous frankness, "I have clean forgot. Was it Tom or John Robinson?"

Again the other burst out laughing. "Well," he said, "dammee, what does it matter? Thomas or John or any of the twelve—'tis all one. I see that you are a ragged, lousy beggar, and I believe you to be a runaway servant. Even if that is the worst to be said of you, you will suit me very well. As for a name, I myself will fit you with one, and it shall be of the best. I will give you a home here in the house, and will for three months clothe you like a lord. You shall live upon the best, and shall meet plenty of the genteelest company the Colonies can afford. All

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that I demand of you in that you shall do exactly as I tell you for the three months that I so entertain you. Come. Is it a bargain?"

Dunburne sat for a while thinking very seriously. "First of all," said he, "I must know what is the name you have a mind to bestow upon me."

The other looked distrustfully at him for a time, and then, as though suddenly fetching up resolution, he cried out: "Well, what then? What of it? Why should I be afraid? I'll tell you. Your name shall be Frederick Dunburne, and you shall be the second son of the Earl of Clandennie."

Had a thunder bolt fallen from heaven at Dunburne's feet he could not have been struck more entirely dumb than he was at those astounding words. He knew not for the moment where to look or what to think. At that instant the negro man came into the room, fetching the bottle of rum and the bread and cheese he had been sent for. As the sound of his entrance struck upon our young gentleman's senses he came to himself with the shock, and suddenly exploded into a burst of laughter so shrill and discordant that Captain Obediah sat staring at him as though he believed his ragged benefactor had gone clean out of his senses.

IV—A Romantic Episode in the Life of a Young Lady.

MISS BELINDA BELFORD, the daughter and only child of Colonel William Belford, was a young lady possessed of no small pretensions to personal charms of the most exalted order. Indeed, many excellent judges in such matters regarded her, without doubt, as the reigning belle of the Northern Colonies. Of a medium height, of a slight but generously rounded figure, she bore herself with an indescribable grace and dignity of carriage. Her hair, which was occasionally permitted to curl in ringlets upon her snowy neck, was of a brown so dark and so soft as at times to deceive the admiring observer into a belief that it was black. Her eyes, like wise of a dark brown color, were of a most melting and liquid lustre, her nose, though slight, was sufficiently high and modelled with so exquisite a delicacy as to lend an exceeding charm to her whole countenance. She was easily the belle of every assembly which she graced with her presence, and her name was the toast of every garrison town of the Northern provinces.

Madam Belford and her lovely daughter were engaged one pleasant morning in entertaining a number of friends, in the genteel English manner, with a dish of tea and a bit of gossip. Upon this charming company Colonel Belford suddenly intruded, his countenance displaying an excessive though not displeasing agitation.

"My dear! my dear!" he cried, "what a piece of news have I for you! It is incredible and past all belief! Who, ladies do you suppose is here in New Hope? Nay, you cannot guess, I shall have to enlighten you. 'Tis none other than Frederick Dunburne, my lordship's second son. Yes, you may well look amazed. I saw and spoke with him this very morning, and that not above a half hour ago. He is travelling incognito, but my brother Obediah discovered his identity, and is now entertaining him at his new house upon the Point. A large party of young officers from the garrison are there, all very gay with cards and dice, I am told. My noble young gentleman knew me as soon as he clapped eyes upon me. 'This,' says he, 'if I am not mistook, must be Colonel Belford, my father's honored friend.' He is," exclaimed the speaker, "a most interesting and ingenuous youth, with extremely lively and elegant manners, and a person exactly resembling that of his dear and honored father."

It may be supposed into what a flutter this piece of news cast those who heard it. "My dear," cried Madam Belford, as soon as the first extravagance of the general surprise had passed by to an easier acceptance of Colonel Belford's tidings—"my dear, why did you not bring him with you to present him to us all? What an opportunity have you lost!"

"Indeed, my dear," said Colonel Belford, "I did not forget to invite him hither. He protested that nothing could afford him greater pleasure, did he not have an engagement with some young gentlemen from the garrison. But, believe me, I would not let him go without a promise. He is to dine with us to-morrow at two; and, Belinda, my dear"—here Colonel Belford pinched his daughter's blushing cheek—"you must assume your best appearance for so serious an occasion. I am informed that my noble young gentleman is extremely particular in his tastes in the matter of female excellence."

"Indeed, papa," cried the young lady, with great vivacity, "I shall attempt no extraordinary graces upon my young gentleman's account, and that I promise you. I protest," she exclaimed, with spirit, "I have no great opinion of him who would come thus to New Hope without a single word to you, who are his father's confidential correspondent. Nor do I admire the taste of one who would choose to cast himself upon the hospitality of my uncle Obediah rather than upon yours."

"My dear," said Colonel Belford, very soberly, "you express your opinion with a mass unwarranted levity, considering the existed position your subject occupies. I may, however, explain to you that he came to America quite unexpectedly and by an accident. Nor would he have declared his incognito, had not my brother Obediah discovered it almost immediately upon his arrival. He would ask, he declared, have visited New Hope at all, had not Captain Obediah Belford urged his hospitality in such a manner as to preclude all denial."

But to this reproof Miss Belinda, who was, indeed, greatly indulged by her parents, made no other reply than to toss her head with a pretty sauciness and to pout her cherry lips in an infinitely becoming manner.

But though our young lady protested so emphatically against assuming any unusual charms for the entertainment of their expected visitor, she soon the less devoted no small consideration to that very thing that she had so exclaimed against. Accordingly, when she was presented to her father's noble guest, what with her heightened color and her eyes sparkling with the emotions evoked by the occasion, she so impressed our young gentleman that he could do little but stand regarding her with an astonishment that for the moment caused him to forget those graces of deportment that the demands of elegance called upon him to assume.

However, he recovered himself immediately, and proceeded to take such advantage of his introduction that by the time they were seated at the dinner table he found himself conversing with his fair partner with all the ease and vivacity imaginable. Nor in this exchange of polite raillery did he discover her wit to be in any degree less than her personal charms.

"Indeed, madam," he exclaimed, "I am now more than ready to think that happy accident that has transported me, however much against my will, from England to America. The scenery, how beautiful! Nature, how fertile! Woman, how exquisite! Your country," he exclaimed, with enthusiasm, "is like heaven!"

"Indeed, sir," cried the young lady, vivaciously, "I do not take your praise for a compliment. I protest I am acquainted with no young gentleman who would not defer his enjoyment of heaven to the very last extremity."

"To be sure," quoth our hero, "an ambition for the abode of saints is of too extreme a nature to recommend itself to a modest young fellow of parts. But when one finds himself thrown into the society of an hour—"

"And do you indeed have hours in England?" exclaimed the young lady. "In America you must be content with society of a much more earthly constitution!"

"Upon my word, miss," cried our young gentleman, "you compel me to confess that I find myself in the society of one vastly more to my inclination than that of any hour of my acquaintance."

With such lively badinage, occasionally lapsing into more serious discourse, the dinner passed off with a great deal of pleasantness to our young gentleman, who had prepared himself for something prodigiously dull and heavy. After the repast a pipe of tobacco in the summer-house and a walk in the garden so far completed his cheerful impressions that when he rode away toward Pig and Sow Point he found himself accompanied by the most lively, agreeable thoughts imaginable. Her wit, how subtle! Her person, how beautiful! He surprised himself smiling with a fatuous indulgence of his enjoyable fancies.

Nor did the young lady's thoughts, though doubtless of a more moderate sort, assume a less pleasing perspective. Our young gentleman was favored with a tall, erect figure, a high nose, and a fine, thin face expressive of excellent breeding. It seemed to her that his manners possessed an elegance and a grace that she had never before discovered beyond the leaves of Mr Richardson's ingenious novels. Nor was she unaware of the admiration of herself that his countenance had expressed. Upon so slender a foundation she amused herself for above an hour, erecting such castles in the air that, had any one discovered her thought, she would have perished of mortification.

But though our young lady so yielded herself to the enjoyment of such silly dreams as might occur to any miss of a lively imagination and vivacious temperament, the reader is to understand that she had yet so much dignity and spirit as to cover those foolish and romantic fancies with a cloak of so delicate and so subtle a reserve that when the young gentleman called to pay his respects the next afternoon he quitted her presence ten times more infatuated with her charms than he had been the day before.

Nor can it be denied that our young lady knew perfectly well how to make the greatest use of such opportunities. She already possessed a great deal of experience in teasing the other sex with those delicious though innocent torments that cause the eyes of the victim to remain awake at night and the fancy to dream throughout the day.

Such presently became the condition of our young gentleman that at the end of the month he knew not whether his present life had continued for weeks or for years; in the charming infatuation that overpowered him he considered nothing of time, every other consideration being engulfed in his desire for the society of his charmer. Cards and dice lost for him their accustomed pleasure, and when a gay society would be at Belford's Palace it was with the utmost difficulty that he assumed so much patience as to take his part in those dissipations that there obtained. Relieved from them, he flew with redoubled ardor back to the gratification of his passion again.

In the mean time Captain Obediah had become so accustomed to the presence of his guest that he made no pretence of any concealment of that iniquitous, dreadful avocation that lent to Pig and Sow Point so great a terror in those parts. Rather did the West Indian appear to court the open observation of his dependent.

One exquisite day in the last of October our young gentleman had spent the greater part of the afternoon in the society of the beautiful object of his regard. The leaves, though fallen from the trees in great abundance, appeared thereby only to have admitted of the passage of a richer radiance of golden sunlight through the thinning branches. This and the ardor of his passion had so transported our hero that when he had departed from her presence he seemed to walk as light as a feather, and knew not whether it was the warmth of the sunlight or the heat of his own impetuous transports that filled the universe with so extreme a brightness.

Overpowered with these absorbing and transcendent introspections, he approached his now odious home upon Pig and Sow Point by way of the old meeting house. There of a sudden he came upon his patron, Captain Obediah, superintending the burial of the last of three victims of his odious commerce, who had died that afternoon. Two had already been interred, and the third newmade grave was in the process of being filled. Two men, one a negro and the other a white, had nearly completed their labor, tramping down the crumbling earth as they shoveled it into the shallow excavation. Meanwhile Captain Obediah stood near by, his red coat flaming in the slanting light, himself smoking a pipe of tobacco with all the ease and coolness imaginable. His hands, clasped behind his back, held his ivory headed cane, and as our hero approached, he turned an evil countenance upon him, and greeted him with a grin at once droll, mischievous, and malevolent in the extreme. "And how is our pretty charmer this afternoon?" quoth Captain Obediah.

Conceive, if you please, of a man floating in the most ecstatic delight of heaven pulled suddenly thence down into the most filthy extremity of hell, and then you shall understand the emotions of disgust and repugnance and loathing that overpowered our hero, who, awakening thus suddenly out of his dream of love, found himself in the presence of that grim and obscene spectacle of death—who, arousing from such absorbing and exquisite reveries, heard his ears greeted with so rude and vulgar an address.

Acknowledging to himself that he did not dare offer an immediate reply to his host, he turned upon his heel and walked away, without expressing a single word.

He was not, however, permitted to escape thus easily. He had not taken above twenty steps, when, hearing footsteps behind him, he turned his head to discover Captain Obediah skipping rapidly after him in a prodigious hurry, swinging his cane, and chuckling preposterously to himself, as though in the enjoyment of some most exquisite piece of drollery. "What!" he cried as soon as he could catch his breath from his hurry; "What! What!

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Can't you answer, you villain? Why, blind my eyes! a body would think you were a lord's son indeed, instead of being, as I know you, a beggarly runaway servant, whom I took in like a mangy cat out of the rain. But come, come—no offence, my boy! I'll be no hard master to you. I've heard how the wind blows, and I've kept my ears open to all your doings. I know who is your sweetheart. Harkee, you rascal! You have a fancy for my niece, have you? Well, your apple is ripe if you choose to pick it. Marry your charmer and be damned; and if you'll serve me by taking her thus in hand, I'll pay you twenty pounds upon your wedding day. Now what do you say to that, you lousy beggar in borrowed clothes?"

Our young gentleman stopped short and looked his tormentor full in the face. The thought of his father's anger alone had saved him from entangling himself in the web of his passions; this he forgot upon the instant. "Captain Obediah Belford," quoth he, "you're the most consummate villain ever I beheld in all of my life; but if I been the good fortune to please the young lady, I wish I may die if I don't serve you in this!"

At these words Captain Obediah, who appeared to take no offence at his guest's opinion of his honesty, burst out into a great boisterous laugh, flinging back his head and dropping his lower jaw so preposterously that the setting sun shone straight down his wide and cavernous gullet.

V—How the Devil was cast out of the Meeting-House

THE news that the Honorable Frederick Dunburne, second son of the Earl of Clandeboule, was to marry Miss Belinda Belford, the daughter and only child of Colonel William Belford, of New Hope, was of a sort to arouse the keenest and most lively interest in all those parts of the Northern Colonies of America.

The day had been fixed, and all the circumstances arranged with such particularity that an invitation was regarded as the highest honor that could befall the fortunate recipient. There were to be present on this interesting occasion two Colonial governors and their ladies, an English general, the captain of the flag-ship *Achilles*, and above a score of Colonial magnates and ladies of distinction.

Captain Obediah had not been bidden to either the ceremony or the breakfast. This rebuff he had accepted with prodigious amusement, which, not limiting itself to the immediate occasion, broke forth at intervals for above two weeks. Now it might express itself in chuckles of the most delicious entertainment, vented as our captain walked up and down the hall of his great house, smoking his pipe and cracking the knuckles of his fingers; at other times he would burst forth into uncontrollable fits of laughter at the extravagant deceit which he believed himself to be imposing upon his brother, Colonel Belford.

At length came the wedding-day, with such circumstances of pomp and display as the exceeding wealth and Colonial dignity of Colonel Belford could surround it. For the wedding-breakfast the great folding-doors between the drawing-room and the dining-room of Colonel Belford's house were flung wide open, and a table extending the whole length of the two apartments was set with the most sumptuous and exquisite display of plate and china. Around the board were collected the distinguished company, and the occasion was remarkable not less for the richness of its display than for the exquisite nature of the repast intended to celebrate so auspicious an occasion.

At the head of the board sat the young couple, radiant with an engrossing happiness that took no thought of what the future might have in store for it, but was contented with the triumphant ecstasy of the moment.

These elegant festivities were at their height, when there suddenly arose a considerable disputation in the hallway beyond, and before any one could inquire as to what was occurring, Captain Obediah Belford came stumping into the room, swinging his ivory-headed cane, and with an expression of the most malicious triumph impressed upon his countenance. Directing his address to the bridegroom, and paying no attention to any other one of the company, he cried out, "Though not bidden to this entertainment, I have come to pay you a debt I owe. Here is twenty pounds I promised to pay you for marrying my niece."

Therewith he drew a silk purse full of gold pieces from his pocket, which he hung over the ferrule of his cane and reached across the table to the bridegroom. That gentleman, upon his part (having expected some such episode as this), arose, and with a most polite and elaborate bow accepted the same and thrust it into his pocket.

"And now, my young gentleman," cried Captain Obediah, folding his arms and tucking his cane under his armpit, looking the while from under his brows upon the company with a most malevolent and extravagant grin—"and now, my young gentleman, perhaps you will favor the ladies and gentlemen here present with an account of what services they are I thus pay for."

"To be sure I will," cried out our hero, "and that with the utmost willingness in the world."

During all this while the elegant company had sat as with suspended animation, overwhelmed with wonder at the singular address of the intruder. Even the servants stood still with the dishes in their hands the better to hear the outcome of the affair. The bride, overwhelmed by a sudden and inexplicable anxiety, felt the color quit her face, and reaching out, seized her lover's hand, who took hers very readily, holding it tight within his grasp. As for Colonel and Madam Belford, not knowing what this remarkable address portended, they sat as though turned to stone, the one gone as white as ashes, and the other as red in the face as a cherry. Our young gentleman, however, maintained the utmost coolness and composure of demeanor. Pointing his finger toward the intruder, he exclaimed, "In Captain Obediah Belford, ladies and gentlemen, you behold the most unmitigated villain that ever I met in all of my life. With an incredible spite and vindictiveness he not only pursued my honored father-in-law, Colonel Belford, but has sought to wreak an unwarranted revenge upon the innocent and virtuous young lady whom I have now the honor to call my wife. But how has he overreached himself in his machinations! How has he entangled his feet in the net which he himself has spread! I will tell you my history, as he bids me to do, and you may then judge for yourselves!"

At this unexpected address Captain Obediah's face fell from its expression of malevolent triumph, growing longer and longer, until at last it was overclouded with so much doubt and anxiety that, had he been threatened by the loss of a thousand pounds, he could not have assumed a greater appearance of mortification and dejection. Meantime, regarding him with a mischievous smile, our young gentleman began the history of all those adventures that had befallen him from the time he embarked upon the memorable expedition with his two companions in disreputation from York State. As his account proceeded Captain Obediah's face altered by degrees from its natural brown to a sickly yellow, and then to so leaden a hue that it could not have assumed a more ghastly appearance were he about to swoon dead away. Great beads of sweat gathered upon his forehead and trickled down his cheeks. At last he could endure no more, but with a great and strident voice, such as might burst forth from a devil tormented, he cried out, "'Tis a lie! 'Tis all a monstrous lie! He is a beggarly runaway servant whom I took in out of the rain and fed and housed—to have him turn thus against me and strike the hand that has benefited him!"

"Sir," replied our young gentleman, with a moderate and easy voice, "what I tell you is no lie, but the truth. If any here misdoubts my veracity, see, here is a letter received by the last packet from my honored father. You, Colonel Belford, know his handwriting perfectly well. Look at this and tell me if I am deceiving you."

At these words Colonel Belford took the letter with a hand that trembled as though with palsy. He cast his eyes over it, but it is to be doubted whether he read a single word therein contained. Nevertheless, he saw enough to satisfy his doubts and he could have wept, so great was the relief from the miserable and overwhelming anxiety that had taken possession of him since the beginning of his brother's discourse.

Meantime our young gentleman, turning to Captain Obediah, cried out, "Sir, I am indeed an instrument of Providence sent hither to call your wickedness to account," and this he spoke with so virtuous an air as to command the admiration of all who heard him. "I have," he continued, "lived with you now for nearly three mortal months, and I know every particularity of your habits and such circumstances of your life as you are aware of. I now proclaim how you have wickedly and sacrilegiously turned the old Free Grace Meeting House into a slave-pen, whence for above a year you have conducted a nefarious and most inhuman commerce with the West Indies."

At these words Captain Obediah, being thrown so suddenly upon his defence, forced himself to give forth a huge and boisterous laugh. "What then?" he cried. "What wickedness is there in that? What if I have provided a few sugar-plantations with negro slaves? Are there not those here present who would do no better if the opportunity offered? The place is mine, and I break no law by a bit of quiet slave trading."

"I marvel," cried our young gentleman, still in the same virtuous strain—"I marvel that you can pass over so wicked a thing thus easily. I myself have counted above fifty graves of your victims on Pig and Sow Point. Repent, sir, whilst there is yet time."

But to this adjuration Captain Obediah returned no other reply than to burst forth into a most wicked, impudent laugh.

"Is it so?" cried our young gentleman. "Do you dare me to further exposures? Then I have here another evidence to confront you that may move you to a more serious consideration." With these words he drew forth from his pocket a packet wrapped in soft white paper. This he unfolded, holding up to the gaze of all a bright and shining object. "This," he exclaimed, "I found in Captain Obediah's writing-desk whilst I was hunting for some wax with which to seal a letter." It was the gold snuff-box of the late Collector Goodhouse. "What," he cried, "have you, sir, to offer in explanation of the manner in which this came into your possession? See, here engraved upon the lid is the owner's name and the circumstance of his having saved my own poor life. It was that first called my attention to it, for I well recollect how my father compelled me to present it to my savior. How came it into your possession, and why have you hidden it away so carefully for all this while? Sir, in the death of Lieutenant Goodhouse I suspect you of a more sinister fault than that of converting yonder poor sanctuary into a slave-pen. So soon as Captain Morris of your slave-ship returns from Jamaica I shall have him arrested, and shall compel him to explain what he knows of the circumstances of the Lieutenant's unfortunate murder."

At the sight of so unexpected an object in the young gentleman's hand Captain Obediah's jaw fell, and his cavernous mouth gaped as though he had suddenly been stricken with a palsy. He lifted a trembling hand and slowly and mechanically passed it along that cheek which was so discolored with gunpowder stain. Then suddenly gathering himself together and regaining those powers that appeared for a moment to have fled from him, he cried out, aloud: "I swear to God 'twas all an accident! I pushed him down the steps, and he fell and broke his neck!"

Our young gentleman regarded him with a cold and collected smile. "That, sir," said he, "you shall have the opportunity to explain to the proper authorities—unless," he added, "you choose to take yourself away from these parts, and to escape the just resentment of those laws to which you may be responsible for your misdemeanors."

"I shall," roared Captain Obediah, "stand my trial in spite of you all! I shall live to see you in torn cuts yet! I shall—" He gaped and muttered, but could find no further words with which to convey his infinite rage and disappointed spite. Then turning, and with a furious gesture, he rushed forth and out of the house, thrusting those aside who stood in his way, and leaving behind him a string of curses fit to set the whole world into a blaze.

He had destroyed all the gayety of the wedding-breakfast, but the relief from the prodigious doubts and anxieties that had at first overwhelmed those whom he had intended to ruin was of so great a nature that they thought nothing of so inconsiderable a circumstance.

As for our young gentleman, he had come forth from the adventure with such dignity of deportment and with so exalted an air of generous rectitude that those present could not sufficiently admire at the continent discretion of one so young. The young lady whom he had married, if she had before regarded him as a Paris and an Achilles incorporated into one person, now added the wisdom of a Nestor to the category of his accomplishments.

Captain Obediah, in spite of the defiance he had fulminated against his enemies, and in spite of the determination he had expressed to remain and to stand his trial, was within a few days known to have suddenly and mysteriously departed from New Hope. Whether or not he misdoubted his own rectitude too greatly to put it to the test of a trial, or whether the mortification incident upon the failure of his plot was too great for him to support, it was clearly his purpose never to return again. For within a month the more valuable of his belongings were removed from his great house upon Pig and Sow Point and were loaded upon a barque that came into the harbor for that purpose. Thence they were transported no one knew whither, and Captain Obediah was never afterward observed in those parts.

Nor was the old meeting-house ever again disturbed by such manifestations as had terrified the community for so long a time. Nevertheless, though the Devil was thus exorcised from his abiding place, the old church never lost its evil reputation, until it was finally destroyed by fire about ten years after the incidents herein narrated.

In conclusion it is only necessary to say that when the Honorable Frederick Dunburne presented his wife to his noble family at home, he was easily forgiven his *mésalliance* in view of her extreme beauty and vivacity. Within a year or two Lord Carrickford, his elder brother, died of excessive dissipation in Florence, where he was then attached to the English Embassy, so that our young gentleman thus became the heir apparent to his father's title, and so the legitimate and illegitimate branches of the family were united into one.

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THROUGH THE BAD BEND.

BY JOHN FOX, JR.—ILLUSTRATED BY W. A. ROGERS.

A WILDLY beautiful rift through the Cumberland Range opens into the head of Powell's Valley, in Virginia, and forms "the Gap." From this point a party of us were going bass-fishing on a fork of the Cumberland River over in the Kentucky mountains. It was Sunday, and several Kentucky mountaineers had crossed over that day to take their first ride on the cars, and to see "the city"—as the Gap has been prophetically called ever since it had a cross-roads store, one little hotel, two farm-houses, and a blacksmith's shop. From them we learned that we could ride down Powell's Valley and get to the fork of the Cumberland by simply climbing over the mountain. As the mountaineers were going back home the same day, Breck and I boarded the train with them, intending to fish down the fork of the river to the point where the rest would strike the same stream, two days later.

At the second station down the road a crowd of Virginia mountaineers got on board. Most of them were drunk, and the festivities soon began. One drunken young giant pulled his revolver, swung it back over his shoulder—the muzzle almost grazing a woman's face behind him—and swung it up again to send a bullet crashing through the top of the car. The hammer was at the turning-point when a companion caught his wrist. At the same time the fellow's sister sprang across the aisle, and wrenching the weapon from his grasp, hid it in her dress. Simultaneously his partner at the other end of the car was drawing a 45 Colt's half as long as his arm. A quick panic ran through the car, and in a moment there was no one in it with us but the mountaineers, the conductor, one brakeman, and one other man who sat still in his seat with one hand under his coat. The prospect was neither pleasant nor peaceful, and we rose to our feet and waited. The disarmed giant was raging through the aisle searching and cursing, with mighty oaths, for his pistol. The other had backed into a corner of the car, waving his revolver, turning his head from side to side to guard against a surprise in the rear, white with rage, and just drunk enough to shoot. The little conductor was as unmoved and smiling, and by some quiet mesmerism he kept the two in subjection until the station was reached.

The train moved out and left us among the drunken maniacs, no house in sight, the darkness settling on us, and the unclimbed mountain looming up into it. The belligerents paid no attention to us, however, but disappeared quickly, with an occasional pistol shot and a yell from the bushes, each time sounding farther away. The Kentucky mountaineers were going to climb the mountain. A storm was coming, but there was nothing else to do. We shouldered our traps and followed them.

There were eight of us—an old man and his two daughters, the husband of one of these, the sweetheart of the other, and a third man who showed suspicion of us from the beginning. This man with a flaring torch led the way, the old man followed him and there were two mountaineers deep between the girls and us, who went last.

It was not long before a ragged line of fire cut through the blackness overhead, and the thunder began to crash and the rain to fall. The torch was beaten out, and for a moment there was a halt. Breck and I could hear a muffled argument going on in the air above us, and climbing towards the voices we felt the lintel of a mountain cabin and heard a long drawl of welcome.

The cabin was one-doth room without even a loft, the home of a newly married pair. They themselves had evidently just gotten home, for the hostess was on her knees at the big fireplace, blowing a few coals into a blaze. The rest of us sat on the two beds in the room waiting for the fire-light, and somebody began talking about the trouble on the train.

"Did you see that feller settin' thar with his hand under his coat while Jim was tryin' to shoot the brakeman?" said one. "Well, Jim killed his brother a year ago, an' that feller was jus' waitin' for a chance to git Jim right then. I knowed that."

"Who was the big fellow who started the row flourishing his pistol around?" I asked.

A man on the next bed leaned forward and laughed slightly. "Well, stranger, I reckon that was me."

This sounds like the opening chapter of a piece of fiction, but we had really stumbled upon this man's cabin in the dark, and he was our host. A little spinal chill made me shiver. He had not seen us yet, and I began to wonder whether he would recognize us when the light blazed up, and whether he would know that we were ready to take part against him in the car, and what would happen if he did. When the blaze did kindle he was reaching for his hip, but he drew out a bottle of apple-jack and handed it over the foot of the bed.

"Somebody ought to a' knocked my head off," he said.

"That's so," said the younger girl, with sharp boldness. "I never seed sech doin's."

The old mountaineer, her father, gave her a quick rebuke, but the man laughed. He was sobering up, and apparently he had never seen us before. The young wife prepared supper, and we ate and went to bed—the ten of us in that one room. The two girls took off their shoes and stockings with frank innocence, and warmed their bare feet at the fire. The host and hostess gave up their bed to the old mountaineer and his son-in-law, and slept, like the rest of us, on the floor.

We were wakened long before day. Indeed it was pitch-dark when, after a mountain custom, we stumbled to a little brook close to the cabin and washed our faces. A wood-thrush was singing somewhere in the darkness, and its cool notes had the liquid freshness of the morning. We did not wait for breakfast, so anxious were the Kentuckians to get home, or so fearful were they of abusing their host's hospitality, though the latter urged us strenuously to stay. Not a cent would he take from anybody, and I know now that he was a moonshiner, a feudsman, an outlaw, and that he was running from the sheriff at that very time.

With a parting pull at the apple-jack, we began, on an empty stomach, that weary climb. Not far up the mountain Breck stopped, panting, while the mountaineers were swinging on up the path without an effort, even the girls; but Breck swore that he had heart-disease, and must rest. When I took part of his pack, the pretty one looked back over her shoulder and smiled at him without scorn. Both were shy, and had not spoken a dozen words with either of us. Half-way up we overtook a man and a boy, one carrying a tremendous demijohn and the other a small hand-barrel. They had been over on the Virginia side selling moonshine, and I saw the light of gladness in Breck's eye, for his own flask was wellnigh empty from returning our late host's courtesy. But both man and boy disappeared with a magical suddenness that became significant later. Already we were suspected as being revenue spies, though neither of us dreamed what the matter was.

We reached the top after daybreak, and the beauty of the sunrise over still seas of white mist and wave after wave of blue Virginia hills was unspeakable, as was the beauty of the descent on the Kentucky side, down through primeval woods of majestic

(Continued on page 1259.)

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[Adv.]

PASS on the good word. ABBOTT'S ORIGINAL ANGOSTURA BITTERS befriended you. You can make friends by giving good advice.—[Adv.]

EVERY Christmas Table should have a bottle of DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS. Greatest appetizer.—[Adv.]

THE MATHEMATICS OF A COCKTAIL.

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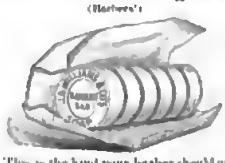

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(Continued from page 1257.)

oak and poplar, under a trembling world of dew-drenched leaves, and along a tumbling series of waterfalls that flashed through tall ferns, blossoming laurel, and sloping leaves of rhododendron.

The sun was an hour high when we reached the foot of the mountain. There the old man and the young girl stopped at a little cabin where lived the son-in-law. We too were pressed to stop, but we went on with the suspicious one to his house, where we got breakfast. There the people took pay, for their house was weather boarded, and they were more civilized; or perhaps for the reason that the man thought us spies. I did not like his manner, and I got the first unmistakable hint of his suspicions after breakfast. I was down behind the barn, and he and another mountaineer came down on the other side.

"Didn't one o' them fellers come down this way?" I heard him ask.

I started to make my presence known, but he spoke too quickly, and I concluded it was best to keep still.

"No tellin' what them damn fellers is up to. I don't like their occupation."

That is, we were the first fishermen to cast a minnow with a reel into those waters, and it was beyond the mountaineer's comprehension to understand how two men could afford to come so far and spend time and a little money just for the fun of fishing. They supposed we were fishing for profit, and later they asked us how we kept our fish fresh, and how we got them over the mountain, and where we sold them. With this idea, naturally it was a puzzle to them how we could afford to give a boy a quarter for a dozen minnows, and then perhaps catch not a single fish with them.

When I got back to the house Breck was rigging his rod, with a crowd of spectators around him. Such a rod and such a fisherman had never been seen in that country before. Breck was dressed in a white tennis shirt, blue gymnasium breeches, blue stockings and white tennis shoes. With a cap on his shock of black hair and a .38 revolver in his belt, he was a thing for those women to look at and to admire and for the men to scoff—secretly, of course, for there was a look in his black eyes that forced guarded respect in any crowd. The wonder of those mountaineers when he put his rod together bamboo the reel, and tossed his hook fifty feet in the air was worth the morning's climb to see. At the same time they made fun of our rods, and laughed at the idea of getting out a big "green pyerch"—as the mountaineers call bass—with "them switches." Their method is to tie a strong line to a long hickory sapling, and, when they strike a bass, to put the stout pole over one shoulder and wrench ashore with it. Before the sun was over the mountain, we were wading down the stream, while two boys carried our minnows and clothes along the bank. The news of our coming went before us, and every now and then a man would roll out of the bushes with a gun and look at us with much suspicion and some wonder. For two backing apple-tree in the miller's yard, with one bare feet in thick cool grass, while the miller's wife and his buxom red cheeked daughter got us dinner. And a good dinner it was; and we laughed and cracked jokes at each other till the sombre, suspicious old lady relaxed and laughed too, and the girl lost some of her timidity and looked upon Breck with wide eyed admiration, while Breck ogled back outrageously.

After dinner a scowling mountaineer led a mule through the yard and gave us a surly nod. Two horsemen rode up to the gate and waited to escort us down the river. One of them carried our baggage, for no matter what he suspects, the mountaineer will do anything in the world for a stranger until the moment of actual conflict comes. In our green innocence we thought it rather a good joke that we should be taken for revenue men, so that, Breck's flask being empty, he began by telling one of the men that we had been wading the river all the morning, that the water was cold, and that, anyway, a little swallow now and then often saved a fellow from a cold and fever. He had not been able to get any from anybody—and couldn't the man do something? The mountaineer was touched, and he took the half dollar that Breck gave him, and turned it over, with a whispered consultation, to one of two more horsemen that we met later on the road. Still farther on we found a beautiful hole of water, edged with a smooth bank of sand—a famous place, the men told us, for green "pyerch." Mountaineers rolled out of the bushes to watch us while we were rigging up, some with guns and some without. We left one pistol on the shore, and several examined them curiously, especially mine, which was hammerless. Later I showed them how it worked, and explained that one advantage of it was that in close quarters the other man could not seize your pistol, get his finger or thumb under your hammer, and prevent you from shooting at all. This often happens in a fight, of course, and the point appealed to them strongly, but I could see that they were wondering why I should be carrying a gun that was good for close quarters, since close quarters are rarely necessary except in case of making arrests. Pretty soon the two men who had gone for Breck's "moonshine" returned, and a gleam rose in Breck's eye and went quickly down. Instead of a bottle, the boy handed back the half dollar.

"I couldn't git any," he said. He lied, of course, as we both knew, and the disappointment in Breck's face was so sincere that his companion, with a gesture that was half sympathy, half defiance, whisked a bottle from his hip.

"Well, by ——, I'll give him a drink!"

It was fiery, white as water, and so fresh that we could taste the smoke in it, but it was good, and we were grateful. All the afternoon from two to a dozen people watched us fish, but we had poor luck, which is never a surprise fishing for bass. Perhaps the fish had gone to nesting, or the trouble may have been the light of the moon, during which they feed all night, and are out so hungry through the day; or it may have been any of the myriad reasons that make the mystery and fascination of catching bass. At another time, and from the same stream, I have seen two rods take out one hundred bass, ranging from one to five pounds in weight, in a single day. In an hour by sun we struck for the house of the old man with whom we had crossed the mountain, and that night we learned that we had passed through a locality alive with moonshiners, and banded together with such system and determination that the revenue agents rarely dared to make a raid on them. We were supposed to be two spies who were expected to come in there that spring. We had passed within thirty yards of a dozen stills, and our host hinted where we might find them. We thanked him, and told him we preferred to keep as far away from them as possible. He was much puzzled. He also said we had been in the headquarters of a famous desperado, who was the leader of the Howard faction in the famous Howard-Turner feud. He was a non-combatant himself, but he had "feelin's," as he phrased it, for the other side. He was much surprised when we told him we were going back there next day. We had told the people we were coming back, and next morning we were foolish enough to go.

As soon as we struck the river we saw a man with a Winchester sitting on a log across the stream, as though his sole business in life was to keep an eye on us. All that day we were never out of sight of a mountaineer and a gun, we never had been, I presume, since our first

"THE BEST OF US SAT ON THE TWO BEDS"

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"SOME WOMEN PASSED ALONG IN THE PATH ABOVE US."

breakfast on that stream. Still, everybody was kind and hospitable and honest—how honest this incident will show. An old woman cooked dinner especially for us, and I gave her two quarters. She took them, put them away, and while she sat smoking her pipe I saw something troubling her. She got up presently, went into a room, came back, and without a word dropped one of the quarters into my hand. Half a dollar was too much. They gave us moonshine too, and Breck remarked casually that we were expecting to meet our friends at Uncle Job Turner's, somewhere down the river. They would have red whiskey from the Blue Grass and we would be all right. Then he asked how far down Uncle Job lived. The remark and the question occasioned very badly concealed excitement, and I wondered what had happened, but I did not ask. I was getting wary, and I had become quite sure that the fishing must be better down, very far down, that stream. When we started again, the mountaineers evidently held a quick council of war. One can hear a long distance over water at the quiet of dusk, and they were having a lively discussion about us and our business over there. Somebody was defending us, and I recognized the voice as belonging to a red-whiskered fellow who said he had fired an rifle in the Blue-Grass and had seen young fellows starting to the Kentucky River to fish for fun. "Oh, them damn fellers ain't up to nothin'," we could hear him say, with the disgust of the cosmopolitan. "I tell ye, they lives in town an' they likes to git out this way!"

I have always believed that this man saved us trouble right then, for next night the mountaineers came down in a body to the house where we had last stopped. But we had gone on rather hastily, and when we reached Uncle Job Turner's, the trip behind us became more interesting than ever in retrospect. All along we asked where Uncle Job lived, and once we shouted the question across the river, where some women and boys were at work weeding corn. As usual, the answer was another question and always the same—what were our names? Breck yelled, in answer, that we were from Virginia, and that they would be no wiser if we should tell—an answer that will always be unwise in the mountains of Kentucky as long as moonshine is made and feuds survive. We asked again, and another yell told us that the next house was Uncle Job's. The next house was rather pretentious. It had two or three rooms, apparently, and a loft, and was weather-boarded, but it was as silent as a tomb. We shouted "Hello!" from outside the fence which is etiquette in the mountains. Not a sound. We shouted again—once, twice, many times. It was most strange. Then we waited and shouted again, and at last a big gray haired old fellow slouched out and asked rather surlily what we wanted.

"Dinner."

He seemed pleased that that was all, and his manner changed immediately. His wife appeared, then as if by magic, two or three children, one a slim, wild, dark-eyed girl of fifteen dressed in crimson homespun. As we sat on the porch I saw her passing like a flame through the dark rooms, but always, while we were there, if I entered one door she slipped out of the other. Breck was more fortunate. He came up behind her the next day at sundown while she was dancing barefooted in the dust of the road, driving her cows home. Later I saw him in the cow pen, helping her milk. He said she was very nice, but very shy.

We got dinner, and the old man sent after a bottle of moonshine, and to an hour he was thawed out wonderfully.

We told him where we had been, and as he slowly began to believe us, he alternately grew sobered and laughed aloud.

"Went through thar fishin', did ye? Wore yo' pistols? Axed whar thar was branches whar you could ketch minnows? Oh, Lawd! Didn't ye know that the stills sit al ways up the branches? Tol' 'em you was goin' *to meet a party at my house, and stay here awhile fishin'?* Oh, Lawdy! Ef that ain't a good un!"

We didn't see it, but we did later when we knew that we had come through the "Bad Bend," which was the headquarters of the Howard leader and his chief men, that Uncle Job was the most prominent man of the other faction, and lived farthest up the river of all the Turners; that he hadn't been up in the Bend for ten years, and that we had given his deadly enemies the impression that we were friends of his. As Uncle Job grew mellow, and warmed up in his confidences, something else curious came out. Every now and then he would look at me and say:

"I need you lookin' at my pants." And then he would throw back his head and laugh. After he had said this for the third time, I did look at his "pants," and I saw that he was soaking wet to the thighs—why, I soon learned. A nephew of his had killed a man at the county-seat only a week before. Uncle Job had gone on his bond. When we shouted across the river he was in the corn field, and when we did not tell our names, he got suspicious, and mistaking our rod bolsters for guns, had supposed that his nephew had run away, and that we were officers come to arrest him. He had run down the river on the other side, had waited the stream and was up in the loft with his Winchester on us while we were shouting at his gate. He told us this very frankly. Nor would even he believe that we were fishing. He too thought that we were officers looking through the Bad Bend for some criminal and the least innocent mission that struck him as plausible was that perhaps we might be looking over the ground to locate a railroad, or prospecting for coal veins. When Uncle Job went down the road with us the next morning, he took his wife along, so that on Howard would try to ambush him through fear of hitting a woman. And late that afternoon, when we were fishing with Uncle Job's son in some thick bushes behind the house, some women passed along in the path above us, and seeing us but not seeing him, skurried out of sight as though frightened. Little Job grinned.

"Them women thinks the Howards have hired you fellers to bayway dad."

The next morning I lost Breck, and about noon I got a note from him, written with a trembling lead-pencil, to the effect that he believed he would fish up a certain creek that afternoon. As the creek was not more than three feet wide and a few inches deep, I knew what had happened, and I climbed one of Job's mules and went to search for him. Breck had stumbled upon a moonshine still, and getting hilarious, had climbed a barrel and was making a crowd of mountaineers a fiery political speech. Breck had captured that creek, "wild cat" still and all, and to this day I never meet a mountaineer from that region who does not ask, with a wide grin, about Breck.

When we reached the county seat the next day we met the revenue deputy. He said the town was talking about two spies who were up the Fork. We told him that we must be the spies. The old miller was the brains of the Bend, he said, both in outwitting the revenue men and in planning the campaign of the Howard leader against the Turners, and he told us of several fights he had had in the Bad Bend. He said that we were lucky to come through alive; that what saved us was sticking to the roads, hiring our oilnowns caught, leaving our pistols on the bank to be picked up by anybody, the defence of the red-whiskered man from the Blue Grass, and Breck's popularity at the still. I thought he was exaggerating—that the mountaineers, even if convinced that we were spies, would have given us a chance to get out of the country—but when he took me over to a room across the street and showed me where his predecessor, a man whom I had known quite well, was shot through a window at night and killed, I was not quite so sure.

But still another sense of suspicion was awaiting us. When we reached the railroad again—by another route, you may be sure—Breck, being a lawyer, got permission for us to ride on a freight train, and thus save a night and a day. The pass for us was technically charged to the mail service. The captain and crew of the train were overwhelmingly and mysteriously polite to us—an inexplicable contrast to the surliness with which passengers are usually treated on a freight train. When we got off at the Gap, and several people greeted us by name, the captain laughed.

"Do you know what these boys thought you two were?" he asked, inferring to his crew. "They thought you were freight 'spotters.'"

The crew laughed. I looked at Breck, and I didn't wonder. He was a ragged, unshaven tramp, and I was another.

Months later I got a message from the Bad Bend. Breck and I mustn't come through there any more. We have never gone through there any more. Though anybody on business that the mountaineers understand can go more safely than he can cross Broadway at Twenty third Street at noon. As a matter of fact, however, there are two other forks to the Cumberland in which the fishing is very good indeed, and just now I would rather risk Broadway.

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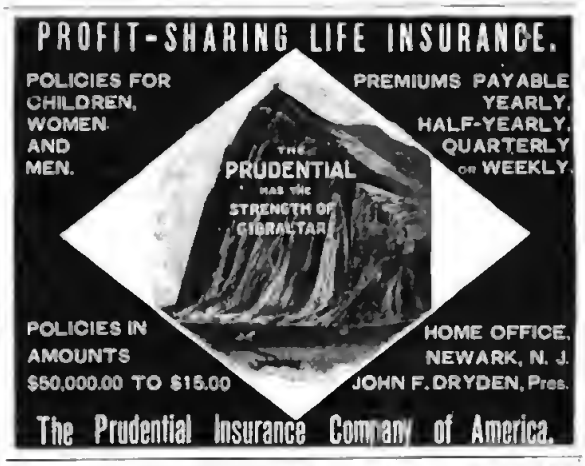

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AMATEUR SPORT

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During MR. WHITNEY'S *absence this Department will publish contributions from well known writers upon special subjects relating to Amateur Sport.*

THE WEARING OF CLUB COLORS.

BY JOHN CORBIN.

Do you like music? Listen to the band on my hat.
—*Variety Guy.*

To the really virtuous American the only colors worth wearing are the red, white, and blue of Old Glory. At least this is what we all think we ought to think. But what is point of fact, we do think is a very different matter. Of late years there has been a marked disposition among undergraduates and other young men of the land to wear distinctive colors. In the college towns, in the mountains, at the sea-shore—in fact, wherever the young man is to be found, the landscape is made brighter by his presence. And at all our chief athletic contests hundreds of people are to be seen bedecked in the colors of institutions of learning, of which they have perhaps never seen the outsides. On the day of the Yale-Princeton football game Fifth Avenue swarms with Yale colmen and Princeton colmen, while the haberdashers on Broadway show a desire to serve Mammon under the badge of both institutions. For be it from any man to defend such vanities; but since they exist it behooves us all to make the best of it. And the best of it is that when properly done, the wearing of colors contributes not a little to the success of university athletics, and perhaps gives our hundrum latter day souls a chance to blossom forth into individual pride and loyalty.

I

The red of Harvard and the blue of Yale were adopted for the purpose of distinguishing the rival contestants. And as the spectators in our undergraduate sports have always regarded themselves as a part of the game, they have taken to wearing the colors to do for the eye what college cheering does for the ear. Thus from the outset there arose a question as to proprietorship in college colors. What badges belong to the spectators, and what to the contestants? By the sanction of custom the rank and file are allowed to carry their colors in ribbons and flowers, and to wave the initial that stands for their institutions on flags made of the appropriate color. The right of wearing either the color or the initial letter on an athletic suit, a blazer, or a cap belongs exclusively to members of college teams. The result of giving athletics this definite badge of distinction is to increase palpably the desirability of prowess—as the badge of the Loyal Legion increases the incentive to soldierly conduct.

The distinction thus created chafed the democracy of our American spirit. At least, I remember very well an agitation at Harvard in favor of adopting the red and black blazer generally. To be sure, each class had its blazer, to which all men had a right; but it was thought undemocratic that the 'varsity players should have a blazer of their own. So the agitators began wearing the red and black. The athletes, of course, stopped wearing it; and in the course of a year, wonderful to relate, the agitators stopped too, so that nobody wore the 'varsity blazer. I cannot help feeling that the world lost a pretty and desirable vanity; and perhaps the incident helped in the subsequent reaction against blazers of any kind.

A similar thing happened at Harvard with the 'varsity sweater. The innumerable substitutes on the eleven wore the crimson H, as did also the thirty-odd men on the Mott Haven team. Then, if I remember rightly, the cricket team took it up; and, for all any one knew, the lacrosse team, the hockey team, and even the joint debaters were in a way to take up with the emblem of muscle and wind. At this the good sense of the university called a halt; and the athletic committee, frankly acknowledging the athlete's right to his particular vanity, ordained that only such and such men were to receive such and such insignia. Their value is now so great that last autumn the eleven was prevailed upon to abandon them as an extreme concession to discipline.

II

The same solution of the difficulty had been reached in the English universities decades ago. There the "Committee of Blues," which is made up of the five leading university captains, sends a particular letter, printed in blue, to each particular man, telling him that he may have his "blue", and until the haberdashers are apprised of this, a "blue" is not to be bought at any price. What is more, the "Committee of Blues" awards "half blues" to athletes of secondary importance, and the organization of third rate, such as the golf club, shooting club, and an amusing club, does not get any blue at all, and is forced to invent colors of its own. Few or no men are too proud, and none are too humble, to wear the best colors they have, so that at both the universities you know a blue as far as you can see him. What is more, he knows that you know him, and perhaps is human enough to enjoy the fact. And the "old blue" seldom parts with his colors. In Montreal and Shanghai, Calcutta and Pretoria, he is apt to get out the dingy relic on all appropriate occasions, and revive as best he may the glory of his young manhood. There are many, I know, who could give good reasons for calling this childish and absurd, but as we are all carried farther and farther in the involuntary race to become the oldest living graduate there will always be a few, at least, who are glad to cherish the memory of a life of which nothing but the memory can remain. And among the many things that help to make the British sporting instinct strong and sound this habit of wearing athletic colors is by no means the least. It stimulates ambition by giving it a tangible reward, and by giving the athletic spirit a definite means of expression, it confirms the *esprit de corps* which no winning team can be without.

III

How far the custom of wearing colors has spread in this country it would be hard to say. On sweaters and caps colors are probably universal; but as the wearing of these garments is very properly becoming restricted to the athletic field, the colors are no longer much in evidence in the general walks of life, at least outside of college towns. At Princeton some of the eating clubs have assumed other insignia. The Cap and Gown Club has borrowed the English academic dress, and wears the cap on any or all occasions. To an English university man the night is strange enough, for no Oxonian or Cantab can be induced to wear his "academicals" when not required by law. In fact, a considerable part of the revenues of the University of Oxford is derived from fines of "ten bob" for not wearing them! The Ivy Club of Princeton has adopted a hat band, a rich green, with three narrow golden stripes clustered in the middle. The Colonial Club wears dark blue and buff. At Yale there are virtually no club colors or class colors worn. The single exception, so far as I have been able to find out, is a hat band worn by the 'varsity nine. At Cornell the university hat-band may be worn by any one. It consists of a stripe of white above a stripe of cornelian. These colors, according to tradition, were selected in honor of the founder of the college and its first president—Cornell and White.

At the University of Michigan class caps were worn in the old days when class feeling ran high but they have long been disused. Throughout the Middle West class colors are worn only in ribbons, and chiefly on occasions when a class meets as a whole.

At Harvard the wearing of hat-bands is comparatively ancient and universal. For almost a score of years 'varsity athletes have been permitted (in addition to the more properly athletic garments) to wear hat bands in which the university crimson is striped with black. The nine, the crew, the Mott Haven team, and, if I am not mistaken, the cricket eleven, has each a particular form of combination of stripes, and the Freshman crew has its distinctive hat band of red and white. Besides this, each of the four classes has long had a color of its own. The Freshmen are allowed to wear the crimson striped with white. Yet, though it is the prettiest color in the university, and though they will never again as a class be able to wear any form of the 'varsity color, they are amazingly eager to abandon it. On reaching the Sophomore year they assume one of three combinations—blue and white, green and white, or orange and black. This they wear during the rest of their course, so that the classes of '92, '93, '94, etc., have all the same colors. It has been suggested that each class be allowed to wear the red with some color other than black, so that whenever a man goes he may carry the color of his university. The idea is excellent, and is perhaps good enough to overcome the force of custom and tradition. Yet even this would not always do away with [illegible]. At the Poughkeepsie boat-race last [illegible] I saw not a few Harvard Freshmen visibly disconcerted at discovering that their hat bands were identical with the cornelian and white of Cornell. And their

(Continued on page 1265.)

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(Continued from page 1207)

discomfiture was not lessened by the result of the race. The general absence of cloth caps at Harvard is largely due to the fact that the undergraduates are apt to run back and forth from Boston, and find a change of head-dress inconvenient.

Outside the colleges, the wearing of colors is not general. Yet here and there a golf club has taken up the custom, and some of them have begun the wearing of colors in neck-ties. At least one military organization, Troop A of New York, has fallen into line. It has a hat-band which is identical with that of the Ivy Club at Princeton, except that the green is replaced by blue. A potent factor in spreading the custom of wearing colors is the fact that it has been found possible to induce young girls to wear the colors belonging to their brothers and to others.

IV.

To describe the various club colors worn in England would take not only omniscience, but an infinity of time and space. At Oxford each of the twenty colleges has its colors, which are worn both on hat bands and in neck ties. And the ordinary blazers, which are of blue, have the college arms embroidered in the upper pockets. Besides this, all college athletic organizations active in spring and summer have hat bands, neck ties, and striped blazers. Many of the more exclusive social clubs, as well as the debating clubs of limited membership, also have colors. The only notable club, so far as I know, which has no hat band is Vincents, which fills the place of the Senior societies at Yale, and the Hasty Pudding at Harvard. I used to wonder at the number of straw hats the leading athletic and club men at Oxford sported, until I found that it was only the hat band that changed, they are built with an elastic beneath the bow, so that a man can slip them off and on to suit his mood or the particular occasion.

Outside of the universities, also, club colors abound. The red, black, and orange of "I Zingari," the swallest of all cricket clubs, is famous from shore to shore; and the equal stripes of blue, crimson, and blue everywhere proclaim the member of the Guard. These and all other colors are amply in evidence at Henley. To the casual visitor they present a gigantic kaleidoscope which is a never ending delight. To the native Briton they are more than this. They are like a gracious expedient of nature to make up for the uniformity of the English face and the English manner. The expression of the people one sees may have all the British stolidity, but every scrap of color tells something about the man who wears it. By making a composite of all the colors on the river one might almost represent to the eye the social eminence of any given Henley.

In its way, this wearing of colors is as effective as the concerted cheering with which we Americans backed our crews. It is certainly as unmistakable. And when our hosts at Henley allowed themselves to smile at the way we made our presence felt, we might well have given them the retort courteous. Yet I, for one, have always been glad that I refrained for on the evening of the last day, when the myriads of craft, with their myriads of gay people, swept slowly up the river toward the landing, and a burst of light from the setting sun turned the clouds to crimson, the blue sky to yellow, and the tree tops in a golden green, it became a privilege to see it all, and to share in the joy of those who had caused it to be. It was a richer and a more wholesome expression of the love of out of doors than it had ever been my fortune to see.

V.

It is, in fact, as a means of individual expression that the wearing of colors is most significant, at least to the amateur of runners; for there is a pretty definite correspondence between the way in which a generation gives account of itself in its clothes and in those arts which give greater scope to the invention. In the days when the poetic genius of our race was at its height the apparel oft proclaimed the man, and the man perforce proclaimed himself in his apparel. Now the cut of our clothes is without meaning, so that our forms are concealed rather than draped, and it is impossible to tell the strong man from the weak man, the clumsy from the lithe. In the phrase of the athletic field, a good man looks the better for every garment he takes off. More than this, the uniformity of our clothes has so dulled our perceptions that few men have the eye to know a powerful body when they see one. We all look as if we had been turned out of the same lathe, like Noah's family in the arks of our childhood. And we have not even those differences in color which used to enable us to distinguish Ham or Shem from Japhet. Every man, at least among those whose eyes are capable of bringing delight to the spirit, will welcome the growing use of colors as a step toward a finer and richer sense in dress, and perhaps he will see in it a ray of hope for the nobler arts of expression.

A REVIEW OF COLLEGE FOOTBALL IN THE MIDDLE WEST.

The season which has now ended gives Wisconsin the best title to the championship, if one can be determined.

Wisconsin's first large game was played in Minneapolis with Minnesota, and resulted in an overwhelming defeat for Minnesota, 30 to 0. Wisconsin's team was the *par excellence* defence team of the West—in fact the only team which showed the result of coaching in that line, it was only scored on once this year and then by Chicago, the game ending 23 to 8 in favor of Wisconsin. Chicago claims that her team was not at its best that day, owing to injuries, that is true, but nevertheless Wisconsin won, and the point is not which team had the better men or had made the better record heretofore, but which team was the better at 2.30 P. M. on November 12. Then the score plainly shows.

Wisconsin's aggressive policy, like Chicago's, was formed around a good kicker, O'Dea, Wisconsin's full back, doing great work in the game and his goal from the field from the 45 yard line was very creditable. Wisconsin's protection of her full back when kicking was the best protection given any full back this year, and consequently O'Dea did not have a kick blocked.

On the contrary, Gardiner, who did the punting for Chicago, owing to the injury of Hershberger, did not have the best of protection and could not do himself justice, and several of his kicks were blocked. Chicago scored her only touch-down on a muffed punt by Gregg, the Chicago end, getting the ball and running half the length of the field. Her safety was also made in nearly the same manner, in that Gregg, instead of falling on the ball after muffing a kick, tried to pick it up, and in doing so kicked it over the goal-line; but, fortunately, a Wisconsin man fell on it.

The defense put up by Wisconsin against Chicago (which in my estimation is the fastest scoring team in the West) was marvellous, and many times Wisconsin held her opponent on downs, then she would kick the ball out of danger.

On Thanksgiving day Wisconsin, on a wet field, defeated Northwestern by a score of 23 to 0. The Northwestern team greatly outweighed Wisconsin.

O'Dea was not of as great service to his team on this occasion, but Poole, Gregg, Cochems, and Riordan run well with the ball, and Cochems and Dean did good work on the defensive. Dean, for a Freshman, has played a remarkable game, and with another year or so, practice will, if he improves as much as he should, make one of the best ends in the West.

Chicago defeated Northwestern comparatively easily, and in the second half played largely on the defensive. Northwestern had good material this year, but for some reason the team did not do itself justice. The best work for Northwestern was done by Parry, at half-back, and Thorne, guard—both good men. Hunter did not play up to his last year's form, owing, I think, to the fact that he was captain.

Chicago's best work was done by Hommell, Hershberger, Webb, and Kennedy. Not only in advancing the ball, but in the defence as well, Chicago played a kicking game, and, aside from punting, relied on end runs almost entirely, Hommell and Hershberger getting round Northwestern's right end for several runs of thirty and forty yards.

The hardest and by far the best game played by Chicago was the one played, a week after the Northwestern game, with Illinois. Chicago won by a score of 16 to 12, but not until she had been forced to put forth her best efforts.

The game, although resulting in a victory for Chicago, was a very disastrous one, as Hershberger, her captain and most valuable man, was severely injured.

The game started by Illinois scoring first; then Chicago scored twice, goals resulting all from touch-downs; the first half ended, 12 to 6, in favor of Chicago. Illinois scored in the first two minutes of the second half, and the score remained 12 to 12 for thirty-one minutes. Chicago held Illinois's line for downs four times inside her five-yard line, and only in the last minute and a half did Chicago score her final touch-down.

For Chicago, Clark, who took Hershberger's place at half back, played a marvellous game, and largely through his individual efforts succeeded in scoring Chicago's final touch down. Kennedy and Gardiner both played a game that makes them valuable to any team. Bedish and Webb both broke through well, and several times tackled the Illinois runner for a loss.

Sweeny of Illinois played the best game that I have seen played by a tackle this year, ran with the ball well, and his tackling was so strong that Chicago finally gave up playing his side of the line. Fisher, at guard, played a game nearly equal to that put up by Sweeny, and as they both played on the left side of Illinois's line, almost all of Chicago's gains were made outside of Illinois's right tackle. Schuler, at quarter, ran the team well, and made many gains on the double pass, repeatedly going around Chicago's left end.

Johnston, at half-back, was forced to retire early in the game; by his retirement Illinois lost her best ground-gaining man and one of the hardest line-buckers in the West. Chicago's game with Wisconsin has been commented upon, but I will say that Chicago did not play as good a game against Wisconsin as she did against Illinois. Fox, Chicago's left end, recovered himself after his poor showing against Illinois, and played the best game I have seen played by an end rusher this year against Wisconsin. Chicago, on Thanksgiving day, defeated Michigan by a score of 21 to 12.

Hershberger kicked three goals from the field, all of them place kicks from the vicinity of the 35 yard line. The game was played on covered grounds, and was a kicking game throughout. Michigan's backs carried Hershberger's punts back many yards, owing, I think, to the fact that three men played in the back field to receive the kicks, and the runner would have good interference. Michigan's ends were very slow getting down the field on kicks, and allowed the Chicago backs to return several of them.

Chicago adapted herself entirely to circumstances, while Michigan did not; her interference was slow, and her plays would have been far more effective out-of-doors on a heavy field. Chicago played through the entire game with the same eleven men that she started in with, whereas Michigan played eight substitutes, which fact plainly shows that Chicago was in far better physical condition. Bennett of Michigan did not play the game I have seen him play, and the fact that he retired early in the game shows that he was not himself. Cunningham and Snow of Michigan did good work, and Cunningham's work in getting down the field on kicks and getting the runner was a good exhibition of skill, and a fact that few centres in the West accomplished. Teetzel, at end, played a good game, he, like Dean of Wisconsin, is a Freshman, and deserves a great deal of credit for his hard, conscientious work this year. He is a fast runner and a sure tackler in the open, but does not do as well when the interference is coming around his end. We shall expect great things of him before his college career is completed.

Hershberger proved himself to be the greatest kicking back that I have ever seen, and his work in a broken field after catching punts was remarkable. Not once this year have I seen him caught and downed in his tracks. The credit of his kicking the three goals from the field is shared equally between Cavanaugh and Clark, the latter receiving the ball while in a kneeling position and holding it for Hershberger to kick.

Hommell played the best game he has put up this year, but even so, his defensive work was not up to its best year's form; while, on the other hand, his work in carrying the ball was excellent.

The work of Kennedy in breaking up interference and interfering has been above reproach, and Gardiner has not been found wanting.

Cavanaugh, at centre, is the best one in the West, but loses a great deal by his over-anxiety, and is many times off side. However, he is a quick man, and is in the play from the start to the finish. Chicago's guards, Bedish and Speed, have played, not a brilliant game, but a good hard conscientious one, and for new men, as this is their first year in college football, have done well.

Michigan had a fund of material, and while the team this year was a comparatively new one, her prospects for the next two years are very bright, as nearly all the members of this year's team return to college.

Michigan's game against Oberlin was as good a game as Michigan has put up this year. Her scoring fourteen points in the last five minutes of play indicates that Michigan can play fast ball. Against Purdue, Michigan played the fastest game she has played this year, and the contrast between the starting of the backs in the Purdue game and in the Chicago game was very marked. Their interference worked faster, and they broke through Purdue's line repeatedly.

Bennett, Snow, and Felver did good work. Felver runs his team well, but is very light for a 'varsity man.

Moore, Purdue's captain, played by far the best game for Purdue. Alward, at tackle, also distinguished himself; but the Purdue ends were fooled many times on the double pass.

Michigan defeated Minnesota by a score of 14 to 0. Minnesota was somewhat weakened by the loss of Loomis, her full-back, but nevertheless she was completely outplayed. Harrison, Minnesota's captain and end, going to full-back, and while he made a creditable showing, he did not play the game played by him last year. Scandrett played a good game, as he always does, and was into the play all the time.

Hogg and Stewart did the best work for Michigan with the ball, while Coley and Teetzel were especially strong on the defensive.

The individual work of the men in the Chicago game deserves special mention, and the bright star on the Michigan team was Felver. His running with the ball was marvellous, and he made several long runs, one of fifty yards through nearly the whole Chicago team, and was finally caught from behind.

The work of Pingree at half back and Keene at full-back was of first-class order, and Keene has a future before him, as he is only a Freshman. Ayers, who took Bennett's place at end, played a good game, and deserves his 'varsity "M," which he has tried to get for two years.

Illinois was unfortunate in not meeting more of the colleges, as her team must be classed among the best, but did not have any hard games. Her game with Purdue, whom she defeated (34 to 4), was the only game she had with a college team outside of Chicago. Johnston's work for Illinois in the Purdue game was marvellous, and Schuler, Fisher, and Sweeny played their usually good game. Next year I hope to see Illinois playing Michigan, and it will be a battle royal.

Illinois played the Carlisle Indians on November 20, and the score at the end of the first half was 6 to 5 in favor of Illinois. Her team held the Indians on downs often in the first half, and the Indians did not get inside Illinois's 25-yard line. Hudson kicked the goal from the 35 yard line, whereas Illinois scored her touch-down from the centre of the field without once losing the ball.

In the second half Illinois only had the ball once, and then lost it on downs, and the Indians scored three touch-downs, the game ending 23 to 5 in favor of the Indians.

Pierce, Hudson, and Metoxen, for the Indians, did good work, but Von Owen, Sweeny, and McCormick outplayed H. Pierce and Wheelock and Seneca respectively; but Metoxen had no equal, and his line bucking was wonderful. Fisher of Illinois played a remarkably strong game against Pierce, but got a little the worst of the meeting.

Purdue did not have as good a team this year as she has had in the past. Purdue's game with Minnesota, whom she defeated (6-0), was by far the best game put up by Purdue this year. Purdue's team was light, and handicapped by lack of material, but her game was snappy, and Moore, as half-back, played a good, hard, and conscientious game all through the season, but lacked support; and had he been on a team which would have given him any help, would have been considered as good a back as there is in the West.

Alward, as tackle, was very strong on breaking through, and both of Purdue's scores on Illinois and Michigan were the result of a kick blocked by him. Webb, at guard, also played a good game, and Bond, at tackle, did well for his first year on the team. Next year, I hope, Purdue will be able to make a better showing.

Northwestern and Minnesota have not had as successful a season as they had last year, and the trouble in both cases, I think, is the same—*i. e.*, lack of harmony among the players and the coachers. Minnesota's geographical location is a great drawback, as her teams are obliged to travel nearly five hundred miles to meet any of the other university teams. Northwestern, on the contrary, has every advantage, but for the above-stated reason has failed to get the most out of the material at hand.

Oberlin's work this year has been very good, and Chez, her captain and left guard, has played a remarkably good game, while Washington and the Faulkner brothers deserve a great deal of credit for their work behind the line. The season has been the most successful one the West has ever had, the game has been made better by good umpires, and Mr Wrenn (Harvard '92) deserves great credit for his work, as it is largely due to his strict rulings, together with the instructions of the coaches, that has changed the game in the West from a brutal exhibition to a clean, honest, and manly game. Summing the work of the men, I find that to pick an All-Western team is so easy matter, but will print the

(Continued on page 1263)

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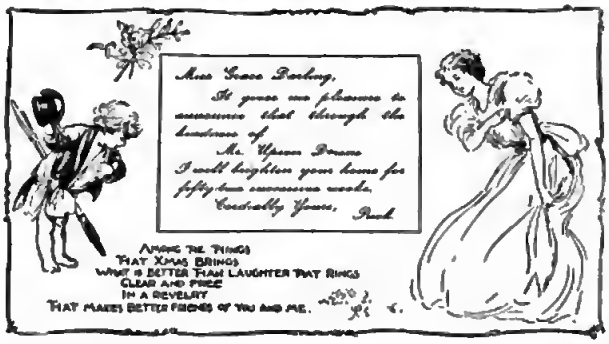

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(Continued from page 1265.)

following, and I think it is the strongest combination that could be gotten together:

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Schuler (Illinois), quarter-back.
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Riordan captain (Wisconsin), and Ches (Oberlin), guards.
Sweeney (Illinois) and Hoeness (Wisconsin), tackles.
Kennedy (Chicago), and Bennett (Michigan), ends.

Substitutes.

In the line.

Cunningham (Michigan), centre; Fisher (Illinois), guard; Alward (Purdue), tackle; Mullen (Notre Dame), end.

Back of the line.

Peele (Wisconsin), half-back; Clark (Chicago), quarter or half back; Moore (Purdue), half or full back.

RALPH T. HOAGLAND.

GOLF COMPETITIONS.

One of the changes that overtook golf when it became popular in England was that men began to show an apparent preference for the competition by score as against the match. It would be hard to give a reason for this. The individual golfer, when you questioned him, always told you, and with sincerity, that he abominated the game by strokes, that the match was the genuine fashion of the game, that the hunting of the pot ought to be abolished, and so on, all in good earnest, and yet on the very next opportunity off he went pot-hunting to this, that, or the other meeting. The explanation probably is that the pot was only the excuse, that the pot was not the real attraction, but that the golfer was genuinely attracted by an amiable, gregarious instinct rather than by the desire for filthy lucre, and that he attended these meetings as a means of getting matches and talking golf with his fellows.

This was probably the innocent explanation. Scotland was at one time quite indignant with England over the pot-hunting that the latter had introduced into golf, but it was irreflective indignation, for a moment's thought would have shown the level-headed Scotsman that the game was very far from being worth the candle on this hypothesis. Travelling money and hotel bills would take all the gilt off the pot's splendor many times over. It was not for the prize that men went together to Westward Ho, to Hoylake, to Prestwick, it was to meet one another and to play matches. But they were not quite clear themselves as to their motives, which, after all, may have been a little mixed. The remote possibility of winning the medal may have been in the background all the while, but it was not the determining motive. Nevertheless, they fell into the habit of saying that they were "going to the medal meeting," and so the medal grew to assume a fictitious prominence and importance that it never really possessed, and as justified Scotland's reproaches. At the same time, Englishmen were inclined to add to the inducements of their meetings by instituting other prizes—handicap prizes—thinking thereby to increase the attendance. This effect was actually produced for a while, but at present there seem signs that the plan is defeating its own object. Englishmen even are beginning to perceive that their matches are very much interfered with by the number of scoring competitions that prevail at every meeting; there is a growing tendency to reduce the number of these competitions, and even a growing tendency to refrain from attending the meetings. "One never gets any matches there; all the time is taken up with playing for prizes," is the sort of complaint that is becoming very general.

It is perhaps worth while drawing attention to these phases through which English golf has passed and is passing, by way of an example to America of what it is likely that she may have to regard as dangers to be avoided. In the old days when medals were few, and monthly medals had not yet been invented, then the winning of any one or other of these annual medals was looked on as a much greater affair than it is to-day, when medals are so many. For a long time we used to give no mementos for any but the scratch challenge prizes, and this was probably a good restriction; but by degrees it grew to be disregarded, and mementos were given equally for handicap prizes, and even for monthly medals. By this indiscriminate distribution of rewards their value was reduced to a minimum.

When Englishmen and Scotsmen succeed in getting an idea into their heads, even if it be a wholly rational one to start with, they are very apt to argue from it in a manner that is wholly irrational. It may be that this little foible is not entirely kept on this side of the Atlantic. At all events, the tendency has been shown not only in the original multiplication of prizes beyond all that is reasonable, but no less in the irrational manner in which those who have come round to be the enemies of indiscriminate prize giving now conduct their attacks on it. They abuse all prizes with a splendid impartiality, and an utter disregard of the grounds on which they first saw fit to condemn the principle of prize giving. Such a criticism as this is often in their mouths.

"Oh, they have an absurd number of prizes at such and such a links. They have a prize for everything—actually a prize for the second half round."

Thus they proceed in their denunciation, but if they had paused for a moment to think, they would have perceived that this prize, which they are especially fond of selecting as their "horrid instance," is one that is utterly inoffensive to the principle on which they are conducting their crusade. They condemn the multiplicity of prizes rightly enough, because they mean such a number of scoring competitions as leave little spare time for those matches by holes that are the original, the recognized, and the most agreeable form of the game, but this matter of a prize for the second half-round does not increase at all the number of rounds occupied by the competitions, for no one has ever heard of a competition for which the *only* prize was that which depended on the second half round. No, other prizes are the principal guerdons of success in the total round, and the prize for the second half is only added as a kind of consolatory postscript. Its special object is a kind and laudable one—to give some sort of interest in the round to those unhappy persons who have been so unfortunate in its early stages as to leave themselves no possible hope of winning the principal prize. For these poor people the scoring round, after their first disasters, is a melancholy thing indeed—a performance in which they may admire the scenery, listen to the larks, inhale the pure ozone, but the entire interest of the game is for them snuffed out like a candle. They have no match to interest them, and the best they can do for themselves and for their neighbor is to transfer such share of interest as is transferable to the fortunes or misfortunes of their partners, which we may charitably suppose to be less desperate than their own. But this interest, even with the most Christian golfer, is not a very keen and lively sentiment; possibly the partner's performances soon reduce it to the vanishing point, and in most cases the later stages of a round ill begun are melancholy in the extreme. It is to relieve the melancholy of these unhappy people that the prize for the last half round has been invented. Nobody, perhaps, is very proud of winning it—it is a little matter, whether regarded as a bit of lucre or a bit of glory—but at least it gives a glimmer of interest to the final nine holes, and gives a poor man something to play for when his chance for the prize for which he has originally started has vanished. It is to be regarded in the light of a piece of charity.

So in this particular instance, cited in illustration of the folly of extreme prize giving, the average British critic is not happy. Though he is right in principle, he is wrong in detail. It is a small matter, but it is illustrative of the fog into which we are rather apt to stumble unless we look at our landmarks as we go along. The real point is not that prize meetings are bad things—and by "bad" is to be understood nothing in a moral sense or bad as conducive to pot-hunting, for the pot is scarcely ever hunted, or worth the hunting, but bad in the sense of boring—it is not the prize meetings themselves that are bad and a bore, but it is the excessive number of rounds which are occupied with playing for prizes at each meeting. Prize meetings are pleasant. Golfers gather together like eagles round this humble little carcass of a medal or a cup, not for the sake of the silver thing, but for the sake of the golf, the good fellowship, and so on. The medal gives them a rallying point, and a date for coming together. But what is bad and boring is to find every day out of the three or four that you design passing at this rallying point filled up with scoring competitions, so that you have not time for any of the pleasant matches to which you were looking forward. It is thus that the excessive prize giving defeats its objects. Let there be as many prizes given as the liberality of the club or its members may see fit, but let them be crammed into, say, a couple of rounds during the meeting, and let the other rounds be free for the playing of private matches. There is one point that we ought always, difficult though it be, to keep in mind—that according to the original intention of golf and golfers we play the game for pleasure.

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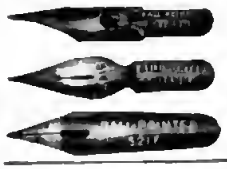

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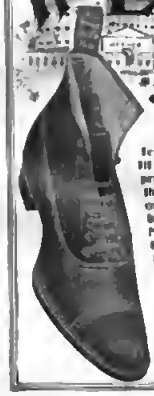

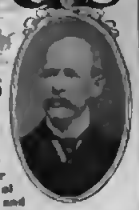

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLI.—No. 2140

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1897.

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A CAPRICE OF TIME 1827-1897—TWO CHRISTMASES.—DRAWN BY E. P. UPJOHN.

[SEE POEM, PAGE 1292.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, DECEMBER 25, 1897

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THE Democratic members of the House of Representatives have decided to adhere to the cause which the country defeated in 1896. In a caucus, last week, they declared against currency reform and against the extension of banking privileges. They also pronounced in favor of recognizing the belligerency of the Cuban insurgents. They seem to be determined to make permanent the breach between the old organization and the National Democrats.

THE bill prohibiting pelagic sealing and the importation of seal-skins into the United States that has passed both Houses of Congress, and is before the President, ought to become a law. Another bill provides for the immediate killing of all seals. Such a bill might serve for a diplomatic threat, but it ought not to be seriously considered as possible legislation. As President JORDAN points out, the effort to kill all the seals immediately would be fruitless, because the seals do not all visit the islands at the same time. But the strongest argument against the bill is its essential inhumanity. The United States and Great Britain have practically agreed to the establishment of an international game law for the protection of the seals, but Canada wants poaching privileges, and therefore Great Britain has failed to carry out her part of the agreement. In the mean time it is our duty to do all in our power to secure the co-operation of Great Britain, and to put a stop to pelagic sealing.

IF there is any one in the country who believes that Congress is capable of governing a distant colony he ought to read the reports concerning the condition of Alaska. Alaska is now receiving a large population, and the Federal officials there are at their wits' end. Practically Congress has left the Territory to be governed by laws that do not apply to its conditions, or that are now the laws of a remote past. The judges do not know how to solve the difficulty, nor where to find their jurisdiction. There is no local legislative body, and Congress, of course, does not think of legislating for Alaska. The result is that, although there is a Governor and a court and some administrative officials, the people who are rushing to the Klondike find a condition of government which is feeble to the point of ludicrousness. All this is humiliating, but it is especially humiliating to read that our miners and adventurers find the Canadian customs officials and Mounted Police very much more intelligent and effective than our own functionaries, and much more agreeable and tactful as well. We fancy that a visit to Alaska at this time would afford a revelation to those of our citizens who believe that our republic is capable of governing distant colonies.

IT is apparent that Congress expects to pass a bankruptcy bill at the present session. At the last session the Senate passed the NELSON bankruptcy bill, which, as the *Evening Post* points out, is not a bankruptcy bill at all, but a bill to make life agreeable to insolvents. It is a bill which permits a debtor who has committed an act of bankruptcy, or who cannot see his way out of his difficulties, to secure a discharge from his debts by process of law. Of course there must be a distribution of his property among his creditors, but such a bill means nothing else than a legal permission to a bankrupt to begin again with a clean slate. Dishonest bankrupts would not always take advantage of such an act, because they want to hold on to their assets as long as possible for the purpose of getting the better of other trusting creditors, for it is the desire of such bankrupts to remain afloat in order to secure on credit goods which they sell for cash for their own benefit, and without a thought of the rights of those to whom they owe money. The TORREY bill is the only measure which embodies the right principle, for bankruptcy ought to be involuntary as well as voluntary. The creditors of insolvents should have the right to put an end to dishonest careers by compelling a distribution of their property, and, in view of the differing laws of the many jurisdictions in the United States, there is no country in the world where a sound and uniform bankruptcy law is more necessary.

No sooner had Congress assembled than the irrepressible GROSVENOR began his attack upon the civil service law. GROSVENOR affords a striking illustration of the meaningless character of party pledges, and the lightness with which party, and even personal, loyalty sits upon our politicians. The Republican platform of 1896 declared that the "civil service law was placed on the statute-book by the Republican party, which has always sustained it, and we renew our repeated declarations that it shall be thoroughly and heartily and honestly enforced and extended wherever practicable." Mr. MCKINLEY approved this pledge in his letter of acceptance, as such approval was to have been expected from the man who, in opposing an assault upon the law in 1890, had said: "Mr Chairman, the Republican party must take no backward step; the merit system is here, and it is here to stay, and we may just as well understand and accept it now." He did more than this, for no sooner was he President than he issued the order touching removals, which is an extension of the reform as important as any that was made by his predecessor. GROSVENOR is not only a Republican, but he is the nearest friend to the President in Congress. He is, therefore, in his attack upon the civil service law, disloyal to both his party and his friend. Fortunately the enemies of the law find it difficult to agree on a plan of action, and possibly their prudence, for the law is popular, will continue to prevent an agreement on any measure for repeal or amendment, or for any attempt to defeat the appropriation for the support of the commission.

SENATOR DAVIS and the other enthusiastic advocates of the annexation of Hawaii have lost the confidence that they manifested before the beginning of the session of Congress. Then they were certain that the treaty would be ratified at once, and Senator DAVIS gave notice that he would call it up the second day of the session. But he suddenly found that he was not sure of the two-thirds vote that is necessary to ratification. Nor did he and his friends think it safe to attempt to annex Hawaii by a joint resolution, as Texas was brought into the Union. One truth is that they are afraid of Speaker REED, who is the House of Representatives, and who has recently expressed himself in opposition to the spread of our empire. Another truth is that there has been much expression of public sentiment concerning annexation during the recess of Congress, and much of it has been in opposition to the scheme. Thoughtful Americans are beginning to realize that taking the islands at the hands of self constituted authorities representing a minority of the people would be a good deal like taking them by violence, especially as we would have to take them in the face of a protest signed by native Hawaiians outnumbering all the Americans residing there nearly seven to one. Then, too, a good many persons who might have been dazzled by the idea of extending our territory have come, through instruction and reflection, to see that we have no machinery for the government of colonies; that Hawaii, annexed, would at first, most likely, be a refuge for our broken-down politicians, and eventually it might be accepted as a State to care scandals arising out of its colonial condition. But who is it who wants a State situated 2000 miles from our coast, sending to Washington Senators and Representatives who are strangers to our manners and customs, in our ways of thinking, and to our political training, and who will be the easy prey of the kind of politicians whose influence has been so disastrous in the new States that we have already too precipitately created from contiguous colonial empire?

SAGASTA is, on the whole, pleased with what the President said on the Cuban question in his message, although naturally he is forced to resent the threatened interference of the United States in case the war should drag on beyond what we may deem to be a reasonable period. He could not do less than this in the face of the demonstrations in favor of WEYLER, which, although the effort to arouse enthusiasm failed at Madrid, have been engineered generally with success by the extreme conservatives under the lead of ROMERO ROBLEDO, who has gone so far as to promise to support WEYLER for the premiership. Then, too, the Carlists are still menacing, and even some of the Havana volunteers, a kind of home guard, have displayed the Carlist badge because autonomy has been promised to the Cuban insurrectionists, and because BLANCO has threatened to demand of them some military service. These are some of the facts which a premier in SAGASTA's position must take into account. But notwithstanding his objections to the threat of interference, he and his Captain General must either put down the insurrection during the coming few months or submit to the loss of Cuba, and, if necessary, to the interference of the United States in behalf of our own citizens and our own commerce. It is a hard alternative, but it is inevitable. Notwithstanding the foolish and criminal talk of the Jingoes in and out of Congress, the government has done its utmost to perform its duty to Spain. Secretary GAGE's report as to the efforts of the government to prevent filibustering expeditions shows that the patrol fleet maintained by the Treasury Department and the navy has been singularly successful. It is evident that if the Spanish navy had been equal in efficiency to the United States navy, no filibusters would have landed in Cuba. But the United States government cannot be called upon to perform patrol duty for Spain indefinitely, nor can it be expected to submit much longer to the nuisance that has now been maintained at her front door since 1895. Spain has already recognized our right to consideration, and if, unhappily for all concerned, the time ever come when our intervention shall be necessary, Europe as well as America will expect to see her yield to her fate without insisting on a disastrous and useless war for a dramatic finale.

THE PENSION SCANDAL.

AS if to forestall inconvenient and embarrassing public discussion in the newspapers, the House of Representatives rushed through the pension bill in a great hurry. There was, it is true, opportunity for debate, and some advantage was taken of it. Mr. ALLEN of Mississippi indulged himself in sarcastic speech on the pension agents, for whose benefit largely this legislation is enacted. Mr. DE ARMOND and others followed him, pointing out abuses of the system, and the Republicans themselves were apologetic, with the exception of one or two who professed to be willing to pension men as rich as the late JAY GOULD if they had served for any period of time in the Union army and had been disabled in consequence. Mr CANNON, the chairman of the Appropriations Committee, contented himself with explaining that the finances of the country were not in such bad condition as Secretary GAGE had said, and that the amount of the deficiency for 1899 need not be so large as $22,000,000 if Congressmen will restrain themselves in the matter of river and harbor appropriations. By this same token one may expect, when the log rolling river and harbor bill reaches the stage of consideration in the House of Representatives, Mr. CANNON, who talks bravely enough in behalf of economy without doing anything, will explain that there is nearly money enough for digging out a stream or two in every State, provided that Congressmen restrain themselves in the matter of public buildings.

The country will be inclined to ask, however, why not exercise the self-restraint at the earliest opportunity presented? There is no doubt as to the existence of frauds on the pension list. There is no doubt that these frauds are so many and so flagrant that the possession of a pension has ceased to be evidence of honorable service in the war. The man who holds it may have been a bounty-jumper. The cause for which he obtained it may be the shameful result of his own bad conduct. He may, indeed, have fought gallantly, endured hardships, and won the gratitude of his countrymen. In consequence of his patriotic services he may now be unable to support himself. If this be so, his fellow-citizens gladly submit to taxation that his remaining days may not be harassed by direful poverty. But it may also be that he skulked in the rear, that he deserted in the face of the enemy, that he never went to the front at all, that his disabilities, if he labors under any, are the consequences of dissipation, or that they are mere pretence. There are many thousands of pensioners who are receiving the fruits of frauds upon the government, dividing their ill-got gains with the pension agents who were the active and effective factors in the commission of the frauds. Besides the men who are on the roll, and whose presence there is threatening to destroy utterly its character as a roll of honor, are some women, the young widows of old soldiers, whom they have married for the purpose of gaining for themselves the benefits of a too generous

pension law. Besides these are men who served well and faithfully, but who do not need pensions, and who, by a perversion of the law, accept the bounty of the government not intended for them. The provision of laws granting pensions to those whose disabilities render them unable to support themselves by manual labor has been greatly abused under this provision. Pensions are paid to men who actually do not support themselves by manual labor, but who do not do so because they have no need, and perhaps no capacity, for such work, but who do gain a livelihood, and even enrich themselves, in business or the professions. It is stated in Washington that men in receipt of large incomes, who never dreamed of doing manual labor, whose gains are far in excess of the possible earnings of such labor, are nevertheless receiving bounties from the government under the physical-disability clause.

The amount of fraud that has been committed upon the generosity of the government is beyond all count. Of course at the bottom of all the fraud and perjury are the pension attorneys and the politicians. The attorneys work up the laws and the cases. It is largely due to their efforts that the law has been extended so far as it has and that further extensions are threatened. They are behind the Congressmen who have been the most eager advocates of what they falsely call liberal pension legislation. They have had votes to give in return for laws that have made fraude upon the Treasury easy. They have implanted the idea of defrauding the government in many a stupid but willing mind. They have invented disabilities and the causes of disabilities. They have inspired perjury, and they have not only placed deserters on the pension roll, but they have debauched old soldiers, who are now ending in disgrace lives that began in the noblest self-sacrifice in the cause of the country. These pension agents have gone so far in their acknowledgment that the pension law is for doing the government out of money, and not solely for the relief of those who were disabled in the performance of their patriotic duty, that many of them have advertised that desertion is no bar to a pension. Mr. CLEVELAND said that the pension roll should be a roll of honor, and all fair-minded men will admit that he did his utmost to make it so; but is there any old soldier who was a real soldier during the war, who joined the army and fought the country's battles because of his love of country, who thinks it an honor to be placed in the company of deserters and of the scheming young widows of his old comrades? Is he proud to be borne on a roll which recognises cowardice and treason and chicanery as equally entitled to the country's gratitude with his own courage and sufferings in its behalf? For this state of things, which is the existing state of things, the real old soldiers of the country have to thank the pension agents and the politicians to whom the votes and the influence of the pension agents are apparently necessary. The pension agents have made millions by putting the deserving soldier into the company of frauds, cowards, and perjurers, and the politicians have made votes by carrying out the behests of the pension agents.

The bill as it left the House called for an appropriation of $141,000,000. Nearly thirty-three years after the close of the war the government is paying pensions to nearly half as many persons as there were soldiers enlisted for three years' service. It is carrying on the rolls 976,014 pensioners. It is paying not nearly as much money as all the rest of the government costs. General H. V. BOYNTON, whom we have once before quoted on this subject, makes the following striking and instructive contrast between the sum paid for pensions and the amounts paid for the support of the great departments of the government, including the army and navy. He says:

> If the cost of Congress, the printing office, the library, and the botanical garden expressed in the item legislative, and the Agricultural Department, be taken out, the pensions for next year will equal the total cost of the remaining government service. That is to say, the cost of pensions alone, with the small exceptions noted, equal the entire salary list of the government in Washington and throughout the country, the expenses of all the departments, including the whole judicial system, the cost of the army and navy, post office deficiencies, public buildings, fortifications and ships, rivers and harbors, the Department of Labor, and the whole expense of the White House and its salaries. A long array of promiscuous items, such as those for the coast survey, the life-saving service, the light house system, the Indian service, the General Land Office, the Marine Hospital service, the national soldiers' homes, the customs service, might be added to still further emphasize the point under consideration.

It is idle to pretend, as Congressmen seem to do, that this wretched state of things cannot be reformed. There is only one reason why an end cannot be put to these frauds upon the government and these injustices to the real old soldiers, to whom the country owes much, which no one grudges them. The reason is that too many Congressmen prefer that the frauds shall continue, because with their abolition they will lose the demagogic appeal to which they owe most of their emoluments. They see votes in pension laws and in pension frauds, and therefore the chance of reform is small, at least from the present race of politicians. Here, more than anywhere else, the needed task of retrenchment should begin, far bad as are the scandals of river and harbor bills and of public building appropriations, the scandals of the pension roll are greater, for they are not only the fruits of fraud and perjury, and a hard and unjust burden on the tax-payer, but they are an insult to the men who fought to save the Union.

THE POLITICS OF FINANCIAL REFORM.

REPORTS are still coming from Washington telling us that influential Republicans in Congress are opposed to the taking up of any legislation looking to currency reform, for the reason that it "cannot pass the Senate." This is dangerously unwise talk in a twofold sense. In the first place, it is by no means certain that such legislation would fail in the Senate, notwithstanding the strength of the hostile elements in that body. Whoever remembers the composition and temper of the Senate in 1893, when President CLEVELAND urged the repeal of the SHERMAN act, will admit that the chances of such a repeal looked then no less desperate, perhaps even more so, than the chances of the passage of a good financial reform bill look now. Not only was the silver heresy then as rampant in the Senate as it now is, but there were treacherous intriguers in the sound money camp itself, who, to the very last, discouraged and sought to demoralize the supporters of the measure recommended by the President, and thus to deprive him of the prestige of success by insisting upon a dangerous compromise. What would have become of the national credit and of the business of the country had President CLEVELAND and his friends pusillanimously dropped the repeal bill because "it could not pass the Senate"? They did succeed, after all, in carrying it through that body by dint of unbending resolution and a vigorous appeal to the country, which elicited a powerful response. Is there any reason for pronouncing impossible in 1897 what by energetic action was made possible in 1893? The administration of President MCKINLEY is in favor of action. No treacherous conspiracy against it among the members of its own party in the Senate is to be apprehended. That public sentiment which in 1893 proved so effective is again rallying for emphatic demonstrations. Why, then, this faint-hearted talk of certain defeat before the fight?

But even if defeat in the Senate were ever so certain, there would still be the most urgent political reasons for at least making the attempt. It is necessary, in order to restore among the sound-money forces, which, united, won the victory in the Presidential election, that feeling of sympathy which is needed to make further co-operation possible. There is probably no sensible man in the Republican party who believes that Mr. MCKINLEY was elected by a strict party vote, or that he could have been elected without the aid of hundreds of thousands of voters who stood outside of the Republican ranks—sound-money Democrats and independents or mugwumps. That aid was freely given without any stipulations or conditions. Those allies did not demand or look for anything in the shape of reward in case of victory. They expected only that the Republicans, if put in power, would be fairly moderate in their tariff legislation, and that, in any event, they would give that question upon which the union of forces had been effected—the money question—the first place in their programme of action, upon the basis of the principles on which the campaign was fought. This expectation, as every candid person will admit, was reasonable, and it was encouraged by the utterances of the most prominent Republican leaders during and immediately after that memorable contest. Had it been fulfilled, the combination of forces which brought about the great result of last year would have remained virtually unbroken, or it might at least have been easily renewed to meet in the future any similar emergency.

But that expectation was disappointed in two ways. The Republicans, when in power, did not give the question upon which the combination had been formed the first place in their programme of action, but demonstratively subordinated it to another Republican policy, upon which there existed a very grave difference of opinion between the Republican party and its allies; and then they carried that policy to an extreme never known before. That this sort of conduct should have seriously dissatisfied the allies of last year is not surprising. And that dissatisfaction was increased by such things as the intrusion of the Hawaii annexation scheme and the indecent rush for party spoils. The effect of this dissatisfaction showed itself clearly in the fall elections, which in some States reduced the Republican majorities to their normal figures, while in New York the Democrats carried the State, and even in Pennsylvania the combined opposition vote exceeded that of the Republicans. Whatever causes may have co-operated to bring about such striking results, it is certain that the dissolution of the alliance of last year was one of them. It is also certain that without a renewal of that alliance the Republican party would, in a national election, have a very precarious, if any, chance of success. How extremely precarious that chance would be is easily shown by an analysis of last year's election returns.

That it will now be more difficult, in consequence of recent experiences, to renew the alliance than it was to make it when those experiences were not foreseen is readily understood by any one that knows human nature. As there were last year many old Democrats who vowed that they would never vote a Democratic ticket again, so we can this year hear many who voted for Mr. MCKINLEY vow with equal emphasis that they will never again vote a Republican ticket. It is true, such vows, which are outbursts of an irritated temper, do not always stand the test of changed circumstances. But they are, at any rate, symptoms of an ill-humored disposition which it requires a decided change of circumstances to mollify. Much of what has been done cannot be undone. The political effect of the DINGLEY tariff will probably show itself at the next Congressional election. Not even the most sanguine Republicans expect it to be favorable to their party. Those less hopefully disposed look for a strong reaction, especially if the tariff continues to fail as a revenue measure and new taxation in other directions becomes necessary. If anything can then save the Republican party from serious disaster, it is a policy calculated to unite the sound-money forces again by making the financial question the controlling issue. The President and Secretary of the Treasury have pointed the way in this direction; but what they have done will go for nothing if Congress remains inactive and permits things to drift. Unless the Republican party, as it is represented in Congress, gives proof of aggressive earnestness in the struggle for financial reform, its former allies will not have that confidence in its good faith with regard to the money question without which energetic co-operation will be impossible. For the object it has in common with its allies the Republican party must be ready to fight not only when certain and immediate success is in prospect, but also under circumstances of difficulty and when the chances are doubtful. Only with a standard courageously raised and carried forward can it expect to rally its allies again, and to lead them into a common battle. The talk, therefore, of not advancing in Congress any measure of monetary reform, because it would probably fail in the Senate, is foolish in the extreme. Such pusillanimity would be suicidal.

It has become the fashion among a certain class of Republican politicians to say that the sound-money Democrats and the independents—in short, the mugwumps—want to destroy the Republican party, and that their insolent pretension to dictate its policy should be repelled. There is indeed no doubt that these so called mugwumps heartily dislike certain things which the Republican party stands for—the DINGLEY tariff, for instance—and that they would greatly prefer to have a party representing their own principles, and strong enough to carry the country. But in the absence of such an organization they do not at all want to destroy the Republican party—at least not so long as it serves as a bulwark against repudiation and national dishonor. On the contrary, they want it to preserve those elements of moral strength which, in case of necessity, would make a great sound-money coalition like that of last year again attainable. Neither do those mugwumps pretend to dictate the policy of the Republican party. They merely think it prudent, and also patriotic, to point out to the Republican leaders certain dangers which threaten very serious disaster to the country in general, and to the Republican party particularly. To effect a grand rally of the sound money forces will, after all that has happened, be extremely difficult anyhow. The possibility of it at least should be saved. If it is not, the Republicans in Congress will be responsible for the outcome.

CARL SCHURZ.

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KING MENELEK LISTENING TO A PHONOGRAPH.

BUILDING A WALL AROUND THE PALACE GROUNDS AT ANTALO.

NEGUS MENELEK OF ABYSSINIA AT HOME.

PROBABLY at no period since the commencement of African colonization have the events of the Dark Continent attracted the widespread attention in European countries that they do to-day. While the Anglo-Egyptian army is advancing against the Mahdi from the north, France Abyssinian caravans are bringing him aid and comfort from the south. By this time the very important expedition of M Marchand has probably reached the Mahdi's entrenched camp near Omdurman, so that when the British arrive they will find the tricolor of France waving alongside of the green flag of the Prophet.

In this heated rivalry for predominance in central and eastern Africa, France has been fortunate enough to secure the friendship and alliance of the Negus Menelek of Abyssinia, whose recent successes over the Italians and general ability as a ruler and diplomatist have made him the practical arbiter of the destinies of that entire section. Not alone has he entered into close commercial relations with the French, but he has allowed them to guide his policy in dealing with Italy and Great Britain; furthermore, he has just conceded to a French company a ninety-nine years' concession for the construction of railway lines throughout his dominions, one line in particular that will unite the most populous town in Abyssinia, Harrar, with the French port of Djibouti, on the Gulf of Aden. The exploitation of these privileges will render it all the more important to France to preserve her communications across the continent, extending in a direct line from Djibouti in the east to St. Louis in the west. This line is threatened by the British advance on the Sudanese province of Bahr-el Gazal, the ultimate object of which seems to be the execution of the grandiose project imputed, to Cecil Rhodes, of uniting Alexandria in the north with Cape Colony in the south by an uninterrupted stretch of territory acknowledging the sway of Great Britain.

Menelek's co-operation with the French may be said to be one of the fruits of the Franco Russian alliance, for it was Russia that first gained the good graces of the negro monarch and then gave her ally the benefit of his friendship. It was as far back as the early eighties that intercourse first commenced between the subjects of the Russian Emperor and the dusky inhabitants of Abyssinia. A party of so-called Free Cossacks, under their hetman Atchinoff, appeared at the court of King John, Menelek's predecessor, and offered their services against the Italians, then establishing themselves at Massowah. On returning to Russia Atchinoff took with him some Abyssinian priests, with the object of consolidating a hierarchical union of the Eastern Orthodox Church with that of Abyssinia. The project aroused some enthusiasm among the Russian people and clergy, but received no encouragement from the government. Atchinoff undertook a second trip to Abyssinia, for the purpose of starting a Cossack colony there, but a quietus was finally put on his ambitious by a French man-of-war, which shelled his party off the coast of Sagallo, and obliged him to leave the country for good.

It was not until the year 1889 that the progress of the British and Italians in North Africa decided the Russian government to send a mission to the Abyssinian court, under Lieutenant Mashkoff. King John had just been killed in battle with the Mahdists, and Menelek, although once in the pay of the Italian government, welcomed the Czar's emissaries with warmth.

In January, 1896, Captain Nicolai Stepanovitch Leontieff, a retired officer in the cavalry of the imperial guard and a well known traveller, visited the Negus at the head of a second mission. This expedition had been organized ostensibly for exploration purposes, but there can be no doubt that its primary objects were of a political nature. Leontieff won the confidence of Menelek, to whom he presented many valuable gifts from the Czar and various Russian notabilities. Upon his return to Russia he was accompanied by Prince Dumto and a suite as special envoys to the court of Russia. Among the suite were an

DRILLING ABYSSINIAN GUIDES AT LEONTIEFF'S CAMP—THE AWKWARD SQUAD.

KING MENELEK ENTERING THE PALACE FOLLOWED BY ENGINEER ILG.

DEPARTURE OF THE ROYAL GUARD FOR FIELD MANŒUVRES.

LEONTIEFF, WITH HIS PARTY, FORDING A RIVER.

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ABYSSINIAN ROYAL GUARDS WITH CAPTURED ITALIAN CANNON.

THE GUARD-HOUSE, ROYAL PALACE, ANTALO.

ebony hued archbishop and a "hierodiar," a minor Church dignitary. The reception of these "African brethren" is best described in the words of an eye-witness.

"We have been witnessing for some time," he says, "the most enthusiastic demonstrations of popularity towards the Abyssinian envoys. The climax of public enthusiasm appeared to be reached when at the service of the cathedral the Russian folk in numbers knelt down and kissed the feet of the Abyssinian archbishop and the Hierodiar Christodul. It was at that moment that the Abyssinian high priest gave vent to an expression in Persian which was translated as meaning that at last he saw that the Abyssinian Church and the Russian were one, with the same God, the same religion. This is the cry on which they have come here. It is echoed in the press, in official circles, in speeches; it is encouraged everywhere."

With all its solemnity, it must be admitted that the scene here described presented a certain element of incongruity. But whether based on logical foundations or not, the bonds uniting the Orthodox Church with the Monophysites—such is their name—of Abyssinia are only becoming closer as time wears on, and simultaneously with them the political ties between the two countries, or, more strictly speaking, between the Franco-Russian alliance on one hand and the Empire of Abyssinia on the other.

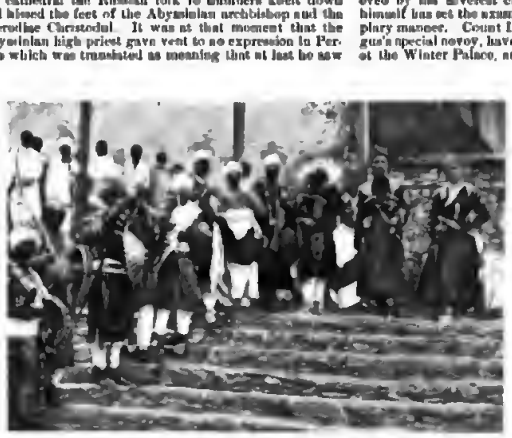
Captain Leontieff, to the mean while, has been raised to the dignity of Count by his new master, and has been appointed Governor-General of the equatorial provinces of Ethiopia, a vast tract of territory, larger than France, lying south of the borders of Abyssinia proper, and north of the British territory of Uganda. He is at present passing his time between St. Petersburg and Paris, making preparations to assume the reins of government in his new domain early next year, in which task he will be seconded by his friend and fellow-traveller Prince Henry of Orleans. Leontieff is a tall, handsome man of thirty-five years, who owes his success in life to his indomitable pluck and energy, nothing to chance or to family influence. For a while his independence of character rendered him a *persona non grata* in Russian official circles, but the magnitude of his services has finally been recognized even by his severest critics at home, and the Emperor himself has set the example by honoring him in no exemplary manner. Count Leontieff and Atto Joseph, the Negus's special envoy, have been received in private audience at the Winter Palace, and have been treated with many marks of consideration.

The photographs presented herewith are reproduced from Count Leontieff's private collection, made during his three trips through Abyssinia. As an intimate of the Negus he secured many opportunities of indulging his taste for photography denied to the ordinary traveller, and indeed his royal patron became sufficiently interested in the possibilities of the camera to "press the button" himself on more than one occasion. He would also have "done the rest" had his courtiers not grown alarmed at his new fad, and fearing it might divert him from his numerous regal duties, privately entreated the count to refrain from initiating him into the mysteries of the dark room. The picture of the Empress Taitou or Teigaitou with her three young children gives the result of one of the Negus's efforts. The apartment is the private sitting-room of the palace at Antalo, which no one but members of the family and the royal household servants is allowed to enter. The decorative panels on the walls are red and white, the work of a native artist, the rest of the wood-work light brown and green. The Negus is a lover of mechanics, hence the phonograph has been a source of unalloyed joy and happiness to him. One of the photographs shows him listening through the instrument to a martial air played by the celebrated Russian military band of the Preobrajenskis.

He is endeavoring, by the way, to organize a band for himself, with the help of a shipment of brass instruments sent from Russia, but the experiment has not made much headway as yet, his bandsmen having a deeply rooted aversion to keeping time. But if not good musicians, the Abyssinians certainly make splendid fighters, as the Italians discovered to their cost. Several of the photographs show us types of the brawny, sinewy warriors who "wiped the ground" with Baratieri's men at Adowa, and one picture shows us a portion of the cannon captured on that memorable occasion.

One peculiarity is worthy of remark in connection with these interesting photographic documents, all of which have been made during the present year. They furnish *prima facie* evidence that even though Menelek may desire to introduce such European innovations as shall prove of practical benefit to his people, he has made no attempt to interfere with their distinctly national customs. Two years have elapsed since Adowa, and Abyssinia has taken her rank among nations, but the Abyssinian shows no tendency to throw off his national robes and shine and don the attire or ape the manners of the Europeans. The plug hat and claw-hammer coat have no attractions for him, nor do visions of epaulets or bare embroidered uniforms keep him awake nights. One is almost inclined to believe him, therefore, despite his black face and kinky hair, when he declares that he is really no son of Ham, but belongs to a superior race.

V. GRIBAYÉDOFF.



LEONTIEFF'S COSSACKS AND SOME ABYSSINIAN GUARDSMEN ON THE PALACE STEPS, ANTALO.

QUEEN TAITOU AND HER CHILDREN IN THEIR PRIVATE APARTMENTS.
This Picture was taken by King Menelek himself.

Cossack. Leontieff. Henry of Orleans. M. Menelek. Cossack.

LEONTIEFF AND PARTY ON A HUNTING EXCURSION.

MENELEK RETURNING TO THE PALACE GROUNDS AFTER A PROMENADE.

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THE DRAMA.

In "A Ward of France," produced last week at Wallack's Theatre for the first time in New York, Messrs. Franklin Fyles and Eugene Presbrey deliberately undertook to write a popular drama that would flatter the eye and make a forcible appeal to the emotions. From their point of view, they have succeeded perfectly. They shrewdly chose the picturesque period when Louisiana passed rapidly from the possession of Spain to France and then to the United States, and by weaving the story of the pirate Jean Lafitte with the histories of a number of exalted personages, they were able to present a series of brilliantly decorated scenes, and to achieve a number of exciting situations. According to the fashion of many of our playwrights, they probably planned the whole action of the drama before writing a word of dialogue, and if their work could have been performed in pantomime, it would have shown itself to be an ingenious piece of stage artifice. In creating speeches for their characters, however, they plainly betrayed the sacrifice to theatrical effect that they had made of all considerations of common sense, not to speak of accurate character-drawing. No play can be considered a rational play, or even an endurable melodrama, unless it is able to sustain at least a remote comparison with the human life it is supposed to represent. "A Ward of France" cannot endure such a test for one moment. If we try to imagine in daily life, for example, the old priest in the first act, who goes about striking attitudes and distributing blessings, we shall at once see that he is simply insane. As a matter of fact, most of the characters in "A Ward of France" are impossible; their virtue is cheap sentiment; their vice is burlesque; most of their methods and motives of action have no basis in reason. It is inexcusable that Mr. Fyles, for many years dramatic critic of one of the leading journals in the country, and Mr. Presbrey, a stage manager of proved ability, should ask the public to accept such a drama. It is cruel of them, too, to give such work to the actors of reputation who took the chief parts. Of these, one only deserves mention—Miss Elita Proctor Otis, who played the arduous rôle of the fortune-telling mother of *Jean Lafitte* with fine discretion.

The success at Daly's Theatre of the comedy adapted from the German by F. C. Burnand, and called "Number Nine," may be attributed less to its slight merits than to the cleverness of Mr. Daly's actors. It is built on a new and amusing idea, the representation in the cinematograph of a young husband's flirtation on the beach at Ostend, but this device is exploited in the conventional way, largely through the repeated quarrels of the jealous wife with the frivolous husband, and through the introduction of the conventional relatives. The performers did surprisingly well with the material, playing swiftly, dexterously, and with even excellence. The heaviest burden fell upon Mr. Cyril Scott in the rôle of the husband, an actor who, as leading juvenile of Mr. Daly's company, is at last in his right place. Mr. Scott, equipped with a graceful figure, a pleasant voice, and a natural method, gave a performance that would have been flawless save for that suggestion of vulgarity in manner which has long marred his work. As a cockney prize-fighter Mr. Joseph Herbert presented a remarkably clever characterization, and in the rôle of an impulsive Irish lover Mr. Richman produced a capital brogue, and acted with spirit. Mrs. Gilbert made the mother-in-law thoroughly lifelike and delightful, instead of the wooden figure that usually goes by this name on the stage. A young English girl, Miss Lettice Fairfax, new to our stage, made a very pleasant impression as the *ingénue*.

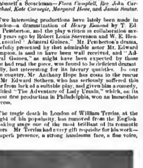
Madame Alexandre Viarda made an effort at the Fifth Avenue Theatre last week to retrieve her failure with her previous performances. For a second time she handicapped herself with an old-fashioned, stilted, and monotonous melodrama. "Deborah," best known in this country as "Leah, the Forsaken," has had great popularity with emotional actresses, because from beginning to end it is sustained on a high key. In recent years, however, the public taste has shown a healthy reaction against works so overwrought, and we have learned that an ability to speak at the top of the voice through a whole evening is not the only evidence of genius that a player can give. A really great actress, even using a foreign language, might be able to force the New York public to accept "Deborah" again; but in spite of unquestionable gifts, Madame Viarda is not great enough for that. As the persecuted Jewess, she had opportunities to do more robust work than Richard Voss's "Alexandra" afforded her, and the passionate scenes she interpreted with a fine fervor. The whole characterization, indeed, was vigorously sustained. Madame Viarda, however, has not been able to overcome the apathy of the public. Her performances here would seem to indicate that in her own country she occupies a respectable though by no means an exalted position.

A student of the drama has lately been making inquiries with regard to the lives of actors. Many actors, it seems, go on the stage at about the age of twenty, though Lawrence Barrett used to maintain that a theatrical career should begin at the latest at eighteen, while the player was still plastic and could be most easily trained. The age when an actor begins to lose his hold on the public is forty. After that time his livelihood becomes very precarious. The rate of payment in the theatre is far less than it is supposed to be, the brevity of the usual season—thirty weeks—bringing it down to a very low average. Moreover, the expenses of life on the road and of costumes are enormous. Under these conditions it is not surprising to hear that very few of the men on the stage ever save money, and that many of them, after a lifetime of service in amusing the public, are dependent during their last years on charity. The women of the stage are more provident, though few of them succeed in making more than a bare subsistence. A few weeks ago Miss Mary Shaw presented statistics showing how small a percentage of the receipts of a performance went to the actors, and how large a percentage went to the manager, and made an earnest appeal for a movement to improve the actor's condition. There is no doubt that it needs to be improved, but before measures can be taken, the present methods in the management of our theatres will have to be radically changed. These are so grossly extravagant that they defeat their own purpose, for while a very few managers make money, hundreds are ruined. To the costly productions on our stage are due the absurdly high prices of seats, which make the theatre a luxury for the few, instead of a source of pleasure and profit to every one, as it is in Europe. When we return, as we must do, to simpler productions, and pay more attention to the plays and the performances than to the scenery, our actors will receive better treatment and do better work, and dramatic art in general will profit.

We have had several plays from books of late, and soon we are to see a play drawn, oddly enough, from several books. Mr. James MacArthur, one of the editors of *The Bookman*, and Mr. Tom Hall, a well-known contributor to the periodicals, have completed a comedy for which episodes and characters were largely furnished by Ian Maclaren's two collections of short stories, and by his novel *Kate Carnegie*. The idea is original and bold, and the mere statement that the drama, though written by men practically unknown to the stage, has been accepted by two prominent managers, and is to be produced at a Broadway theatre, suggests that the work may have merit. The outline of the play is understood to have received the approval of Dr. Watson during his visit in this country, and the production will be interesting not only as the dramatization of some of the most popular fiction of the day, but as an indirect contribution to the theatre from a clergyman. The piece is to be called "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," the scene being laid, of course, in "Drumtochty," and it will include among the characters such popular figures as *Lachlan Campbell*—to be played, by-the-way, by that veteran actor, Mr. J. H. Stoddart, who is himself a Scotchman—*Flora Campbell*, *Rev. John Carmichael*, *Kate Carnegie*, *Margaret Howe*, and *Jamie Soutar*.

Two interesting productions have lately been made in London—a dramatization of *Henry Esmond* by T. Edgar Pemberton, and the play written in collaboration several years ago by Robert Louis Stevenson and W. E. Henley, entitled "Admiral Guinea." Mr. Pemberton's drama, carefully presented by that admirable actor Mr. Edward Compton, is said to have been well received, and "Admiral Guinea," as might have been expected by those who had read the piece, was found to be deficient dramatically, but interesting for its literary qualities. In our own country, Mr. Anthony Hope has come to the rescue of Mr. Edward Sothern, who has seriously suffered this year from lack of a suitable play, and given him a comedy, entitled "The Adventure of Lady Ursula," which, on its recent first production in Philadelphia, won an immediate success.

The tragic death in London of William Terriss, at the height of his popularity, has removed from the English-speaking stage one of the most brilliant of its romantic actors. Mr. Terriss had every gift requisite for his work—a superb presence, a strong handsome face, a fine voice,



WILLIAM TERRISS.

and a capacity for interpreting his rôles with rare intelligence and with abundant vitality. He was known in this country chiefly through his association with Henry Irving's company, where for several years he held the position of leading man. He has also acted here as star in melodrama, with which he has lately been identified at the London Adelphi Theatre. JOHN D. BARRY.

FIGURES OF PROSPERITY.

The official report from the Bureau of Statistics gives the export of merchandise for the ten months of 1897 ending with October as $848,734,259, showing a gain over the corresponding ten months of 1896 of $56,179,651. This enormous percentage of increase, while largely owing to our big wheat exports at high prices—a movement, with checks now and then, still going on, and likely to flow till next spring—cannot be entirely accounted for by the feature of foreign cereal demand. There has been a very large increase in the foreign demand for railroad material and appliances from Australia, China, and Japan, and even Canada has been active in her call on American mills. Sugar has shared in the augment of the export trade, and cotton manufactures, from the more expensive prints to cotton cloth, have had part in the boom, specially in the increased South American demand. The last feature is particularly gratifying, as hitherto the Germans and the English, by their more scientific financial apparatus of banking and exchange, as well as by their shrewder adaptation of goods to the needs of the market, have practically cut the ground from under our feet. Americans are just beginning to master the essential conditions of a successful South American commerce. All these things serve to buoy the hope that our business revival is a genuine one which has come to stay, although the stimulus has not yet permeated every branch of affairs.

If the figures of merchandise exports are so hopeful those of exports and imports of coin and bullion are not less full of significance. Analysis of the government report covering corresponding periods of ten months in 1896 and 1897 (January and October inclusive) is pregnant with interesting deduction. During these relative ten months of two years the balance of gold imports in our favor has been $27,155,216; on the other hand, we have exported a surplus of $79,875,982 in silver. In brief, we have gained in the metal which we need, and have been drained of the metal which we can better spare than retain. That the gold has come to stay, and that the silver has gone to stay, there can be no reasonable doubt. But this gratifying influx of gold from abroad only accounts for a small part of the profuse reappearance of the yellow metal. That points to the fact that the hearts of men everywhere through the broad land have become reassured, and that gold has poured out in a rich stream from all its multitudinous hiding-places to fill its true function. Increased activity in gold mining during the last two years, valuable adjunct as that may have been, has cut a comparatively small figure in the problem.

A SCHOOLMISTRESS ABROAD.

The French Academy has not often honored a more independent and interesting benevolence than the work of a humble little old woman of the people, Madame Bonnefois, lately received by that august assembly. Madame Bonnefois is the daughter of a hard-working couple who kept a stall for selling mechanical toys, removing it to one part of Paris or of the environs of the capital according to the dates of the different "fairs" that are so largely a feature of French city life even in this day of the passing of ancient institutions. She had no early education except what she picked up from placards and posters and the gaudy advertisements of cheap shows. But somehow she learned to read and to write correctly. With that matter achieved, she began, at eighteen, to teach the little children of the ambulant booths about her, wherever she happened to be stationed, passing on to them her own little store of elementary knowledge. The children of the travelling shows in France—as elsewhere—have no time to go to the municipal schools. Their parents, who are gymnasts, athletes, "fakirs," and such like, must shift about so continually that no particular parish can take in hand the education of such strolling entertainers. Madame Bonnefois, almost without realizing it, became the schoolmistress of this wandering horde. She has pursued from town to town her calling and her scholars, keeping them remarkably under her eye and instruction. She managed to acquire a cheap panorama show, and chiefly out of the receipts of this she paid for her remarkable charity. In 1893 the clergy in and near Paris became interested in her work, and she was aided by a private subvention from the Archbishop of Rouen and from others. She had hitherto supplied everything herself—time, tuition, school materials, school-room, and all. She has now over two hundred and fifty children, exclusively those of the travelling shows, the *forain* youth, under her care. Not only has she taught them, but Madame Bonnefois has ministered to their corporeal wants. She has saved dozens of them from bodily suffering and moral ruin. Rarely has she been able to stay more than fifteen days in one place, but always with the moving of the show booths to a new "fair" has she moved, and set up the school wherever the new halt came—from Montmartre to Vincennes, from the Place du Trône to St. Cloud or Neuilly. Madame Bonnefois has now received not only honor, but 2500 francs, from the Academy, and charitable and educational Paris is cordially appreciative of her work. She purposes using the money at once for building a travelling school booth, greatly to the convenience and economy of her work. She is sixty-six years old. M. Jules Claretie presented Madame Bonnefois to the Academy, and its reception was one given as if to "a vision of purity and of bohemian saintliness."

TWO CHRISTMASES—1827-1897.

IN AN OLD NEW YORK HOUSE.

On window-panes with time grown dim
The Christmas dawn, unbright'ning, falls,
And slowly creeps across the grim
Bare floor and barren walls;
Where once the happy-hearted calls
Of children welcomed in the day,
Through empty rooms and silent halls
Soft-foot their phantoms stray.

This mansion once patrician knew,
Here proud, beribboned beauty smiled,
Here joys were many, grievings few:—
And now? A little child,
Unkempt, untaught, each hour reviled,
Steals from her bed like some gray wraith,
To all her sorrows reconciled,
And strong in childish faith.

For she, whose heritage is such,
Her tattered hope, confiding, swung,
To wait the Saint's transforming touch,
The ghosts of hopes among.
Ah, Christmas eve, to be so young!
Ah, Christmas morn, to be so old!
To wake, and find a lying tongue
The gracious legend told!

Would God above the years could stray
The glamour of that magic night,
Some part of that enchanted day
That brought such keen delight,
Some glimpse of children gowned in white
Who knew the mansion in its prime,
To set the Christmas world aright
With her of later time!

GUY WETMORE CARRYL.

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THIS BUSY WORLD

THE spread of the persuasion known as Christian Science is an interesting incident of current times. Persons who are at all informed about Christian Science matters know that the adherents of that sect have built a large and handsome church in Boston, which is well supported and prosperous. After Boston, the greatest centre of the sect is Chicago. On November 15 the First Church of Christ (Scientist), of Chicago, was dedicated. It is a handsome building of Greek architecture, and cost, furnished and equipped for use, about $100,000. The money was raised promptly and easily. The dedication was an occasion of very lively interest to the adherents of the new belief. About 10,000 of them came to it, visitors being present from seventy-five different towns and cities in eighteen States, and the total number of them being so far in excess of the capacity of the building that the dedicatory services were repeated before three successive audiences. The services were conducted by two readers, Mr. E. H. Kimball and Mrs. Ruth Ewing, the wife of Judge Ewing. The chief feature of them was the dedicatory address, composed by Mrs. Eddy herself and transmitted from Boston, and read by Mr. Kimball. Here are three extracts from that address:

> On April 18, 1891, the Christian Science text-book lay on a table in a loaning building; a Christian Scientist entered the house through a window and rescued this book from the flames. Instantly the table took a charred name. The covers of the book were spread up, but not one word in the book was effaced. If the world were in ashes, the contents of *Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures*, would remain immortal.
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> . . . . . .
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> In our struggles with sin and sinners, when we drop compliance with their desires, insist on what we know is right, and act accordingly, then the disguised or the self-satisfied mind not ready to be uplifted rebels, misconstrues our best motives, and calls them wicked. But this is the cross. Take it up. It wins the crown.
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> . . . . . .
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> The statistics of mortality show that thirty years ago the death-rate was at its maximum. Since that time it has steadily decreased. It is authentically said that one expositor of Daniel's dates fixed the year 1866 or 1867 for the return of Christ—the return of the Spiritual Idea to the material earth, or antipode of heaven. It is a marked coincidence that those dates were the first two years of my discovery of Christian Science.

It will be seen that the writer of those sentences thoroughly believes in the importance of her discovery, and sees in all intelligence that questions it "the disguised or the self-satisfied mind not ready to be uplifted."

Christian Science seems more nearly argument-proof than any other familiar modern phase of belief. There is something in it, of course, but the unterrified will maintain that there is something in Mormonism too. It is a strong force. It has done much apparent good and much apparent mischief. Its chief fight seems to have been against the contemporary practice of medicine, and in that contest it has had the advantage of contending against a branch of science which is still in the experimental stage, the doctors of which are in pretty constant disagreement with one another, and which, being human, has to carry as great a load of human imperfections as other professions. The doctors of medicine however, don't claim to be infallible, whereas it seems not to be an injustice to say that the fully persuaded Christian Scientist never admits the possibility of a mistake. The assurance of the cult is heroic. If the patient dies under Christian Science treatment from causes apparently controllable by medical science, there is no admission of error in the treatment; everything was done that was possible, and the result was due either to the will of Providence or to the depravity of inanimate things. The observer may go and beat his head against a wall. The Christian Science healer, claiming the physician's privilege to lose a case now and then, goes on, confident of better luck another time. This claim of the physician's privilege is, on the face of it, a reasonable claim. Its weakness is that the carnal mind is usually unable to comprehend that the Christian Science healer has taken such a course of instruction as would seem to entitle her to be intrusted with the responsibilities she is ready to assume. This point came up the other day in Philadelphia, where, on December 6, Judge Pennypacker refused a charter for such a church as has just been dedicated in Chicago. The judge, having what Mrs. Eddy would call "the self satisfied mind not ready to be uplifted," denied the application of the society on the ground that the intention was "to establish a prescribed method of practising the art of healing the diseases of the body," and that the qualifications of practitioners of medicine in Pennsylvania are determined by a law, the provisions of which the charter would violate. The judge's action is interesting but of doubtful practical importance. Christian Science is bound to have its fling. Neither law, nor persecution, nor ridicule, nor argument will stop it. If it pays, in the long run it may prosper; if it doesn't pay, it will probably disappear. The celebrated remark of Mr. Lincoln, lately quoted by Mr. James G. Bennett in relation to the *Evening Telegram*, is relevant.

And, by the way, it is rumored that the medical trade is not very good just now in New York. There is evidence of the truth of the report in the impassioned objection of many physicians to the free dispensaries and clinics. What ails them all? Or, to be more accurate, what doesn't ail them all? The Sun quotes "a well known elderly physician" as saying that this is the worst season for doctors and nurses that has been known for ten years. What's up? Has Colonel Waring kept the city so clean that there has been less cause than usual for falling sick? Have so many appendices been taken away that no survivor dares to have a stomach ache? Have the times been so bad, and are rents so high and flats so restricted, that babies have gone out of fashion? This "elderly physician" whom the Sun quotes speaks of seeing doctors of his acquaintance, who used always to be busy, sitting in their windows in office hours reading newspapers. He says the trained nurses, the very best ones, complain of hard times and few engagements. Yet the torn up streets and the profusion of deleterious smells were to have made this a sickly season. The "elderly physician" is not sure the season has been unduly healthy or that the hard times for doctors are due to lack of illness. It would seem, then, that doctors are less trusted and called in than formerly, or that they do their business better and make less work of it. This has may well be the case. In these days of Pasteurism and microbe hunting and specialists and antiseptic surgery, disease has to watch its chance and jump at it, or it is gone. A great deal of sickness is sidetracked; much is choked off before it has had half a chance. Many profitable cases of first-rate promise are sent out of town. Just as soon as a New York doctor gets a paying patient on his legs he sends him away to Lakewood, to Europe, to Florida, to the North Woods, according to the season, but always far enough to dispose of him as a source of income.

Another thing that must hurt the doctors' trade here is the passing of the family physician. Specialists abound in New York, but family physicians are fast disappearing, and promise presently to be as rare as baby elephants. When you have a family physician, and like him, you call him in whenever there is anything the matter, and even if there is not much for him to do, you have the fun of advising with him and being reassured. But when you go to one wise man for croup, to another for gout, to another for dyspepsia, to another for headache, and to half a dozen others for ailments too intimate to be set down, it's a different matter. You don't go to a specialist until you are sure there is something the matter. You have to wait until the symptoms get some development before you know which specialist to go to, and often enough, while you are waiting to find out, the whole disease peters out and stands itself. In old times in New York when there were family physicians, when you suspected you were going to be ill, but were not sure, the family physician got the benefit of the doubt, but the specialist does not. Every one who has had experience knows that that is true. To call in a familiar friend is one thing; to call in a distinguished but unfamiliar gentleman is another. The things that cause so most anxiety are things that never happen. The illnesses that brought physicians a large part—perhaps the most—of their pecuniary reward were illnesses that didn't really materialize. The family physician got the benefit of the *vis medicatrix naturæ*. He got there in time to stand by and see it work. It was his friend and ally. The specialist benefits by it in less measure, for he is less promptly summoned, and it is liable to finish up the job before he gets there.

The London *Lancet* has lately expressed its regret at the signs of the waning prestige and influence of the medical profession. That looks as if the embarrassments that beset physicians in New York were operative in London also. There seems to be some reason to anticipate a time when New York families will contract with a syndicate of physicians—comprising a complete set of the necessary specialists—for the supervision of the family health at a fixed annual price.

The career of Mr. Daniel W. Powers, of Rochester, who died on December 11, was marked with as much individuality as to be worthy of attention. Mr. Powers was born in Batavia, and was early left an orphan, with his head, his hands, and an uncle as his only visible means of support. He came to Rochester while still a young lad, hired out to a hardware merchant, and worked hard and faithfully for him for twelve years. By that time he had saved enough money to set up a modest banking business. In that he prospered, and by the time the civil war came was well-to-do. When the opportunity offered he invested heavily in government bonds, backing the Union to the extent of his ability. That exercise of judgment made him a rich man, and then he began the construction of that Powers Fire-proof Commercial Building which caused the geographers of the late sixties to describe Rochester as "pleasantly and conveniently located on the Genesee River around the base of Powers's Block." "Powers's Block" was one of the first noted commercial buildings in the State, and brought its owner widespread notoriety. Jealous citizens of Buffalo came to see it, and went home sorrowful. Indeed, there were few office-buildings in New York at that date which were as big or notable. It was its owner's pride, and in a way his pet. The original building, on the best corner in Rochester, was of stone, four stories high, with a mansard. To this Mr. Powers presently added iron extensions on each side, which more than doubled its capacity; and ten years later, when the new style of steel frame construction developed rival office buildings of excessive height, he added to his building three more mansards and a tall steel tower. The architectural result is exceedingly remarkable.

Besides being a banker and a builder, Mr. Powers became a patron of art. He bought a great many paintings, including many that were first rate, and gradually formed in the upper stories of his "block" a gallery which has few peers and no fellow. There are many excellent pictures in it, and some good sculpture. There are also decorations of astonishing qualities, music-boxes, orchestrions, clocks, porcelains, upholsteries, and articles of diverse and edifying virtue. Connected with the twenty or thirty rooms of this gallery is a dancing hall, and connected with that is the Powers Hotel. During the last twenty-five years there has been nothing on earth—nothing in the *Arabian Nights* even—that was at all like Powers's Block and its accessories. Now the Astoria has been built, and the world shows signs of catching up. But even the Astoria is not Powers's Block. It is handsomer, but not nearly so queer, and it has no art gallery and no offices.

Mr. Powers enjoyed his block very much, and was constantly embellishing and improving it. He enjoyed his picture gallery also and spent a good part of every day there. It is a public gallery, to which any one is admitted on payment of twenty-five cents, and scores of visitors go through it every day. It has been useful and advantageous to Rochester, and has helped notably to make that town interesting both to its own people and to strangers.

Mr. Powers's willingness to share his chief pleasure with all comers was an exemplary democratic trait. There was something very pleasantly childlike in his pride in his block and his perpetual pleasure in his art gallery. To remain a child in some particulars is a very fortunate achievement, and entitles the person who compasses it to be gently envied by his fellows.

Mr. Powers will be greatly missed in Rochester, and sincerely mourned by many people there.

St. Paul and Minneapolis being in the same State, on the same river, and only ten miles apart, it is necessarily evident to every unprejudiced person that their names and qualities are interchangeable at will, and that when you speak of one, meaning the other, it serves all practical purposes just as well as if you named the one you meant. It is hard, however, to make this simple geographical fact acceptable to the two cities concerned, and perhaps it was to be expected that rupturacies should come to the WEEKLY from St. Paul because, the other day, in telling about the plans for the new public library in New York, it named as one of the seven jurymen who arranged the competition and passed upon the plans "Mr. Cass Gilbert, of Minneapolis." Mr. Gilbert lives, not actually in Minneapolis, but a few miles outside of that city, in St. Paul. He is the architect of the new Minnesota State Capitol, which is also in St. Paul, and is an distinguished an architect that perhaps it is excusable for the St. Paul people to want his place of residence to be accurately stated.

The opposition of President Ward of the National Sculpture Society, and President Barney of the Municipal Art Society, members of the Municipal Art Commission, would seem to settle the question of putting the New York Soldiers and Sailors' Monument in the Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street Plaza. At the meeting of the Art Commission on December 14, President Ward and President Barney both voted against the motion to put the Stoughton monument on the Plaza site, and it was lost. The objection is not to the monument, but to the site. The Plaza, in the opinion of these experts, is dedicated, first of all, to Central Park, and they oppose any use of it, or any adornment of it, which does not form a part of a comprehensive and artistic design for an approach to the Park. Through Mr. Barney the Municipal Art Society recorded its conviction that the Plaza site was as bad for the monument as the monument was for the Plaza, since the high buildings about the Plaza would certainly dwarf the monument, and the monument would interfere with the future embellishment of the Plaza as an artistic whole.

Mr. Gardiner Greene Hubbard, who died on December 11 at his home just outside of Washington, made exceptionally successful work of the business of living. He came of an old Massachusetts family, and was born near Boston in 1822. He graduated at Dartmouth College, studied law in the Harvard Law School, and eventually became the junior partner of Benjamin Robbins Curtis. He was also deeply implicated in various business concerns, was the organizer and president of the Cambridge Horse-Railway Company—one of the first to be started in this country—and was president of the Cambridge Water-Works and Gas Light companies.

In 1860 Mr. Hubbard's infant daughter lost her hearing, as the result of an illness, and he was told that she would very soon lose the power of speech also, as a consequence of not hearing spoken language. His daughter's misfortune turned Mr. Hubbard's attention to the education of the deaf, and interested him presently in the system of visible speech invented about that time by Alexander Melville Bell. By this system his daughter was taught both to speak and to read the lips, in both of which accomplishments she became wonderfully proficient. She afterwards married Professor Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone.

Mr. Hubbard's relations with the Bells, beginning with their system of teaching the deaf, resulted in his taking an early and important interest in the Bell telephone. When that was brought to his attention he took hold of it with enthusiasm, bringing to it capital, experience as an organizer, and trained business faculties. By that time he had moved from Boston to Washington in pursuit of a milder climate. In 1878 he gave up the practice of law to devote himself to the Bell Telephone Company, of which he became the projector and a large stockholder. His affiliations with Boston brought Boston capital into the concern, and eventually resulted in increased fiscal ease to many of his former neighbors. That every one connected with the Bell Telephone Company got rich is matter of history, and Mr. Hubbard was not an exception. He continued, however, to be active in mind and comprehensively efficacious in the promotion of works of public and benevolent concern. He had already established (in 1866) a school for the deaf at Chelmsford, Massachusetts. It was successful, and was eventually merged into the Clarke Institution at Northampton, Massachusetts, with which Mr. Hubbard was intimately connected from its start, either as president or director. Indeed, the teaching of the deaf seems always to have been nearer his heart than any other public interest, and, as has been shown, his connection with the telephone grew out of it.

He was commissioner to the Centennial Exposition in 1876, was long president of the National Geographical Society, was a regent of the Columbian University and the Smithsonian Institution, and vice president of the American Association of Manufacturers and Inventors.

However Mr. John Fox, Jr., may seem to maintain that Kentucky—barring some counties in the mountains—is very much like other civilized districts, with differences in favor of Kentucky, things do happen down there that surprise persons who are not centaurs or lineal descendants of Daniel Boone. The ardor with which eminent Kentuckians enter into disputes is always somewhat astonishing to effete Americans in other States. Where else could have developed such a difference as lately subsisted as to which of two Kentucky ladies should christen the battle ship *Kentucky*? It was settled finally, but not until the din of it had penetrated the extreme confines of the Union. How painful it all was Miss Richardson claiming, under a patent from Secretary Herbert; that gentleman's embarrassed disclaimer; and Major Burak Thomas's lamentation over the loss of a quart of Dan Swiggert's 1855 whiskey, consecrated by him to patriotic uses, and believed to have been absorbed by the Cleveland administration! Eheu! Alas! Why has Kentucky no Hans Breitmann to put its apics into verse? E. S. MARTIN.

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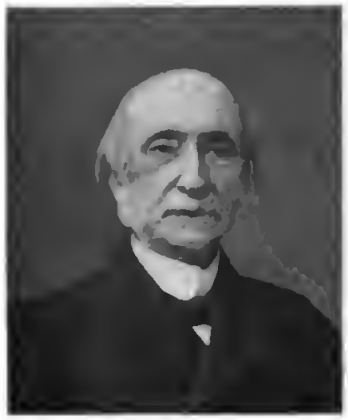

CHARLES BUTLER, LL.D.

ALPHONSE DAUDET.

THREE years ago François Coppée published in one of the Parisian journals a pathetic account of a visit he had just paid to Alphonse Daudet. At that time, though not yet fifty-five years of age, Daudet was a broken figure. For the past ten years, indeed, he has been what is an aptly described in the terrible French phrase as *homme fatigué*. The faltering hand was shown in his last published work, *La Petite Paroisse*, and though all lovers of French literature must regret the passing of one of its greatest modern writers, there is solace in the thought that the best work he was capable of doing has probably been done.

For the south of France, where he was born, Daudet had the characteristically French mingling of love and contempt. Though he used to ridicule the southern temperament, he reproduced it in his works again and again with a beautiful tenderness. He stood himself for the type of young French provincial who, with a passion for literary distinction, turns broken-heartedly from his home in the southern country to seek his fortune among the temptations and the cruelties of Paris.

One of the simplest and loveliest things in modern French literature is Daudet's account of the early years of starvation and poetry and cheap theatre-going at the Odéon, when, with his crude talents insufficiently trained at a lycée in Lyons and at the school of Alais, where he had held a humble post, he tried with his pen to gain a livelihood from Parisian editors. Thousands of boys under twenty were probably undertaking the same task, and even when he stood out from them in the brilliantly successful years that followed, Daudet never forgot the miseries of that time. A clever book of verse, published in 1858, with the touching and amusing title *Les Amoureuses*, opened to him the door of French society, as important a factor in a young Frenchman's literary success. Friends secured for him a secretaryship with the Duc de Morny, and during the glittering years of the Empire, from 1861 to 1865, while Morny was President of the Corps Législatif, Daudet was thrown into the thick of political and social life. This experience was of course immensely valuable to him, and in his work he turned it to good account. Without neglecting verse-writing, he began to undertake articles for the daily press, stories, and, in collaboration with Ernest Lépine, short plays as well. In a few years he became known as one of the strongest of the younger men who felt the influence of Flaubert. Yet he cannot be said to have followed closely in the footsteps of the master of realism; he was never able to develop out of a certain sentimentality that weakened his work. One feels this very strongly in comparing his fiction with the stories and the novels of so unswerving a realist as Maupassant.

In spite of his unevenness, however, Daudet could rise to wonderful power. In *Sapho*, for example, the novel which has made him known to every civilized country of the world, there is not the least suggestion from beginning to end of loss of vigor. Without being as great as the best work of Maupassant, it has a greatness of its own, as not only an absorbing and terrible record of the inevitably corrupting influence of vice, but as a faithful picture of life and a profound study of character. As a humorist it is doubtful if Daudet can ever be widely appreciated outside his own country. In his three books recounting the adventures of Tartarin he displays his skill in eccentric character drawing, as well as the French love of ridicule, which cannot be regarded as a very noble element of humor. Some of his strongest work was done in the drama, though in this field too he had his disappointments. One of his most artistic achievements was "L'Arlésienne," a powerful work, for which Bizet wrote the famous incidental music. Though at first unsuccessful, it is still put on the stage in Paris at intervals, it is curiously significant of the absolutely Gallic quality of Daudet's genius. The drama exploited at length the state of mind of a young man crazy with love for a worthless woman whom he could not marry. To a Frenchman this is a serious situation, worthy of serious treatment in art, to the Anglo-Saxon it is contemptible and tedious. In other words, Daudet was as far removed from the Anglo-Saxon temperament as the average Frenchman is. He was interested in the world outside France; yet Paris was his world, and when less than three years ago he ran over from Paris for a little visit in London, his trip created the excitement of a journey of exploration. J. D. B.

CHARLES BUTLER, LL.D.

THE death of Charles Butler takes from the busy world a personality which, unassociated with the garish claims of political eminence or mere brilliancy of career, stands out from the social plane to which he belonged as one of singular and enduring worth. As lawyer, man of business, as exponent of wide and varied culture, and philanthropist, he has been accepted by his contemporaries as a typical example of all that is best in American life.

Mr. Butler came of admirable stock, his great-grandfather, who came to this country in 1724, having been one of the distinguished Irish family of Butlers. His mother, too, it is said, was a lineal descendant of Oliver Cromwell. He was born at Kinderhook Landing, New York, in 1802, and spent his early days on a farm. After graduation from an academy he entered the law-office of his townsman Martin Van Buren, afterwards President, where he remained till 1824. Benjamin Franklin Butler, his elder brother, afterwards Attorney-General in Jackson's cabinet, was also a member of the law firm. Mr. Butler, on entering a legal career, selected Geneva, on Seneca Lake, as his home, and contributed largely to the agricultural prosperity of the region by helping the distressed farmers to obtain relief, as loan agent of the New York Life Insurance Company and private capitalists like John Jacob Astor. In 1853 Mr. Butler took a westward journey, which interested him in Chicago, then a hamlet of three hundred people clustered around Fort Dearborn and Kinzie's trading post. He invested largely in real estate there, and soon afterwards induced his brother-in-law, William B. Ogden, who was to become the first Mayor in 1837, to do the same, and take up residence in what Mr. Butler with sure prescience declared would become the foremost of American inland cities.

In 1855 he removed to New York city, and began what was destined to become a most lucrative legal practice. His eye ever fixed, however, on Chicago, he continued to invest extensively in and about that city, and in the railway enterprises which had their focus in that place. Mr. Butler as a lawyer was not so widely known in the courts as many, but his character and sagacity were as widely recognized as an adviser and trustee of large interests that his professional income rose to be among the greatest. From the outset he was active in philanthropical enterprises. In 1855 he was one of the founders of the Half-Orphan Asylum and of the Union Theological Seminary, and the next year was named one of the Council of the New York University, of which for a number of years he also served as president. In 1880 he endowed the Edward Robinson chair of Biblical Theology at the Union Theological Seminary with $100,000, and at the same time gave an equal sum to the university in memoriam of his son, Abraham Ogden Butler, and his elder brother, B. F. Butler, who had founded the law school of the college. These gifts had been preceded by other lavish settlements on the same institutions. He received the degree of LL.D. from the Wabash University of Indiana in 1853, and afterwards from the New York University; was one of the founders of the Union League Club, a member of the Century, of the Sons of the Revolution, New England Society, American Fine Arts Society, Metropolitan Museum, and American Museum of Natural History. His last public appearance as a lawyer was in defence of Rev. Dr. Charles Briggs, at his ecclesiastical trial. Mr. Butler was an ardent lover of literature and the arts, and possessed the most varied scholarly acquirements. Among his foreign literary intimates had been Carlyle and Matthew Arnold, and in this country he was associated in friendship with its most distinguished men.

NANCY ALLISON McKINLEY.
Copyright, 1896, by Courtney, Canton, Ohio.

MRS. NANCY ALLISON McKINLEY.

THE country is called on to condole with the President on the death of his aged mother, at the ripe term of eighty-eight years. The affection between mother and son in this case seems to have surpassed even the ordinary love which goes to this relation. Madam McKinley, as she has been designated by her friends since the elevation of her son to his high station, watched the gradual but steady rise of her son to distinction with peculiar pride, and the son has been accustomed to associate his progress in political life with a high degree of deference and devotion to the surviving parent, in whose early training and discipline he discovered the roots of his own success. She had been in somewhat feeble health for several months at her own home in Canton, Ohio, where she resided with her daughter, Miss Helen McKinley. There was nothing, however, serious in her condition till December 2, when she was stricken with a paralysis, which carried her to her end in the early morning of December 12. The President was at her bedside at the time of her decease, having hastened from Washington on a timely warning.

The senior McKinleys were among the pioneers of Ohio, and associated in an interesting way with its early history. Her maiden name was Nancy Campbell Allison, the family having originally been among the emigrants from England to Virginia. Mrs. McKinley's branch proceeded in the latter part of the last century from Virginia to Pennsylvania. Here Ann Campbell, her mother, married Abner Allison, a resident of Greene County, and Nancy Campbell Allison was born April 2, 1809. The Allison family had, however, previously emigrated on pack-mules, carrying themselves and their household goods, to New Lisbon, Ohio. Here, at the age of eighteen, Nancy Allison married William McKinley, an iron manufacturer, of which marriage came the President. The McKinleys moved to Fairfield, to Niles, and then to Poland, in which place the President was born, the seventh in a family of nine children, of whom, besides himself, only three survive—Miss Helen Minerva McKinley, of Canton, Ohio; Mrs. A. J. Duncan, of Cleveland; and Abner McKinley, of New York. William McKinley, Sr., died November 24, 1892, at the age of eighty-five years.

For many years the President's mother resided at Canton, and it is said that Mr. McKinley, when at home, never failed to visit her once or twice a day. During his Presidential canvass this attention, in spite of the demands on every minute of his time, was especially marked, and the first thought of the successful candidate on getting the good news was to hasten to his mother's home and acquaint her with the joyful news of election. She visited Washington and was present at the inauguration, but speedily returned to the family homestead. Mrs. McKinley was a woman of great firmness and symmetry of character, such as usually appertains to those of whom distinguished men are born. The funeral occurred at Canton on December 14, and was attended by several members of the cabinet and their families.

ALPHONSE DAUDET.—FROM DRAWING BY J. W. ALEXANDER.

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THESMOPHORIA.—MURAL DECORATION, BY F. D. MILLET, FOR THE BANK OF AGRICULTURE, PITTSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.—[SEE PAGE 1294]

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THE EXORCISM THAT FAILED.

FROM ADVANCE SHEETS OF "GHOSTS I HAVE MET," WITH A POSTSCRIPT IN WHICH OUR TITLE IS RENDERED VOID.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

PART II.

III.—THE SPIRIT TRIES TO MAKE REPARATION.

THREE weeks later he turned up once more.

"Great heavens!" I cried, "you back again?"

"Yes," he answered, "and I've come to tell you I'm mighty sorry about those ruined MSS of yours. It is too bad that your whole day's work had to go for nothing."

"I think so myself," I retorted, coldly. "It's rather late in the day for you to be sorry, though. If you'll show your sincerity by going away and never crossing my path again, I may believe in you."

"Ah!" he said. "I've shown it in another way. Indeed I have. You know I have some conscience, though, to tell the truth, I haven't made much use of it. This time, however, as I considered the situation a little voice rose up within me and said: 'It's all right, old chap, to be rough on this person, make him mad and shove him every which way, but don't destroy his work. His work is what he lives by—'"

"Yes," I interrupted, "and after what I told you on the steamer about what I would do to you when we got on even terms, you are not anxious to have me die. I know just how you feel. No thing likes to contemplate that paralysis that will surely fall upon you when my ghost begins to get in its fine work. I'm putting it in training now."

"You poor droll mortal!" laughed the cockney. "You poor droll mortal! As if I could ever be afraid of that! What is the matter with my going into training myself? Two can train, you know—even three. You almost make me feel sorry I tried to remedy the loss of those MSS."

Somehow or other a sense of some new misfortune came upon me.

"What?" I said nervously.

"I say I'm almost sorry I tried to remedy the loss of those manuscripts. Composition, particularly poetry, is devilish hard for me—I admit it—and when I think of how I toiled over my substitutes for your ruined stuff and see how very ungrateful you are, I grudge the effort."

"I don't understand you," I said, anxiously. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that I have written and sent out to the editors of the papers you write for a half a dozen poems and short stories."

"What has all that got to do with me?" I demanded.

"A great deal," he said. "You'll get the pay. *I signed your name to 'em.*"

"Y—you—you—you—did what?" I cried.

"Signed your name to 'em. There was a sonnet to 'A Coal Grub'—that was the longest of the lot. I think it will cover at least six magazine pages—"

"But," I cried, "a sonnet never contains more than fourteen lines—you—fool!"

"Oh yes, it does," he replied, calmly. "This one of yours had over four hundred. And then I wrote a three page quatrain on 'Immortality,' which, if I do say it, is the funniest thing I ever read. I sent that to the *Weekly Methodist*."

"Good Lord, good Lord, good Lord!" I moaned. "A three page quatrain!"

"Yes," he observed, calmly lighting one of his accursed cigars. "And you'll get all the credit."

A ray of hope entered my soul, and it enabled me to laugh hysterically.

"They'll know it isn't mine," said I. "They know my handwriting at the office of the *Weekly Methodist*."

"No doubt," said he, dashing all my hopes to the ground. "But—ah—to remedy that drawback I took pains to find out what type writer you used, and I had my quatrain copied on one of the same make."

"But the letter—the note with the manuscript?" I put in.

"Oh, I got over that very easily," he said. "I had that written also on the machine on thin paper, and traced your signature at the bottom. It will be all right, my dear fellow. They'll never suspect."

And then, looking at the spirit watch which he carried in his spectral fob pocket, he vanished, leaving me [illegible]

[illegible]

to apply to this especial case. Every point, every single detail, about these packages was convincing evidence of their contents having been of my own production. The return envelopes were marked at the upper corner with my name and address. The handwriting upon them was manifestly mine, although I never in my life penned those particular superscriptions. Within these envelopes were, I might say, pounds of MSS., apparently from my own type-writing machine, and signed in an autograph which would have deceived even myself.

And the stuff!

Stuff is not the word—in fact, there is no word in any language, however primitive and impolite, that will describe accurately the substance of those pages. And with each came a letter from the editor of the periodical to which the tale or poem had been sent *advising me to stop work for a while*, and one *suggested the Keeley cure!*

Immediately I sat down and wrote to the various editors to whom these productions had been submitted, explaining all—and every one of them came back to me unopened, with the average statement that until I had rested a year they really hadn't the time to read what I wrote; and my best friend among them, the editor of the *Weekly Methodist*, took the trouble to telegraph to my brother the recommendation that I should be looked after. And out of the mistaken kindness of his heart, he printed a personal in his next issue to the effect that his "valued contributor, Mr. Me, the public would regret to hear, was confined to his house by a sudden and severe attack of nervous prostration," following it up with an estimate of my career, which bore every mark of having been saved up to that time for use as an obituary.

And as I read the latter—the obituary—over, with tears in my eyes, what should I hear but the words, spoken at my back, clearly, but in unmistakable cockney accents,

"Shove the fifth!" followed by uproarious laughter. I grabbed up the ink bottle and threw it with all my strength back of me, and succeeded only in destroying the wall paper.

IV.—THE FAILURE.

The destruction of the wall-paper, not to mention the wiping out in a moment of my means of livelihood, made of the fifth shove an intolerable nuisance. Controlling faculties?" he telegraphed. It was a mean sort of a telegram to send to a man in my unhappy state, and if he hadn't prepaid it I should never have forgiven him. I was mad enough when I received it, and a hot retort was about to go back, when the bothersome spook turned up and drew my mind off to other things.

"Well, what do you think of me?" he said, ensconcing himself calmly on my divan. "Pretty successful shover myself, eh?" Then he turned his eye to the ink spots on the wall. "Novel design in decoration, that. You ought to get employment in some wall-paper house. Given an accurate aim and plenty of ink, you can't be beaten for vigorous spatter work."

I pretended to ignore his presence, and there was a short pause, after which he began again:

"Sulky, eh? Oh, well, I don't blame you. There's nothing in this world that can so harrow up one's soul as impotent wrath. I've heard of people bursting with it. I've had experiences in the art of irritation before this case. There was a fellow once hired my cab for an hour. Drove him all about London, and then he stopped in at a chop-house, leaving me outside. I waited and waited and waited, but he never came back. Left by the back door, you know. Clever trick, and for a while the laugh was on me; but when I got to the point where I could haunt him I did it to the Regent's taste. I found him three years after my demise, and through the balance of his life pursued him everywhere with a phantom cab. If he went to church, I'd drive my spectre rig right down the middle aisle after him. If he called on a girl, there was the cab drawn up alongside of him in the parlor all the time, the horse stamping his foot and whinnying like all possessed. Of course no one else saw me or the horse or the cab, but he did, and, Lord! how mad he was and how hopeless! Finally in a sudden surge of wrath at his impotence, he burst just like a soap bubble. It was most amusing. Even the horse laughed."

"Thanks for the story," said I, wishing to anger him by my nonchalance. "I'll write it up."

"Do," he said. "It will make a clever sixth shove for me. People say your fancies are too wild and extravagant even now. A story like that will finish you at once."

"Again, thanks," said I, very calmly. "This time for the hint. Acting on your advice, I won't write it up."

"Don't," he retorted. "And be forever haunted with the idea. Either way it suits me."

And he vanished once more.

The next morning Peters arrived at my house.

"I've come," he said, as he entered my den. "The scheme is perfected at last, and possibly you can use it. You need help of some kind. I can see that just by reading your telegram. You're nervous as a cat. How do you heat your house?"

"What's that got to do with it?" I demanded, irritably. "You can't evaporate the little cuss."

"Don't want to," Peters replied. "That's been tried before, and it doesn't work. My scheme is a better one than that. Did you ever notice, while smoking in a house that is heated by a hot air furnace, how, when a cloud of smoke gets caught in the current of air from the register, it is mauled and twisted until it gets free, or else is torn entirely apart?"

"Yes, I have," said I. "What of it?"

"Well what's the matter with being genial with your old cockney until he gets in the habit of coming here every night, and bide your time until, without his knowing it, you can turn a blast from the furnace on him that will simply rend him to pieces?"

"By Jove!" I cried, delightedly. "You are a genius, old chap."

I rose and shook his hand until he remonstrated.

"Save your energy for him," said he. "You'll need it. It won't be a pleasant spectacle to witness when, in his struggles to get away, he is gradually dismembered. It will be something like the drawing and quartering punishment of olden times."

I shuddered as I thought of it, and for a moment was disposed to reject the plan, but my weakness left me as I thought of the ruin that stared me in the face.

"Oh I don't know," I said, shaking my head. "It will have its pleasurable side, however fearsome it may prove as a sight. This house is just fitted for the operation, particularly on warm days. I have seen times when the blasts of hot air from my furnace have blown one of my poems off my table [illegible] the room."

SUCH GROTESQUE ATTITUDES AS HIS FIGURE ASSUMED I NEVER SAW.

[illegible]

[illegible] Peters. "What a cyclone of an [illegible]

[illegible] season was on, and an aura stole [illegible] the furnace with gratifying results. [illegible] was blown and allowed to float downward [illegible] was touched and the novel shapes it [illegible] blown about the room in its struggles to [illegible] wonderful. I doubted [illegible] that the little end [illegible] was ruining my life would soon meet

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his Nemesis. So convinced was I of the ultimate success of the plan that I could hardly wait patiently for its coming. I became morbidly anxious for the harrid spectacle which I should witness as his body was torn apart and gradually annihilated by the relentless output of my furnace fires. To my great annoyance, it was two weeks before he turned up again, and I was beginning to fear that he had in some wise got wind of my intentions, and was turning my disappointment over his absence into the sixth of his series of "shoves." Finally, however, my anxiety was set at rest by his appearance on a night especially adapted to a successful issue of the conspiracy. It was blowing great guns from the west, and the blasts of air, intermittent in their force, that came up through the flues were such that under other circumstances they would have annoyed me tremendously. Almost everything in the line of the current that issued from the register and passed diagonally across the room to my fireplace, and so on up the chimney, was disturbed. The effect upon particles of paper and the fringes on my chairs was almost that of a pneumatic tube on substances placed within it, and on one or two occasions I was seriously apprehensive of the manner in which the flames on the hearth leaped upward into the sooty heights of my chimney flues.

But when, as happened shortly, I suddenly became conscious that my spectre cockney had materialized, all my fears for the safety of my house fled, and I surreptitiously turned off the heat, so that once he got within range of the register I could turn it on again and his annihilation would be as instantaneous as what my newspaper friends call an electrocution. And that was precisely where I made my mistake, although I must confess that what ensued when I had got the nauseating creature within range was most delightful.

"Didn't expect me back, eh?" he said, as he materialized in my library. "Missed me, I suppose, eh?"

"I've missed you like the deuce!" I replied, cordially, holding out my hand as if welcoming him back, whereat he frowned suspiciously. "Now that I'm reconciled to your system, and know that there is no possible escape for me, I don't seem to feel so badly. How have you been, and what have you been doing?"

"Bah!" he retorted. "What's up now? You know naughty well you don't like me any better than you ever did. What funny little game are you trying to work on me now, eh?"

"Really, 'Arry," I replied, "you wrong me—and, by-the-way, excuse me for calling you 'Arry. It is the most appropriate name I can think of at the moment."

"Call me what you blooming please," he answered. "But remember you can't soft soap me into believing you like me. B-r-r-r!" he added, shivering. "It's beastly cold in here. What you been doing—shaving 'ere?"

"Well—there's a fire burning over there in the fireplace," said I, anxious to get him before the open chimney-place, for, by a natural law, that was directly in the line of the current.

He looked at me suspiciously, and then at the fireplace with equal mistrust; then he shrugged his shoulders with a mocking laugh that jarred.

"Humph!" he said. "What's your scheme? Got some patent explosive bags, full of chemicals, to destroy me?"

I laughed. "How suspicious you are!" I said.

"Yes—I always am of suspicious characters," he replied, planting himself immediately in front of the register, desirous no doubt of acting directly contrary to my suggestions.

My opportunity had come more easily than I expected. "There isn't any heat here," said he.

"It is turned off. I'll turn it on for you," said I, scarcely able to restrain myself with excitement—and I did.

Well, as I say, the spectacle was pleasing, but it did not work as I had intended. He was caught in the full current, not in any of the destroying eddyings of the side upon which I had counted to twist his legs off and wring his neck. Like the soap bubble, it is true, he was blown into various odd fantastic shapes, such as eruliere resolve themselves into when not properly looked after, but there was no dismembering of his body. He struggled hard to free himself, and such grotesque attitudes as his figure assumed I never saw even in one of Aubrey Beardsley's finest pictures, and once, as his leg and right arm veered on the edge of one of the outside eddies, I hoped to see these members elongated like a piece of elastic until they snapped off, but, with a superhuman struggle, he got them free, with the loss only of one of his fingers, by which time the current had blown him across the room and directly in front of my feeder. To keep from going up the chimney, he tried to brace himself against this with his feet, but missing the rail as helpless as a feather, he floated, toes first, into the fireplace, and thence kicking, struggling, and swearing profanely, disappeared into the flue.

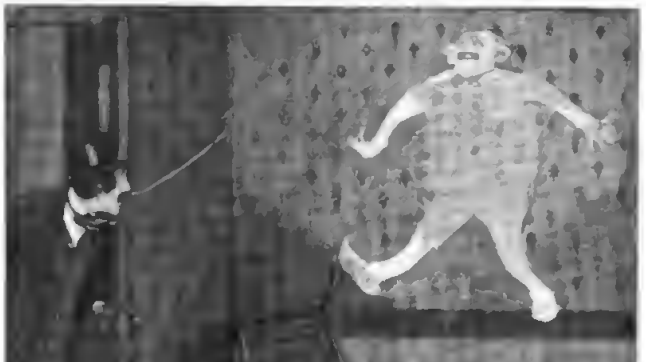
It was too exciting a moment for me to laugh over my triumph, but shortly there came a nervous reaction which made me hysterical as I thought of his odd appearance; and then following close upon this came the dashing of my hopes.

An infernal misplaced, uncalled for back gust, a diversion in which, thanks to an improper construction, my chimney frequently indulges, blew the unhappy creatum back into the room again, strained, sprained, panting, minus the finger he had lost, and as angry that he quivered all over.

When his first words were I shall not repeat. They fairly seethed out of his turned and twisted soul, hissing like the escape-valve of an ocean steamer, and his eyes, as they fell upon mine, actually burnt me.

"This settles it," he hissed, venomously. "I had intended letting you off with one more shove, but now, after your dastardly attempt to rend me apart with your damned hot-air furnace, I shall haunt you to your dying day. I shall haunt you so terribly that years before your final exit from this world you will pray for death. As a shover you have found me equal to everything, but since you prefer twisting, twisting he it. You shall hear from me again!"

He vanished, and, I must confess it, I threw myself upon my couch, weeping hot tears of despair.



"PINNED HIM TO THE WALL LIKE A BUTTERFLY ON A CORK."

Peters's scheme had failed, and I was in a far worse position than ever. Shoving I can stand, but the brief exhibition of twisting that I had had in watching his struggles with that awful cyclonic blast from below convinced me that there was something in life even more to be dreaded than the shoving he and I had been indulging in.

But there was a postscript, and now all is well again, because—but let us reserve the wherefore of the postscript for another, concluding chapter.

V.—POSTSCRIPT.

So hopeless was my estate now become that, dreading more than ever that which the inscrutable future held for me, I sat down and framed an advertisement, which I contemplated putting in all the newspapers, weeklies, and monthly periodicals offering a handsome reward for any suggestion which would result in ridding me of the cockney ghost. The inventive mind of man has been able to cope successfully with rats and mice and other household pests. Why, then, should there not be somewhere in the world a person of sufficient ingenuity to cope with an obnoxious spirit? If rat dynamite and rough on June-bugs were possible, why was it not likely that some as yet unknown person had turned his attention to spectrology, and evolved something in the nature of rough on ghosts, spectre-meltinite, or something else of an effective nature, I asked myself. It seemed reasonable to suppose that out of the millions of people in the world there were others than Peters and myself who had made a study of ghosts and methods of exorcising them, and if these persons could only be reached I might yet escape. Accordingly, I penned the advertisement about as follows.

WANTED, by a young and rising author, who is persecuted by a vindictive spirit,

A GHOST CURE.

A liberal reward will be paid to any mind, recognized or unrecognized, who will, before February 1, 1896, send us a detailed statement of a

GUARANTEED METHOD

of getting rid of

SPOOKS.

It is agreed that these communications shall be regarded as strictly confidential until such a time as through their medium the spirit is effectually

LAID,

after which time the cure will be exploited

FREE OF CHARGE

in the best advertising mediums of the day.

To this I appended an assumed name and a temporary address, and was about to send it out, when my friend Wilkins, a millionaire student of electricity, living in Florida, invited me to spend my Christmas holidays with him on Lake Worth.

"I've got a grand scheme," he wrote, "which I am going to test, and I'd like to have you present at the test. Come down, if you can, and see my new electric sail boat and all around dynamic Lone Fisherman."

The idea took hold of me at once. In my nervous state the change of scene would do me good. Besides, Wilkins was a delightful companion.

So, forgetting my woes for the moment, I packed my trunk and started South for Wilkins's Island. It was upon this trip that the vengeful spirit put in his first twist, for at Jacksonville I was awakened in the middle of the night by a person, whom I took to be the conductor, who told me to change cars. This I did, and falling asleep in the car to which I had changed, waked up the next morning to find myself speeding across the peninsula instead of going downward toward the Keys, as I should have done, landing eventually at a small place called Homosassa, on the Gulf coast.

Of course it was not the conductor of the first train who, under cover of the darkness, had led me astray, but the parsing spirit, as I found out when, bewildered, I sat upon the platform of the station at Homosassa, wondering how the deuce I had got there. He turned up at that moment, and frankly gloated over the success of what he called above the seventh and twist the first.

"Nice place, this," said he, with a nauseating smirk. "So close to Lake Worth—eh? Only two days' ride on the choo choo, if you make connections and when changing take the right trains."

I pretended not to see him, and began to whistle the intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana," to show how little I cared.

"Good plan, old chap," said he; "but it won't work. I know you are put out, in spite of the timefulness of your soul. But wait for my second twist. You'll wish you'd struck a cyclone instead when that turn comes."

It was, as he suggested, at least two days before I was able to get to Wilkins at Lake Worth, but after I got there the sense of annoyance and the deep dejection into which I was plunged wore away, as well it might, for the test which I was invited to witness was most interesting. The dynamic Lone Fisherman was wonderful enough, but the electric sail-boat was a marvel. The former was very simple. It consisted of a reel operated by electricity, which, the moment a bluefish struck the skid at the end of the line, reeled the fish in, and flopped it into a basket as easily and as surely as you please; but the principle of the sail boat was new.

"I don't need a breeze to sail anywhere," said Wilkins, as he hauled up the mainsail, which flapped idly in the still air. "For you see," he added, touching a button alongside the tiller, "this button sets that little electric fan in the stern revolving, and the result is an artificial breeze which distends the sail, and there you are."

It was even as he said. A huge fan with a dozen flanges in the stern began to revolve with wonderful rapidity; in an instant the sails bellied out, and the *Heroes J.*, as his boat was named, was speeding through the waters before the breeze thus created in record-breaking fashion.

"By Jove, Billie," I said, "this is a dandy!"

"Yes," said an old familiar voice at my elbow.

I turned as if stung. The spirit was with me again, prepared, I doubted not, for his second twist. I sprang from my seat, a sudden inspiration flashing upon me, jumped back of the revolving fan, and turning the full force of the wind it created upon my vindictive visitant, blew him fairly and squarely into the bulging sail.

"There, blast your cockney eyes!" I cried, "take that!"

He tried to retort, but without avail. The winds that emanated from the fan fairly rammed his words back into his throat every time he opened his mouth to speak, and there he lay, fluttering like a leaf, powerless to escape.

"But air doesn't affect you much, you transparent jackass!" I roared. "Let me see how a stiff nor'easter suits your style of beauty."

I will not bore the reader with any further details of the Lake Worth experience. Suffice it to say that for five hours I kept the miserable thing a pneumatic prisoner in the concave surface of the sail. Try as he would, he could not escape, and finally when Wilkins and I went ashore for the night, and the cockney ghost was released, he vanished, using unutterable language, and an idea came to me, putting which into operation, I at last secured immunity from his persecutions.

Returning to New York three days later, I leased a small office in a fire proof power building not far from Madison Square, fitted it up as if for my own use, and had placed in the concealment of a closet at its easterly end the largest electric fan I could get. It was ten feet in diameter, and was provided with sixteen flanges. When it was in motion not a thing could withstand the blast that came from it. Tables, chairs, even a cut glass inkstand weighing two pounds, were blown with a crash against the solid stone and iron construction back of the plaster of my walls. And then I waited his coming.

Suffice it to say that he came, sat down calmly and unsuspecting in the chair I had had made for his especial benefit, and then the moment he began to revile me I turned on the power, the fan began to revolve, the devastating wind rushed down upon him with a roar, pinned him to the wall like a butterfly on a cork, and he was at last my prisoner—and he is my prisoner still. For three weeks has that wheel been revolving night and day, and despite all his cunning he cannot creep beyond its blistering influence, nor shall he ever creep therefrom while I have six hundred dollars per annum to pay for the rent and cost of power necessary to keep the fan going.

Every once in a while I retace and gloat over him, and I can tell by the movement of his lips that he is trying to curse me, but he cannot, for, even as Wilkins's fan blew his words of remonstrance back into his throat, so does my wheel, twice as powerful, keep his torrent of invective from greeting my ear.

I should be happy to prove the truth of all this by showing any curious-minded reader the spectacle which gives me so much joy, but I fear to do so lest the owners of the building, discovering the uses to which their office has been put, shall require me to vacate the premises.

Of course he may ultimately escape, through some failure of the machine to operate, but it is guaranteed to run five years without a break, so for that period at least I am safe, and by that time it may be that he will be satisfied to evil things square. I shall be satisfied if he is.

Meanwhile I devote my successful plan to the uses of all who may be troubled as I was, finding in their assumed gratitude a sufficient compensation for my ingenuity.

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General View showing Lawn, Sand-Court

CHARLESTOWN HEIGHTS—THE SHELTER, SAND COURTS, AND A PART OF THE LAWN.

CHARLESBANK—SAND COURTS IN THE WOMEN'S GYMNASIU

CHARLESTOWN HEIGHTS—ROCKY SLOPE, PATH AND STEPS, BEFORE THE GROWTH OF SHRUBS AND CREEPERS.

CHARLESBANK—WOMEN'S GYMNASIUM—CHILDREN PLAYING KINDERGARTEN GAMES UPON GRASSY PLAY-GROUND.

CHARLESBANK—SHELTER FOR CHEST WEIGHT MACHINES.

CHARLESTOWN

NEIGHBORHOOD PLEASURE-GROU

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LD.
nd the Northern End of Gravelled Play-Fields.

CHARLESBANK—SHADED BORDER WALK ALONG WESTERN SIDE OF CHARLES STREET.

CAMBRIDGE FIELD—SEESAWS AND FIELD-HOUSE.

CHARLESBANK—BRIDGE OVER THE RUNNING-TRACK.

CHARLESBANK—APPARATUS UNDER AWNING IN WOMEN'S GYMNASIUM.

GYMNASIUM.

CHARLESBANK—WOMEN'S GYMNASIUM—COVERED SEAT FOR MOTHERS AT THE END OF PLAY-GROUND.

DS IN BOSTON.—[SEE PAGE 1290.]

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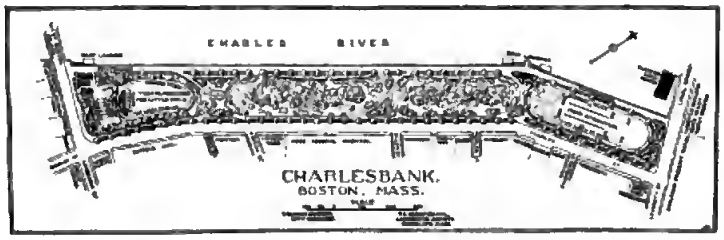


NEIGHBORHOOD PLEASURE-GROUNDS IN BOSTON.

It is now twenty years since the first land purchases of the Boston Park Commission were made. During those twenty years in the development of the Boston park system there have been created several examples of a most valuable sort of recreation place—the neighborhood pleasure-ground. Despite New York's forty years of park building, she is still lamentably deficient in such recreation places; but this lack has been felt by intelligent citizens for some time, and a movement for more neighborhood pleasure grounds has made such headway that we may confidently expect to see New York occupy, in a few years, the position which she should in this respect.

Since they are designed to meet the numerous interests of the neighboring community rather than to fulfil in the highest measure any single want of the whole city, the plan of such grounds is controlled by conditions more complicated, if less subtle, than those affecting the design of large rural parks. It must often provide for the active out-door recreations which are almost essential to the vigor of a community, as well as for those little understood influences upon its mental and physical health offered by beauty in general, and especially by that beauty of vegetation most in contrast with the work-a-day surroundings of city life. To provide for this passive recreation, which comes best from the enjoyment of beautiful scenery, is the one controlling object of a great park; nowhere else in a city can this end be well attained, and the enormous cost direct and indirect, of a great block of land withdrawn from private occupancy can be justified upon no other ground. Consequently, in a large park, provision for any form of recreation which conflicts with the enjoyment of rural landscape whether it be a museum building or a speedway, is in principle bad. The neighborhood pleasure ground, on the other hand, is the proper place to provide for various forms of active recreation, and it is the part of the designer of such grounds so to arrange the plan that the various provisions do not interfere needlessly with one another's value, and that there may be derived from the whole as much æsthetic enjoyment as is consistent with meeting the practical requirements.

The first ground of this class laid out by the Boston Park Commission was Charlesbank. It is a narrow strip lying between the busy trafficway of Charles Street and the Charles River, and extending about half a mile in length. Back of Charles Street lives a poor population with a large foreign element, while a glance at the plan will indicate the occupation of the immediately adjoining land. The taking was part of a project, set forth in 1876, for the formation of a walled embankment along the river from this point up to Cottage Farm, a distance of about three miles; but owing to the selfish opposition of the influential house-holders on Beacon Street, the project has not yet been carried into execution. There was local opposition from real estate owners to the formation of the present Charlesbank, but they had not the influence commanded by the Beacon Street people, and therefore their protests were of no avail.

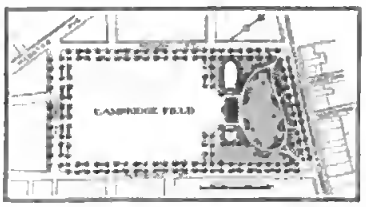
Along the river front, as will be seen upon the plan, runs a broad promenade looking across the open water to the Cambridge shore, part of which is in the hands of the Cambridge Park Commission, but as yet only partially improved. Behind the promenade is a belt of verdure, with a few parks. Numerous benches are provided, and trees which are still rather young for shade. The grading is arranged to interpose a mound against the street noises, and the planting on the side toward the street is made tall and dense. The western sidewalk of Charles Street was moved ten feet in from the curb, and the space thus left was filled with dense foliaged bushes. In this way the continuity of the sidewalk is practically uninterrupted so far as mere wayfarers are concerned while it has become, at the same time, a pleasant shaded promenade, wonderfully retired from the bustle of the street. The result of this treatment is shown very well in the illustrations, and offers a strong argument for its more frequent employment in our small parks.

At either end of the ground is an open air gymnasium, one for men and one for women. These were the first open air gymnasia of any consequence in this country, and were, in fact, more carefully planned and thoroughly carried out than the European gymnasia which suggested them. The men's gymnasium occupies the space inside a five lap running track. It is surrounded by an iron picket fence, with entrance only by a bridge across the track from the second story of the men's building. The superintendent, in his office in this building, thus has control over the men and boys using the ground, and the track is kept clear for running. The building is fitted with lockers and shower baths similar to those of an ordinary well appointed gymnasium together with a public toilet room, tool room, police quarters, etc. On the gymnasium ground is the ordinary apparatus of a well-equipped gymnasium, such as parallel bars, horizontal bars, vaulting bars, swinging rings, trapeze, ladders, pulley weights, etc., with spaces for the long and high jumps, putting the shot, throwing the weight, throwing quoits, etc. The superintendent is a competent instructor in physical training and does his best to secure regularity and system in the exercising of those who use the apparatus. The photographs, unfortunately, show the gymnasium at an hour when it was deserted save by a few young boys. The surface of the gymnasium is made of hard gravel, as no turf could withstand the wear to which it would be subjected here. It is flooded in the winter-time for skating. Near the men's building is a boat-landing, of the park boat service, where row-boats can be hired at a reasonable charge. It is to be hoped that with the steady development of the use of the Charles River for pleasure purposes now going on, a line of cheap passenger boats will soon take its start from this landing.

The women's gymnasium contains a smaller amount of apparatus, and no provision for the violent exercise of jumping, shot putting, etc. The track which is wanted simply as an exercising place, and not to develop high speed, is shorter and of slightly irregular shape, to fit into the desired outline of the shrubbery. As the apparatus is all placed by itself at a different point, the space within the track is made into a lawn, where little children may frolic and play, while their mothers look on from a raised seat under the shelter of a simple shingled hood. Near by are sand courts, which give the children unending pleasure. The women's building controls the entrance to these grounds, and serves the same purposes as the men's building at the other end, but while the men's gymnasium has only an open fence about it, so that outsiders may watch the games and contests within, the women's is surrounded by a dense screening plantation. The management of the women's gymnasium has been from the beginning in the hands of the Massachusetts Emergency and Hygiene Association, by which it has been conducted with great wisdom and success.

The value to the community of such a place as Charlesbank need not be enlarged upon here, but a study of the illustrations will be suggestive to thoughtful people.

Another of these neighborhood pleasure grounds, of quite a different type, is Charlestown Heights. It is situated on the northern slope of Bunker Hill—the real Bunker Hill, not the spurious one where the battle took place and the monument was built. It reaches from near the crest of the hill to its foot, a distance of about five hundred and fifty feet, dropping down a declivity of about sixty feet. As the feature of Charlesbank was the bordering Charles River, the feature of Charlestown Heights is a grand sweeping view over the marshes of the Mystic, as yet almost untouched, except upon the hither bank, by the growth of the city, to the distant suburbs of Malden and Everett, with the permanently forested hills of the Middlesex Fells in the distance beyond. The design in this case, as in the other, takes the peculiar advantage of the location as its controlling motive throughout, and attempts to make the most of it. At the high end of the ground upon the street is a small gravelled plaza, which serves for the games that ordinarily have to go on in the street, and which will serve admirably for a concert grove when the trees get large enough. At the edge of the little plaza the ground drops to a lower level. The upper floor of the house shown on the plan is open but for the posts which support the roof, and stands at a level overlooking the plaza, as well as the lower ground to the north and the broad view beyond. Immediately in front of the building are sand courts for little children, and the basement is recessed to provide a sheltered walk with seats for the mothers. The basement contains also the toilet-rooms, refreshment stand, etc. Before the sand courts a lawn slopes down to a rough bowlder parapet and terrace

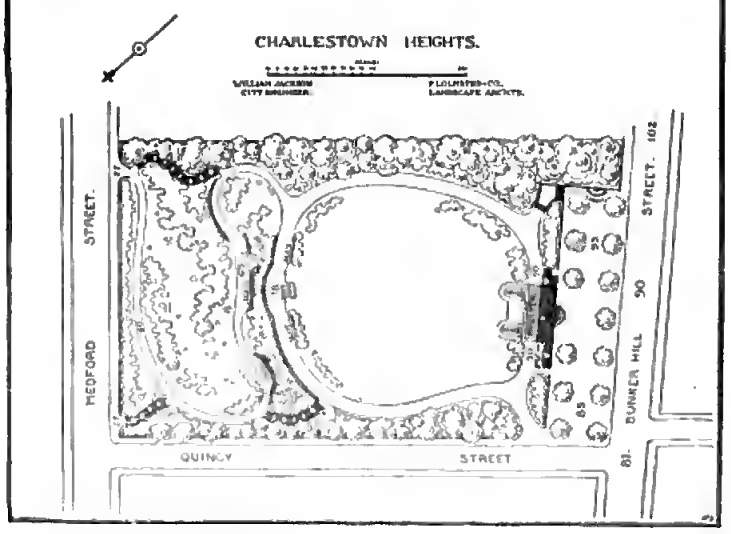


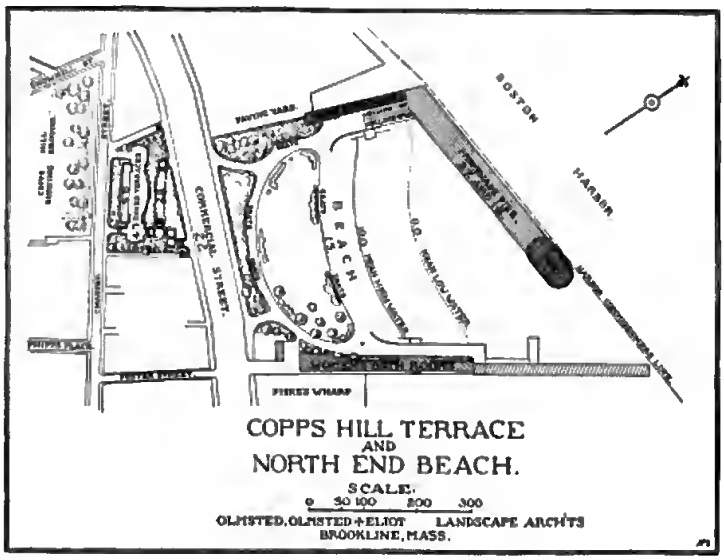
wall overgrown with creepers and other plants, and commanding the same view, with a different foreground. Below this terrace the hill is very steep, and is, in the main, a series of rocky slopes with a rich plant growth, through which a winding path and steps lead down to the street below. The main feature of this ground—the view—it was impossible to show adequately in a picture, but the illustrations give some idea of the detailed treatment.

Copps Hill Terrace, with the adjoining North End Beach, has some resemblance to Charlestown Heights in that it occupies a steep hill-side, and by its control of the water front has a distant view. The view in this case is over part of the harbor to the Charlestown Navy-yard and East Boston, with the life and interest of the shipping. The area is very limited, on account of its high cost, for it is taken out of a densely populated tenement district, and the water front was occupied by commercial wharves, but it gains materially by the presence behind it of the old Copps Hill Burying-Ground, with a good growth of old trees. By examining the figures which show the elevation of the different parts above mean low water, the plan can be readily understood. There is one broad terrace, with a high retaining-wall, and the rest of the ground is taken up in the slopes and walks and steps. These slopes have been planted during the season lately closed, in somewhat the same style as Charlestown Heights. The larger part of this double ground is on the opposite side of Commercial Street, and most of it is no ground at all, but water. There is a broad beach to be backed up by low planting sufficient to shut off Commercial Street, but not high enough to interfere with the view from the higher ground beyond. Two piers run out on either side, and one of these bends across the front so as to shelter the bathing beach, and at the same time provide the maximum length of promenade within the Harbor Commissioners' lines. The piers are double-decked, the upper deck forming the promenade, and the lower being occupied by dressing rooms for the bathers. The approaches to the piers are so arranged as to keep the bathers, both wet and dry, from mixing with those going to and from the promenade deck, while steps are avoided, for the benefit of baby carriages. The longer, crooked pier contains the men's dressing rooms, etc., the shorter one the women's, and the offices, boilers, drying room, and other administrative necessities are in the building next the women's pier. Although not yet completed, this ground was very largely used last summer, and bids fair to be exceedingly popular.

I have picked out these three grounds partly because of their individual interest, and partly because, although in somewhat similar situations, they are markedly different in treatment, and show what can be done by picking out the potential individuality of a site and developing it to its limit. That is one of the differences between designing a park and just making it in a haphazard way.

Boston contains no example of the flat interior pleasure-ground, with no individuality of site, but there is one close by in Cambridge. Cambridge Field requires little explanation beyond an examination of the plan and the illustrations. The northern half is occupied by the field house, with its adjoining sand courts and seesaw yard separated from the noisy traffic of Cambridge Street by a wide greensward, which is broken only by shrub-bordered paths. The southern half of the field is occupied by a six acre gravelled play field, screened from the street by a double line of trees and shrubs, which shade a broad boundary promenade, where great numbers may watch the games. It is used for baseball, football, and other games of open play, which are not allowed, however, to assume the form of match events without special permit.





In the winter-time it is flooded for skating. Cambridge Field is of recent construction, as the young trees show, and the population did not understand at first how to make use of it. The neighborhood boy, accustomed to alley and street play, was found actually to be unfamiliar with games which are usually played upon open commons, and which it became the duty of the superintendent to teach. Now Cambridge Field is producing a boy vigorous in body, quick in mind, gentle in manner, and possessing a sense of fair play and fellowship little known except in the country.

I can only briefly mention Marine Park in south Boston as another illustration of a neighboring ground upon the water-front. Its attractions are chiefly boating, bathing, and the views of the shipping and the sea. Its main feature is a great curving pier, 1200 feet long, forming one side of a horseshoe harbor for pleasure craft. This harbor and the neighboring waters are the anchorage for the larger part of Boston's great fleet of small yachts, while the comparative shoalness of the water has, up to the present, checked the commercial development of this part of the water-front. The pleasantest pictures of marine life are therefore presented here without the disagreeable features of the busy steam traffic of the port. At the head of the pier is a large building containing a restaurant, bath house, etc.

Of play grounds pure and simple there is almost as great a lack in Boston as in New York. The lack has been realized, however, and lands have already been purchased in several sections of the city to supply it. Designs have been made for these play grounds, and there is reason to believe that in a year or two they will become instructive examples of their class.

F. L. OLMSTED, JR.

A LOVE-SONG.

THE year, sweet wife, is on the wane—
The happy hearted year,
That brought us only tithes of pain,
And rounded sheaves of cheer.

Beside the glowing embers we
Need envy no one's pelf.
Content am I to partner be
In firm of "Wife and Self."

So lift glide away the last low sands,
Fast fades the hearth fire's light,
We face the world with wedded hands—
Good night, old year, good night!

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

"THE VINTAGE."*

A STORY OF THE GREEK WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY F. F. BENSON,

AUTHOR OF "DODO," "LIMITATIONS," "THE JUDGMENT BOOK," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THEY took his body up to the Turkish mosque which crowned the citadel and at the east erected a tall, rough wooden cross, and there it lay all day, and the clan came and looked their last on the man they had loved. The hawk-like eager eyes were closed, and the dignity of death gave the face a wonderful sweet seriousness, and a tranquillity which it had seldom worn in life. The Prince and Germanos arrived before noon, knowing only that Tripoli was taken; and Petrobey, to whom Mitsos had told what Nicholas had said, found words which were humbling and an awe to that proud man, and together the two went to where he lay. Then said Germanos, "I never did him honor—God forgive me!—in life, but you will let me do him honor now?"

The funeral was to be at sunset and he was to be buried just outside the mosque, on the highest ground of the citadel. The first part of the service would be in the mosque, the remainder at the grave; and Mitsos, returning just before sunset from his finished and hopeless quest, went straight to the mosque. All day, first in the town and then in that valley of death behind Trikorpha, he had sought among the heaps of the dead, longing rather to know and see the worst, to look once more on her face, than to carry about with him this load of torturing uncertainty. He prayed that he might find her unmutilated, that her face might be quiet and calm like Nicholas's, for he felt that it would be a consolation to know she had died quickly. One thought only sustained him through those terrible hours, and that the remembrance of the words Nicholas had spoken. He had bargained to sacrifice himself and all that he held dear for that which was already won, and in the very flush and presence of victory he would not give way to the thoughts of madness and despair which beset him. All day, beneath a burning sun, he moved among the heaps of the slain, turning over body after body, only to find more beneath. The kites and preying hawks chirl shrilly over his head, but he heeded not and worked on, and a little before sunset only had he flushed, and sat down on the hill side for a moment to eat, for he remembered that he had not eaten that day, and he felt suddenly faint with hunger. Then, rising, he went back to the town and up to the mosque.

The sun was just setting, and before they left the mosque it was already twilight, but the men had a number of pitch torches, and the procession went out to the grave outside, headed by thirty men who carried Greek, and stood round the newly dug grave while the body was placed in the coffin and lowered into it. At the head of the grave stood Germanos, and at the foot Petrobey with Mitsos. Many of the clan who stood round were weeping unrestrained and without shame, but Mitsos was perfectly quiet and calm. Only once, when the first spadefuls of earth rattled on the rough coffin lid, did he move, and run forward a step to the edge of the grave, crying "Uncle! oh, uncle!" in so piteous and broken a voice that Petrobey clinched his teeth to prevent his sobbing aloud. But after that he was quite quiet again, and Germanos, who had read the service, stepped forward and gave the address at the grave.

"This day," he said, "is the birthday of a new born people, and it is so that Nicholas would have you think of it. To all of us has come a great and wonderful victory, and to all a terrible loss; but I pray God, my friends, to name of you such as unavailing regret as mine. Of myself I would not speak to you, but for this, that before Nicholas died he forgave the cruel wrong I had done him, and it is that forgiveness of his alone which gives me any right to be here. You all knew him, he was of the same blood as you, and it is for you all to lament not nor wail, but think only that God in His infinite kindness has let him see the dawn of this day, and then while joy leaped, bursting his heart, has taken him to Himself. To work for a great cause, as Nicholas worked, and as none but he, was a great reward, to see the fruit of his labors and to die in the flush of victory are what come to but few. By his rank and his work he was among the highest in all Greece. But how did he die? As a common soldier serving in the ranks, and by his own choice. And to me that appears—though the cause for it is to me a bitterness and regret of which I cannot speak—a wonderful and appropriate thing. Nicholas—the victory of the people!"

The darkness had completely fallen while he spoke, and overhead, through the smoke of the torches, the stars peered out of a deep blue sky. In front of Germanos rose the mound of freshly raised earth for they had filled up the grave before he began speaking and the wooden cross from the mosque had been fetched out and planted on the top of it. Round, in dense ranks, stood the Maïnotes, the flickering glare of the lights striking strong shadows on their faces. But by degrees the torches planted on long sticks round the grave began to burn low. Now and then one would shoot up with a sudden flare, and then die out again, and in a few minutes more they had all burned out, and only smouldering red cones of burnt stuff remained. From the darkness Germanos's voice came, slow and solemn at first, but as he went on he gained force and vigor:

"The birthday of the people! Think of this day thus, and then of him whom you loved—the victory of the people! This is no time for lamentations nor weeping, for how did he take leave of you? Not with a wail, nor with any regret, but with a shout. Think of him, then, as he took farewell, mourn for those who mourn, but rejoice with those who rejoice. And he went from as strong, and with but one thought, which overmastered all. Thus it is no night nor valley of death he has gone into—or so it appeared not to him—but the dawning of the fresh day. Then, turning his eyes forward, while behind him the day dawned, what eye should meet his, or what name should be on his lips? You heard it yourselves. And is there any cause for sorrow there? Do we weep and wail when the bridegroom meets the bride, or when, after a long journey, a faithful man goes home to her he loves? Gum is but a selfish grief if we look at it aright. We mourn for him, we say. And why? Because we think of ourselves, and for no other reason. So let this thought make you strong, and because you have loved him turn from yourselves, who, God knows, have cause enough for grief, and think of him and his shout and rapture of his passing. Out of the day he has passed to the day—out of life into life—a faithful man made perfect. Call to him, then, once more. Let him hear the shout which he led. The freedom of Greece and Nicholas, the victory of the people!"

From the darkness the shout was taken up and repeated till it almost seemed to split the darkness. As from one throat it burst up thrice repeated, and then together they called Nicholas's name aloud, and went in silence back to their quarters.

Mitsos went back with Petrobey, feeling somehow strangely strengthened. All he had been trying to feel all day had been said for him, and all that was brave within him rose and caught it triumphantly, and he clung to it as the only thing that separated him from despair.

The Maïnotes were to leave next morning, but Mitsos dreaded any hour spent in inaction, and he decided to go himself at once, and again travel through the night. To stop here was only to talk of Nicholas, to grow feverish again with the hopeless impossible hope that Soleïma was still somewhere in the town. With a good horse he could reach Nauplia next day, soon after dawn, and he longed with the longing of a child in some distant land for the familiar places. Here all that spoke to him of Soleïma spoke in words of blood and cruelty, which stabbed and stung him into a sense of hopeless rage and regret. There, perhaps, with the thrill of home about him, his anguish would change to something less terrible, and not so discordant to the image his heart held of her. Even now, when an few hours had passed, he seemed to have lived with the sorrow for a lifetime, and realized that it was for a lifetime it would abide with him. The place where he had lost all he loved had a brooding horror over it, he could not think of her as he wished to think, but by the cool bay, the dark headlands, and that beach with its whispering reeds, surely he would find another sorrow, different from this, and with the bitterness of something which had once been infinitely sweet, instead of the bitterness of horror and hatred. Above all, he dreaded the moment of waking next morning, and though many morrows stretched away before him, each with its cup of remembrance coming with the light at the end of sleep, yet it would be something over to get rid of this one, to have another four-and-twenty hours with his sorrow, which perhaps might help to mitigate the pangs of that first moment of the waking to consciousness again, and the dead weight of grief which would have to be taken up again.

Then his father was there, and, oh, how Mitsos longed for that quiet, protective presence! He wanted to be alone, and yet to have some one who loved him present, with silent sympathy that needed no words. Even the companionship of Yanni, who followed him with the eyes of some dumb creature that knows its master is suffering yet cannot console, was irksome. None understood this better than poor Yanni himself, yet though he tried to keep away, he could not.

Mitsos rose from where he had been sitting in Petrobey's room and walked across to him.

"I think I shall go home at once," he said. "It will be better that I should be there."

"But not to-night, dear lad," said Petrobey, "and not alone. We are all coming to set you on your way to-morrow."

Poor Mitsos nearly broke down again at this, somehow a kindness reached the sent of tears, while his sorrow passed it by.

"No, I will go alone and now," he cried. "Oh, I can not say what I think. You are all so good to me, but I want to be alone. Say good-by to them all for me, I should not be able to tell them myself. And good-by. Before long, I doubt not, we shall meet again. For I promised him always to be ready."

Petrobey kissed the boy.

"Little Mitsos," he said, "we are not men of many words. But you know—you know. God keep you!"

Yanni was watching Mitsos with hungry eyes, and Mitsos turned from Petrobey and went to him.

"Come out with me, Yanni," he said, "while I get my horse. Come as far as the gate if you will."

Mitsos's horse was stabled below, and in silence the two went on together. Then, as they turned to walk down the deserted street to the gate, Mitsos passed his arm through the bridle and put the other round Yanni's neck.

"Yanni," he said, "you do not think me unkind? But it is this way with me, that somehow or other I must get used to these things and I am best alone. We have had good times together, have we not? and please God, we shall be together many times yet. I want to be alone with myself now, and then to remain a little with my father, for with him it is different. But of all others in the world—why need I tell you?—it is you I would choose to be with. You understand, do you not?"

"Yes, dear Mitsos," said Yanni, rather chokefully, "and if ever you want me, either come or I will come to you. For, oh, Mitsos, I'm so sory for you that I don't know what to do or say, and I owe all to you, and yet I can do nothing."

And with that he fairly burst out crying.

They walked on in silence to the Argos gate, and then Mitsos stopped.

"So let us do what Nicholas would have us do," said he, smiling at the other, "and think only of this wonderful birthday of the people, as Germanos said. And now I am going. Good-by, Yanni, dear Yanni!"

"Oh, Mitsos, let me come!" cried Yanni. "No, no, I did not mean that. Good-by, and God speed!"

And he turned quickly and walked back into the town without another word or look.

The horse Mitsos rode had been stabled all day, and

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2113.

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"'SULEIMA?' CRIED MITSOS."

coming out fresh into the cool night air kept him busy for a time snuffing uneasily at the wafts of foul air that came from the town, and shying right and left at shapes that lay on the road-side. Once a dead body lay straight across the path, and the brute wheeled round, nearly unseating Mitsos, and tried to bolt back to Tripoli again. But by and by, as it got used to the sight and the steady hand which controlled it, it went more quietly, and settled down into a gentle trot up the road leading from the plain over the mountain.

As they left the town behind, the air grew fresher, and soon came pure and cool from the north. The night was clear, but for a few wisps of cloud that drifted southward in wavering lines of delicate pearly gray, so thin that the starlight suffused them and turned them into a luminous haze. The path lay low between bold rocks that climbed up on each side, and to the right a stream talked lilly, as in sleep. Above, the stars burned bright and close, set in the blue velvet of the sky, and to the east the blue was tinged with gray, showing that the moon would soon rise. From some shepherd's hut on the hills came the sharp bark of a dog, sounding faint yet curiously distinct in the alert air, as in the north sounds come on a frosty night. As he went higher, the dry smell of the summer-scorched vegetation was changed for something fresher coming from the upland pastures, and while his horse, now requiring no attention, went with straining shoulders and dropped head up from slope to slope, Mitsos knew that he had been right to come alone.

Since those nights he had spent with Suleima between sea and sky, the loneliness and quietude of night, the locked casket a-hick had held the hours he had spent with her, had always awakened in him an undefined, incommunicable thrill, a certain magical touch which could call up those dear glooms of the past. To be alone at night was nearest to being with her, and often in these last weeks he had stolen out of his hut, when the camp was still, to conjure up that same feeling which the sight of objects associated with some one loved gives us. Infinitely dear as she had been to him, there lingered round the remembrance of her a something dim, something in common with starlight and great vague stretches of silent sea, and the peerlessness of the sky before the imminent moonrise. It was that complexion of his sorrow he wished to recapture. Tripoli was like dreaming of her through the horrible distortion of a nightmare, this the sweeter bitterness of a quieter vision. Round his thoughts of Nicholas there hovered a splendid halo; the glory of his life and the triumph of his death made the heart bow down in wonder and thankfulness despite itself. For if he, as Germanos had said, had gone like the bridegroom to the bride, should those who loved him mourn? Strangely mixed had come the boon for which Nicholas, for which Suleima, had died; and at present he was too stunned to be able to think of it, or the price paid, with clearness of focus, for this limited mind within us is soon drowned by shocks like these coming in spite together, and we do not realize them till the first turbid flood has passed.

The moon had risen before he reached the top of the pass, and following a strange but overwhelming desire, he pushed on quickly, for he longed to look on the bay again by night. Another hour's quick riding brought him to the head of a ravine which ran straight down to the sea, and at the bottom, lying like the clipping from silver nail, was the further edge of the bay ashine with the moon, and when Mitsos saw it his heart was all athirst for home. Gradually as he went down, the lower hills marched like shadows to the right and left, and between moonsetting and sunrise he stood on the sandy cove again where he had brought the fish to land one night, and once again all was still, but for a whisper in the dry tongued reeds and the lap of sand quenched ripples. But never again would he sit there, filled through and through with love, with one beside him, and never again would the man he had loved pass by again like the shadow of a hawk on one of those swift secret strands. Yet, as he had hoped, there still lingered round the place a sweetness of sorrow. Horror had not come here, nor any bloodshed nor crash of cruel war; none else knew the message the place had for him, its garnered store on which his heart had fed.

Then leaving it, still rounded by the infinite night, he passed on by the white house at the head of the bay, whose sea wall had been to him the gate of love flung open, and just after sunrise he struck the road on the other side of the bay, and three hundred yards off were the whispering poplars by the spring, and the low house and the garden gate and the grave of his boyhood. The risen sun spun mists out of the night dews, it struck a galaxy of stars from the still surface of the bay, and called from the heart of the hush-hovered thrush an inimitable song.

So he was come to the gate, where he tied up his horse, while he went inside, yearning to see his father, but as he walked up the path, raising his eyes, he saw him already out and working in the vineyard beyond, and would have passed by and gone to him there, when of a sudden he stopped, and his heart stopped too.

For the house door was open, and from inside—it seemed at first but the echo of his thoughts—came a sore sleeping, and it sang.

> Dig we deep among the vines;
> Give the sweet spring showers a home.

Then came a little feeble cry, as from some young thing, and the singing stopped, and a mother's voice, so it seemed, cooed soothingly to her baby. And with that Mitsos passed out on to the vineyard, but went in.

Suleima, busied with the child—the fairest Mitsos, so she told herself—heard not his step till he was in the doorway, but then looked up, thinking it was her father, though earlier than his wont. And with a choking sob, hands outstretched, and a voice from a bursting heart—

"Suleima!" cried Mitsos.

THE END.

DAWSON CITY, FROM THE BLUFFS ACROSS THE RIVER.

NEWS FROM THE KLONDIKE.

Dawson City, *September 27, 1897.*

Dawson City, the supply point on the Yukon for the Klondike mines, has been a scene of wonderful activity the past summer. Where but a half-dozen cabins were last spring is now built up for a mile and a half with cabins, fine warehouses and stores, opera-house, saloons, and restaurants. The summer claims on the creeks turned out even richer than expected. Summer drifting was also done. Pack trains were busy, unable to carry out the supplies; men and dogs were packing as well. The streets of Dawson were alive with men, new-comers arriving daily. Wages for common labor $10 per day; skilled $15; at the mines, $15. Many men made more by contracting. New creeks were being located, sales made, and the whole atmosphere was one of success. The dance-halls and saloons were crowded, nearly every one having two or more gambling games running. In a few weeks, almost days, a complete change has taken place. The mines are as rich as ever. But a feeling of uncertainty and dread as the steamers failed to arrive deepened to one of panic tendencies when the news came two days ago that, owing to low water on the Yukon Flats, eighty miles below Circle City, they could not get up. There is not "grub" enough for much more than half of the men now here, and it was seen a large number of men must go down the river at once, before it freezes, or starve. This many who had come in without grub demurred to doing. The constant arrival of men who abandoned all they had, if they had anything, on the Pass, to get in before the river froze, arriving with nothing, makes it worse—some families even arriving in this condition. The early freezing weather, with ice running up the Yukon, emphasized it. The streets, except at the store of the Alaska Company, the only one selling a pound, and they but small quantities, were almost deserted. On the river front, generally crowded, was hardly a lounger. Some men were getting what they could to go down to Circle City or Fort Yukon. Others who had calculated on going out on the steamer were perplexed. Some started out to pole up the river—a hard and dangerous trip at this time of year. Some paid $200 to $250 for passage on the little *Klondike* to Fort Pelly, to go from there out over the Dalton trail, and had to cut wood for the steamer and furnish their own grub to secure passage. Men were rustling around to secure some flour here, and beans, bacon, or rice there, buying at advanced prices of those who, going up or down the river, had more than they needed. Only those who had early put in and paid for their supplies felt at all secure, and they—many of them—were afraid that the many men who refused to go out might force them to "share up" now or later on. The number of faces recognized by those familiar with Seattle criminals makes this worse. Gaunt starvation would soon be at the door of many if they staid, and the whole atmosphere is one of distrust and unpleasant anticipation. Some boats may arrive, but even then the grub will not go around. Whiskey and sugar comprised the cargo of the last steamer, and wines and liquors part of that of others before. Goods that will bring great profit are brought up, and grub—the one great necessity—left behind. If both governments would limit the amount of whiskey brought in they would confer a boon on the miner for which he would thank them. For while the miners drink it when here in town, they almost without exception curse the companies for bringing it and leaving grub behind.

STEAMER IN WINTER QUARTERS AT CIRCLE CITY.

The shortage of provisions, and especially the threatened shortage of candles, so necessary for winter drifting, may seriously interfere with work, and materially cut down the gold output, as well as prevent the prospecting of new creeks. Twenty-five dollars a sack (50 pounds) for flour has already been offered, and advanced prices on other things. Wages, which they were attempting to cut to $1 per hour, will now undoubtedly remain at $1 50, and may go higher, as labor will be scarce and men who have grub independent. Those who manage to yet get in with an abundance of grub from the outside will reap the benefit of this.

If this year's experience will bring people coming in to a realization of the necessity of bringing in supplies with them, and call the attention of capital to the enormous profits and great extent of trade to be supplied now and in the future in this enormous and rich mining country, the distress, and often bitter disappointment as well, of those who are in here will not be in vain. If not, another year will see a repetition on a greater scale of the conditions now existing. For by no possibility can the companies now here supply next year's demand.

Mining in the Yukon is done in the winter by putting wood fires on the frozen ground and "burning" a hole down to "pay." Then fires are put against the sides and a chamber drifted out, a fire being put in every day, the thawed ground being hoisted, to be sluiced out in the spring.

ROCKING ON A BENCH CLAIM, EL DORADO CREEK.

Summer drifting can be done in the same way, but water is very troublesome, and in most places absolutely prevents working. The carbonic acid gas from the wood is also dangerous at that time. On summer claims the dirt is thrown into sluice-boxes and the gold caught by riffles, the dirt and gravel washing over. Water-wheels to run chain pumps are used to free the bed rock of water, but rock drains are also used.

Stampedes are caused in many ways, sometimes from seeing a few men going off with a light pack in a hurry. Men rush off ten, thirty, and fifty miles over hills and divides, through brush and mire, to stake what may be a bonanza. Some even do not take grub for more than a few meals, and in this mountainous country are not seldom lost for a few days. When they return they are generally tired out and demoralized, if it was a distant creek. Some, of course, go prepared—as did the Sulphur Creek stampeder. This is forty-five miles from Dawson, over the divide and Indian River.

BACK FROM THE SULPHUR CREEK STAMPEDE.

WILLIAM D. JOHNS.

WINTER DRIFTING.

CUT ON CLAIM 13, EL DORADO CREEK.

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PARIS.

November 20, 1897.

THE trying thing about the Dreyfus affair is that it forces one to think of the slumbering volcano that always threatens Paris. We were just in the midst of an extraordinarily beautiful autumn, in which the sun had pursued his glorious way without interruption for at least two months and a half. I record as one of the noteworthy items of my Continental experiences the fact that this year I bought myself a new umbrella on the 1st of September, and that now, the middle of November, it has not ever been but once carried. Owing to the fact that the Chamber of Deputies is to be re-elected in 1898 and that the honorable members of that body are more interested in preaching conservative republicanism to their constituents and passing mild reforms to offset socialism than in anything else with a view to forming part of the triumphal cortège of 1900 politics were enjoying a period of comparative quiet. The Dreyfus affair suddenly carried us back to the terrible days of Panama, when each day somebody new was denounced. From the very bowels of the earth seemed to belch forth that seething torrent of suspicion, uncertainty, hatred, and intrigue that underlies France at its fairest, and at times seems to threaten its very structure.

I confess that it is rather difficult for the Anglo-Saxon mind to understand at first why the volcano exists. But the Anglo-Saxon mind may congratulate itself on being formed upon Anglo-Saxon lines. It can only conceive with difficulty of what a society is like in which, for instance, there is no habeas corpus act, in which law is apparently based upon the theory that any man is guilty till proved innocent, and in which there exists an autocrat called a juge d'instruction, whose business it is to collect evidence, and whose prerogative it is upon that evidence to arrest a man at his pleasure and keep him in prison for any period he may deem fit. Even if innocent, the stigma never leaves his name. The heavy atmosphere of suspicion and uncertainty that hangs on Paris at this moment is the direct result of the code. But the whole Dreyfus case has always been so shrouded in mystery that anything like truth in connection with it seems impossible. Even Dreyfus's lawyer M. Demange never had the documents against him. He could only make a vague plea for defence based on general character and lack of motive.

The anti-Semitic agitation, of course, is at the bottom of the thing. This is not a question of race. The Jews are coming more and more to control the financial interest of France, and especially of the railways. The railways belong to the state, and the state granted a concession of ninety-nine years to certain companies, of which the Rothschilds are the largest stockholders. This does not expire till 1930. The Rothschilds are reproached with having no nationality. Their interests are equally divided between four countries, and the French Rothschilds came originally from Germany. Moreover, they are not patriots, but commerçants. In case of war with Germany, it is feared, they might paralyze the railroads, or, at any rate, keep new lines from being established or bridges from being built. The intense power of such enormous capital in the hands of aliens is considered by the anti-Semitic party as a constant menace to the safety of the country, especially as certain organs of the press are venal. I was told by an editor of one of the important Paris dailies that his paper was offered money by the Rothschild syndicate to create a current in Dreyfus's favor at the time of the trial. He also gave me the names of several papers that were bought.

With all these causes at work, with a press which must publish and has absolutely no facts to start with, in a country where a bit of perfectly irresponsible hypothesis may suddenly assume most extraordinary importance as evidence, and where each day somebody new is implicated, it is not surprising that Paris should have gone back to the old days of anxious suspense.

Meanwhile some of the side issues in the affair are amusing. The famous *bordereau*, or memorandum, on which he was convicted was found in the waste-paper basket of the German Embassy. The consequence has been, it is said, to do away with waste-paper baskets in all the embassies in Paris. It was found by one of those spies disguised as servants that the French government maintains in all the foreign embassies. The Minister of War has a secret budget of a million and a half of francs for this purpose.

This reminds me of an afternoon I once spent in a little villa on the banks of the Marne with the former chief of police in the time of Napoleon III., up to the proclamation of the republic. No one would have thought, to look at the peaceful figure of the proprietor, a little man in sabots, with gray beard à la Millet, absorbed in cultivating the magnificent hortensias that covered his terraces reaching to the water's edge, that his head had been a storehouse for all the machinations and turpitudes of that period of decadence which ended in a disastrous war and a revolution. It was on that afternoon that I learned how the fatal Ollivier ministry was decided upon by M. Thiers and his political friends one evening in the conservatory of a beautiful French woman, living not far from the Opéra. Two brothers, well known in the best Paris society, meanwhile distracted the attention of the guests in the salon by sleight-of-hand tricks and gymnastic feats on a Persian rug. And when I asked the old man how he knew all this with such precision, "From a *femme de chambre*," he answered, tranquilly; "all personages of importance at that time, at their own request, took their servants only from my hand."

Baïhaut's book, *En Prison Cellulaire*, is interesting because it throws light upon a certain type of French politicians of to-day. Baïhaut, the ex-Minister, who has just served four years in prison for having confessed to accepting three hundred thousand francs out of a million promised in the Panama affair, was one of that group of young men whom Gambetta gathered round him and made, of which it may not be generally known that Sadi Carnot was another. One of my friends, a French journalist of importance, tells me that it was his uncle who first suggested Carnot's name to Gambetta. The republic was young, Gambetta tried to attach to it every young man of promise, and the uncle of my friend, who was a civil engineer, suggested the name of Sadi Carnot, also an engineer, stationed at Annecy. Carnot had just built a bridge, and did not want to leave Annecy. Gambetta made him the préfet of Havre. Madame Carnot staid in Bourgogne; and a little later some one wrote to Bordeaux, then the seat of government, that the Burgundians would be very glad to be represented in the Chamber by some one bearing the name of Carnot. Carnot resisted the idea with extraordinary vigor. In the end he was forced into politics, but entirely against his will.

Baïhaut was a brilliant scholar, who was graduated from the Polytechnic with first rank, and became successively Deputy, Secretary of State, and Minister. Living always in the roar and tinsel of elections, in spite of his long political experience he seems, curiously enough, like politicians of his type, never to have got a just idea of himself, and always to have remained at bottom naïf, vain, and unintelligent.

But, as the man who confessed, he has a place in French history. It was hoped that his book would give that list of the Deputies suborned in the Panama affair which was given to President Carnot, and which Baïhaut knows. Carnot suppressed it for the sake of the Republican party. It is said that Baïhaut's name did not even figure on the original list. He confessed, and was joyfully made the scapegoat of the entire Chamber. If he had not made his avowal Carnot might have succeeded in suppressing the Panama scandals altogether. This spirit of sacrificing the honesty of the country to party spirit is the principal element of instability in French politics now. The Orleanists are far more popular in France than the Imperialists, but neither Orleanists nor Imperialists have any chance of ever coming again to power. If ever there is any change it will be in the shape of a dictator—when the honest element of the people, tired of some revolution, of intrigue and *dessous* like Panama, resolve to sweep everything that exists away, and when some leader has force enough to seize his opportunity. Boulanger might have done it. Another man endowed with more firmness and strength might have done it at the time of the Panama scandals. Nobody knows whom the Dreyfus affair will end by compromising, or what opportunity there may be in that.

In the regular course of events, however, the country will remain conservative republican till after the exposition, in spite of M. Bourgeois's great grief that the party is composed of *ralliés*, or converts, and gets its vote from people opposed to the republic.

Outside of the Dreyfus affair and politics Paris has been engaged in settling the momentous questions of where the two Salons should be held until their new palaces are ready for them, and whether the Prince de Sagan should be allowed to die at his club. The Prince de Sagan has enjoyed for years the reputation of being *le monsieur le plus chic de Paris*. For years he has been separated from his wife, and has had no money of his own. Therefore he arranged for himself a suite of rooms at the club of which he is president. In France, however, no gentleman dies at a club, on account of the *cagnote*. All French clubs are more or less institutions for play, and on every sum that goes into the bank a certain amount, called the *cagnote*, is set apart for the expenses of the institution. It is considered that a gentleman will under no circumstances allow any part of his expenses to be borne by the fruits of gambling. As the prince's health is hopelessly impaired, his wife abducted him one morning, and carried him off to the beautiful old Sagan palace in the Rue St.-Dominique. His son, Elie de Talleyrand-Perigord, has brought suit against her, and the question is yet unsettled where this heir to an old name shall finish his days.

The two Salons begin, let us hope, a day of peace and harmony side by side in the Galerie des Machines of the Champ de Mars. M. Boucher, the Minister of Commerce, was obliged to take in hand the arrangement of a new place for the Horse Show. "Tiens," he said, to M. Puvis de Chavannes, "as this place is all arranged for the Horse Show, it will do for the Salons."

I am told that the architects have made a most astonishing mistake in their plans for the art buildings for the exposition (unpublished). There are to be four palaces—one for a retrospective view of French art, in which there was to be room for 1500 pictures. The architects miscalculated, and estimated all the corridors, toilet-rooms, etc., as so much line, so that the space is cut down to barely enough for five or six hundred pictures. The same error has been made in the palace for modern French and foreign art. One palace will be entirely for bibelots, books, tapestries, treasures from churches, and so on, for matter transformed by art.

Paul Bourget is preparing to welcome André Theuriet to a seat among the Forty Immortals—a man whose principal distinction, it seems to me, is to write books whose titles one is never able to remember. Theuriet is a white-bearded man without marked personality, who was at one time an employé at the Ministry of Commerce, got to be chief of the office, and is now the Mayor of Bourg-la-Reine. He is spoken of as knowing all the birds by their names, and having written some extremely charming verse on pastoral subjects, which is better than his novels. He is the type of the provincial Parisian, and he was elected because there was nobody else to elect with whom the other Immortals would feel themselves at home, which is the principal thing.

The Academy was never founded to be anything more than a sort of good society for forty individuals who would find themselves congenial. That was its original intention when it was organized in the seventeenth century.

Boldini, who has gone to America to paint portraits, and who passes for being one of the most Parisian of Parisian artists, has never been able to rid himself of his Italian accent, in spite of the fact that he professes an extreme antipathy for his compatriots, which, it seems they return to him in kind. He is a little man with a sparse blond moustache, who makes one think of a gnome. The painter of elegance, he is perhaps the type of inelegance; but he has an extremely personal and interesting talent, which appeals to one because of its nervous sensibility, its insight into the *vie mondaine* of to-day. One likes the "Movement of Boldini," the impression his figures give of life, of just having sat down, of just being about to rise, at the same time that they give you a feeling of being just about to lose their equilibrium. This comes from the fact that he places his models too near, which produces an effect of perspective that is true, but which seems false.

By far the most remarkable play on the Paris stage at present is "Les Trois Filles de Monsieur Dupont," at the Gymnase, a play far better done than anything we have had of late at the Français, and while on the lines of "Les Tenailles," and other things based on the feministe movement, far more fairly and roundly and dramatically treated. It should be written on more at length than I have space to do here; and so should the Théâtre Antoine, which seems to be one of the successes of the season. The Odéon, after giving an honorable representation of Henry Becque's "Les Corbeaux," has gone back to the "Chemineau."

To emphasize the constitution of the volcano with which I started my letter, let me say a word in passing about "Les Corbeaux." *Les corbeaux* are the vultures in the shape of the partner, the notary, and the various associates of the head of a family, who pounce, at his death, upon the property of his widow and her three daughters and leave them penniless. Played at the Français a little over ten years ago, the play aroused such a storm of excitement that it was suppressed. Nobody knew what the consequences might be in the Chamber of Notaries. At the Odéon the special public of the dress rehearsal listened to it without comment, the great public with indifference. It is a play of the first order, which changed the whole French theatre, but intense and sad to an extraordinary degree.

In literature decidedly the *chef d'œuvre* of the year is Anatole France's *Le Mannequin d'Osier*.

ALLEN SERGEANT.

FRANK D. MILLET'S MURAL PAINTING FOR PITTSBURG.

PITTSBURG is becoming recognized as an art centre even beyond the broad confines of our own country, thanks to the munificence of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, whose offer of prizes is inducing painters from abroad to send their pictures to the annual exhibition. The incentive thus given to art is bearing fruit in the city itself, of which a practical illustration is the commission assigned to two artists to execute mural paintings for the Bank of Agriculture. This Pittsburg corporation shares with the Bank of Commerce in New York the honor of being the first to recognize that art and commerce may be combined to the advantage of both. It is a significant example of many other evidences that our merchant princes are ambitious to make their places of business not only hives of offices yielding enormous dividends, but veritable palaces that embody the splendor and enterprise of modern American commerce. In some respects it is a more notable testimony to the spread of culture even than a noble library, for it shows that the leaven of beauty is working in the very heart of our social organization, and that, even where money-making is necessarily the main motive, there is a recognition that it is not mere money, but what money can add to the dignity of life, that we are learning to desire.

At opposite ends of the main hall of the Bank of Agriculture at Pittsburg are spaces for two lunettes, about forty feet apart and raised twelve and a half feet from the floor. Each is an exact semicircle, with a diameter of twenty-six feet. One space is already filled with a panel painted by Edwin H. Blashfield. Its subject is the "Triumph of the City of Pittsburg," in connection with commerce, arts, sciences, and manufactures. Mr. Millet's painting, which embodies Agriculture, has been on exhibition at the American Art Galleries in New York. He has chosen for his subject the "Athenian Festival of the Thesmophoria" celebrated yearly by women in honor of Demeter (better known by the Roman name of Ceres), the goddess who was said to have founded agriculture and the civic rite of marriage. Each year, at the season which corresponds to the end of our October, the women betook themselves to the promontory of Colias, where, in the temple of the goddess, they offered sacrifice for three days, and then returned to complete the festival in Athens. Some noble lady was chosen on each occasion to act as priestess. In the picture she is represented walking alone, and carrying a thurible, from which the smoke of the incense floats. It was a happy thought to give to this figure the likeness of Madame Navarro, who, as Miss Mary Anderson, is held in such high esteem by all the English-speaking world. Like all her companions, the figure is robed in white, but distinguished from them by a yellow mantle (peplos) edged with gold. Her tunic (chiton) is draped in the fashion that Mr. Millet designed for Miss Anderson's representation of *Galatea*. All the faces are portraits, amongst them being Mrs. Millet, Mrs. Alma-Tadema, Mrs. Phil May, and two daughters of the late Mr. Fred Barnard. The little village of Broadway, in England, where the picture was painted, is a gathering spot for artists. It nestles beneath the Cotswold Hills, with a rich valley stretching from its doors, through which Shakespeare's Avon winds, and is an ideal spot for art and nature to join in a celebration of Agriculture.

When a composition is constructed on a plan so distinctively mural as this one is it is interesting to study it. The plan here is geometrical. The space is semicircular; it is decorated by opposing to the curved line horizontal and vertical lines, thus providing a harmony of contrast. A simple opposition of one of each of these three lines would produce a decorative effect; when they are repeated over and over again, the composition becomes enriched, diversified, and dignified. Then further enrichment is obtained by the opposition of dark to light, which weaves a pattern over the whole. Lastly, decorative value is obtained by the use of landscape, treated not merely as a screen of pleasant color behind the figures, but as an actual pattern embroidered in dark and light. Landscape, architecture, and figures are the principal elements of all good mural compositions. Mr. Millet has not used an architectural feature in the main part of his design, for the temples must be reckoned among the subordinate details, but he has given to the band of wheat all the constructional value of a balustrade or parapet. It binds all together into a simple homogeneous whole. It may be questionable whether a procession is the best subject for a space that emphasizes a restful spot in the architecture and brings the eye to a halt; but in his treatment of this one, Mr. Millet has made the feeling of tran-

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quality so pronounced that one forgets what the figures are doing, and realizes only the beautiful quietude of color and drawing and sentiment.

The hills of Greece in the background are colored in soft golden, purple, and gray green tints, with tranquil outlines and hazy distance, and embroidered with the deep warm green of cypress and yew. Across the foreground spreads a band of wheat, bright yellow and deep red gold, and in front are the figures, disposed with studious simplicity. Their white robes catch something of the surrounding glow, and the bright wreaths and garlands lend animation without disturbing the sense of rest. At the ends of the group the composition is a little more involved, which helps the quietude and stateliness of the chief figure.

Every one interested in the closer union of architecture, sculpture, and painting in our country will rejoice that this commission has been given to Mr. Frank D. Millet, who, during the construction of the World's Fair, as Director of Decoration, did so much to promote the union, and to make smooth the way of the architects, sculptors, and painters. For in those days, not only a "Dream City" was being constructed, but a sentiment in favor of beauty that was not to pass away, but is increasing continually in strength.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

PICTURES FOR OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The effort to increase the attractiveness and the civilizing and educational influence of our public-school rooms, by filling them with good works of art, has been prosecuted along somewhat different lines in the various cities and towns which have recently undertaken the work. A good chance to explain the aims held in view in New York was offered recently by an exhibition, at the Keppel Gallery on Sixteenth Street, of more than a hundred fine pictures and plaster casts gathered for a school in the Tenth Ward—one of our most crowded tenement districts.

With the hearty sanction of the Board of Education, but with no money save what came through private gifts, the work of school decoration was begun here more than a year ago by the Public Education Association. A special committee on art was appointed to attend to it, and I had the good fortune to be one of its members.

Our chief and fundamental aim is to transform the barren, ugly, always uninspiring, and often actually repellent public-school room into an attractive room which will cheer the eyes and spirits of teachers and pupils, to make them feel that they are not prisoners in dungeons, but are at home in places planned for their pleasure and benefit; to create rooms which will form happy and civilized contrasts, impossible of creation elsewhere, to the squalid, dreary, and miserable surroundings amid which a very large proportion of our children must live.

The first step toward this end was taken with little trouble and no cost to ourselves. The Superintendent of School Buildings gladly promised that all school interiors which required painting should hereafter be colored in light, cheerful tones, attractive in themselves, and furnishing good backgrounds for works of art. The second step was to concentrate our efforts in one school after another, rather than to scatter pictures impartially through many schools; for only systematic and complete adornment can redeem the general aspect, enliven and civilize the atmosphere of a large and otherwise wholly bare apartment.

In selecting our works of art, beauty is our first concern. Nothing is approved which is merely interesting or instructive by reason of its subject matter. We wish primarily to bring to bear the refining, uplifting, inspiring influence of beautiful forms and, when possible, of beautiful colors; for we believe that this influence is invaluable in the right development of young minds and spirits, and we know that a great majority of those being trained in our public schools are, in their own homes, wholly outside its range. To secure beauty we have chosen, of course, many reproductions of the recognized masterpieces of painting, sculpture, and architecture. Our choice has been limited by the fact that some of the finest are unsuitable for school-room decoration, and the further fact that distinctly religious subjects are necessarily barred out in New York. But these restrictions have mattered little, as we do not try to illustrate systematically the history of art. Not a knowledge of art, but the influence of beauty is, I repeat, what we wish to secure. Therefore we can go far afield in choice of subjects, and find many chances to combine definite instructiveness of various kinds with the beauty we think still more essential.

For instance, one room in the boys' grammar-school, the pictures for which were lately exhibited, is devoted to Greek and Roman art, and another to mediæval and Renaissance art, including reproductions of buildings, statues, and paintings. But one is given to literature, as illustrated by portraits and by pictures of the dwellings of famous writers, and of scenes which they have immortalized. Each work is interesting and instructive in its literary associations, but each will also inspire the eye and spirit by showing either the beauty of architecture or that of trees or landscape.

These are the rooms used by the highest classes. One of the others is hung with European views, varied by copies of famous monuments and pictures in famous galleries, and another with Asiatic and African scenes and works of art, while still another shows American scenery in its pastoral as well as its boldly picturesque aspects, including, of course, famous objects like Niagara Falls and the Natural Bridge of Virginia. The large assembly room is decorated with patriotic subjects—portraits, views of famous buildings, and a very large reproduction of Mr. St. Gaudens's inspiriting Shaw monument. A class room is also to be devoted to American history, beauty being always kept in mind through the choice of such attractive subjects as Independence Hall, Mount Vernon, Washington's headquarters at Newburgh, and a seventeenth-century house still preserved in a New England town. In each room an explanatory catalogue, framed and glazed, is hung. Of course, after only one year's experience, and the decoration of only three buildings, our list of appropriate and available subjects for grammar schools is by no means as long and varied as we intend to make it; nor is our list of those suitable for primary schools at all complete.

It will be divined, of course, that such work as ours costs much money. Yet it cannot be called expensive when estimated by its results. Fifty dollars must be allowed for each class-room, and a good deal more than that for some assembly-rooms, and therefore not less than $500 for a whole floor in a large school-house. But many more than five hundred children are accommodated on a floor, and each will profit, step by step, by every picture which it contains. To bring the influence of perhaps more than a hundred fine works of art, filling a long series of attractive rooms, to bear upon the children who pass through a grammar-school, at a cost of less than one dollar for each child, is not an extravagant undertaking. The Public Education Association therefore hopes that every friend of our children, and every citizen interested in the uplifting and refining of our people, will try to help it in its work of school decoration.

It also hopes that this brief explanation of its aims may incite the women of other towns, where similar work has not yet been begun, to begin it at once. And it promises them help and co-operation in every way within its power. I may add that during the past summer such work was actually begun and carried a considerable way in the public schools at Newport, Rhode Island, by two members of our New York art committee. The members of this committee are Mrs. Edward S. Mead, chairman; Miss A. M. Vail, treasurer (29 Washington Square); Mrs. E. R. Hewitt, Mrs. Reginald DeKoven, Mrs. James W. Markoe, Mrs. Victor Sorchan, Mrs. Lorillard Spencer, and Mrs. Edward R. Wharton.

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In Albuminuria and Bright's Disease—Albuminuria and Uraemic Poison of Gestation—Albuminuria of Scarlet-Fever, Etc.

Dr. Wm. H. Drummond,
Professor of Medical Jurisprudence, Bishop's University, Montreal, Canada:

"In the Acute and Chronic Nephritis of Gouty and Rheumatic origin, as well as in the graver **Albuminuria of Pregnancy,** I have found

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

to act as a **veritable antidote, and I know of no other natural agent possessing this important quality."**

Dr. Jos. Holt,
New Orleans, President Board of Health, State of Louisiana:

"I have prescribed

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

freely in affections of the **Kidney and Urinary** passages, particularly in **Gouty** subjects, in **Albuminuria** and in irritable conditions of the **Bladder** and **Urethra** in females. The results have been such as to satisfy me **of the extraordinary value of this water in a large class of cases usually most difficult to treat."**

Dr. J. T. Davidson,
New Orleans, La., ex-President New Orleans Surgical and Medical Association, says:

"I have for several years prescribed

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

in all cases of **Scarlet-Fever,** directing it to be drunk *ad libitum,* with the effect of **relieving all traces of albumen** in the urine, and have found it equally efficacious in renal diseases requiring the use of alkaline water."

Dr. Wm. A. Hammond,
Surgeon-General (retired) U. S. Army, formerly Professor of Diseases of the Mind and Nervous System, in the University of N. Y., etc., Washington, D. C.:

"I have used

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

in the **Albuminuria of Pregnancy with remarkable effect.** When taken in large quantities its influence in such cases is unmistakably beneficial. In one case of **Puerperal Mania** it was a powerful adjunct to the other means used to effect a cure.

"As a **preventive of Puerperal Convulsions** and **Puerperal Mania** I regard the

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

as most valuable. It should with this view form the constant beverage of Pregnant women in the place of ordinary water. I have had considerable experience with this water in the treatment of **Bright's Disease.** I have witnessed the **albuminuria** of this affection, and also **casts** of the **renal vessels,** disappear on the use of the water, and this not only in a single case, but in several of which I have full notes. It must in these cases also be taken in large quantities and its use continued for a considerable time."

Dr. G. A. Foote,
of Warrenton, N. C., ex-President State Medical Society, formerly Member of the State Board of Medical Examiners, and also of the State Board of Health:

"In **Bright's Disease of the Kidneys** I have in many cases noted the disappearance of **Albuminuria and Casts** under the action of

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

which I regard as the most efficacious of known remedies in this distressing malady, so difficult of successful treatment. I have also witnessed excellent results from this Water in **Albuminuria of Pregnancy,** and it is my habit to prescribe its free use in every case of pregnancy under my care, certainly after the sixth month, and I have yet to see any untoward result where my directions were obeyed. That the Water is a **preventive** of and **antidotal** to the causes producing nausea, headache, and Puerperal convulsions in my opinion admits of no question."

Dr. Alfred L. Loomis,
Professor of Pathology and Practical Medicine in the Medical Department of the University of New York, wrote:

"For the past four years I have used

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

in the treatment of **Chronic Bright's Disease of the Kidneys,** occurring in **Gouty** and **Rheumatic** subjects, **with marked benefit."**

Dr. C. W. P. Brock,
of Richmond, Va., ex-President National Association of Railway Surgeons, Member Medical Society of Virginia (Virginia Medical Monthly), Nov. 1878, writes:

"During the epidemic of Scarlet-Fever, prevailing for a year in this city, I have been giving

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

ad libitum, to the exclusion of all water for drinking purposes. **In no case since I have pursued this course have I seen even a trace of Albumen in the urine of Scarlatina patients, either during the attack or the convalescence.** With this experience, and hearing of favorable results in the practice of other physicians who have used the same means, I have thought it worthy of note. If this result is *proctor hoc,* we are enabled to rid Scarlet Fever of one of its most dangerous concomitants."

Dr. Jas. B. McCaw,
Professor of the Practice of Medicine in the Virginia Medical College:
[Extract from the proceedings of the Richmond Academy of Medicine, Oct. 15th, 1878, taken from the Virginia Medical Monthly of December, 1878.]

"Dr. McCaw also spoke of the great value of

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

in the **Gouty, Rheumatic, or Acid Diathesis,** in **Neuralgias** and **Dyspepsias,** in **Albuminuria of Scarlet-Fever,** and in **Albuminuria of Pregnant Women."**

Dr. W. H. Doughty,
Professor of Materia Medica and Therapeutics, Medical College of Georgia:

"Over the Nausea and Vomiting of Pregnancy, particularly in the latter months, where **Uraemic** conditions are possibly established, as **in Puerperal Convulsions, Uraemia** co-existing,

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

often exerts marked control."

Dr. Harvey L. Byrd,
of Baltimore, Md., President and Professor of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children, in the Baltimore Medical College:

"I have prescribed

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

with the most satisfactory results, both as a remedy and prophylactic in the **Parturient** or **Pregnant** condition, for the relief of troublesome vomiting and the **prevention of Puerperal Eclampsia** or **Convulsions,** and I know of no remedy of equal efficacy with the

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

in **Sequelae of Scarlatina."**

Dr. M. L. James,
Richmond, Virginia, Emeritus Professor of Practice of Medicine, Medical College of Virginia,

Reported to the Richmond Academy of Medicine "a case of **Congestion of the Kidneys** in a lady eight months advanced in **Pregnancy,** attended by marked **Oedema** and by **Uraemic Poisoning** to such an extent as **very seriously impaired her vision, relieved** by the **free use** of this **water** for **three weeks.** Other remedies were used in these cases, but the **favorable results seemed clearly attributable** to the **action of the Water."**

Dr. James Shelton,
formerly, for more than forty years, Resident Physician at the Buffalo Lithia Springs:

"In a practice of a half-century at and near the

BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS,

I have noted among the women of the surrounding country, who make habitual use of the mineral Waters, almost entire exemption from the discomforts and serious disturbances of Pregnancy, which I ascribe to two causes: first, the power of the Waters to **eliminate uraemic poison,** thus **preventing** the not unfrequent sequelae, Puerperal Eclampsia, or Convulsions, and, secondly, to its nerve-tonic properties, which give support and strength to the **nervous system** at a time when it is severely taxed; and what is not less important, the use of the water by the mother during this period insures healthful, vigorous offspring. In the **nausea** of the latter months of pregnancy, **especially when dependent upon uraemic** conditions, its action is exceedingly happy."

Geo. Halstead Boyland, A.M., M.D.
of Paris, Doctor of Medicine of the Faculty of Paris, in the New York Medical Journal, August 22, 1896, says:

"There is no remedy so absolutely specific in all forms of **albuminuria** and **Bright's Disease,** whether acute or chronic, as

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

Spring No. 2, accompanied by a milk diet. In all cases of **pregnancy** where **albumen** is found in the urine as late as the last week before confinement, if this water and a milk diet are prescribed the **albumen disappears rapidly from the urine and the patient has a positive guarantee against puerperal convulsions.** Used as a substitute for ordinary water during **Gestation,** it will be found invaluable as a **preventive of Puerperal convulsions** and other disturbances incident to this condition. It is also an undoubted tonic for both mother and child, **allaying** at the same time **nausea and vomiting."**

E. C. Laird, M.D.,
Resident Physician, Buffalo Lithia Springs:

"In the **Nausea and Vomiting, Uraemic Poisoning, and Albuminuria of Pregnancy** I know of nothing to compare with

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

So uniformly gratifying has been my experience with this agent, that it has long been my habit to prescribe it as a **Prophylactic,** as well as the most potent remedy **through all the stages of Gestation,** and to this I attribute the fact that in a practice of wellnigh twenty years I have had but one death from **Puerperal Eclampsia.** The women of the adjacent country who make use of the waters are notably free from the disturbances and dangers incident to this period."

Dr. Caleb Winslow,
Baltimore, Member of the Medical and Chirurgical Faculty of Maryland:

"I have found the

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

of marked service in **relieving the Nausea of Pregnant Women. I frequently resort to it at intervals during the whole course of Pregnancy.** Being antacid, diuretic, and tonic, it seems **well adapted to relieve the disturbance usually attendant upon Gestation,** and I have no doubt its free use **might remove Uraemic Poison,** and **prevent Convulsions** produced thereby."

Dr. C. W. Sample,
Hampton, Va., Ex-President Medical Society of Virginia:

"In **Scarlet-Fever** I have known

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

to restore a healthy and abundant secretion of **Urine** when it was highly charged with **Albumen** and the secretion almost suppressed."

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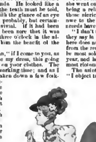
LIFE AND LETTERS

Illustrated by Mildred Howells

The Christmas Muse, whose annual visits I am beginning to weary of a little, brought him to me, and preceded him into my study. She introduced him in due form, though of course I knew at once who it was. She sat down, though she said she could only stay a moment, when I begged them to take chairs, but he remained on foot, turning his fur cap round in his hands, and looking with wistful deprecation from the soot-tarnished fur border of his coat to my easy chairs, and said that he would just as lief stand, if I did not mind. I did not press him, at first, for the soot was on the elbows of his coat, and the knees of his breeches as well, and I suspected that it was on his back, too. He had smutches of it on his cheeks, and the knuckles of his fat old hands. He looked like a sweep, and not unlike a tramp, if the truth must be told, and he tried to ingratiate himself with the glance of an eye that was bleared by want of sleep, probably, but certainly suggested something more convivial. If it had been a few hours later, I should have been sure that it was something more convivial, but at three o'clock in the afternoon I felt that I ought to give him the benefit of the doubt.

"You must excuse me," he began, "if I come to you, as I am, instead of waiting to change my dress; this going down so many chimneys does tell on your clothes. The Muse said that this was not your working time; and so I walked round as soon as I had shaken down a few forkfuls of moss to my reindeer, without stopping to wash up. I have been having rather a harder time this year than usual, because with this feeling against me, on the part of some of the ministers, I was naturally anxious to do my best with the little folks." He smiled pathetically, and explained farther. "I am not so young as I was, by fifteen or sixteen centuries, and I feel the late hours more than I did."



"YOU REMEMBER THAT THEORY OF IBSEN'S"

His old voice was mucous and stringy, like a tramp's, but I could not bear to leave him standing, and I said, "You really must sit down, if we are to go on talking."

"Well, thank you," he returned, and I let him cast about for the place where he would sit. He chose the edge of a leathern chimney seat, where he rested his elbows on his knees, and kept turning his cap in his hands between them. "I know you are a very busy man," he began again, not knowing, I dare say, how much I hate that formula, "and I will try to take up as little of your time as possible, but the Muse, here, thought that if I could put my case before you, as I see it myself, you might be willing to say a good word for me."

"You mean," I asked, "in regard to that proposition to disestablish you?"

"Well, yes," he assented. "At any rate, I should like to state my side to you."

"But why to me, of all men?" I objected. "You must be aware of my æsthetic principles, and how much I detest any sort of romantic illusion. You are so purely factitious—such a mere figment of childish fancy—"

"It is for that very reason," the Muse interrupted, and I observed that she was very *chic* in her dress, with no longer a trace of her cycling costume, "that I told him you would be interested in what he has to say for himself. If there had been any sort of mixture of reality in him, I knew that you could have had nothing to do with him; but as he is altogether fantastic, I thought you could look at him as you do at opera, for instance. I told him that you had tolerated me on that ground."

"Besides," he added, "I felt that anything you might feel disposed to say, would have all the more influence because you hold the opinions you do. If I went to some romantic novelist, for instance, and he wrote up my defence in the form of a sloppy Christmas story, with a dying child, say, seeing me in a vision, and begging his favorite minister to spare me for the little children's sake, and especially for the sake of destitute little children, it would make everybody sick. People would say that I never did anything for destitute little children, and that the dying child would probably have been well and strong if he had not overeaten himself from the things I had put in his stocking. But if you were to lay the matter before our public in a plain, straightforward way—"

"There is something in that," I said, not quite able to resist the flattering insinuation of his appeal. "But you know, I really agree with some of the things said against you. For instance, you can't deny that you are a fraud, and a pagan fraud at that. It is all very well for me to accept you on æsthetic grounds, as I do the opera, but there is something more than a question of æsthetics involved. There *is* a question whether you do not distil an infusion of heathenism into the faith that the Christian child imbibes; whether you do not darken the inmost mind with certain shadows from the twilight of the gods. I thought that a very strong point against you."

"Well, I thought so, too, at first," my visitor frankly admitted. "But here! I said to myself: If I was a pagan to begin with, it was so long ago, that I can't remember anything about it. If I was a pagan, I believe I was a good pagan, and never did anybody any harm; and I have been a Christian saint for I don't know how many hundred years, and tried to lead a true Christian life, in precept and example."

"Ah, I don't know about the example, or the precept either," I returned. "I'm afraid you've been the cause of a great deal of guttling and guzzling through both, in your time."

"Grant that I have," said the saint, gesticulating with his cap argumentatively. "Those are sins that people promptly pay for, and that bring their own cure. Look at the good will I've promoted by the means of them! You must take the bad along with the good. Besides, it's only once a year."

The Muse did not seem altogether pleased with this lame defence. As a woman she must have felt the moral obliquity of it, but she said: "Of course that Christmas excess is disgusting, but we have to remember that the countries and the creeds which have refused to tolerate our friend here, are not those of the most temperate people. Even the New England ministers, who once almost stamped him out, drank a great deal of rum. And they probably ate all they could get at all times."

"Yes, there is no denying that. I do not so much mind the riot of the table, that punishes itself, like all the sins of sense, as the saint very well observes. But—"

The Muse was not able to relinquish the word to me; she went on, as if I had not spoken. "Besides, as to his being a relic of paganism, I should like to ask some of those clerical gentlemen how much the Christian rituals owe to the old pagan ceremonials, and how much their creeds have kept from our fables."

"I don't think that's very relevant," I replied. "What they say is perfectly undeniable for all that. Our friend here does undoubtedly distract the thoughts of the young from the real significance of Christmas-time. It ought to be most solemn, the most spiritual, moment of the whole year, and he does more than any one else to make it the most riotous, the most sensual."

The saint looked forlornly at the Muse, and she said, "I object to riotous sensuality as much as any one, but—"

"Allow me!" I persisted. "The guzzling and guttling are bad enough, but they are not the worst of it. What I object to is the amount of lying he has promoted. From the very first hour of its dawning consciousness, the innocence of helpless infancy is abused with the most preposterous inventions concerning him. Little children are taught by their fathers and mothers, who ought to protect them from every shadow of deceit, that the saint, here, comes down the chimney and fills their stockings with the stuff that makes them sick on Christmas day, when they ought to be going to church, or imbibing undiluted doctrine out of their catechisms, that he drives through the air with a team of reindeer, and that he punishes the bad and rewards the good among them; whereas they should be impressed with the conviction that it is their own conscience which alone can do this."

The Muse was apparently not ready with a reply, but the saint ventured, "I don't really think the children are deceived by those stories, or at least not for any great length of time. After the very first Christmas they find out all about me, and after that I'm only a make-believe with them, and no deception at all."

"Oh, I know it isn't the children who are hurt by these deceptions so much as the parents, but they are bad, all the same."

By this time the Muse had reflected. "I'm not sure they're so very bad. Perhaps they go to make up the great sum of illusion which renders existence amusing, not to say tolerable. You remember that theory of Ibsen's in The Wild Duck about the life lie, as he calls it, which is essential to every one; the self-deceit, the make-believe, that is necessary to our daily peace and self-respect."

"Oh, do you go to Ibsen for your morals?"

"I take them wherever I find them," said the Muse, "and I think it could be shown that childhood is not only happier, but actually better, for believing that Santa Claus comes down the chimney on Christmas eve and fills its stockings."

The saint looked at me as if he hoped I found this a strong point, and I had not the heart to gainsay him. My silence perhaps encouraged him to declare, "I do not think I can be disestablished, and I will tell you why. I am bound up with every one's earliest and sweetest associations, and the devotion for me is an intimate part of the family life."

"You forget," I suggested, "that the ancient religions were the very essence of the family life. But the household gods had to go, and you would have to go, in spite of that. Almost the only divinity who has come down to us from the past is our charming friend the Muse, here, and she was no part of the family life at all. Many people unacquainted with the habits of literary men still suppose that she inspires the poets and romancers, and her worship survives in their superstition, but where are your Lares and Penates? Come! I do not deny that you are bound up with my own earliest and sweetest associations. I can remember when I went fondly and trustingly to bed, as soon as I had eaten my supper, on Christmas eve, so that you might come down the chimney undisturbed, but I slept badly, and somehow the next morning, at the bottom of my heart I did not believe you had done it, though there was my full stocking at the fireplace to bear witness to the fact of your visit. In my turn I did my best or my worst to abuse the simple faith of the next generation, but my success did not endear you to me. It rather made me ashamed, and I feel now that of us two I have been the worse humbug, for you have only been passive in the business. No, I do not contemplate you with the least pleasure for the reasons you allege, and they do not persuade me that you cannot be disestablished. Superstitions are often bound up with the heart of the home, but many superstitions have gone. Certain forms of Christianity have gone, in certain countries, and if ever the time came for Christianity to go altogether, the tender associations of childhood would not save it."

"HE OUGHT TO RIDE A WHEEL."

The poor old saint appeared quite daunted at these words, but the Muse came adroitly to his rescue. "I think that one trouble with the saint is that he has continued too much on the old lines. He has not kept himself abreast of the times, he is not up to date, he takes himself too easily. He sees himself pictured in the Christmas numbers of everything getting into the top of the chimney in that ridiculous fur-trimmed suit of his, with his toy pack on his shoulder and a pipe between his teeth, and he thinks there is no occasion to change. He ought to ride a wheel, and come for orders a week or a month ahead; or if he *will* keep going down chimneys, some sort of dark golfing costume, that wouldn't show soot, would be much better for him. He ought to give up his sleigh, and his reindeer, and use some modern combination of horseless cab and aërodrome."

"There is something in that," I said, but the saint remained mute, though he no longer hung his head so meekly. "As I understand, your idea is that he ought to be reformed rather than disestablished."

"Precisely," said the Muse. "The fact is, he cannot be disestablished. As you noted yourself in your last Christmas article—or your first; they were a good deal alike—Christmas is founded in the childishness of the human race. It really has nothing to do with the birth of the founder of Christianity. It existed long before that in the Saturnalia, and that kind of thing, and Santa Claus is simply a convention for the expression of the holiday feeling that must utter itself from the heart of the race, at stated intervals. But this childishness changes from age to age, and the modern child is no longer amused with the playthings of the elder world. I think that our friend must take a hint from these facts and adapt himself to the needs of the age we live in."

"FILL THEIR STOCKINGS WITH HEALTH FOOD."

The saint was still silent, but he sat still more erect, with a new hope of perpetuity, as I fancied. "But just how would you exemplify from this generalization?" I asked.

"Well," the Muse admitted, "that is not so easy. But I should say he might give up candies and toys, for instance, and bring the children something useful."

"Do you mean like small printing outfits, or boxes of tools, or dissected maps, or little orreries illustrating the solar system?"

"Well, no. Those things are rather outdated, too. And I suppose that steam-engines and automobile locomotives have had their run."

"But toy horseless cabs would be new; and they would give the child of the present a notion of what the future city without horses would be," I suggested.

The Muse frowned impatiently. "You don't get my meaning, quite."

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"HARDSHED INTO THE FIRE, SCALDING HER WITH SIN"

I was not to be distracted from my notion, however, and I went on. "I think that a good deal might be done to delight intelligent children with brief treatises on the problems of municipal government which are now so pressing, and perhaps in connection with this there might be toy illustrations of rapid transit, and improved drainage. Instead of nuts and candies, the saint could fill their stockings with health food biscuit and the more hygienic breakfast cereals. It might even be possible for him to get hold of some of the concentrated food-tablets which science is beginning to talk of, so that the children could test by their own experience the advantage of taking a whole meal's nutriment in a single lozenge. He could certainly substitute for the silly picture-books he has been in the habit of bringing, little volumes of sermonettes in which the true sources of faith, unalloyed by any taint of paganism, could be opened to the infant mind. On condition of being allowed to continue, I do not think it would be asking too much of him, to leave at each house a carefully edited life of himself, declaring his origin as closely as it can be ascertained, and confessing that so far as he is not a superstition, he is only a symbol, an anthropomorphic presentation of an ideal—"

"No, sir!" the saint suddenly shouted in his stridulous bass, springing to his feet and shaking his fist in the air with a violence that startled the Muse as well as myself. "I would rather go at once. I may be a fraud, but I am not such a fraud as that. I may be a lie, but I am not of the order of lies which put a nauseous medicine in the lips with the pretence that it is nice. I am not going to be a deity in the guise of an indulgence. In spite of all you say, I don't think there's much harm in me now, but there would be far more harm if I did what you want me to do; and as for owning up that I don't really exist, as I said before, every child understands that already. If I'm not fit to go on as a pleasing illusion, a kindly convention, that every one tacitly rejects for himself, let me perish from the world at once. I can't change," he continued, with a note of pathos in his voice. "I am an image of simple good-will, misshapen and archaic as you please, and I signify nothing more than that. There is nothing dogmatic or doctrinal about me. I stand outside of ethics and pedagogics of all kinds; I have nothing to do with creeds; I am merely a custom. Take me for what I am and keep me, or let me go!" Tears started into his rheumy old eyes, which he tried to dry on the fur border of his cap, and then wiped on the back of his hand.

The Muse was sensibly affected, and I was myself not unmoved. "There is a good deal in what he says," I remarked to her.

"Yes, there is," she assented. "I am afraid that he must be taken as he is, or not at all. I suppose you really can't reform a superstition, and I believe he's a harmless one."

"Yes," said the saint, advancing and wringing my hand with a fervor that left it black with soot. "Put it before the public in that way. I admit now that I'm nothing but a make-believe, but I do enjoy being that. I enter into the joke of it with the children, and we get a lot of fun out of it together, and that's all there is of it. They know as well as you or I do that I can't come down the chimney or go up it." He took a turn about my room, his eyes sparkling with renewed hope, and his face beaming, and with the last words he made a dash at the Muse, whom he caught by the wrist. The next moment he had plunged at my fireplace, and had vanished into the flue, dragging her with him. I heard a faint shriek, or call it a squeak, from the Muse in her invisible ascent, and then from the roof ten stories above, I caught the sound of sleigh-bells, and a whiff of jolly laughter, while a glad shout rose from the children in the Christmas streets below.

W. D. HOWELLS.

AMATEUR SPORT

MR. CASPAR WHITNEY *will be absent several months on a sporting tour around the world, including a tour of observation in the West and in Europe, and a hunting expedition for big game in Siam, which he has undertaken for* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

During MR. WHITNEY'S *absence this Department will publish contributions from well known writers upon special subjects relating to Amateur Sport.*

"CHEATING" AT GOLF.

IF American golfers ever read English newspapers, they may have been a good deal surprised and but little edified of late to read the correspondence that has been evolved during the so-called "silly season"—when the papers are not filled with Parliamentary debate—on the unsavory subject of "cheating at golf." The subject has been discussed very openly and at great length, and the surprise that all reasonable people will feel in its regard is not so much concerned with the manner of the discussion as that there should be any such subject at all to discuss—any basis of fact for those who denounce the cheaters to work upon. Cheating at golf might have been disposed of as briefly, one would suppose, as the subject matter of that famous chapter title about snakes in Iceland—"There are no snakes in Iceland." Similarly we had imagined the chapter on the cheating at golf might run, "There is no cheating at golf." Certainly we had supposed that there was none, but equally surely these letters seem to demonstrate that there is. With as great a smoke there can scarcely but be a little fire. For all that, the writer must confess that he regards it as very singular, if there be so much cheating on the links, that during a tolerably long experience, extending over a quarter of a century and over many greens, he cannot recall a single instance of what he has deemed, on mature consideration, to be cheating in all that time. Now and again it has seemed, in the keen excitement of the match, that the adversary was committing transgressions, not without intent, in the way of treading on the line of the putt, and doubtful matters of that kind. But deliberate reflection when the heat of battle was over has in every case assured him that in all probability the transgression was entirely unintended—a pure accident. And not only is this so with regard to his immediate experience, but the cases of which he has heard, indirectly and by hearsay, described as cheating have generally been manufactured out of very vague and unsubstantiated accusations—accusations which left much room for doubt, and for doubt that certainly should, in all possible instances, be put to the credit of the transgressor. It is so easy to transgress thoughtlessly, either in careless forgetfulness of a rule, or in careless grounding of a club, or stepping where the foot should not fall. All these things are done, no doubt, and done by people who should know better. Also many transgressions are committed owing to an ignorance, for which there is no possible excuse of the rules. But all this is as far removed from cheating, with its hoarid sense of moral depravity, as light is from darkness. There is infinitely more excuse for those who transgress in this thoughtless way than there is for those who impute a charge of "cheating" to such transgressors. And surely it is the thoughtless sin of inattention that form the slender basis on which all this monstrous fabric of accusation is reared. Cheating—real intentional breaking of a rule in order to derive an illegal advantage—is, we may be confident, virtually unknown. At least, if it is not virtually unknown, the writer must have been exceptionally fortunate in his long experience not to have come across a single indubitable instance of it. It is said that there are errors to counting—it may be so—but who is to prove that they are perpetrated of malice or forethought? And if this is not proved beyond dispute it is more than cruel to stigmatize them with the name of cheating. Golfers who commit to their caddies the task of scoring for them are perhaps almost criminally careless, and put every temptation to cheating in the way of irresponsible little boys; but this is again far removed from purposeful, deliberate cheating. And if any transgressions are at all often committed, by which their perpetrator gains an advantage over an opponent, the writer is inclined to think that they are far more frequently in the nature of those transgressions of the laws of etiquette, such as standing still and silent while the opponent is playing, which no one ever dreams of calling by the hoarid name of cheating. The balance of very many a match has been turned by the non-player or his caddie carelessly moving while the opponent's stroke was in progress, and it is safe to affirm that the number of matches thus unfairly influenced is as a hundred to one in which the advantage has been gained by a deliberate act of illegality. But does any *one* name these transgressions cheating? Cheating is really such a dreadful word, and conveys such a heinous degree of moral obliquity, that the very clearest proofs ought to be forth-coming before it is ever whispered. Yet it has been bandied about in the most reckless way, with allegations thrown out in all directions, until any foreigner, reading the discussion, might well be excused for inferring that the British links are perfect sinks of iniquity in which a man would need, for his safe guarding in an important match, to be accompanied round the course by a specially retained legal gentleman deeply versed in the mysteries of the rules of golf. But really it is comforting to be able to assure America that this is not the spirit in which we play golf in this country. We break the rules now and then by accident, no doubt, and sometimes, in the heat of contest, we are apt to attack more intention to the accidental breach of a rule, or failure to observe laws of etiquette by an opponent, than our sober judgment, after the match is over, gives us warrant for. But we do not cheat. No one cheats. Cheating is virtually non-existent, and even those golfers who are disposed to take every inch that the letter of the law allows them, while violating the purity of its spirit, are very rarely met with. As a rule, we play golf according to our lights, in a pleasant, sportsmanlike way. We do not try to take advantage of an opponent's accidental transgressions, nor do we, except by pursuit accident, commit such transgressions ourselves. Let Americans be assured of this—that we try to play golf for pleasure, and not for profit, nor on the "win, tie, or wrangle" principle, far less do we cheat intentionally, or find such an odious practice as cheating at all common amongst us. The writer, as he has affirmed, considers it as non-existent, and he does not yield to very many in the length and variety of his experience. Others appear to have been less fortunate, but possibly they too might have a different account to give of these things if they would ask themselves in how many instances of apparent cheating the intention of the transgressor was doubtful, and would credit him with the benefit of every possible doubt. British golfers, of course, must form their own conclusions on the matter, for it is British golf that is the subject of the present unpleasant discussion, but really it did seem time that some one should speak with emphasis to those who had not personal opportunities of making themselves acquainted with British golf. It does not do to let mistaken impressions, however absurd, fly about uncorrected, and it seemed fully time that some correction of them were made. It is singular, perhaps, that any should have been so ready to take up their pens to write such accusations against the good faith of golfers as have been made, and no doubt they acted from the best possible motive—that of putting an end to the practices that they so lightfully condemned, if they had any real existence—in doing so. But have they any true existence? We believe not, and we can only hope that any American readers who have also read the correspondence will be ready to acquiesce in that charitable conclusion.

But when all this has been said, let it not be thought that we, who believe we play the game for pleasure, and do not wish on that account to exact the full penalty for accidental transgressions, are therefore favoring a lax interpretation and following of the rules. On the contrary, we believe that it is chiefly in consequence of such laxity that the irregularities have been allowed to creep in and go unnoticed which have given the basis to some over-suspicious souls for their charge of cheating. The game has its rules, and it should be played strictly according to those rules, or else, in the popular phrase, "you don't know where you are." And the more strict the adherence to these rules, the more pleasant the game becomes—only when the rule is transgressed it becomes the part of the transgressor, not of his opponent, to insist on the exaction of the utmost penalty. All the opponent ought to be compelled to do—and he ought never to be compelled to do even that much—is to inform the transgressor, in all courtesy, of his breach of rule. The onus of making reparation then rests entirely with the sinner, who ceases to be guilty of any sin whatever as soon as he has made confession, and has insisted on mulcting himself in the penalty that the law prescribes.

All such incidents are unpleasant, though they are not at all in the nature of anything that approaches cheating. But unpleasant as they are, they would all be avoided if golfers would, in the first place, be careful to make themselves perfectly acquainted with the law, and, in the second place, would carry out its precepts exactly. It is hard to think that the loose charges of cheating would ever have been made—that there could ever have been even the slendrest basis for them—if golfers had not laid themselves open not to so gross a charge as this indeed, but to the charge of carelessness and laxity in conforming to the rules. In America, as we understand, careful conformity to the rules is more earnestly insisted on than in this country, and for the good name and fame of American golf it is to be hoped that this watchfulness will not be relaxed.

H. G. HUTCHINSON.

FOOTBALL IN NEBRASKA AND KANSAS.

IT has given me pleasure to receive numerous letters from the West regarding the Nebraska-Kansas game, and the *Evening Post's* quotation from a Kansas paper mentioned in a recent issue. These letters state that the article in question was written from a prejudiced stand-point, and the incident greatly exaggerated.

Better than this, however, they bear witness to a healthy tone, for apparent in all the letters is the wish to show that the sport itself is respected, and that the desire to keep its reputation clean is greater than the temptation to cast blame upon the other party.

With such a spirit affairs must adjust themselves properly in the long run, no matter which side wins. But to avoid criticism neither teams nor officials should consent to ignoring disqualifications. A man may be disqualified unfairly, so far as his friends can see, but, for the sake of the sport, decisions must be accepted and abided by. Prominent institutions should remember the responsibilities they bear of setting the example to others, and uphold the highest standards.

WALTER CAMP.

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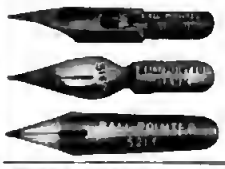

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